

BEAST PIERCING THE HEAVENS



by Yao Ye

Beast Piercing The Heavens

Shou Po Cang Qiong

兽破苍穹

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Synopsis :

These are Comments , by reviews of Chinese readers towards this book :

1. A lot of foreshadowing and suspense.
 2. Full of logic and reasoning.
 3. A lot of innovative writing skills.
 4. The plot is of high quality.
 5. Master Sun's Art of War has been utilized in combat.
 6. The cultivation and weapons are described in concise phrases, to enhance readability.
 7. The protagonist is vivid and substantial. He distinguishes himself from the masses with his chivalrous disposition, while his personality is a mixture of lofty heroism and an endless romantic.
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Info :

<http://www.novelupdates.com/series/beast-piercing-the-heavens/>

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Translator :

<http://www.xianxiaworld.net/Beast-Piercing-The-Heavens/>

NejiSpira
wuxiatranslationsdl.wordpress.com



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Glossary :

Realms from low to high:

The Realm of the Warrior

The Realm of the Soldier

The Realm of the Elite

The Realm of the Commander

The Realm of the General

The Realm of the Marshal

The Realm of the Prince

The Realm of the Emperor

The five prominent families and their special abilities:

The Feng Family was the descendant of the Sword Immortals; they had the best swordsmanship in the continent.

The Hua Family was the descendant of the Stabbing Immortals, their skill of stabbing was rivalless.

The Xue Family was the descendant of the Bewitched Immortals; they could kill people by using bewitched and poisonous worms.

The Yue Family was the descendents of the Soul Immortals, they could seduce people by showing them beauties, while gnawing on their souls.

The Ye Family was the descendant of the Beast Immortals, and the integration of a beast with its master was a unique advantage for them.

Chapter 1 – Left Hook

Grey City, Mars Prefecture, Flame Dragon Continent.

Grey City was located in the south of the Mars Prefecture and it was one of the six major cities in this prefecture. It was also known as the territory of the Ye Family, one of the most prominent families on this continent.

It was autumn and the weather in Grey City was gradually becoming chillier.

A man in green clothing hurried down the streets, as his delicate face indicated that he was in his late teens. He carried two medicine bags in each hand and ran forward, ignoring the startled expressions of the passers-by. Looking closer, he actually wore a long face, full of indifference and anxiety. Currently, he was heading towards the City Major Mansion.

“Mom, mom, Qinghan has bought you some medicine. I believe, you’ll definitely get better soon...”

The teenager kept running forward, while mumbling to himself. Not far away, there stood a pair of gigantic stone lions in front of the City Major Mansion. The teenager sped up his pace, as he saw the stone lions.

Eight guards lined up in front of the gate, they were suited up in heavy armors and were carrying fierce looking swords. Each and every one of them was tall and strong and they stood there with straightened spine and solemn expressions, very much like the door-gods (门神) [1]. The warriors, together with the stone lions, gave this place a touch of majesty and aggressiveness.

Being a guard was far from a decent occupation, some people even regarded this as a job for lowly dogs. However, the eight guards who were on duty today, seemed quite the opposite. In their solemn faces, you could sense a trace of arrogance. Because... They were working for the Ye Family! As the actual ruler of the southern Mars Prefecture, the Ye Family boasted an irreplaceable social status in this region. Even the servants from the Ye Family could be very cocky.

These eight guards were rather honored to be part of the Ye Family. Partly, because of their height, partly because of their conceitedness, they stood there overlooking the passers-by.

- Clop! Clop! -

Oh, someone was coming!

On hearing the approaching footsteps, the eight guards tightened their hearts a little bit. Anyone who dared to be this close to the gate of the City Major Mansion would most likely be someone important, as normal civilians wouldn't be allowed to step this close to the gate. Soon, the eight guards simultaneously raised the corner of their mouth, smiling gently towards the direction of the upcoming person.

However, once they saw that it was a young teenager, who was lifting two medicine bags, the eight guards quickly turned their smiling faces back to their original indifferent poker face. It only took a split second to change their faces, which was quite impressive.

"It's only him - the garbage seventh young lord, who has to deal with trifling matters, such as buying medicine, on his own..." One of the guards whispered to the others, full of disdain.

“Shoo... Sixth Brother, shut up. After all, he’s still one of the young lords, and we have to respect him. Otherwise, we’ll be punished. Look! Who’s that guy? Oh, our second young lord is also coming home. Let’s welcome him!”

A luxuriously-decorated carriage raced towards the gate, which made the eight guards rather nervous. On seeing the characters “Ye” printed on the black flag and “Xian” on another smaller flag, the guards automatically became gentle and submissive, as they showed a cordial smile.

“Welcome home, Your Excellency, second young lord!”

The eight guards exclaimed with one voice, which startled the passers-by. The teenager that carried the medicine bags also looked back over his shoulder. Looking at the luxurious carriage, as well as the adulatory faces of the eight guards, he forced a self-mocking smile, as he headed into the mansion.

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Ye Qingxian, the second young lord of Ye Family, wasn’t in a particularly good mood today. Seldom would anyone dare to disrupt his mood, but a prostitute in the Alluring Smoke Pavilion had given him such a headache.

Who was he? He was the second lord of the Ye Family, Ye Qingxian!

What was the Ye Family? One of the five most prominent families in the Mars Prefecture! How could this bitch dare to reject him? Qingguan(清倌)[2]! Qingguan! To hell with Qingguan! The Alluring Smoke Pavilion was the number one prostitution place in all of Grey City, any woman working in that place was a

prostitute. However, how funny was this? She said she only sold her performance, but not her body. Was she a fucking artist, or only a body artist...

“If it wasn’t for the family punishment, or the celebrities that appear in the Alluring Smoke Pavilion, or even my loyal temperament, if... I would rape that prostitute and dismantle that pavilion!” Qingxian jumped off the carriage, and strode towards the gate. He had been trying to calm himself down from the saddening events in the Alluring Smoke Pavilion, when he randomly noticed the strong guards all blinking their eyes at him. Suddenly, he felt that it was all quite funny. The eight guards behaved very gentle and lovingly towards him, in comparison with their rough body, they were like hilarious clowns. This did actually cheer Qingxian up a little bit.

In response, Qingxian stretched one of his hands out and patted the shoulder of one of the guards, as a sign of satisfaction. He then chuckled in a low voice before he swaggered past the gate.

However, the good mood didn’t last long, Qingxian quickly slipped back into his depression.

All of a sudden, the teenager with two medicine bags also rushed past the gate, frustration flowing all over his face. He was in such a hurry that he abruptly bumped against the gloomy Qingxian.

“What?” Yesterday, Qingxian had done the deed with several prostitutes in the Alluring Smoke Pavilion, which, even now, made his legs quiver while walking. Although he wasn’t very accomplished in cultivation, he was still in the first level of the Realm of the Commander. So he didn’t fall down, but only staggered several steps before he managed to steady himself. Out of curiosity, he turned around to make sure what had happened just now.

Realizing that it was the teenager in green clothing, who wore a mix of an embarrassed and apologetic expression, Qingxian cursed him terribly.

“Ye Qinghan, you son of a bitch! Are you blind?”

“S... Sorry, it’s all my fault, I should’ve been more careful.” The teenager was obviously frightened by Qingxian’s indignation. He looked extremely upset and panicked.

“Sorry? If sorry worked, then there wouldn’t be so many people who’d have to die because of their wrongdoings in the Flame Dragon Continent!” Qingxian sneered, as the word “sorry” reminded him about that Qingguan in the Alluring Smoke Pavilion, who had also replied to him with a “sorry”. He suddenly decided to continue his fierce and cruel abuse of this teenager, “Why are you in such a hurry? Let me guess, you must’ve hastened home for the funeral of your mom? ”

“You... Ye Qingxian, I just collided with you and I have apologized to you... Don’t go too far, my mother is an elder in this family, you should respect her.”

“Elder?” Looking at the irritated Qinghan, Qingxian felt delighted. He continued to insult, “I don’t have any elders who used to be a prostitute.”

Soon, the eight guards ran towards them to see what was going on. And when they arrived, they all laughed at the outraged yet helpless Qinghan. “Ye Qingxian!” Qinghan exclaimed with all his strength, “Listen, my mother was a Qingguan, not a prostitute! Please stop insulting her, or I’ll become rude to you!”

“Pooh!”

On hearing the word “Qingguan”, Qingxian’s anger towards the beautiful woman that had rejected him had been reignited. He howled to Qinghan, “Qingguan? I have fucked a Qingguan last night, is that an insult? Garbage! What else can you be, since you are the son of a prostitute? Be rude to me? Do you really dare to hit me?”

“You...” the word “garbage” and “prostitute” completely provoked Qinghan. He put the medicine bags aside and immediately swooped at Qingxian.

“Ye Qingxian, I will fight with you! Left Hook!”

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“What’s going on? What’s going on?” Their quarrel quickly grabbed the attention of the servants. They all quickly referred to the eight guards for information.

“Oh, that’s it. No wonder the honest seventh young lord dares to fight with the second young lord! The second young lord has cursed his mother!”

“Hum, what’s the big deal! His mother was originally a Qingguan, not a decent woman. Since the death of his father – Ye Dao, he has become the only son of his father’s second concubine. Sadly, he isn’t material for cultivation, that’s why some call him garbage. I guess, he and his mother will be expelled from this mansion sooner or later...”

“Shoo, lower down your voices. We’d better stop discussing this topic, or the Punishment Department will torture us. Let’s gamble on how many rounds the

seventh young lord will sustain.”

“Ye Qinghan is only in the first level of the Realm of the Elite. While the second young lord – Qingxian, is in the first level of the Realm of the Commander. They have a gap of an entire realm! I bet Qinghan won’t even be able to sustain for a mere three rounds.”

“Look! Our second young lord has punched him away...”

Everyone jerked their heads towards Qinghan, who was flying backwards because of Qingxian’s fist.

“Bang!”

Eventually, Qinghan dropped to the floor and landed with a loud thud, without raising any dust. The gate section of the City Major Mansion represented the face of the Ye Family; they wouldn’t allow any dust to be found here. Each and every day, the floor was swept several times.

“As you can all see, it is Ye Qinghan who invited me to this fight. I formally announce that I accept his invitation...If he dares to report this to the Punishment Department and accuse me, I hope you guys will help me out as witnesses.” Qingxian clapped his hands to lure the attention of the servants. Actually, he could easily deal with seven to eight people like Qinghan, who were in the first level of the Realm of the Elite. However, on the other hand, he would be more than happy to find a target to beat up whenever he was in a bad mood.

“Er!” Qinghan rubbed his ankle, as he let out a muffled groan. He turned

around and fixed his eyes on the high-blown Qingxian.

“Left Hook!” Qinghan spurted to Qingxian, trying to hit him with his Left Hook.

However, Qingxian effortlessly dodged this attack; he even lifted his right feet and kicked towards Qinghan’s belly.

“Bang!”

Once again, Qinghan flew away backward, bending his belly. After a few minutes of struggling, he finally managed to stand up, and undauntedly ran once again towards Qinghan.

“Left Hook!”

“Bang!”

“Another Left Hook!”

“Bang!”

“L... Left Hook...”

“Bang!”

After several rounds, the onlookers began to feel sympathy towards Qinghan. But... The seventh young lord was simply too lousy. All he exerted was his Left

Hook, did he not know any different moves? Although the Left Hook was far from a bad move, people still got tired of his Left Hook that was repeated again and again.

“Haha, little bastard, shall we continue? If the answer is no, I have something else to do. I’ll go and find a Qingguan, to sleep with tonight, hahahaha...”

Not far away, Qinghan crouched on the ground with knitted brows. His face and body were smeared with blood and bruises. Despite his physical condition, he struggled hard to support himself up. A ferocious expression emerged on his face, he roared, “Ye Qingxian, I’ll let you remember this day forever!”

Qinghan was so provoked that he acted like a barbaric bear by raising up his left fist and dashing towards Qingxian.

“Haha, it’s you who should remember this day forever!” Qingxian laughed out loudly, he didn’t believe a word that was coming from Qinghan’s big mouth. He could even kick him away blindfolded. Yes! He decided to conclude this tedious fight by exerting some more strength. Although, bullying others was always his favorite thing, he didn’t have that much energy and strength to prolong this fight. In fact, after last night’s “battle” with the prostitutes, he really wanted to go back to his room and take a nap...”

“Left Hook...”

Looking at the approaching Left Hook, Qingxian narrowed his eyes in a slit; he sneered before he consciously moved to the right side, and lifted his right leg, punching out his left fist.

What? Did I miss the mark? When Qingxian suspiciously raised his head and as he did, he was met by a hostile smile and a large chunk of a brick.

“Left Hook, plus Right Brick!”

“Boom!”

The brick slammed on Qingxian’s head with a booming sound, which caused a sharp pain to spread inside his brain. Consequently, he couldn’t see anything except darkness. He fainted almost instantly. The last thought that went through his mind before he fell down, was why there was suddenly a Right Brick! It was always only a Left Hook! Qinghan had surprise attacked him!

- Ah! -

The onlookers were dumbfounded by the result. The second young lord fell down on the ground, while the seventh young lord was still holding the brick in his right hand, ferociously looking at the fallen Qingxian. The cultivator in the first level of the Realm of the Elite knocked out an opponent who was already in the first level of the Realm of the Commander. This outcome definitely changed their understanding of the cultivation theory. Despite the fact that Qinghan gave Qingxian a staggering blow, he had won the fight! It was Qingxian that lay quietly on the floor, not him! Be it a staggering blow or not, it was part of his ability as a cultivator.

What startled the onlookers the most, was Qinghan’s unusual behavior – he threw off the brick and stretched over Qingxian’s body, punching his handsome face.

“I’ve promised you, that I’ll let you remember this day forever...”

“Seventh young lord, please stop. You’ll be in big trouble!” One of the guards stepped forward, convincing Qinghan to stop. Meanwhile, the other servants were all scared to death.

“Hey!” Qinghan raised his eyebrows, “What? Are you going to challenge your master? Do you want to be exiled to the remote places 1.5 million meters away from here? This is a fight between me and Ye Qingxian! I know I was born humble, as the son of the second concubine, but I’m still a young lord. If you don’t want to be exiled tomorrow, just get the hell out of my way.”

The eight guards looked at each other, before wisely closing their mouths. The family rules of the Ye Family were rather strict, no one would dare to betray them.

“Er, I’m not trying to challenge your authority. I’m just trying to convince you, not to get yourself into too much trouble.” One guard eventually continued.

“Hum!” Qinghan shot him a cold smile before he launched the last relentless punch. Soon after, he rubbed his hands and picked the medicine bags back up.

“Brother...”

A girl in a white dress hastily staggered towards Qinghan, she shivered slightly due to grievance.

“Eh?” Qinghan could sense a hint of depression lingering in the air, as he started to expect that something ominous was about to happen.

“Brother, mom, mom... Died...”

-Bang!-

The medicine bags dropped on the floor, the outer layers of the bags tore open, as tree-roots-like herbs scattered all over the place...

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[1]: door-gods (门神): A door god is a Chinese decoration placed on each side of an entry to a temple, home, business, etc., which is believed to keep evil spirits from entering.

[2]: Qingguan (清馆): Women who work in a brothel, but never allow themselves to sleep with men, they only provide customers with performance, such as singing or dancing. We failed to find a proper equivalent in English, so we have decided to use pinyin instead.

Chapter 2 - A Filial Son Strived for the Honor of His Deceased Parents

It was deep in the night and Grey City had turned rather chilly. The continuous rhythmically dropping of the raindrops added an additional feeling of coldness.

It was three o'clock in the morning; the streets were silent with barely any passers-by. Except for the dangling candlelight that was lighting a nightclub, this place, surprisingly, was almost static at this moment of the day, rendering a bleak prospect.

Quite opposite to the general picture, in the courtyard of the Ye Castle, at the City Major Mansion, candlelight from the lanterns were gleaming softly, illuminating all of the corners. More strangely, outside the closed gate of a certain courtyard, a teenager in green clothing was kneeling down in great sorrow.

The cold and rainy night, a brightly-lit courtyard, a kneeled-down teenager in the rain, and a couple of brightly shining lanterns, all of this presented a horrendous and uncanny scene.

“Respected Elder Clan, please accept my request. I will work like a horse to repay this favour...” The teenager begged, as he lifted his tear-filled face up. He then proceeded with a succession of kowtows towards the direction of the gate. Soon, the raindrops had soaked his hair and were streaming down his face, yet, he seemed to be unaware of the wet-and coldness.

His hoarse voice broke the silence of the night.

However!

There came no reply from inside the courtyard, as the gate remained closed. The shadow of the flame fluttered in the wind, which was quite vivid on the background of the window coverings (窗户纸) [1].

After a long, long time!

The teenager in green clothing kept shouting and begging, until finally he was utterly exhausted and lay prostrate. Once in awhile, he managed to slowly raise his head, expecting some form of response from the courtyard. Due to the continuously pouring of the rain on him, he was extremely pale; yet, in the reflection of the light, there was a hint of unswerving determination and bitterness.

The gate of the courtyard remained tightly closed and no words came out.

Outside, it was raining worse than ever!

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It was already dawn, the sky was whitening and the weather quickly cleared up. In the courtyard, the fallen leaves and boughs were the only indicator of the heavy wind and rain from last night.

The teenager was still kneeling down, almost motionless. Due to the coldness, his body suffered from fits of trembles. And, because of sleeplessness, his eyes were filled with blood streaks. He managed to prop himself up, merely using his ironlike will.

- Creak! -

The gate of the courtyard finally opened!

Looking up at the two middle-aged men in front of the gate, the teenager widened his eyes, craving for sympathy. He wriggled his dry and rough lips, but words got in the way. All he did was kowtow to these two men.

“Kid, why are you so stubborn?! Do you even care about your own health?”

The two middle-aged men were both in their forties and both of them were well-known celebrities in the Mars Prefecture. The one in grey clothing was named Ye Ron, a member of the Elder Clan, who had a prominent nose and eagle-like eyes. On the corner of his mouth, there was a slightly discernible scar. Ye Ron was also the vice-president of the Punishment Department of the Ye Family. The one in the white robe and with the golden crown was Ye Qiang, the vice-president of the Combat Department of the Ye Family, as well as the third son of the clan leader of the Ye Family. This man carried a folding fan with him, presenting himself as an intelligent, yet dissolute man.

The one who spoke with the teenager was Ye Qiang. Out of compassion, he folded his fan and moved forward, trying to help the young man up.

Unexpectedly, the teenager refused his good intentions, and remained in a kneeled-down position. He licked his dehydrated lips, before he responded to Ye Qiang, “Third... Third Uncle, how’s it going? Did the Elder Clan approve my request?” He then anchored his bewildered eyes on Ye Qiang.

“Er... Alas...” Ye Qiang shook his head in dismal and helplessness. Obviously,

the Elder Clan had disapproved.

“Ye Qinghan, stand up and go home.” Ye Ron interrupted in an unconcerned voice, his eagle-like eyes stared terrifyingly at the teenager. The scar on the corner of his mouth looked currently even more hideous than before.

“Remember, your mother used to be a famous prostitute. When your father announced his marriage with her, it was quite a sensation throughout the Ye Family. Everyone was in disapproval of this marriage, because it was an obvious betrayal of the family rules. You know, if it wasn’t for the clemency of the Ye Family, this couple would’ve been ousted from this family by the clan leader. Given all of that, we never admitted your mother’s identity as one of the daughters-in-law of this big family. Oh, and your father, that supercilious man, who trudged all by himself to the Holy Mountain for treasures, but never came back. Yeah, he died from severe injuries. Since the death of your father, the yearly payment (岁钱) [2] for you and your mother hasn’t been discontinued, which is a proof that we have never mistreated you, or your mother. Look, if it wasn’t for our Ye Family, both of you would’ve been reduced to street beggars long ago!”

“Now, your mother has died of her illness. Considering that you’re a filial son, the family has decided to help you bury her body. Nevertheless, we haven’t seen any gratitude from you. On the contrary, you go so far as to request for your mother to be buried in the ancestral tomb! Are you nuts? The ancestral tomb is a dignified place for the deceased forefathers of our Ye Family. It’d be a blasphemy, if we were to allow the disgraceful prostitute to be buried in this tomb. Give it up, young man. Your mother will never be buried together with your father. I suggest you’d better get out of here as soon as possible. If you continue disturbing us, I’ll show you just how strict our family rules are.”

“You...”

Ye Qinghan abruptly stood up, glaring at Elder Ron. However, he felt so dizzy that he was about to fall back down. Given the duration of his kneeled-down position and the cold rain from last night, he staggered backwards for several steps, before he managed to steady himself.

“Me? Continue, hum? Yesterday, you sneak attacked Qingxian with a despicable trick, and even left him with some serious injuries. If it wasn’t for your mother’s death, you would’ve been immediately handed over to the Punishment Department to receive severe torture. Now, you even dare to propose such a shameless request, what do you want? Do you really believe that you’ve got a freepass from punishment? Don’t be silly and go home!”

“Haha, the family... Our family is too good to us... Elder Ron, please rest assured that I’ll never, ever, disturb anyone from the Elder Clan again. Elder Clan! Haha...” Looking at the sneering Elder Ron and the neutral Third Uncle – Ye Qiang, Qinghan laughed bitterly. There was a feeling of solitude and desolateness in the sound of his voice. For quite a while, he kept staring at the plate that hanged on the lintel part of the gate, which read “Elder Clan”. Eventually, he wiped off the raindrops, and left, wearing a sarcastic expression on his face.

“Qinghan, I’ve done my best. Your First Uncle, and Ye Ron, they fiercely rejected your request. After all, it would break the family rules if we were to let your mother be buried in the ancestral tomb. Now, listen, in order to be listed as one of the key descendants of the Ye Family, you have to cultivate diligently, to see if you have the chance to transcend into the Realm of the Commander. Or, there is another option: to summon a six-graded combat beast before the Flame Dragon Festival! Anyway, I’ll recommend you to the Elder Clan once you’ve achieved either of these two goals. Until then, your mother’s unfulfilled wish... It will be realized...”

Er!

Out of surprise, Qinghan stopped to hear more clearly of these unspoken words that were conveyed by his third uncle, Ye Qiang, who had a special ability to transmit his voice secretly without even so much as opening his mouth. Qinghan nodded his head towards his third uncle, before he turned away and disappeared in the morning fog.

.....

The Ye Castle belonged to the City Major Mansion in Grey City, in which numerous lineal siblings of the Ye Family lived. The amount of occupied land had reached into thousands of square meters. Looking from a bird's eye view, the tens of hundreds of small courtyards, that encompassed the inside of the mansion, very much resembled a small-scale imperial palace.

The Ye Castle was divided into two parts – the western courtyards and the eastern courtyards. The former was used by high status members of the Ye Family, while the latter was used by the guards and other servants.

In the eastern courtyard, there stood an independent house, which was surrounded by farmland and shabby cottages.

The morning fog got thicker and thicker. A dim light came through a window and shone on the courtyard, as it blended itself into the white morning fog. At the same time, there was an indistinctive girlish wailing sound that came from inside the courtyard, which gave this place a mysterious and ghostly impression.

A black shadow walked through the fog, quickly approaching this small

courtyard.

The hall of the courtyard was only about twenty square meters, in which all the sundries were cleared up. In the middle of this hall, there was a coffin that stood horizontally. In front of this coffin, a girl had kneeled down, burning spirit money [3].

The girl was also in her late teens and a white morning dress was tightly wrapped around her body. Her face was as delicate as jade and her skin was as white as snow. The traces of tears left on her face made her look like a rather pathetic being, yet, even now, she was still very charming.

As soon as the young man entered the hall, the girl stood up. She wiped off the remaining tears and tidied up her outfit. After looking at the withered and low-spirited young man, her tears welled up once again, "Brother!"

The young man was Qinghan, he straightened his back to force himself to look energetic. The sobbing tone in his sister's voice made him even sadder, but he had to set a positive example for her.

He stepped forward, picking up some incense sticks and candles. He and his sister both kneeled down, and bowed three times with the sticks and candles in their hands. Afterwards, he reminded his sister to continue burning spirit money, before he kneeled down in front of the coffin.

"I don't deserve to be a filial son, as I have failed to accomplish your last wish. Mom, I have to bury you in the West Mountain. I hope your soul will rest in peace! Don't worry, I will take care of myself as well as my sister. And I promise... I will establish our reputation through cultivation..." As he continued, the helplessness on his face gradually faded away, instead, there emerged the looks

of determination and confidence.

Suddenly, he stood up and picked a wine bowl up. He broke the bowl and selected a piece of the debris. By holding up his left hand, he cut through his skin with that piece of debris. Immediately, blood spilled out continuously.

“In the name of the heavens, I, Ye Qinghan swear, that I will put both of my parent’s memorial tablets in the Sacred Temple of the Holy City. I will let thousands of people worship them. If I dare to betray this oath, then I will be crushed into tiny bits and pieces, just like this bowl!” Qinghan exclaimed.

As soon as he finished his oath, he pinched the piece of bowl into powders. The red blood and the white powder mingled together, which revealed a shocking sight.

“Ah! Brother, are you crazy...” His sister, Ye Qingyu, cried out for her brother’s horrible behaviour.

“Swearing in front of a dead body is the most solemn kind of oath in the Flame Dragon Continent. While putting the memorial tablet into the Sacred Temple is the highest of honors for the deceased. Only those who have contributed greatly to this continent, or those super competent cultivators, would be allowed to be listed in the hall of the Sacred Temple. My brother...he is going to drive himself up against a wall...” Qingyu thought to herself.

“Hehe, since they’re worried that the ancestral tomb would be tarnished by my mother, then... I will bet my life, that I will find a better place for my deceased parents. Once they are in the Sacred Temple, they’ll be worshipped by thousands of people, including by those from our Ye Family...” Through the door, Qinghan looked into the distance and unexpectedly chuckled.

Though a little bit immature, his voice was immensely powerful. The sound was long and loud, lingering throughout the courtyard.

In the distance, the rising sunrays pushed the fog away and the sky was quickly turning brighter and brighter.

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[1]: window coverings (窗户纸): In China and Japan, homes are frequently designed with lattice window covered with rice paper. The translucent paper diffuses natural light entering the room, creating a very serene and peaceful atmosphere. Throughout the day, as the light changes, so will the atmosphere.

[2]: yearly payment (岁钱): In ancient china, family members, apprentices and servants would receive money from the family, either monthly or yearly.

[3]: Spirit money (Mingbi, 冥币): fake money burned as an offering to the dead.

Chapter 3 – I Swear to Surpass You Within Three Years!

West Mountain, Grey City.

In front of a soil-made grave, Qinghan and Qingyu kneeled down silently. The pulled-out weeds littered the ground around the grave, suggesting that they had arrived here not long ago.

“Dear mom, I have brought my sister to visit you. Today is your seventh-day ceremony [1], we hope that you may find a peaceful place for your soul and reincarnate in a prosperous family...”

Qinghan, as well as his sister, Qingyu, kowtowed in front of the grave, in a respectful manner. Soon after, they both burned some spirit money, incense and candles. The seventh day of one’s death was considered a big event, even in normal families. Sadly, the Ye Family wouldn’t bother to take any further responsibility for this event, as they felt like they had done plenty by offering the coffin and digging the grave. As always, this poor pair of brother and sister had to do everything by themselves.

Earlier this morning, Qinghan and his sister had bought some spirit money, incense and candles, before they had rushed to the hill to condole their mother.

Looking at the mound of yellow soil, as well as his wailing sister, Qinghan was struck by a mixed feeling.

It had only been fifteen years since he had arrived in this world!

However, he'd already almost forgotten the name of his previous home, which was called "Earth".

That was right! He was a shameless man, who had traversed through time and space. Or more accurately, he was a man who actually lived in the Flame Dragon Continent, but still carried his spirit from "Earth" deep inside his heart.

Back then, he was transported to this exotic world by an accident. During these fifteen years in the Flame Dragon Continent, he kept trying to readjust himself to be more adaptable to this wonderland.

For a moment, Qinghan wondered if there was a grave for him back on Earth. Or... Maybe... His mother had also been transported to another space and time and lived a new life there. As this new hypothesis crossed his mind, he became less saddened.

Oh well, since death was irretrievable, the living had to carry on. However... Could he really offer himself and his sister a peaceful life, away from the ruthlessness of the law of the jungle that ruled this Flame Dragon Continent? After all, he was mere garbage on the path of cultivation, how could he possibly survive and protect his sister? In the end, the big fish would devour the small fish!

The reputation of the Ye Family would overawe most citizens in this continent. However, as the seventh young lord of this influential family, Qinghan enjoyed few of the entitlements his counterparts did. Ironically, some outsiders, who knew nothing about the details, even envied his identity as a young lord.

The seventh young lord? This title was as disgusting as the excrements of a dog!

Qinghan sneered at his title, as he felt somewhat bitter about the fact that even in a less prominent family, any young lord, be it lineal or collateral, would enjoy a much better status.

- Alas! - He sighed and felt like he had to continue living, no matter how menial his life would be. What else could he do? Should he just commit suicide and transport himself to another space and time yet again? What if it didn't succeed this time?

"Qingyu, we'd better go home now!"

Several minutes later, two skinny shadows could be seen disappearing down the narrow lanes leading down the West Mountain.

.....

Qingxian still couldn't get rid of his bad mood, ever since he was rejected by the prostitute in the Alluring Smoke Pavilion.

"Bitch, Qingguan! I hate that Qingguan... And that bastard Ye Qinghan who dared to surprise attack me! I swear, I'll send that bastard to hell!"

Since his fight with Qinghan, Qingxian had received harsh punishment from his father. As punishment, he wasn't allowed to leave the Ye Castle for an entire month.

As the current leader of the Ye Family, as well as the Magistrate of Grey City,

Qingxian's father represented the highest authority; no one would ever dare to be disobedient in front of him, including his son. Therefore, Qingxian submissively stayed within the confinements of the castle, even though he desperately missed the tender bodies of the prostitutes at the Alluring Smoke Pavilion. On the other hand, he discovered a sense of hidden mockery in the eyes of the lowly servants, which cemented his hatred towards Qinghan, who made him lose face in front of so many people!

"I must regain my face... I must!" Qingxian murmured to himself. Thus, he intentionally sauntered around the castle, in an attempt to encounter Qinghan and teach him a lesson or two.

Originally, when Qinghan's father, Ye Dao, was still alive, they enjoyed a higher status than Qingxian's family. However, Ye Dao's unexpected death was followed by the then clan leader, Ye Tianlong, to recede to a reclusive life. The worst part was, that Qingxian's father, Ye Jian, eventually gained the position of family head. Now, Ye Jian, as well as his son, were determined to suppress Ye Dao's siblings.

The moment Ye Jian was told that his son, who was in the Realm of the Commander, was defeated by the garbage-like Qinghan, he felt so ashamed that he went into a fury-like state. This was exactly why Qingxian couldn't wait to beat Qinghan black and blue.

"Gee, is that..." Noticing the approaching Qinghan and Qingyu, he fiercely clenched his fists, while hostility was plastered all over his face.

"Oh?" As soon as Qinghan discovered the aggressive-looking Qingxian, he pushed his sister to the side, in an attempt to save her from the advancing Qingxian. He then fearlessly walked towards Qingxian, knowing something terrible was about to happen.

“You brazen bastard, I thought that I’d see you running off the moment you’d see me.” Qingxian calmed down a little bit, as he expressed his surprise in Qinghan’s boldness.

“I only wanted to see, whether the scars that I left on your head have fully recovered.” Qinghan smiled.

“You...” Qingxian gave up on the hypocrisy that he used to show his royal temperament, “Fuck you. If it wasn’t for that sneak attack, the situation would’ve been reversed. It would’ve been you, who’d be begging for mercy! Now, let’s have a little rematch, so we may determine the real winner!”

“Sneak attack? Let’s say, if you were to be sneak attacked by your enemies, would you blame them and ask them for a second chance? How funny? You aren’t in the Alluring Smoke Pavilion, where you always have excuses ready to persuade the prostitutes to offer you a second chance whenever you have a premature ejaculation.” Qinghan sneered.

“You... You bastard, if you are so good at it, why not just fuck with me?” Qingxian was so mad that he couldn’t even make a consistent and reasonable sentence. Embarrassingly, he even mistakenly blurted the word “fuck” out, instead of “fight”.

“No! I refuse to fight with anyone who has premature ejaculations.” Qinghan rolled his eyes in disdain, “Hey, wait! Let me enlighten you with some of our family rules. According to the 26th rule of our family rules, the fight between members of the Ye Family should be based on a mutual agreement and must have witnesses at the scene. Once the fight has commenced, no one is allowed to kill the other, otherwise, the rule-breaker would be banished from our Ye

Family... Ye Qingxian, listen, today I'm really not in the mood to fight. If you insist, I'm afraid, as per the rules, you will be banished."

"You... You... You bastard! Coward! Garbage!" Qingxian cursed, as his eyes were spitting fire. However, after hearing the family rules, he eventually lowered his rising fists. He knew, that the family rules wouldn't be lenient to him just because of his identity as a young lord.

"Garbage, bastard, beast!" Finding no proper way to release his anger, Qingxian kept cursing Qinghan, using all the dirty words he had learned over the years.

"Hum! Look at you, dumbass. I swear, I'll surpass you within three years! Even though, I won't fight with you today; let's fight in the bigger family arena in three years from now!" After issuing this challenge, Qinghan was about to turn around and leave.

"Stop! You have to fight with me today, unless you admit that... That you are a good-for-nothing bastard whose mother was a prostitute!" Qingxian tried his best to provoke Qinghan.

"What?!" Qinghan turned around, "My mom has already passed away, why are you still trying to insult her? I guess your head must be itchy for more punches. Ok, let's call up some witnesses and fight!"

"Great!" Qingxian excitedly exclaimed, as he started to stretch his body as a quick warming-up. He then waved towards the guards, who were patrolling the surroundings.

Soon, the guards had gathered around Qingxian, waiting for his instructions.

“Your Excellency, second young lord. Errr... And... The seventh young lord.”

“I will fight with Ye Qinghan, will you be here as our witnesses?” Qinghan replied, ignoring their flattering, yet fake, smiles.

The guards all widened their eyes, as they shot a suspicious look towards Qinghan. They thought that Qinghan was too foolish to fight with Qingxian for a second time. As a cultivator in the first level of the Realm of the Commander, Qingxian wouldn't be defeated a second time. In fact, if it wasn't for that staggering brick-blow, how could he have even lost the first fight?

However, they simply nodded towards Qingxian, before they took a step back. They were ready to watch another show...

What?

Qinghan suddenly kneeled down on one leg, with a solemn expression.

“Your highness! Leader of the City Major Mansion.”

The moment Qinghan kneeled down, Qingxian thought he was going to beg for leniency. However, once he heard the title of his father, he suddenly became panicked, to the extent as if his clandestine love affair was publicly exposed. He turned around, expecting to find his smileless father.

However...

Nobody was there! Instantly, Qingxian realized that it was just a hoax!

Nevertheless, when he realized that it was just a trick, it was already far too late, as a fist was quickly approaching the backside of his head...

Undoubtedly, Qingxian fainted once again.

“Asshole, even if you are in the Realm of the Emperor, I’ll still easily beat you up. Simply, because you’re brainless...” Qinghan lifted his feet and harshly kicked on the back of the fainted Qingxian.

The guards stood there, totally dumbfounded by the result of this fight. How could the second young lord fall for a sneak attack again?... Shameless, shameless! How could the seventh young lord be so shameless!?

The eight guards couldn’t help but feel like there was a chilly breeze blowing behind their backs, as if the cold winter had already arrived...

.....

[1]: The seventh-day ceremony: After cremation, the Buddhist ritual requires a funeral/remembrance ceremony to be held on the seventh day after death. It can be held at the temple or at home, but it’s usually held at the temple.

Chapter 4 – Valuable Items?

In a small courtyard on the eastern side of the Ye Castle.

Qinghan was sitting in his house, feeling rather upset by the big words he had spoken just before.

“Oh... Since I’ve already bragged about it, I should at least try it. But how can I actually improve my cultivation?”

He sighed with helplessness. In order to win some credit within his family, he had shamelessly overstated his ambition to surpass Qingxian within the next three years.

On the other hand, he had already made an oath in front of his deceased mother, that he would one day move his parents’ memorial tablets into the Sacred Temple. Even though he had made so many aspiring promises, he hadn’t even come up with a specific plan to accomplish these promises. After all, it was a decision that was forced upon him by reality and not made of his own volition. Ten years ago, his father had died, his fourth uncle went missing and his grandfather had become a hermit. That year, he had encountered various unfortunate things, one after the other. Since then, his eldest uncle had taken charge of the whole family. As a result, the family status of Qinghan had experienced a sharp drop. Despite the fact that he was a lineal descendant of the Ye Family, he lived a tougher life than the collateral ones.

Qinghan was the only bloodline of his parents, because his sister was an adopted child. Given all of this, he had to be cruel to himself, as he had put the responsibility to revive his family onto himself.

Although he had strategically defeated Qingxian twice, it was far from a true success. He had outwitted Qinghua, rather than beating him with his ability in cultivation.

Not everyone in the Flame Dragon Continent was as gullible as Qingxian. If he wished to survive in this jungle, then he really needed to acquire a higher realm of cultivation!

True ability was the fundamental requirement to live in this world!

The Mars Prefecture was actually divided into six major cities. Apart from the Dragon City, that was located in the center, there were five other cities that had been occupied by the five prominent families. The names of these families were Feng, Hua, Xue, Yue and Ye. The governance of Dragon City was not very stable, as this city saw a change of leadership relatively often. In comparison, the other five cities enjoyed thousands of years long-term governance under the five prominent families.

What was the secret behind the trouble-free governance for thousands of years? They all boasted a rigorous, yet unique training system for their descendants. It was no wonder that there were numerous masters emerging from these families, whom would eventually become the leaders of certain regions.

The unique training skill of the Ye Family was to summon battle beasts. It was said that, in ancient times, the ancestors of the Ye Family shared part of the bloodline of the battle beasts. Nowadays, everyone in the Ye Family would have three chances in their lifetime to awaken and summon these battle beasts.

The summoned battle beast wasn't only able to fight on its own, but it could also integrate with its master. Once integrated, the attack power would be amplified multiple times, as both strength and speed would jump to a new level. When certain battle beasts were integrated with their master, they could even generate insurmountable techniques. The current leader of the Ye Family, Ye Tianlong, for instance, had summoned an eighth-grade battle beast – the bear of the earth, and once they were integrated, a highly defensive technique called the 'Armor of the Earth' would be gained. Ye Tianlong was in the first level of the Realm of the Saint, yet he was already known as the most outstanding cultivator in defensiveness, simply because of this technique.

Due to this special beast-summoning skill, the Ye Family was able to occupy Grey City and enjoy a dominant position throughout the Mars Prefecture.

In order to create more masters in cultivation, the Ye Family would list the most promising members into the key descendant program. However, the criteria to be a part of this program were rather high – either one had to be able to summon at least a sixth-grade battle beast, or one has to have entered the Realm of the Commander before the age of sixteen. If one could summon at least a sixth-grade battle beast, it would serve as solid evidence that the sacred beast blood accounted for a large percentage of the person's blood. Even if he wasn't particularly good at cultivation, the Ye Family would still endow him with magic medicines and techniques to help him. If one entered the Realm of the Commander before the age of sixteen, he would also be regarded as a talented master, even if his battle beast was of a lower grade.

"Well, what I have got right now? I really don't have any damn talent in cultivation. It has been ten years, when I was only 5 years old, since I took my first step on the path of cultivation. How can I achieve the Realm of the Commander within a year? Besides, I suppose that I have too little beast blood in my body, at least, that would explain why I failed the previous two awakenings at the age of five and ten. The Flame Dragon Festival is quickly approaching, I'm not

confident in summoning any kind of beast within a month. What shall I do? Alas...If my sister had the beast blood, we would perhaps have a better chance. But... No, she never will.” Qinghan frowned, calculating his chance of success.

For each lineal member of the Ye Family, they would have three chances to awaken their beast bloodline, at the age of five, ten and fifteen respectively. The awakening ceremony would be held once every five years. Basically, if one failed the first two times, the chance for the third time would be extremely slim. At this point, the rare beast blood in his body would be so thin, that it was almost impossible to resonate with the ancient beast spirit. That was the major reason for failure.

Qinghan’s sister, Qingyu, as an adopted child, didn’t even bear any chance to be part of the key descendants. Therefore, Qinghan became the only hope of his direct family to revive the reputation his father had once obtained. Sadly, he had only reached the first level of the Realm of the Elite at the age of fifteen, while at the same time his previous two awakening attempts had both ended in failure. It seemed that his talent in cultivation was so limited, that his future would be bleak in this regard. The Elder Clan of the Ye Family had observed the growth track of Qinghan, and forecasted that he would never be qualified as a key descendant. Apart from his father’s death and his mother’s indecent background, his own lack of talent was another reason he was looked down upon.

.....

- Creak! -

The door opened with a shrieking sound, which disrupted Qinghan’s flow of thoughts. Qingyu stood there in a white dress, holding a mysterious-looking box in her hands.

“Qingyu, go to sleep, it’s already late at night.” Qinghan said softly. His sister’s delicate body and feminine temperaments, had always aroused the most tender of feelings from the bottom of his heart.

“Brother, you’re also awake.” Qingyu replied as she put the box on the desk. She coughed a little bit, before he solemnly spoke to Qinghan, “Brother, I have a question for you, if ...I mean, what if we run away from the Ye Family and find a remote place to enjoy the rest of our lives? Would you accept this proposal?”

“Hum?” Looking at the sincere expression on his sister’s face, Qinghan knew she wasn’t joking. After considering her proposal for quite a while, Qinghan came up with some broken sentences, “Well, I haven’t... I mean, I’ve never thought of such a scenario. My dear sister, if you’re really eager for that kind of life, I’ll... I’ll have to seriously consider it...”

“Hehe! Mom was right when she called you a man of passion, who’ll never stand for any kind of normal life. When you took that oath the other day, I was shocked at first, but later... I realized, that you’re a man who possesses big dreams. Now, I’ll show you a little something.” Qingyu smiled as she pushed the box towards Qinghan.

“What is this?” Qinghan was totally befuddled.

“Given your aggressive and unyielding personality, as well as your poor talent in cultivation, Mom was afraid that you would one day drag yourself into trouble if you had these two items. She hoped that, by not showing you these items, you would be able to live a calm and peaceful life. Brother, only if you got married and had a bunch of children, would mom let me reveal this box to you, before handing it over to your most talented child. Well, that was our mother’s opinion

at least. However, I'm afraid that I have to betray her will. I believe in you, brother, don't be frustrated by your current achievements, just look forward and dream big. Alright, look, there are two items in here. The first is an account of father's experiences on his path of cultivation, while the second one is the treasure he managed to obtain at the cost of his life..." Qingyu sighed with relief, as if she had just accomplished a big mission.

Seeing her aspiring yet helpless brother, Qingyu had been hesitating between following or betraying her mother's will. Since the death of their mother, Qinghan had racked his brain over how to improve his cultivation endlessly, yet he couldn't discover any shortcuts. Qingyu felt rather sympathetic towards her brother, as she had finally decided to give him the final items of their father. She hoped, that by giving her brother these items, she would be able to help him achieve some improvements on his path of cultivation.

"An account of his experiences? And the treasure that cost our father's life?" Qinghan repeated the names of the objects, in order to reassure himself.

Their father, Ye Dao was the second son of their grandparents. He was a prodigy in cultivation that would appear only once in a hundred years. At the age of six, he had already reached the Realm of the Soldier; half a year later, he had broken through the restraints to his twelve meridians and successfully surpassed the Realm of the General... At the age of twenty eight, he was already a well-known cultivator in the Realm of the Emperor. In addition, he had summoned an eighth-grade battle dralion (It resembles a hybrid of a dragon and a lion) at the age of three! Doubtlessly, he was considered as the number one talent in cultivation throughout the Ye Family. Also, in that year, he took the first place on the Mortal Ranking List. Despite all of this, Ye Dao was rebellious and unrestrained. He never took any advice from the Ye Family and even married a prostitute, completely disregarding the objections from his family. The elders in the family bore mixed feelings for him – they loved his talent, but they were greatly frustrated by his obstinacy. Eventually, he lost his life in an adventure to

one of the three most mysterious areas in the continent – the Luo Shen Mountain.

The death of Ye Dao had caused waves of sadness among the family members, as they had lost their most promising cultivator, whose talent was recognized throughout the entire continent.

Staring at the box, Qinghua felt extremely fortunate to obtain these two items. Originally, he thought all the remaining valuables of his father had been confiscated by the family.

“Brother, I’m sleepy... I’ll go to my bedroom.” Qingyu shot a warm smile at her brother, before she turned around and left.

Qinghan hastily opened the box and as he did, a yellowish handwritten book and a gleaming ring in the shape of a golden dragon were revealed.

“The Sutra of Martial Arts”

“The Golden Dragon Ring”

- Ah! - Qinghan’s was almost in the state of ecstasy when he saw these two items. The yellowish handwritten book was titled, ‘The Sutra of Wu Dao’ and encompassed the lifelong experiences of his father, a cultivator in the third level of the Realm of the Emperor. It was priceless! Plus, the ring was a treasure hidden in the Luo Shen Mountain, it must definitely have some special functions! In Qinghan’s opinion, anything that had a dragon or a phoenix sculptured on it, would be a priceless treasure.

Inside the handwritten book, the calligraphy was vigorous and forceful.

Qinghan read, “The cultivation of Martial Arts may change the destiny of your life! For those below the Realm of the General, the determinant factor is your talent and diligence. There are absolutely no shortcuts. If your physical body and talent don’t allow you to advance any further in martial arts, then you won’t have any chance to climb to the top of the ladder in cultivation. For those above the Realm of the General, intelligence and timing play a more important part at this stage. Some of them may even have the chance to become immortal... I’ve been cultivating for over twenty years and in these twenty years I’ve managed to reach the third level of the Realm of the Emperor, while I also possessed an eighth-grade dralion. My fighting experiences were rich, as I’ve fought with various evil emperors from the Demon Prefecture... Now, I wish that, with what I wrote here, future cultivators will be helped.”

Reading through this first paragraph, Qinghan’s ecstasy quickly turned into sadness. Without a healthy physical body and talent, he was doomed to be a failure. Diligence alone was far from enough.

Considering the jammed meridians and his lack of talent, Qinghan slipped back into depression.

The first lines of the book were already a “death-sentence” to his wish of walking down the path of cultivation.

Talent! Talent!

Without talent, the highest he would ever reach was probably the third level of the Realm of the Commander. If he didn’t manage to wipe out all of the jammed substance in his meridians, he would never be able to surpass the Realm of the

Commander.

The beautiful bubble of dreams was poked by these incisive words. Qinghan quietly sat there, like a flattened balloon. However, he still hoped that there would be a silver lining for him somewhere in the future. So he continued reading.

“This book is divided into two volumes. One volume is called the Sutra of Martial Arts, which mainly contains information about the cultivation of martial arts... The other volume is about the Secret Code for Sacred Blood. Once learned, one will have the density of their sacred blood increased, under the condition that you are a descendant of the Ye Family. If you’ve grasped this Secret Code, it will increase the possibility of summoning a seventh-grade... Or even a ninth-grade holy beast...”

“What?! the Secret Code for Sacred Blood? It will actually increase the chance to summon a seventh-grade beast, or better...”

Haha! Haha!

Qinghan’s fluctuating mood went to another climax, as the feelings of excitement burst out like a flood, running turbulently, as if it was trying to breach the dyke.

Chapter 5 - The Secret Code for Sacred Blood

The Secret Code for Sacred Blood!

Would it really increase the density of his sacred beast blood?

Would it really increase the possibility for him to summon a seventh-grade battle beast... Or even higher?

How amazing would this be? Qinghan was thrilled by this groundbreaking skill. If it proved to be true, then he would probably become a legendary figure in the Ye Family, or perhaps... Even throughout the whole Flame Dragon Continent!

Having been in this continent for over a decade, Qinghan considered himself to be rather familiar with the general picture of this place.

The continent consisted of one major city, and three prefectures – Immortal City, the Mars Prefecture, the Demon Prefecture and the Barbarian Prefecture. Immortal City enjoyed the highest status, as it was always protected by the halo of the immortals. The three prefectures would never turn themselves against Immortal City, and the latter would seldom involve itself in any type of confrontations or disputes among the other three.

Interestingly, the three prefectures boasted three different races.

The Mars Prefecture was inhabited by a race of purely humans. They were endowed with great intelligence and were able to cultivate.

The Demon Prefecture had the descendants of the hybrid of ancient evil beasts and immortals. They were half beast and half human in appearance, but they possessed unimaginable evil powers.

The inhabitants of the Barbarian Prefecture were a faraway offspring of the ancient barbarian tribe. The beings there were extremely tall and strong, and they could split a hill with the power of a single fist.

Thousands of years ago, wars would frequently erupt among the three prefectures, because of their incompatible faith. The masses in the three prefectures suffered from a turbulent and unstable life. Until the arrival of “Tu” – a member of Immortal City, who cracked down the conflicts and forced a ceasefire. Eventually, the three prefectures reached an agreement, that they would hold a prefecture fight every twenty years to solve all accumulated disputes, rather than starting a war whenever a dispute occurred.

During these thousands of years of war, five peerless masters had emerged from the Mars Prefecture – Feng, Hua, Xue, Yue and Ye. These five masters were all high-ranked cultivators, who could even gain access to the celestial authority. They were the founders of the five most prominent families in the Flame Dragon Continent.

As a lineal sibling of the Ye Family, Qinghan roughly knew an inside story about the origin of these five masters. They were actually descendants of some immortals, who possessed the essence of sacred blood and secret techniques.

The Feng Family was the descendant of the Sword Immortals; they had the best swordsmanship in the continent. The Hua Family was the descendant of the Stabbing Immortals, their skill of stabbing was rivalless. The Xue Family was the descendant of the Bewitched Immortals; they could kill people by using bewitched and poisonous worms. The Yue Family was the descendents of the

Soul Immortals, they could seduce people by showing them beauties, while gnawing on their souls. The Ye Family was the descendant of the Beast Immortals, and the integration of a beast with its master was a unique advantage for them.

Therefore, the descendants of the five families were generally associated with the ancient immortals, due to which they were considered to have a higher chance of success in cultivation. They were the ones who stood on the shoulders of the giants, as it wasn't unusual to find talented masters in these five families. Those from the Ye Family, for instance, if they could summon an eighth-grade battle beast and raise it to adulthood, it would be as competent as a normal cultivator in the Realm of the Emperor.

However, the descendants with thick sacred blood in the five families were extremely rare. In the Ye Family, as far as Qinghan knew, it had already been over three hundred years since the last appearance of a ninth-grade battle beast. Both his father and grandfather owned an eighth-grade battle beast, which were considered to be superior in their family nowadays.

.....

Right now, the handwritten book in his hands was the Secret Code of thickening one's blood, which would serve as an offset for Qinghan's thin blood.

If this secret code stuff was real, what would that represent?

It represented that Qinghan would be able to summon a high-ranking battle beast! Although he had long been doomed as a low-talented cultivator, he would be able to solely rely on the power of his beast, if he followed what the Secret Code instructed him to do. His status in the Ye Family would quickly increase,

which would help his brave oath to become reality. How nice!

According to the Secret Code, the beast he could summon would be at least of the seventh-grade! That meant, that he would meet the criteria to become one of the key descendants of the Ye Family.

Qinghan started to wonder, what if his whole family learned this skill and summoned superior battle beasts, it would probably shake the status quo of the Mars Prefecture, or even of the entire Flame Dragon Continent...

Oh, God... This was mind-boggling!

Taking a deep breath, Qinghan swallowed, before he opened the book. He read the lines gingerly, while trying to keep his hands from trembling.

“All descendants of the Ye Family, were endowed with sacred blood, by following this secret method, they could temporarily halt the creation of fresh blood. This would increase the density of their sacred blood, which would help them summon any kind of beast... The density of the sacred blood would directly influence the power of the summoned beast. Therefore, improving the density of the sacred blood would be a top priority for all the siblings of the Ye Family... This Secret Code was based on various classics in the library that I have referred to, as well as all the places that I set my food on, even including the advices of numerous revered scholars that I have visited. I sincerely hope that this Secret Code for Sacred Blood will help you in awakening a high-ranked battle beast.

Warning: the method mentioned in this book hasn't been tested before, according to my own calculations, the chance to succeed is roughly 50%. If you succeed, it is good for yourself, for me, and for the entire Ye Family... However, If you fail, you'll probably be unconscious, delirious or even floating in the air...”

“What the fuck...”

- Bang! -

Qinghan threw the book on the desk and exclaimed furiously. He was speechless towards his deceased father.

“Are you fooling around with me, daddy?” Qinghan whispered to himself, “Being unconscious, delirious and floating in the air? Oh, come on, why don’t you just say it... Anyone who fails to do this, will be paralyzed or even dead!”

“The rate of success is roughly 50%, and it is based on your own calculations? This is an utterly untested, extremely risky guidance towards cultivation, which has little significance in practice... Oh... No...”

It was like someone gave him the “Sunflower Bible” [1], which required its cultivator to start by doing a self-castration. Then he would have a 50% chance to become the second Invincible Eastern [2]. How could Qinghan not be outraged by this?

The most miserable thing in life was that, the higher the expectations, the more bitter the disappointment. Originally, he thought that this book would be the life-saving straw for him to clutch onto; unfortunately, it turned out to be a highly toxic serpent!

“Nothing good will ever happen to me. Like people always say, God is always fair, when he closes a door he will open a window for you... But seldom does anyone know what is behind the window - a steep cliff, a deep ocean, or layers of pointed stones? Will you still jump out of that window?” Qinghan grumbled with

contempt.

Qinghan couldn't figure out if he was willing to take the risk and learn this Secret Code. He was like a blind man standing on a crossroad, wondering which road to take.

“Let it be! There are still more than twenty days left before the awakening ceremony. Let me see if there is an alternative... Oh right, the treasure from the Luo Shen Mountain.”

He picked the dragon ring up, after he had put the handwritten book aside.

“Ah, nice stuff... It was found in the Luo Shen Mountain, where numerous ancient immortals died during the ‘war-period’. Oh, look at the colors! Hmm, it must be something magic. Could it be possible that there is a soul concealed in the dragon sculpture, the soul of one of those dead masters...” Qinghan completely forgot the Secret Code for Sacred Blood; instead, he began to study the ring in a world of his own.

Admittedly, the appearance of the ring made it quite marketable if it was arrayed in a shop. The gleaming gold on the surface, and the vivid dragon that crouched in the middle of the ring, would make it a convincing treasure.

Staring at the ring, Qinghan swallowed. He was hoping that an aged immortal would emerge, like Elder Delin, who could be his Sifu.

- Creak! -

The window suddenly opened. A cold breeze went through the room and made

Qinghan quiver a little bit. Out of panic, he accidentally dropped the ring.

“Who’s coming? Is that Elder Delin? Let me be your apprentice, Sifu...”

However, there came no reply. Qinghan rubbed his eyes and found a familiar figure standing outside his window.

“Brother, what are you doing? You’re making so much noise, you know, the piercing exclamations are really keeping me from a sound sleep...”

“Ah?” Qinghan realized that it was his sister, so he smiled embarrassingly before he bent his knees to pick the ring up.

However, all of a sudden, Qinghan felt like he was struck by lightning, as he remained squatted on the ground like a motionless sculpture.

“What the hell? Is this really found in the Luo Shen Mountain, or is it just a cheap copy... Oh... Daddy! I have seen through you, you might be a wandering peddler who only collected cheap fake items...” He angrily exclaimed, mocking his father.

A large chunk of the lacquer was separated from the surface of the ring, which exposed the bronze material inside, full of rusty stains. And... The head of the gleaming dragon was also broken, leaving the remaining bottom half of the body on the ring. A small, black hole could even be seen through the broken neck of the dragon...

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[1]: Sunflower Bible: a guidance book for a certain cultivation, it requires to cut off the penis before learning any of its methods.

[2]: Invincible Eastern: the most famous cultivator who achieved what the Sunflower Bible instructed. He was a genderless man with invincible powers.

Chapter 6 – The Incident Happened in Cattle-Fence Street

It was still early in the night, as the moon hung in the middle of the sky and the stars were blinking like naughty kids, as if they were interacting with the people beneath them.

In the small courtyard, Qinghan and Qingyu were sitting on a pair of stone chairs, side by side. They both looked towards the sky, trying to get a better view of the mysterious cosmos. They were completely silent, not even a word was spoken, as if both of them had something weighing heavily on their mind.

- Alas! -

Qinghan rubbed the bronze ring on his third finger, sighing cheerlessly.

Qinghan had spent the whole afternoon testing this ring, to see if there was something magical attached to it. Disappointingly, however, he had reluctantly come to the conclusion that this ring was a “three-no’s-ring”, no magical function, no economic value and no ornamental value. In simpler terms, it was just an ugly bronze ring, and nobody would care to pick it up once it was dropped.

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This afternoon, when he found out that the ring was broken, he was almost sure it was a fake one. However, this was still the inheritance of his father, so he wouldn’t give up so easily. He carefully scraped the golden surface off the ring, revealing the true appearance of this bronze ring.

On its murky surface, Qinghan had found the word “soul” sculptured. However, it wasn’t strange for a ring to have words sculptured on it, as this was usually the case.

Even though Qinghan wasn’t a fate-believer, he did enjoy to believe in miracles. In his previous life, he had read different genres of website novels. In these novels, a magical weapon would always disguise itself with an ugly appearance. While it also required some special method to activate its hidden power.

Therefore, from his reading experience, he decided to use his blood to activate this ring.

Clenching his teeth, Qinghan had held a sword and made a cut in one of his fingers.

One drop, two drops, three drops...

Sadly, however, the ring didn’t give a damn response.

Being afraid the quantity of the blood wasn’t enough, Qinghan even squeezed his wounded finger to let more drops of blood ooze out.

Now, the blood he had dropped on the ring could almost fill half a bowl. Finally, the response came... Not from the ring, but from his body – He felt light-headed, as if the stars were flying right in front of his eyes... Poor guy, he was suffering from an excessive loss of blood.

“Alright! It seems like giving it my blood only makes me feel dizzy. I’ll try

something else.”

Qinghan racked his brains to find other ways to identify the ring’s value. He put the ring on fire, baked it and even smoked it. Yet nothing happened. Out of fury, he even went to the toilet, threatening the ring to flush it away if it still didn’t show any sign of magic.

Despite all of these methods he had used, the ring still didn’t show any kind of magic, however, it did become darker and darker... Disillusioned by the results, Qinghan gave up on trying. The moment when he was about to throw it away, he pondered for a moment, before he eventually put it on his finger. However, considering that it was still the inheritance from his father, he kept it as a souvenir.

As the number one cultivator of the Immortal Ranking List, as well as a master in the third level of the Realm of the Emperor, his father had left him two “valuable items”. One was an untested and risky account of his experiences; the other was a completely fake ring.

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“Brother, I remember you once said that those who die will become another star in the sky, is this true?” Qingyu suddenly raised a question. In the silver moonlight, she looked like a fairy, elegant and peaceful.

“Stars? No, they’ll be decomposed into the soil...” Qinghan blurted out. In their childhood, he had once made up some fairy tale for his sister. And his innocent sister still fully believed all the stuff he had created with his imagination.

However, when Qinghan turned around and found the crystal clear eyes of his sister, he decided not to extinguish her beautiful illusion. “Errr... I mean, the body will decompose into the soil, but the soul will become a star in the universe. Like our dear parents, they are now among these gleaming stars, probably even looking at us at this very moment...”

“Sure, they will. And they’ll forever be the gleaming stars in the sky. If it wasn’t for my father’s benevolence, I would probably have been a homeless drifter in the streets by now. And mother also treated me as her own child. Now, they’re all gone... I have no chance to give back the love they gave me...” Qingyu choked on her sobbing words, as she replied. Finally, she stopped talking, as she hid her face in her arms.

“Women are made of water. They always have limitless tears.” Qinghan thought to himself, he then patted his sister’s back, “Our parents are peacefully resting. Meanwhile you still have me, your brother. Let’s stick together and help each other in these difficult times.”

“Okay!” Qingyu nodded her head, gazing at Qinghan with her tearful eyes. Looking at his pitiful but charming sister, Qinghan swallowed. It touched the strings of his heart. For a moment, he even started to feel like the previous remarks from his sister, were perhaps wiser than he had originally thought. The oath he had made in front of their deceased mother became somewhat vague. For now, to him, nothing was more important than to protect his delicate and feminine, yet innocent, sister.

“As a man, I’m not afraid of the perilous dangers ahead of me. The worst thing is to be killed, but I suppose that I’ve already died once. However, what about my sister? She is a woman who possesses no martial arts or weapons, which are required to survive in this jungle-like society. How would she survive in this cruel world, or even in this indifferent Ye Family? I cannot drag her into this whirlpool...” Qinghan murmured anxiously.

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The next day.

The bright sun hung high in the cloudless sky, illuminating every corner of this world.

The Cattle-Fence Street in Grey City was crowded with both people and vehicles. On both sides of the street, peddlers were busy touting the passers-by, hoping that the latter would come over and buy something from them.

“Brother, hurry up! This is a funny place!”

A pair of young teenagers were walking down the street. The young man was in green clothing, looking gentle and frail. While the young lady was like a flower that was still in its bud, ready to become a beauty at any moment. Definitely, they were Qinghan and Qingyu.

Qinghan held his sister’s hand, while they were observing their surroundings. The smile on their faces indicated how happy they were, as if two caged birds had suddenly been freed.

In order to depressurize her brother, Qingyu had asked him to come shopping with her. Actually, it was only an excuse to release the anxieties, that had haunted Qinghan these last couple of days. Qinghan had immediately seen through her trick, but he felt gratified to have such a considerate sister. Even though Qingyu was an adopted child, she still greatly resembled her mother’s temperaments, quiet, soft and affectionate...

“Eh? So many books!”

Qinghan stood in front of a book stall, where piles upon piles of different books were stacked together. The seller was an elder, who was in the middle of reading a book. Strangely, the elder didn't even say hello to Qinghan, as he only gave him a passionless look, before he fixed his eyes back on his book.

“Geography of the Continent”, “An Overview of the Prefecture War”, “A Sketch of the Three Most Mysterious Areas” ... The variety of the books dazzled Qinghan's eyes. Back in the Ye Family, he wasn't allowed to enter the library due to his low status. While the books left by his father were mostly poems and about other literature subjects. It was justifiable to say, that Qinghan had little access to the books that he was interested in.

“Brother, buy some if you like. There is a cosmetics stall across the street, which I want to look at.” Qingyu didn't show any interest in the books, but the cosmetic stall across the street had caught her attention. She wished to buy some blushers.

“Alright.” Qinghan replied absentmindedly, while his eyes were still fixated on one of the books.

“The Prefecture War dates back to three thousand years ago. It was an immortal's edict that brought a stop to the continuous conflicts among the prefectures. Every thirty years, each prefecture will have to send their representatives to fight against each other. Each of the candidates will be able to earn credits, which will be used to determine the victor. The prefectures will then be ranked from high to low and the two lower ones are then forced to send tributes to the strongest prefecture. As individuals, the representatives will also

be rewarded according to the amount of credits they have earned.” Qinghan read the first page of “An Overview of the Prefecture War”.

“Hey, how much do these books cost?” Qinghan asked, after he had selected six of them from the large collection.

“Five crystal coins each.” The elder replied, without raising his head.

Qinghan took thirty crystal coins out and put them on the piles of books. Before he left, he carefully wrapped the books and put them into his bag.

“Let me go! Brother, help...”

A familiar voice came from across the street, Qinghan turned around to see what was happening. To his panic, he found that his sister was in danger.

A man in white clothing clutched onto Qingyu’s hands, despite the latter’s struggle. She screamed and screamed, hoping that her brother would soon come to save her.

- Chuu! -

Qinghan hugged the bag in his arms, as he dashed towards his sister, like a provoked lion.

Chapter 7 - Xue Wuhen

Ye Shanhu, a collateral descendant of the Ye Family, was in a rather good mood today. He had managed to summon a battle beast, even though it was only a low grade one. And just a couple of days ago, after diligently cultivating for over twenty years, he had even finally reached the second level of the Realm of the General. Because of these achievements, he was appointed as the captain of one of the patrolling teams.

Right now, Shanhu, together with his team members, were taking a break in a tearoom after patrolling through the southern part of the city. One of the members lifted the teapot, politely pouring tea into Shanhu's cup. He then threw a subtle look at Shanhu, "Hey, Captain, I heard that you've been to the Spring Shower House on 13th street? How does that "Little Swallow" taste?"

"Oh... That girl... She's really a stunner. But I won't tell you the details, haha!" Shanhu chuckled and closed his eyes, recalling last night's happiness.

"Captain, you're really something. You know, we've been longing for Little Swallow for quite a long time, but she has always rejected us. Now, you've been promoted to Captain and she immediately threw herself into your arms. Gosh, we're also strong men, what's the difference?" Another team member complained, pretending to be as heavy hearted as he could possibly be.

The rest of the team members bursted out in laughter, while Shanhu seemed to become even more proud of himself.

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“Let me go! Brother, help! Help!”

In the middle of their chatter, a girl’s screams caught their attention. They moved closer to the window and found that a man in white clothing held a girl in his arms, as he was dragging her away. Soon, a young man in green clothing appeared, he jumped at the man in white clothing, trying to chop his head off by using his palm.

The man in white clothing didn’t even raise his head, as he inadvertently lifted his palm.

- Boom! -

The two palms collided with each other and an ivory-white smoke emitted from the center of their palms. Strangely, the man in white clothing stood there as steady as several minutes ago, while the man in green clothing was pushed backwards, vomiting a mouthful of blood.

“Ground-Breaking Chop? Ah, this technique belongs to our Ye Family. Humph! Anyone who dares to challenge our family is doomed to be punished.” Shanhu recognized the technique used by the man in green clothing, which was part of the Ye Emperor’s Seven Moves.

Shanhu was furious, as he punched a nearby table and was determined to help his family member out.

“Stop! Let go of that girl...”

Shanhu unsheathed his sword. Soon, the man in white clothing was encircled

by the patrolling team.

Suddenly, two elders in black clothing appeared ahead of the man in white clothing, each holding a longsword in their hands. They were evidently here to protect their young master.

“Lay down your weapons and follow me to the City Major Mansion. Otherwise, we’ll kill you on sight, without any mercy.” Shanhu threatened coldly.

“Oh, really? Are you going to arrest me?” The man in white clothing sneered. He loosened his hands on the girl, before he turned around.

He was a young man in his early twenties. Judging from his appearance, he seemed to be an audacious young lord.

- Ah! -

Looking closer, Shanhu stepped backwards, he was totally astounded.

“Born with dual-pupil eyes... Are you the young lord of the Xue Family – Xue Wuhen?” Shanhu stammered, as he was even slightly trembling.

The man in white clothing didn’t reply, instead, he tilted his chin and glanced at Shanhu. His special eyes were filled with arrogance.

“Shit luck to encounter such a guy...” Shanhu thought to himself.

Xue Wuhen, a well-known genius in the Mars Prefecture, was also the young leader of the Xue Family. On the Mortal Ranking List, he came in as the number ten. At the age of twenty-four, he had already entered the Realm of the General. It was even said, that his skill of raising bewitched worms, had already surpassed the skill of the elders in his family. He was honored as one of the rare geniuses of his generation. At the age of twenty-five, he was already appointed as the young leader by the Elder Clan of the Xue Family.

As the tenth ranked on the Mortal Ranking List, Wuhen's ability in cultivation well surpassed most others. In the Mars Prefecture, apart from the Mortal Ranking List, which only listed those below the age of thirty, there was also an Immortal Ranking List for those beyond the age of thirty. Both lists were the most authoritarian evaluation of one's cultivation ability. Each year, these two lists would be updated with new names.

For example, Ye Tianlong was ranked in the very front of the Immortal Ranking List, which was a recognition of his achievements. Ye Dao, the father of Qinghan, had even maintained his number one position on the Mortal Ranking List for many years before his death.

On each list, there was a total of a hundred names. Once your name was added to this list, even if you came in on the 100th spot, you would still become famous because of this official recognition. Therefore, Wuhen, who was ranked tenth, was already an outstanding person.

As the young leader of the Xue Family, even the elders in the Ye Family would have to respect him, let alone Shanhu.

However, this young leader had committed a crime in broad daylight, by molesting an innocent girl. As the newly-appointed General, Shanhu felt that it was his responsibility to punish the wrongdoers, as to make sure that the nearby

civilians wouldn't lose their faith in him.

Obviously, Shanhu didn't dare to arrest this young leader, nor the two men in black clothing that were protecting their young master. As a cultivator in the second level of the Realm of the General, there was little chance for him to beat Wuhen up, who was in the third level of the Realm of the General. Because, Wuhen had his trump card – super bewitched worms, which would probably increase his ability to the Realm of the Marshal. Out of helplessness, Shanhu slipped into a dilemma, standing there awkwardly.

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“Brother, are you ok?”

The girl was Qingyu, and the young man in green clothing was Qinghan. Qingyu carefully held her brother's head, cleaning the blood off of his face with her sleeve. She was utterly petrified by what had happened just now.

Qinghan suffered from a fit of coughs before he staggeringly stood up. Observing the bruises left on the snow-white skin of his sister's hand, his wrath towards Wuhen was almost on the verge of eruption. Since their parents had passed away, his sister had been the only one he cared about in this world. How could he stand his sister being bullied?

Touching his injured chest, Qinghan admitted that his cultivation was way lower than that bastard's. Even if he could replicate himself a dozen times, he wouldn't win from that guy, who was already in the Realm of the General.

“General, please arrest this bastard. He was molesting my sister and even

injured me. Please send him to the Punish Department of our Ye Family.” Qinghan ordered the General, while holding a golden token in his hands.

“Ah? A golden token?” Shanhu stared at Qinghan, showing a sense of suspicion.

In the Ye Family, the golden token represented the lineal descendants; the silver token stood for the collateral descendants; and the emerald token belonged to the key descendants. Basically, Shanhu was familiar with all the lineal descendants, the number of which was roughly twenty. But he had never met Qinghan. Plus, as a lineal descendant, how could he be so inferior in cultivation?

However, despite all of his doubts, Shanhu was sure that the golden token was an authentic one.

“Now, I request you to fight with these three men, who publicly provoked the dignity of our Ye Family. Send the red signal to rally all the Wolf Warriors in Grey City. Let’s prepare to fight! Everyone, integrate with your beasts, and suppress our enemies. Shadow Wolf, my friend – integrate!” Shanhu followed Qinghan’s order.

As Shanhu gave out this order, a high-pitched howl could be heard, as a ball of white smoke emerged from his chest. Gradually, the white smoke formed itself into the shape of a wolf. Suddenly, the wolf entered Shanhu’s chest and disappeared.

Moments later, Shanhu’s body went through a series of changes. His giant hands turned out to be edgy claws, while each finger looked terrifyingly sharp. Most interestingly, his pair of ears had been enlarged, like a pair of large leaves. Finally, on his forehead, there appeared a wolf-shaped black tattoo.

Integration with a beast! The special technique of the Ye Family!

At this moment, Shanhu looked like a hybrid of a human and a wolf, ferocious and domineering. Due to the integration, his combat capacity had even reached the third level of the Realm of the General!

“Fire wolf, integrate!”

“Leopard, integrate!”

Some of his most excellent subordinates integrated with their own battle beasts, fully preparing themselves for the fight that was at hand.

Meanwhile, some of the less competent subordinates started sending signals for more reinforcements to come.

“Stop! All of you!”

Suddenly, a booming sound caught everyone’s attention. Looking into the distance, two figures were rapidly approaching.

“Your Excellency, Elder Ron, and young lord Kuang.” Shanhu instantly dismissed his integration, and bowed to these two guys. He seemed to slightly relax with the arrival of these two men, as he felt like he had a strong force that would back him up now.

The middle-aged man had a prominent nose and a pair of eagle-like eyes. The

scar on his face expanded to the back of one of his ears. He was the vice-president of the Punishment Department of the Ye Family – Ye Ron.

The younger man, approximately in his twenties, was wearing a set of brocade clothing, as well as a violet-golden crown. His complexion was snow-white and his lips were rather thin. He was the first young lord of the Ye Family – Ye Qingkuang.

Ignoring the bows of Shanhu, as well as the wounded Qinghan, both Ye Ron and Qingkuang stepped towards Wuhen. They then greeted each other in a hypocritical way.

Suddenly, Ye Ron turned around, “Put your weapons away! Wuhen is our guest in Grey City, do you guys think that this is a proper way to treat our distinguished guest?”

“Errr... Elder Ron, you may not be aware of the situation... This young leader, Xue Wuhen, had... He had molested this girl... And then... Then he even attacked this young lord from our Ye Family...” Shanhu coughed a little bit, as he was trying to conceal his embarrassment.

In case Ye Ron and Qingkuang didn’t notice Qinghan, Shanhu deliberately pointed at the golden token. He thought that it was a matter of dignity, if one of the lineal descendant of the Ye Family was beaten up this way. At least, Elder Ron or Qingkuang would help to find some justice for this poor young lord, right?

“Oh? Is he one of the young lords from your family? I apologize for my rudeness. Just now, I was only joking around with this girl. Then this little brother suddenly attacked me, in defense, I fought back and injured him. Please don’t take offense.” Wuhen smiled and bowed to Ye Ron and Qingkuang.

“Never mind! I’m the one to blame. I should’ve been here before, or else all of this wouldn’t have happened.” Qingkuang replied. Afterwards, he turned around and shot a disdainful look at Qinghan, “Humph... Young lord? One who can only use sneak attacks to win? Garbage you mean! Don’t make our Ye Family lose even more face, get out of here!”

“You...” Qinghan trembled, partly because of his injuries and partly because of his anger. As the first son of Ye Jian, Qingkuang was a talented cultivator, who had even summoned a seventh-grade violent bear at the age of five. Thanks to all of this, he was ranked in the middle of the Mortal Ranking List. Because of all these achievements, he was self-centered and arrogant, especially towards Qinghan. He didn’t give any face to his cousin, who had sneak attacked his brother, Qingxian, twice already.

“Alright, Qinghan, you’d better go back home and apply for a piece of Healing Dan from the Punishment Department. Shanhu, please escort the seventh young lord.” Ye Ron interrupted.

“Er? Yes, Your Excellency!” Shanhu looked at Qinghan with compassion. He came to the realization that this young lord was not properly-treated by the Ye Family. Given his terrible fighting skills, he would never be respected in the family, unless pigs could fly.

“Hehe! No escort is needed, I’m not dead yet. I can walk... Elder Ron, Qingkuang, and Xue Wuhen, you are too good to me...” Qinghan forced himself a fake smile. In his immature voice, a feeling of vicissitudes could be sensed. He narrowed his eyes, staring at the three of them, as if he was going to imbed their image into his brain.

His fake smile gradually disappeared; instead, his face became more and more ferocious. He was determined to fight back one day.

Soon, Qinghan held his sister's hand, as he was limping down the street... Along the way, his footsteps gradually became firmer and steadier...

Chapter 8 - The Jade Spirit Body

Wuhen quietly stood in a courtyard, his pair of dual-pupil eyes were blinking frequently, as if he was pondering over something important. The two elders in black clothing stood on both sides, as they submissively escorted him.

“Young master, I’m afraid, that you were a little bit reckless today.” One of the elders couldn’t help reminding Wuhen.

“Huh, I was?” Wuhen frowned. He didn’t seem to fully comprehend the elder’s words.

After some meditation, the elder bowed to Wuhen, “I mean, we’re supposed to come here for the discussion of next year’s Prefecture War, which is also what our Elder Leader reminded us of before this trip. I’m afraid, young master, if... If you insist on offending the Ye Family by molesting that girl, that it’ll disturb our original plan.”

“Oh? Elder Mo, do you think I’m just molesting that girl? Hehe, you belittle me! You know, I’ve never been short of beauties around me.” Wuhen raised his eyebrows even higher, as a vicious smile emerged on his face, before he continued, “However, the remarkable thing is, that this girl is one of a kind. You can never find another one like her. By the way, have you spied on her? Did you obtain any results yet?”

The other elder stepped forward, “The girl is named Ye Qingyu, the daughter of Ye Dao. The young lord that tried to save her is her brother. I’ve been told, that Qingyu is an adopted child. Both she and her brother have a rather low status in the Ye Family.”

“Ah? That rubbish is the son of the genius - Ye Dao? How ridiculous! Wait, had Ye Dao already seen through his adopted daughter? Did he intentionally raise her for his son? Ah! The sooner the better...” Wuhen hurriedly turned to the two elders, “Elder Shi, please immediately go back home and ask my grandfather for twenty bottles of top-grade Snow Spirit Dan. I will propose to Ye Qingyu! I will... I will marry Ye Qingyu!”

“Ah? Twenty bottles of top-grade Snow Spirit Dan? Marry Ye Qingyu?”

Both elders were dumbfounded by their young master’s abrupt decision.

In the Flame Dragon Continent, the Dan had been categorized into four grades – holy-grade, top-grade, middle-grade and low-grade. These were the best nourishments for cultivators. The materials for refining these Dan encompassed a large variety of herbs and other valuable items. Even the low-grade Dan would be sold for over a hundred crystal coins per bottle on the market. The Snow Spirit Dan was a specialty of the Xue Family, and they had never sold any of it on the market, because it was priceless. The Healing Dan that Qinghan was offered from the Punishment Department was the least valuable Dan in the low-grade category. Even for the lowest quality Dan, Ye Ron only allowed Qinghan to take one, which proved how precious these Dan were. Now, Wuhen suddenly decided to take out twenty bottles!

“Errrr?” Elder Shi hesitated for a moment, “Can it be that this girl possesses some special skills?”

“Haha! Don’t forget that I’ve got a pair of dual-pupil eyes, which let me see through her at my first glance... She actually possesses a Jade Spirit Body!” There was a touch of distinctive joyfulness in Wuhen’s voice, even though he tried to

calm himself down.

“What? One of the two most holy bodies in this continent – the Jade Spirit Body?”

Both Elder Mo and Elder Shi exclaimed together. They looked at each other, while a sense of disbelief was plastered on their faces.

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In a small room in an eastern courtyard of the Ye Castle.

“Brother, lie down. I’ll go to the Punishment Department and get you the Healing Dan.” Qingyu squeezed the towel before she rubbed her brother’s face.

“No, don’t go there!” Qinghan pulled his sister back, “Qingyu, we don’t need their sympathy. Poor as we are, we have to adhere to our own moral principles, and never, ever beg for someone else’s compassion. Besides, I’ve only got some external bruises, nothing really serious. Maybe after one or two days, I’ll be fully recuperated. You know, I just need some rest.”

“But, your injury...” Qingyu gathered her beautiful eyebrows, as she was full of anxiety.

She knew her brother’s stubborn personality, so she wouldn’t bother to try and persuade him. She could only pout in sadness, as she didn’t know what she could do to relieve her brother’s agony. Eventually, she sighed and left the room.

As soon as his sister had left, Qinghan arduously leaned himself up against the back of his bed, while he was wondering in bewilderment.

“If you turn yourself into an ass, don’t feel insulted when people ride you. In this world, without true ability, you’re destined to be bullied, or even disgraced... Just like a fish on the chopping block, ready to be killed!” Qinghan mumbled, mocking the condition he was in.

What happened today had greatly shaken his self-esteem. From now on, he would never be seduced to any kind of peaceful life again. What he wanted right now, was to improve his cultivation and fight back!

Everyone bowed to Qingkuang, and called him “eldest young lord”. But what about him? As the same lineal descendant, Qinghan had never received any form of respect in this hierarchical family.

Xue Wuhen had insulted his sister and injured him in broad daylight, yet no one dared to bring him to justice. Ye Ron and Qingkuang even vindicated him from his evil behavior!

Why?!

Down here on earth, your actual ability in cultivation determined what kind of treatment you would receive.

Qingkuang, who was only twenty-five, had entered the first level of the Realm of the General, while he had also summoned a seventh-grade battle beast. Once integrated, his power would be equivalent to that of the top level of the Realm of the General.

Xue Wuhen, who was only twenty-six, was a one in a million genius in cultivation. He had already entered the third level of the Realm of the General. If matched up with his extraordinary skill of using bewitched and poisonous worms, his ability would be equivalent to those in the Realm of the Marshal. This all together, made it no surprise that he ranked tenth on the Mortal Ranking List.

But how about himself? He was fifteen years old and had only reached the first level of the Realm of the Elite... He had never been able to summon a beast either... What a sharp contrast!

The Realm of the Warrior, the Realm of the Soldier, the Realm of the Elite, the Realm of the Commander, the Realm of the General, the Realm of the Marshal... The gap from the Realm of the Elite to the Realm of the Marshal was huge - there were three realms in between. Plus, he had no battle beast, and his parents had both passed away, all this led to his current dire situation – he was marginalized by his own family. He could almost be compared to a puppet young lord, as he had no influence, no ability and no good relationships.

“Peaceful life? Hehe...” Qinghan clenched his fists as he slowly, yet firmly let out these words, “The Secret Code for Sacred Blood, don’t let me down!”

The endless oppression and bullying he had received, and the oath he had made in front of his deceased mother, all of this had finally forced him to make that one decision, that was, to improve his ability!

He had no other alternatives. Even though this method was risky, or might even cost him his life, he wouldn’t regret it.

Qinghan crawled out of his bed, and took the yellowish book out from the box.

Opening the book, he turned to the page of the Secret Code for Sacred Blood volume and started to read it once again.

“Secret Code for Sacred Blood, the method used in this book is based on the hundreds of classics written by our ancestors, as well as my own cultivating experiences. After years of arduous study...(omitting hundreds of words). Once you have grasped this method, both your physical body and your talent will be greatly improved. At the same time, it'll change the blood and bone marrow inside your body... (omitting hundreds of words). Once you've succeeded, your destiny will surely have changed, your ability will definitely be peerless...”

“Wow, daddy, you're more than a simple peddler, you're actually a genius in marketing...” Qinghan had read the book for almost half an hour, but nothing critical had yet occurred. The starting part was all of insignificant nonsense, persuading people to believe how matchless his method was.

Taking a deep breath, he patiently continued reading.

“The five prominent family in this continent are all descendants of ancient immortals. Therefore, to some extent, their ancestors' blood still flows in their bodies. Each family has its own unique awakening technique, to empower themselves by relying on their ancestral power. Like the Ye Family, the density of the sacred blood in your body determines what kind of battle beast you can summon. The content of this book is genuine, please believe in me, I'm not a braggadocio. I have solid theoretical bases! However, as I have previously mentioned, this method is against the will of the heavens, it is rather dangerous to practice. So, you'd better write a will before you start practicing this method, in case you won't survive the process...”

“The learning process is as follows:

Step one – Bloodletting! Let out one-fourth of your blood. This step is extremely risky. Possible symptoms: prolonged high fever...

Step two – Enrich the blood. Eat the secret medicine for fifteen days. Reminder: Eat it raw! Possible symptoms: delirious, insane...

Step three – Refine the blood. Use a silver needle to prick the twelve meridians in your body three times a day. In this step, you have to prick it at the exact place. If you fail to do so, then the blood flow in your body will be blocked. If that happens, your cultivation will come to an early end...

Step four – Stop the flow of your blood. At the awakening ceremony, you have to deliberately block the flow of your blood in order to activate the sacred blood, so that it may resonate with the ancestral power. Possible symptoms: blood starts to flow backwards or meridians get cut off, or perhaps... Even death..."

"What the hell... Daddy! You're delirious! Is this method really for humans?"

Chapter 9 - The Cultivation of the Secret Code for Sacred Blood

Three days later, in a small room in one of the small eastern courtyards. It was almost dusk.

- Tick! Tick! -

Qinghan quietly sat on his bed, with his eyes closed and his sleeves rolled up to over his elbows. His right hand held his left one in a balanced position, ensuring that his scarlet red blood would drop into the barrel.

Right under his left hand, there stood a black wooden barrel, the bottom of which was almost completely covered up with blood. Judging from a simple glance, it was well over a liter.

At this time of day, the hustles and bustles in the Ye Castle had already faded into utter tranquility. Outside the window, the moon hang in the middle of the sky, emitting its silver rays all over the courtyard.

Having a deep and long sigh, Qinghan felt dizzy, while his face had long gone as pale as white paper. He snatched a nearby bandage and wrapped it around the wound, hoping that it would quicken the healing process. Looking at the blood-filled barrel, he estimated that it was roughly enough. He then shoved the barrel underneath his bed, before moving into bed himself. Out of sheer exhaustion, Qinghan lied almost paralyzed in his bed, as it only took him a couple of minutes to fall into a deep slumber.

The next morning, the sun was shining brightly outside.

“Brother, what happened? Wake up!”

When she had opened her brother’s door, the smell of blood had instantly caught Qingyu’s attention. Walking closer, she had seen the blood-stained bandages on Qinghan’s left hand, which had eclipsed her composed expression. She hastily shook her brother, frantically hoping that he was still alive.

“Er?” Qinghan opened his sleepy eyes, while he still felt lightheaded. Being giddy and wobbly, he couldn’t even identify where he was. Therefore, he closed his eyes once again to refresh his spirit. “Sister, I’m fine. Don’t worry about me. I just... Lost some blood. Don’t make a fuss about it...”

“But... You look so weak...”

“Hey, listen to me. I’m ok. I just feel a little bit tired and I need a good night’s rest.” He didn’t want to upset his sister because of his secret, yet brutal method. So he managed a smile and lied to his sister.

Once his sister was coaxed away by his consoling words, Qinghan was determined to continue with the next step – Enriching the blood.

By rubbing his temples on both sides of his head, he focussed himself a little bit. Despite the fact that he was still weak in the knees, he pulled himself together and took the barrel out from underneath his bed. He then brought it outside, before he started pouring the blood away.

.....

Walking through several streets, Qinghan finally arrived at the bazaar of Grey

City. Here he bought several kilograms of animal liver, as well as some special medicines as per required for the Secret Code for Sacred Blood.

Qinghan grinded the livers into small bits and pieces and mingled it with the medicine powder.

“Is... Is this stuff really edible?”

Staring at the bloody mixture of liver and medicine, Qinghan felt as if something was rolling over and over in his stomach. He couldn't stand the color, nor the smell of the liver, which made him want to vomit. How could he possibly eat this mixture raw?

“Errrrr...”

Qinghan closed his eyes before he randomly snatched up some of it and put it into his mouth. He swallowed it up almost instantly, hoping that he wouldn't have to experience the taste. Unfortunately, however, a second later, everything he had stuffed into his mouth was thrown up over his bedroom floor.

“What do I do? This stuff is disgusting!”

It was clearly enunciated in the Secret Code that the second step was decisive in the whole process. Yesterday, he had already lost a fourth of his blood; if he didn't replenish it with the required nourishments, his health would be permanently damaged. Actually, the first two steps, bloodletting and enriching the blood served as a prerequisite for the third step - refining the blood. In the third step, the blood would be renewed and improved, in a way that the less purified parts would be discarded and the sacred parts would be reserved. This

was the most effective way to increase the density of the sacred blood.

“I have no choice!”

“I have to eat it!”

Recalling the menial life he had been living all these years, an undaunted expression emerged on his face, showing an unswerving determination.

“For my deceased parents, eat it! For all the humiliations I have suffered, eat it! For my considerate and kind sister, eat it! ”

“Eat it! Eat it! Eat it!”

Qinghan robotically picked up the powder mixture and stuffed it into his mouth. This time, he acted rather abnormally, as he chewed it and swallowed it, showing no signs of nausea. It seemed as if his sense of taste had been temporarily inactivated.

There was bloody liver powder left on the corner of his mouth, but he didn't seem to notice it. Instead, he continued putting more and more of this powdery mixture into his mouth. Occasionally, he would chuckle in a low voice, almost to himself, which made the whole scene even more horrible and grotesque.

A few moments later, the contents of this bowl had been eaten clean. Qinghan grabbed the nearby cup of water and drank it off. He then wiped his mouth with the napkin, before he went to bed.

Qinghan stripped off all of his clothing, except for his shorts. He then pricked the twelve meridians with silver needles accordingly to the chart depicted in the Secret Code - Two on the head, eight on both hands and feet, and the last two on his body. All the meridians were on the conjunction parts of his blood vessels. Thankfully, the required positions were not on his back, otherwise he would fail to finish this step.

“Er?”

After a short while, the needle-pricked parts became warm and itchy, as if there were twelve ants gnawing at him.

“Does that mean this step has taken effect?” A sense of achievement struck Qinghan, as he believed that any response was better than no response, though he had no clue whether it was a good one or not.

Strangely, the twelve meridians continued to heat up until it reached a very high temperature, to the extent that it became unbearably painful. Now, Qinghan felt as if there were thousands, or even millions of ants gnawing on him! Despite the anguish and itchiness, he had to refrain himself from scratching these twelve parts, or the whole process would be in vain. As per the Secret Code, these were only normal symptoms, which served as an indication that his body was undergoing the process of refining its blood.

“This is the most pleasant misery!” Qinghan thought to himself. Despite the physical misery he was suffering at this moment, there was hope flowing strongly through his heart. If the Secret Code could really lead him to a higher quality of blood with a thick density of sacred blood, then everything would turn out to be rosy. He might finally be able to summon a high ranking battle beast at the awakening ceremony, which was only a couple of days away. If that was the case, he would be enlisted as one of the key descendants of the Ye Family. And

his oath to put his parents' memorial tablets in the Sacred Temple would then also become a possibility for the future. In a single sentence, he would avenge those who had humiliated him and finally be the true captain of his own life.

Hope was the best cure to all forms of anguish, without it, life would be passionless and dull.

Thank goodness, the feeling of ants gnawing on his meridians only lasted for a couple of minutes. However, to Qinghan, it felt like several years! His whole body was wet with sweat, as if he had just taken a shower, leaving a large part of his bed sheet soaked.

“Ohhhh!”

Qinghan let out a long sigh of relieve. “Oh, daddy! You live up to your reputation as a genius. This Secret Code for Sacred Blood really has an effect on me. Even though I don't know the final result yet, I believe that it'll be breathtaking!”

Since the most unbearable part of the whole process was over, the following days of cultivation would be much easier. Qinghan had been keeping himself locked in his own bedroom, as he was busy refining his blood.

On the third day of his cultivation of the Secret Code, he surrendered to his inquisitive sister and told her the truth. Looking at her emaciated, yet determined brother, Qingyu chose to support him like she always did. She even prayed for her brother whenever she offered incense to their deceased parents.

.....

Now it was already the fifteenth day of his cultivation of the Secret Code.

Qinghan had wrapped up the needles and put them into a clothing bag. During these days, he had lost some weight, as he was visibly skinnier. Every day, apart from the animal livers and the medicines, he only ate some vegetables and fruits, as he really didn't have the appetite for any more meat.

Nevertheless, in general, Qinghan's spirit was much higher than before. He also looked more energetic and bluish, rather than his original weak and pale appearance. His eyes also seemed more stern and determined.

"Finally! This inhuman way of cultivation is over. Fifteen days! Tomorrow I'll finally see the result!" Qinghan sat beside his window, as he murmured to himself and looked up into the moonlit sky. The fifteen-day's inferno-like cultivation had finally come to an end. Qinghan would've turned insane, if this period would've lasted any longer.

Tomorrow!

Tomorrow was the day for the awakening ceremony, which was held annually by the Ye Family. For Qinghan, it was his third, as well as his final time to participate in this event, as he was fifteen years old now.

Fifteen-years of diligent cultivation, plus fifteen-days of crazy blood refinement. Tomorrow, he would finally know the value of all of these efforts. His mother's will, as well as his sister's future life... Everything depended on tomorrow's result!

Chapter 10 – The Battle Beast Hall

The next morning, when the sun was slowly rising higher into the sky, the whole of Grey City was already wide awake, as the noises revealed a hint of excitement.

Today was the first day of the year 9998, according to the Flame Dragon Calendar. Which also meant, that on this day the inhabitants of this continent celebrated the annual Flame Dragon Festival.

- Bili-Bong! -

The sound of firecrackers, mingled with the laughter of the playful children, were enhancing the festive atmosphere in the city.

In the Ye Castle, numerous servants streamed in and out of the corridors, as they were busy with the preparations for the upcoming ceremony. Some of them were cleaning the floor and windows, while others were decorating the main hall... Almost everyone in the castle was radiant with joyfulness.

At the same time, in the biggest courtyard of the Ye Castle, there stood several lines of teenagers and children, who were accompanied by their parents. In total, there were about a hundred people clustered here. Quite in discordance with the hustles and bustles outside, the people here were all silent, creating a solemn atmosphere. In the front rows, the children seemed to be the youngest and were about five years old. These young kids were eager to play around, however, their parents forbid them from making any noise.

“So many people this year...” Qinghan stood at the end of the left line, beside

him was Qingyu, who had insisted on accompanying him. The crowd ahead of them were solely descendants of the Ye Family, who would all participate in the upcoming Awakening Ceremony.

For those who hadn't summoned their battle beast yet, the Flame Dragon Festival was the most important day of their life. It would be the day their life changed, if they successfully summoned a beast.

Every descendant of the Ye Family would have three chances to take part in this Awakening Ceremony, at the age of five, ten and fifteen. If he or she had already resonated with the ancient power and had summoned a battle beast during any of these three chances, the awakening task would be finished. In other words, once the battle beast was summoned, the descendants would be banned from taking part in a second, or third, awakening ceremony.

A battle beast! It was really the blessed bestowment of the ancient ancestors for the Ye Family.

Once the battle beast was summoned into this world, it would have a powerful attack force and unique abilities. Ye Tianlong's 'bear of the earth', for instance, would be as formidable as a cultivator in the Realm of the Emperor once it had reached maturity!

If you owned a high-ranked battle beast, you would automatically climb onto the hierarchical ladder of the Ye Family and even become a celebrity throughout the entire Flame Dragon Continent.

Fame, social status, money, beauty... All because of a battle beast!

- Ah! -

“I have to make it...” Qinghan whispered to himself, in order to give himself some self confidence.

All the people present were staring at the giant gate in front of them, on which three words were sculptured – Battle Beast Hall.

- Creak! -

The gate finally opened, revealing four elders, who stood squarely in front of the crowd.

“Your highness, four most respected elders of the Battle Beast Hall.”

Everyone bowed to the four elders, including Qinghan. As a third time participant, Qinghan was rather familiar with the procedure, as well as the four elders, who were in charge of the Awakening Ceremony.

“Forget the formalities, just come in and follow us!” One of the four elders said, whose beard was as grey as his hair. He seemed to be the leader of today’s event.

“Haha, you’re starting so early!”

A resonant sound arrived from far away and caught everyone’s attention mere moments before they were about to lift their feet across the threshold of the hall. They all jerked their head towards the direction where the sound came

from. There, a man in a blue robe was flying in the air, clutching a little child in his arms.

“Flying in the air? He must be in the Realm of the Emperor!” Qinghan thought to himself. However, when the man in the air got closer, Qinghan’s lips curled up into a sneer.

“Your highness, leader of the City Major Mansion.”

The crowd bowed to the approaching man, including the three elders. Only the grey bearded elder didn’t bow, as he just nodded to the man with a smile. Qinghan and his sister unwillingly followed suit and also bowed to the approaching man.

The man was Qinghan’s eldest uncle, Ye Jian, who had risen to the status of leader of the City Major Mansion since Ye Tianlong had retired. The two families of Ye Jian and Ye Dao had been hostile towards each other for a long time. Not long ago, Ye Jian had fiercely objected to let Qinghan’s deceased mother be buried in the ancestral tomb. So it was no surprise that Qinghan didn’t like him... Let alone respect him.

“Haha, nice to meet you, Elder Tianqing. Today, my youngest son, Qingfeng, will participate in the ceremony. I just came here as his father to accompany him. So, please ignore me and do what you’re supposed to do.” Ye Jian replied, after he had arrived in front of the grey bearded elder.

Despite the casual and concise remarks, everyone was awed by his status as the leader of the City Major Mansion. Plus, he was one of the few cultivators of the Ye Family who could fly in the air, which served as another reason why people respected him so much.

Out of curiosity, Qinghan glanced sideways at his little cousin – who was actually an adorable child judging by his appearance, but the contempt and arrogance in his eyes really disgusted Qinghan. Sure enough! This cousin must be exactly the same as Qingxian, who was egoistic and inconsiderate!

Qinghan followed the crowd and entered the Battle Beast Hall. Three giant ancient altars were exposed in the middle of this spacious hall. Rows of seats were available in front of these three altars. Looking around, Qinghan dragged his sister to a corner in the left row and sat down.

The four elders, together with Ye Jian, took the front row. After everyone was seated, Elder Tianqing stood up and walked in front of the seated crowd and coughed a little bit to grab everyone's attention.

“You're all descendants of our Ye Family. I believe you're all familiar with this Awakening Ceremony. Alright, I'll just give you a short introduction. Later, the three elders will open the altar and start the ceremony. Listen, you'll be divided into three groups, and each group will be allowed to enter into one of the three altars. We will give each candidate fifteen minutes to proceed the awakening procedure inside the altar. Remember! When you are in the altar to be awakened, your mind will enter a different space – a holy place, where all kinds of monsters, animals or even moving plants will be revealed. Don't panic in the process; it is totally safe in that space. All you have to do is to use your specific method to summon these beasts, so that they'll follow your mind and finally appear in our world. If that happens, your task will be finished.”

“There's one more thing I need to warn you about – never, ever force the beast to follow you. You will probably be eaten, severely injured or even die. Oh, and watch out for the timing, you have to stop your attempt the moment fifteen minutes have passed. Now, for those whose names are called out, please walk

into the altar. Group one: Ye Qingfeng, Ye Qingyun, Ye Xiaohu.”

Elder Tianqing had taken out a piece of paper, from which he read out the names. Ye Jian threw a grateful look at Elder Tianjing, when he heard that his son was arranged as the first in his group. At the same time, he shot an encouraging look at his son, Qingfeng.

“Let’s start!” Elder Tianqing ordered the other three elders, who soon stood each beside one of the three altars, while they held a crystal stick high up in the air.

All of a sudden, the crystal sticks gave out dazzling rays of holy beams, which bathed all the people present. Gradually, the three altars were all covered by a layer of halo. Looking from afar, the three altars very much resembled three oval-shaped large eggs. Amazingly, above the halo, there emerged waves of fluctuation, like ripples in the water.

As soon as the halos were formed around the altars, the radiance on the crystal sticks faded away. The faces of the three elders had turned rather pale and exhausted after this opening procedure, but they still managed to slowly retreat to their seats.

“Thank you for your hard work.” Ye Jian turned to the three elders and smiled.

“It’s our job.” The three elders waved their hands, and modestly replied. It would only take a couple of minutes for the three elders to recover, as their faces quickly regained their blush and energy.

“Leader, your son, Qingfeng seems to have an aura of potential around him,

he'll surely succeed in this ceremony." One of the elders flattered.

"Yeah, I agree. And I believe this child will summon a high-ranked battle beast, at least above sixth-grade, most likely a seventh-grade like his brother, Qingkuang." Another elder added.

"Hehe, thank you for all your encouraging remarks. Well, it all depends on himself." Ye Jian replied, as he casted a glance in the direction of the altar his son had entered.

To everyone's astonishment, the white halo surrounding the altar that Qingfeng had entered suddenly turned red. More strangely, the red halo further changed into orange, then yellow, green...finally, it stopped when it had turned purple.

"Congratulations, leader! Judging from the changing halo, it is highly possible that the youngest lord will summon a seventh-grade battle beast!"

"Oh, leader of the City Major Mansion, your sons are all geniuses..."

"Congratulations! The youngest lord has an unlimited future ahead of him..."

The crowd bursted out into an uproar, as flattering remarks flooded into Ye Jian's ear like an endless stream. Even the usual silent Elder Tianqing smiled at Ye Jian and approvingly nodded his head. Obviously, Ye Jian was rejoiced with these responses.

The rank of a battle beast was divided into nine grades, with the ninth-grade as the highest, which was also named the holy-grade. Interestingly, the nine grades

of the battle beasts were correspondent to the nine realms in cultivation in the Mars Prefecture, which were the Realm of the Warrior, the Realm of the Soldier, the Realm of the Elite, the Realm of the Commander, the Realm of the General, the Realm of the Marshal, the Realm of the Prince, the Realm of the Emperor and the Realm of the Saint.

As descendants of the Ye Family, they were no strangers to what the color of the halo meant. During the awakening process, the halo outside the altar would change accordingly. From low to high, the colors would be red, orange, yellow, green, cyan, blue, purple, black and gold.

Qinghan's grandfather, Tianlong, had summoned an eighth-grade battle beast – the bear of the earth. Back when he was in the awakening ceremony, the halo on his altar had turned black, which signified that he had successfully summoned a beast only a single step weaker than the holy-grade. Qinghan's father, Ye Dao, who had also experienced the black halo during his awakening process, had summoned an eighth-grade dralion. As for Ye Jian, as well as his eldest son, they had all successfully summoned a seventh-grade battle beast after their halo around the altar had turned purple.

In simpler words, high-ranked battle beasts were extremely rare in the Ye Family. Like the eighth-grade one, they only had two. Even for the seventh-grade beast, the number was limited. As for the ninth-grade or holy-grade battle beast, it had only occurred once in the entire history of the Ye Family. It was summoned by one of the predecessors. The color of the halo for this holy-grade beast, which had only been seen once, was shining gold.

In the middle of the crowd's discussion, the halo of the other two altars also changed colors. After changing its color three or four times, the final color showed itself. One was yellow, while the other one was green.

Since there were no further changes going on at the other two altars, the crowd, once again fixed their eyes on Qingfeng's altar. After all, the color of yellow and green didn't represent much hope for awakening a high-ranked beast. They were more interested in the purple halo, which represented a serious possibility for a seventh-grade battle beast to be summoned.

Abruptly...

The halo that covered Qingfeng's altar violently trembled until the purple faded away and returned to white. In the halo, a shadow of a kid emerged. He was holding a weird-looking animal in his arms.

"Is that a seventh-grade spirit wolf?" One of the elders exclaimed.

"Wow, it's definitely a spirit wolf. Another high-ranked battle beast for our family. Congratulations!"

"Good job, my son. A seventh-grade battle beast! I'll reward you greatly for this. Haha..." Ye Jian bounced up from his seat and flew towards his son.

Most people got up from their seats and moved towards Qingfeng. Soon, Qingfeng was encircled by all kinds of people, some out of curiosity, but most of them were here to flatteringly kiss his ass. As a seventh-grade battle beast owner, Qingfeng would enjoy a high status in the Ye Family.

After a while, the crowd dispersed. Qingfeng, as well as other two candidates returned to their seats, with each of them holding a cub in their arms.

"The three of you, please bring your battle beast and register it here." Elder

Tianqing coughed again before he let out a passionless remark.

“Ye Qingfeng, seventh-grade spirit wolf; Ye Qingyun, third-grade shadow mouse; Ye Xiaohu, fourth-grade porcupine. Ok, next group: Ye Xiaoyan, Ye Xun’er, Ye Xiaomei...” The resounding voice of Elder Tianqing echoed throughout this grand hall.

Chapter 11 – Nine-colored Halo (1)

“Brother, I didn’t hear your name being called out yet. Why?” At the corner of the left row, Qingyu grumbled, with her hands put beneath her chin.

It was already afternoon, as the dusk sunlight shed through the entire Battle Beast Hall. Up until now, only half of the candidates had finished the ceremony. However, Qinghan was still patiently awaiting his turn, though he didn’t have a clue when that would be.

“Hehe, the elders always prioritize the descendants with the highest potential. Don’t worry.” Qinghan stroked Qingyu’s hair, pretending not to care about the sequence.

Actually, Qinghan had deliberately observed his counterparts. In the morning, most of them were the young pupils and their accomplishments were satisfactory – Apart from Qingfeng’s seventh-grade spirit wolf, there were battle beasts from third-grade to sixth-grade.

While in the afternoon, the candidates were clearly weaker than those before them. Although there was a key descendant named Ye Qingchen who had summoned a sixth-grade battle beast, others had yielded rather disappointing results. Some of them, for instance, failed to summon a beast, as the halo color remained white for them.

As a third-time candidate, Qinghan was regarded by the Ye Family as a futureless descendant, so it wasn’t really a surprise that he had to wait this long.

“Ye Yunhai, first-grade spotted pig, Ye Huatian, second-grade dog, Ye

Jianhong, second-grade coquettish chicken... The last group, Ye Xiaosa, Ye Qinghan and Ye Yanyu.” Elder Tianqing unpredictably smiled, as he seemed to be depressurized by the nearing ending of the ceremony.

Once the last group finished their tasks, the ceremony would end. Despite the fact that some candidates didn’t summon any beast, Elder Tianqing was rather satisfied with the general outcome. A seventh-grade spirit wolf could be categorized as a superior beast, which was the true reason why he smiled so cheerfully. He even started considering, that if these candidates would summon a seventh-grade battle beast each year in the Awakening Ceremony, then the Ye Family’s influence in the continent would soar. Because, when the seventh-grade battle beast matured, it would likely become equivalent to a cultivator in the Realm of the Prince.

“Pffffff!”

Qinghan let out a long sigh to quell down his excitement. Finally, it was his turn! He recited the fourth step, as per described in the Secret Code for Sacred Blood, in a quiet and low voice.

“Step four – Stop the flow of your blood. At the awakening ceremony, you have to deliberately block the flow of your blood in order to activate the sacred blood, so that it may resonate with the ancestral power. Possible symptoms: blood starts to flow backwards or meridians get cut off, or perhaps... Even death...”

Qinghan turned to his sister, and dotingly looked at her. He wasn’t sure if he could survive this dangerous method and felt guilty that he could die inside the altar and leave Qingyu alone in this world.

“Hey, brother. Come on... It’s not your first awakening ceremony, relax! Believe in yourself and you’ll definitely succeed!” Qingyu blinked her charming eyes, while she tried to console her seemingly unconfident brother. Looking from afar, in her white dress, Qingyu very much resembled an elf from the celestial heaven.

“Yes, I will!” Qinghan firmly nodded his head. He then straightened his spine and strode fearlessly towards the altar.

Walking into the white halo, Qinghan entered the altar.

Although it was his third awakening attempt, Qinghan still thought that the altar was rather strange and mysterious.

Indeed, the size of the altar was far from large. The floor of the altar was made of some unknown kind of slates, on which some illegible words were sculptured. On each of the four corners, there was a piece of white crystal placed, without which the white halo would fail to appear.

Gradually, from inside the altar white smoke emerged, which quickly became thicker and thicker. Strangely, large amounts of the white smoke penetrated into Qinghan’s body.

Three minutes quietly passed by. The white halo remained the same, as there wasn’t even the slightest of changes, except for some ripple-like fluctuation.

“If I don’t follow the Secret Code for Sacred Blood, I’ll fail to summon any beast, just like my previous two attempts... Alright, I have to practice the fourth step. Daddy, don’t let me down and please bless me.” Qinghan was determined

to take the risk and stop the flow of his blood.

Crouching towards the middle of the space inside the altar, Qinghan deliberately blocked the acupoints that connected his yin and yang blood vessels.

Instantly, his body grew redder and redder, because all his blood vessels pumped up.

“Oh! So suffocating, as if someone is strangling my neck! Ah? Why am I so dizzy? Come on, it’s about time for my sacred blood to activate and resonate with the ancestral power...”

The whole experience was grotesque, as if he was forced to be drowned in the deep waters of the ocean. Right now, he was suffering from a severe deficit of oxygen in his brain.

“Hold on! Hold on!” Only these two words lingered in his mind, Qinghan chose to believe in his father and continued blocking the blood from flowing.

Anyone who saw Qinghan right now would be shocked by his horrible appearance – various protruded veins, a scarlet-red body and blood that kept oozing out of his mouth, nostril and ears... Very much like a ferocious demon.

“Oh, no!” Qinghan vomited a mouthful of blood. The blood vessels could no longer stand the pressure caused by the blockage of his blood flow.

“I’m doomed! I will die...” Unexpectedly, his mind was extremely sober, despite the physical suffering. As if in a trance, he felt like he could see all his yin veins

crack with blood pillars flooding out of them. Also, through the white smoke, he could see the various expressions of the spectators. Here, he saw his sister, Qingyu, who was sitting there with her tender and hopeful eyes... It was like a momentary recovery of his consciousness before death.

Because of the severe hemorrhage, Qinghan was on the verge of falling into unconsciousness... Or even death!

At this critical moment, the bronze ring on his left hand suddenly emitted a gleaming white ray. Like a silk thread, the ray shot into Qinghan's body.

Surprisingly, Qinghan's body was wrapped up by a glowing aura, as the red color of his skin gradually disappeared. Thanks to the white ray from the ring, Qinghan's outlook went through a series of positive changes.

Eventually, the white ray went through Qinghan's heart, where his yin vein was broken. His skin, muscles and veins, all recovered from their previous horrible appearance. Now, the gleam only lingered on his chest, as it was the most severely injured part of his body.

Despite the ongoing changes that were happening in Qinghan's body, he was totally unaware of it. He had already lost consciousness before the white ray had even entered into his body.

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"It has been more than five minutes since my brother stepped into the altar. Why is there no change in the color of the halo?" Qingyu frowned, as she was extremely worried about her brother, who had been so determined to succeed.

Honestly, Qingyu didn't care much about success or failure. All she was anxious about, was whether her brother would be saddened by any kind of failure.

"Ah, the color starts to change!" A spectator in a nearby seat suddenly exclaimed.

Out of excitement, Qingyu quickly raised her head. However, after having a closer look, she lowered her head again, in great disappointment. It was the left altar that was changing colors, not her brother's.

"Alas... How shall I soothe my brother when he comes out?" Qingyu was caught by a feeling of indescribable uneasiness, as she knew that her stubborn brother would turn crazy if he found himself failing yet again. Occasionally, she would cast her eye on her brother's altar to see if there was any miracle...

"It changes, it changes!!! The halo around my brother's altar is changing color!!"

The girl's abrupt exclamation caught everyone's attention. They all fixed their eyes on the middle altar, where Qinghan was in.

The left halo had already stopped changing, as it had turned yellow. While the middle one finally started to change its color from white to red... And there were no signs of stopping quite yet!

Chapter 12 – Lion-nosed Dog?

Back when Qinghan's slipped into unconsciousness, the white ray emitted from his bronze ring had healed him. He was basically fully healed, except for the broken yin vein in his chest, where the white ray still quietly lingered. Suddenly, the ray shot through his armpit and returned into the ring.

"Ah..."

At this moment, Qinghan woke up. As he opened his eyes, he felt that his body was comfortably wrapped up by some kind of warmth.

"What is going on? Am I ok now? It seems the broken veins have recovered..." Qinghan widened his eyes, as he screamed with an utterly unbelievable expression plastered on his face.

All of a sudden...

The halo trembled violently, as Qinghan's vision became blurry. He then entered into a dreamland – a little valley with all kinds of flora and fauna.

"Is the Secret Code for Sacred Blood finally taking effect?"

"Have I succeeded?"

"Is this place the so-called summoning space?"

Being stunned by this outlandish scenery, Qinghan went to the valley to see if there were any beasts there. The moment he was only several steps away from this valley, he was petrified by the sight in front of him. He held his breath, trying to figure out what had happened. Yet, his brain failed him, as it was stuck like a broken machine.

“WOW...”

Indeed, the valley was not a large one. It was only 500 meters to walk from one end to the other. In the middle of the valley, there was even a tiny lake. This valley was almost completely surrounded by mountains, except for a small area on the northern side. Here, there was a small path, which seemed to lead into the innermost part.

Walking down this northern lane, Qinghan suddenly stumbled upon a world of cubs. Looking closer, he realized that these little animal babies could be generally categorized into several groups.

In the eastern part of the valley, there were reptiles, such as the violent bear, the spirit wolf, the blood lion and other similar high-ranked beasts. Most of these beasts were silently crouching on the ground. While a little white tiger arrogantly stood in the middle of the crowd, observing its surroundings like he was the king of the forest.

In the northern part of the valley, there were animals with scales and armors. The brown serpent, the tyrannosaurus and the three-headed scaled anteater were scattered around here. In the middle, a little green dragon was curled up with its eyes closed. Despite its tiny appearance, the domineering authority as a dragon wasn't something that could be hidden.

In the western part of the valley, there were all kinds of fowls, including the cyan eagle, the red phoenix, the lightning bird and some other unknown flying animals. The most staggering one was the firebird in the middle, as it had a ball of fire burning around its body.

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“What the fuck... Did I slip into the wrong space? Is that the white tiger, the green dragon and the fire phoenix? Is this place a beast-breeding farm? Haha! I’ll be rich! I’ll be rich! I just need to randomly take any of these cubs away...”

Out of sheer joy, Qinghan kicked up his heels, like a lottery buyer who had just won the jackpot.

Yeah, a jackpot winner, this was exactly how Qinghan currently felt like. He was like a regular lottery buyer, who only occasionally got some petty rewards, like five yuan. However, one day, he was told that he had won the jackpot – five million yuan!

Since he had almost no access to the top confidential data of the Ye Family, he wasn’t completely sure if these were actually the white tiger, the green dragon and the fire phoenix. However, he was certain that these weren’t just some ordinary beasts.

Qinghan felt so blessed because of the appearance of so many rare beasts. However, how could he possibly choose between these beasts?

The green dragon, the white tiger or the fire phoenix?

He would choose the best of the best, rather than the relatively lower-ranked spirit wolf or tyrannosaurus.

“Hmm, this green dragon looks perfect! It would be so cool to walk down the street with a dragon!” Qinghan’s previous life was in China, where the dragon was considered as the cultural token of the nation. Therefore, he finally decided to summon the green dragon as his battle beast.

However, when he was about to use the method from the Secret Code, he heard an abrupt sound coming from the lake.

A giant ripple undulated on the water. Then, from the center of the swirl emerged a tiny, black animal, that bounced up in the air and hovered above the valley for a long time. Finally, it landed slowly on the lakeside.

“Ah? Is this the lion-nosed dog? No... Why is there a horn on its head? Why is its tail so short and its body so tiny? What kind of beast could this be? I have never heard of a cub beast that could fly at such high heights and stay in the air for such a long time!” The appearance of this animal confused Qinghan. Even though it looked quite similar to the lion-nosed dog, it was a little bit different somehow.

However, he had no more time to dwell on the distinction between the lion-nosed dog and this black cub. He had to summon the green dragon as quickly as possible.

But to his surprise, when he turned back around, the reptiles in the east, as well as the fowls in the west, were all swarming towards the north. At the same time, the animals in the north even raced towards the exit of the valley, with the green dragon taken the lead.

“Oh, no! My little dragon! The little white tiger and the little phoenix... What is going on? Wait! Wait...”

In the blink of an eye, the thickly dotted animals in the valley had almost all ran away, leaving only some sluggish animals behind, like the violent bear and the gibbon.

Qinghan didn't even have time to calm down from this runaway event, when a thrilling growl struck him like thunder. Instantly, goosebumps appeared all over his body...

The violent bear and the gibbon who were still in the valley, seemed to be panicking themselves into an early demise.

“Creepy, so creepy! How can a cub this tiny, have such mighty power. Oh... Forget it! I have no time to analyze...” What he saw just now was absolutely beyond his knowledge, or even imagination.

Fortunately, despite the shock, Qinghan still had an accurate sense of time. He knew it had been more than ten minutes since he had entered the altar. As Elder Tianqing had warned, fifteen minutes was the maximum.

“Since this unicorn, which very much resembles the lion-nosed dog, has successfully scared away the other beasts, it is highly likely that this unicorn is a higher-ranked battle beast. Ok... Now it is mine!” Qinghan concentrated his mind on the little unicorn, starting to summon it into reality.

“Oh, No! Time's up!”

The valley started to become blurry, as the beautiful scenery gradually faded away. However, instead of complaining, Qinghan exerted all of his power to summon this unicorn.

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“What?”

“Is it another failure?”

“Ancestors of my Ye Family, please bless me. I have to be successful this time!”

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Outside the altar, the elders were anxiously waiting around the nine-colored halo, which didn't show any sign of change.

The nine-colored halo had attracted almost all of the members of the Ye Family, as everyone wished to see this miracle. Their ancestor, Ruoshui, who had summoned a holy-grade white tiger with a golden halo, had brought endless glory to their family. Now, it was a nine-colored halo, how could they skip this monumental moment?!

“What kind of high-ranked beast will he summon?”

“What if he summons a divine-grade beast? In that case, our Ye Family will regain its leading position in this continent!”

Everyone locked their eyes onto the altar, as they were emitting “tenderness and love”.

“Brother, you will make it. Dear father and mother, please, bless brother...” At the corner of the hall, Qingyu silently prayed. She was extraordinarily calm throughout the whole ordeal, as she believed that no matter what happened to her brother, be it good or bad, he would always be her beloved brother.

- Weng -

With a buzzing sound, the halo eventually changed back to white. The spectators felt like a century had passed, as they were longing to see the result.

“Exactly fifteen minutes have passed. Did he succeed?”

“Why is nobody coming out of the altar? Has he failed?”

“It’s finished. Why is he still in the altar?”

In the middle of their suspicious discussions, Qinghan slowly walked out of the altar, hugging a pitch-black cub in his arms.

“Wow! He made it!”

“Haha... Good job!”

“God has blessed our Ye Family! Oh... Wait... I guess I have seen this cub somewhere before...”

“Me too! Oh... Isn’t this the lion-nosed dog? Holy shit!”

“Oh, My God! It is only a fourth-grade lion-nosed dog! How come?”

“Oh, this really pisses me off! You... You bastard. You have failed to live up to our expectations! You’ve only managed to summon a lion-nosed dog with the nine-colored halo? What a fucking tragedy!”

The crowd burst into waves of name-calling. Looking at the little cub, which was the size of a fist, they vented their disappointment at Qinghan.

The little beast Qinghan had summoned looked roughly the same as the one that was summoned by another descendant earlier this morning. But this one was much tinier, almost like a newborn baby.

Chapter 13 – The Green Serpent

Night had fallen, as the moon hung high in the sky.

The Battle Beast Hall was ablaze with lights. Right now, all the candidates of the Awakening Ceremony, together with their parents had been asked to leave, except for Qinghan.

“Oh, It’s a lion-nosed dog!”

“Definitely... God doesn’t bless our Ye Family.”

The elders kept on scrutinizing the cub that was sleeping in Qinghan’s arms. Eventually, they came to the conclusion that the beast Qinghan had summoned was really a lion-nosed dog. After the confirmation process, the expressions of those elders were a rather sharp contrast with a few minutes ago. Some were sighing, while others were shaking their heads in great disappointment. A few of them even shot resentful glares at Qinghan.

Elder Tianqing calmed himself down a little bit, as he stared at the little cub. “Hey, young man, don’t be nervous. Tell us what you’ve seen during your awakening moments. Don’t drop a single detail.”

Standing beside the altar, Qinghan had been closely observing everyone’s expressions. He saw the disappointment on his uncle Ye Qiang’s face, but he also saw the despicable smile on Ye Jian’s face. At the beginning, Ye Jian had been worried that Qinghan would summon a high-ranked beast, while after the elders’ reevaluation and confirmation, he became rather relieved.

Within just a few minutes, Qinghan had been through a series of complex feelings, very much like riding a rollercoaster. Now, he knew what he should do with the cub.

“Yes, Elder!” He respectfully looked back at Elder Tianqing.

The elders took a seat, but they still couldn’t take their eyes off the black cub. Now, they were prepared to listen to Qinghan’s narrative of the events that had unfolded during his awakening. Although the result had dashed their original hopes for a holy-grade beast, they were still rather curious to hear what Qinghan had seen during his awakening. After all, it was a nine-colored halo.

“When I entered into the altar, some white smoke rose up. I mean, this white smoke was quite different from the normal one. It was so special... It was like... Oh, It looked like the fog on a rainy day! But you know what’s the most amazing part? Haha, the white smoke penetrated into my body...” Qinghan gestured hysterically as he narrated, while he was intoxicated in his own world.

“Humph! Cut the bullshit and get to the point! Be simple, garbage. You should arrange your words before speaking...” The man with a scar on his face interrupted. He was the vice-president of the Punishment Department of the Ye Family.

Truly, the elders in their seats were rather annoyed by this meticulous and lengthy speech. They were the leading members of the Ye Family, who had no leisure time to listen to nonsense.

“Oh? Be simple? Ok. Here we go.” Qinghan lifted the corners of his mouth, “Through some white rays I saw a mysterious valley, in which numerous little beasts sat. And then I used the summoning method. Finally, I’m back here.

That's it."

Everyone listened attentively, trying to find out some impressive parts from his narration. However, Qinghan had stopped, as not another word was coming from his mouth.

"Then?" Ye Ron inquired.

"Then what? It's the end. Oh... I remember... Then I summoned such an adorable little cub." Qinghan pretended to be puzzled, as if Ye Ron was an idiot to ask such a self-evident question.

"That's it?"

"That's it!"

"Shit. How can it be so simple?" Ye Ron was apparently outraged, as his anger made his scar seem even more hideous.

"Yes, that's it. It was you who told me to be simple! Is the process of summoning a battle beast really that complicated?" Qinghan continued to pretend to be innocent and bewildered.

Interestingly, the other elders coldly glanced at Ye Ron, as if he was indeed a dumbass.

"Bastard, I didn't mean that 'simple'..." The disapproving glares of the others made Ye Ron even more upset, as he even slipped into a small fury.

“Humph!” Elder Tianqing, who sat next to Ye Jian, let out a stern humph. He silently threw a glance at Ye Ron, which almost scared the latter to death. Needless to say, Ye Ron kept his mouth shut.

“Kid, come here. I will ask and you will answer me in detail. Ok? What was it like in the valley you mentioned?” Elder Tianqing turned to Qinghan, speaking to him in a soft voice.

“Oh, that valley was huge. It stretched about 500 meters from one end to the other. In the middle of the valley there was even a lake.” Qinghan didn’t dare to monkey about in front of Elder Tianqing.

“Oh, so large?” Elder Tianqing, as well as the other elders looked at each other, as all of them had disbelief plastered onto their faces. They knew, that the bigger the space, the higher the ranking of the battle beast was.

“Hmm, what kind of little beasts have you seen then? If you don’t know their names, just describe their appearance.” Elder Tianqing added.

“Er... So many, but I didn’t know all of their names. Oh, I saw the spirit wolf that Qingfeng had summoned this morning. And... The violent bear, the same as Qingkuang’s. Oh, and a three-headed scaled anteater...”

“Spirit wolf? Violent bear, and a three-headed scaled anteater? Hoho, why don’t you just say there was also a green dragon. You’re such a braggadocio!” Ye Ron unexpectedly interrupted.

“Humph! Ye Ron, if you aren’t interested in Qinghan’s narration, please leave.

This is the Battle Beast Hall, not your Punishment Department.” Elder Tianqing glared at Ye Ron. In terms of cultivation, Ye Ron was superior to Elder Tianqing, but he wouldn’t challenge his seniority, as Tianqing was of the same generation as his father.

“Do you mean the green serpent-like beast? It has an armor of scales all over its body. It has four legs and two horns.”

“What? The green serpent?”

“Oh, God, That could be the green dragon!”

“It’s possible, considering the nine-colored halo.”

The crowd was ignited once again by the mentioning of the green dragon, which had long been considered as a holy-grade battle beast. Currently, there was only a single green dragon that lived in this continent. It inhabited the Dense Fog Mountain, which was listed as one of the three most mysterious places in the continent because of the dragon. Over thousands of years, the Ye Family had been collecting information on this green dragon, in the hope that one day their descendants would be able to summon such a beast.

According to Qinghan’s description, the green serpent was most likely the green dragon. Qinghan’s ambiguity on identifying the dragon was understandable, because he had never had the chance to get any information about this holy beast, due to his low status.

“But why, I mean, why didn’t you summon the green dragon?” Elder Tianqing began to show a sense of disappointment.

“I tried, yet, that serpent... Er, sorry, that green dragon completely ignored me. I couldn’t figure out why either!” Qinghan replied thoughtlessly.

“It’s the will of the heavens... Ok, we’d better never challenge God’s will. Alright, you’re allowed to go back home and have a good night’s rest. Don’t forget to go to the School of Battle Beasts tomorrow.” Elder Tianqing collapsed on his seat, feeling as if his whole body was weakened in disillusion.

Looking at the disappointed Elder Tianqing, the rest of the elders were in no mood to inquire anything from Qinghan. After all, they couldn’t make Qinghan go back into that space and summon the dragon. With sighs and grumbles, they all prepared to leave.

“Respected elders, and Third Uncle, I have to go now.” Qinghan bowed to the elders.

“Be diligent in cultivation. You should set your father as your role-model.” Ye Jian patted on Qinghan’s shoulder, showing a face full of hypocrisy.

“Garbage is garbage. Since you have seen such a precious beast, why don’t you summon it? You lost a golden opportunity, idiot. You’re wasting the rice and resources of our family.” Ye Ron scolded Qinghan before he left.

“Qinghan, don’t feel discouraged. You know, a holy beast isn’t easy to summon. Keep on cultivating, I have confidence in you.” The gentleman-like Ye Qiang stood up and went to Qinghan.

“Thank you, Third Uncle. I will!” Qinghan nodded his head in response. Ye

Qiang was generally neutral to what had happened between Ye Jian's family and Ye Dao's. However, he had always been kind to Qinghan, offering him a favor every now and then. Therefore, Qinghan was rather grateful towards his Third Uncle.

After all the elders had left the hall, Qinghan stepped out as well.

Outside the hall, it was already late in the evening. Under the nebulous sky, a white shadow stood silently in the moonlight, just like a night blooming cereus.

"Brother!"

Seeing his beloved sister, Qinghan tried to hold his tears back, as he was touched by her unconditional support for him. He stepped forward and held her hand. "My dear sister, I'm sorry to have kept you waiting for so long. Let's go home. I'll show you my miraculous little battle beast."

Chapter 14 – The School of Battle Beasts (1)

In a small house in the eastern part of the Ye Castle.

“Brother, are you saying this little puppy is actually a terrifying unicorn? But I cannot find any horn on its head. Oh, it’s so tiny!” Qingyu smiled, as her eyebrows arched in the shape of a crescent moon. Her pearl-like eyes were even blinking in confusion.

“Oh, I would never lie to you! It has only just entered into our world. You know, it’s currently only an infant. I believe, as it grows up, that the horn will appear, which I have seen during my awakening. As far as I know, this little beast is at least eighth-grade. If I’m lucky enough, it could even be a ninth-grade or holy-grade battle beast.” Qinghan stroke the cub in his arms, full of excitement.

By recalling what had happened in that valley, Qinghan reassured himself that this unicorn was really a high-ranked beast, as it had even managed to scare the green dragon away! He hopefully thought that it could even be a holy-grade battle beast. As for the divine-grade battle beast, he didn’t dare to wish for that. After all, throughout the Flame Dragon Continent, he had never heard of anyone who had acquired a divine battle beast.

“Eighth-grade? Or even ninth-grade? Oh, My God. That is crazy... Brother, why don’t you tell the truth to the Elder Clan? Once they realize the identity of this unicorn, they’ll most likely recommend you to be one of the key descendants.” The truth seemed to only increase Qingyu’s confusion.

“Why should I tell them? If I told them the truth, this little unicorn would never get to grow up... Someone will be envious and kill it!” Qinghan shook his head helplessly.

Back when the awakening was about to end, at the moment when his soul was about to fly back into his body, he was hit by a dazzling white ray from the sky. Originally, he thought that he had failed again and that he would come out empty handed yet again. However, he quickly came to the realization that the dazzling white ray was a sign of success. The beast he had summoned had used soul telepathy with him, which let them instantly grasp each other's memories. At that time, Qinghan's heart was saturated with joy.

From the soul telepathy he learned, that this little unicorn was born in that valley, and was imprisoned in this confined space because of some unknown power. The first time he had entered this valley, there wasn't any living beast around. He lived there all alone.

Other beasts then began coming into this valley through the northern lane, which was the only entrance. Strangely, the magic power of this valley couldn't deter these other animals from coming and going.

Qinghan guessed from this information, that the unicorn was probably deserted by its parents. While the lake in the middle of the valley could possibly have some magical power that attracted other beast to come and drink its water. In other words, it was a mysterious valley, where some beasts might be barred from coming into the innermost part.

"The magical power? The imprisoned beast?" Qinghan murmured, as he felt it was all rather unbelievable. Actually, the Awakening Ceremony itself was mysterious and miraculous. It was justifiable to say that this ceremony originated from the power of the ancient immortals.

But, right now, Qinghan seemed to insist on getting to the bottom of this

matter. The events and the possible reasons for the happening of these events kept lingering in his mind.

“Do immortals really exist in this world?”

“If we cannot attribute the amazing ceremony to the power of immortals, then how can we explain all these ancient-related mythical things? The altar, the color-changing halo and the unearthly summoning space... These are all beyond my comprehension. Plus, I’ve always heard that supernatural events happen every now and then in Immortal City...”

“Was it really the Secret Code that propelled me to success?”

“I knew, prior to my unconsciousness, that all my yin veins were broken. How did they recover? Does the Secret Code have a self-healing effect? But, I have never read about such a function in the book.”

He roughly remembered when he was on the verge of waking up, that a flow of comfortable warmth went through his body. However, he was not sure what kind of power led to his recovery as well as his final success.

“Hmm, it may be my good personality that saved me. Haha.” Qinghan couldn’t figure out the reason, so he just jokingly credited himself.

He never knew, that it was the bronze ring, or what he called a fake ring, that saved him at that urgent moment.

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With regards to the lion-nosed dog, it was ironically funny. At the time when this unicorn was summoned to this new world, it was rather weak and fragile, which had caused the little horn to be retracted into its head. Without the horn, the similarity between this little unicorn and the lion-nosed dog was so striking, that the elders mistakenly believed that it was only a fourth-grade battle beast.

Originally, Qinghan had planned to tell the elders what he had seen in the summoning space and the truth about this unicorn. However, the moment Qinghan exited the altar, he had received a murderous look from Ye Jian, who had seemed to be determined to kill the cub in Qinghan's arms. From then on, Qinghan had rearranged his plans, as he wished to try and conceal the true identity of this beast.

Thus, a rare unicorn, that might even be a holy-grade battle beast, was misunderstood as a fourth-grade lion-nosed dog.

"Oh! I see... But, brother, why would our Eldest Uncle, I mean, Ye Jian attempt to kill your little beast? As long as it's a high-ranked battle beast, the family will like it. At least, it is a good thing for the family. I cannot find a proper reason for him to kill a cub; especially if it is a potentially high-ranked one." Qingyu had always been a good listener, who would speak up whenever she had a question.

"A good thing? Hehe, for most of the elders, like Elder Tianqing, they really expected me to summon a high-ranked battle beast, that would strengthen the influence of our Ye Family. But this wasn't true for Ye Jian, who had long been overshadowed by our father's brilliant ability in cultivation. You know, he hated our entire family over such a small matter. Now, his status has steeply risen since the death of our father. And he'll definitely try to stabilize his power by suppressing anyone who might become superior to him, especially us. Look, if he knew that I had summoned a high-ranked battle beast, which is probably even

higher ranked than his own, what would he do to me and my beast? He may secretly kill my little unicorn, before it even has the chance to mature... I'll never let anyone know the truth, until my beast becomes mature and powerful. Humph, Ye Jian, Ye Qingkuang, Ye Ron, and the others who've bullied me, I'll fight back once my beast has grown up. It's only a matter of time..."

"Ah!" Qingyu exclaimed out of shock, but she immediately muffled her mouth with her little hands.

"How could this be possible? Why would our Eldest Uncle be so hostile towards us? We're relatives..." The innocent Qingyu had a hard time trying to digest this negative information. She tried to put everything into place, yet she was still doubtful.

"Alright, sister, It's time to go to bed. Oh, Remember... Never ever tell anyone about what I have told you today. Well, I mean, the unicorn part." Qinghan said discreetly.

"Yes, brother. I'll be as mute as a fish." Qingyu replied softly, before she went to her bedroom.

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Outside the window, the cold wind was blowing loudly.

Lying in his bed, Qinghan couldn't fall asleep, as his past experiences kept emerging in his mind - His strict and majestic father, and his considerate mother, the night when he had kneeled down in front of the courtyard of the Elder Clan, the attacks he had suffered by Xu Wuhen, the arrogant and despicable looks

from Ye Qingkuang, and the disgusting scar on Ye Ron's face...

“Dear dad and mom, did you look down from the heavens today and see what has happened to me? Your son has summoned a battle beast, which could possibly be a holy-grade one. I have finally obtained some hope in my life, all because of this little cub. Mom, I promise that I'll move your grave to the ancestral tomb, so that you and father will be able to rest together. In the near future, I'll also take both of your memorial tablets to the Sacred Temple, where thousands of people will worship you...” Qinghan's mouth curled up, smiling at the nearby cub, which was sleeping soundly.

“You sleepy little beast. Ever since you've been summoned into this world, all you've done is sleep. When will you finally wake up...” Qinghan touched its smooth fur, as well as its lion-like nose, appreciating the adorable expression of this little, black beast.

Outside, the moonlight poured down from the sky, while the stars twinkled like the eyes of naughty children.

Chapter 14 – The School of Battle Beasts (2)

The next day, in a courtyard in the western part of the Ye Castle.

Qinghan was hastily walking towards a separated yard.

“School of Battle Beasts”

These four words were vividly sculptured on the entrance gate of this big yard, which was a forbidden area for non-descendants. It was a place for members of the Ye Family, who had already successfully summoned a battle beast, to learn the theoretical knowledge and practical techniques about battle beasts.

Taking a long and deep breath, Qinghan tried to calm himself down a little bit, as he was extremely excited. It was like a dream come true place for him, as he had long-desired to enter this school. When he was a little boy, he would spend hours looking at this place from afar, wishing that one day he would be allowed to enter this school with his own battle beast.

In the past, he could only wander around in the vicinity of this school, as he wasn't allowed to step through the gateway. Now, however, due to this magical unicorn, he was officially permitted to become a student here.

“Hey, look, this is our ‘distinguished’ seventh young lord, Ye Qinghan. It’s rather uncommon to bump into you at this place... Oh... I remember, you’ve summoned that rubbish dog, hahaha...”

As soon as Qinghan had stepped through the gateway, he received this

unfriendly “welcome”. Glancing at the people in front of him, he realized that the one who had spoken to him was Ye Qingxie, a collateral descendant from Ye Jian’s family. In yesterday’s Awakening Ceremony, Qingxie had summoned a sixth-grade fire eagle, which he thought was much nobler than Qinghan’s fourth-grade “lion-nosed dog”.

“Is he Ye Qinghan? I’ve heard that there appeared a nine-colored halo during his summoning process. But, you want to hear the most hilarious part of this? In the end, he only came out with a rubbish dog in his arms. This dumbass wasted that golden opportunity... Well, this garbage and his rubbish dog are actually quite a match. Haha...”

“If the nine-colored halo emerged during my awakening period, I would’ve certainly summon a holy-grade beast, just like our ancestor Ruoshui did.”

“His father, Ye Dao, was a genius in cultivation. But, look at this guy, what an ironical comparison - a talented father and a garbage-like son!”

“What a pity!”

Following Ye Qingxie’s intended mockery, other descendants also joined this hot debate. Qinghan stood there calmly, receiving all kinds of looks from his counterparts, some were curious, some were jealous, and some were spiteful. Taunting exclamations and catcalls exploded like fireworks, as they were “drowning” Qinghan with their despicable saliva.

Nevertheless, Qinghan kept silent and looked indifferently at them. Last night, he had analyzed the pros and cons of the current situation, and found that it was not the right timing to directly oppose Ye Jian’s family. On one hand, in Ye Jian’s family, there were three seventh-grade battle beasts – Ye Jian’s blood tiger,

Qingkuang's violent bear and Qingfeng's spirit wolf. These beasts were equivalent to cultivators in the Realm of the Prince. On the other hand, their grandfather, Ye Tianlong had retired long ago; Ye Jian was basically in charge of the whole family. Obviously, Ye Jian's influence in this family was unshakable at this stage.

When Ye Dao was still alive, his achievements in cultivation were unmatched, as he had entered the Realm of the Emperor at the age of twenty eight. While the battle beast he had summoned, was an eighth-grade dralion. At that time, Ye Dao was the brightest star of the Ye Family, whose radiance overshadowed the adjacent little stars, like Ye Jian. That was where the hatred originated.

After Ye Dao had passed away, no influential figure was left to support Qinghan and his sister. Qinghan became the only man in his family line, though he once heard he actually had a brother-in-law who had been missing for years. Since then, Qinghan and his sister had become orphans that anyone could stamp their feet on. The ones that were insulting him just now, were all from Ye Jian's family line.

Since Qinghan had already estimated that this would happen to him today, he wasn't irritated at all. He stood at the gate, patiently waiting. Meanwhile, his silence actually managed to extinguish the passion of the others to further insult him. Eventually, they got bored and started to focus on other stuff.

The School of Battle Beasts, a place for the education of Ye Family's descendants, was composed of three branches – rudimentary, medium and advanced. Right now, the doors of the three branches were still closed. It seemed as if it was still too early for the class to start.

"I'm a newcomer here. I think I should go to the rudimentary branch." Qinghan thought to himself as he was playing with the little cub in his hands.

While Qinghan was standing at the gate wondering what he would learn from the school, suddenly, he saw a palm that was quickly approaching his face.

Someone was trying to sneak attack him!

Out of self-defense, Qinghan instantly dodged to the left side. Although he was simply a cultivator in the Realm of the Elite, he had some basic technique in terms of defense.

- Bang! -

Unfortunately, despite Qinghan's quick response, the big palm still landed on his shoulder with a loud thud. The strong power forced him to stagger backwards. At the same time, he had to protect the little beast in his hands. Finally, he let himself fall backwards, as he ended up sitting on the ground.

"Bastard, and your bastard dog. Get the hell out of my way!" An arrogant voice suddenly appeared.

"Ye Qingkuang, what do you want?" Qinghan stood up, staring at the two brothers beside him.

One was a young man in his twenties, with a snow-white complexion and thin lips. He was the eldest young lord of the Ye Family, Ye Qingkuang. The little boy that stood on his side was his little brother – Ye Qingfeng, who held a little spirit wolf in his arms.

“What do I want? What do you want? I mean, are you trying to prevent us from coming in by standing in front of the gate? Look at you, and your poor puppy. Hey, are you guys interested in watching a fight between my violent bear and his black dog?” Qingkuang replied indifferently, without even looking Qinghan into his eyes.

“Haha, eldest young lord. Are you kidding? For your violent bear, the strength of a fart is enough to send that dog to hell!”

“Haha, he deserved the heavy palm! After all, he intentionally stood in your way.”

The bystanders bursted out into laughter, as they were scornfully discussing Qinghan and his dog.

“You...” Qinghan’s anger surged into a fury, as he was clenching his fists.

Just now, he was only randomly standing near the gate, how could this be considered obstructing others from coming in. It was just an excuse for Qingkuang to hit him, thus disguising his own filthy motivation. In other words, Qingkuang deliberately attempted to insult Qinghan in public.

“I didn’t get in your way on purpose. And you, as my eldest brother, how can you bully your younger brother? Our deceased ancestors of Ye Family are watching us from the heavens!” Qinghan restrained himself from fighting back, as he calculated that his strength was currently far from comparable with Qingkuang’s.

“Haha!” Qingkuang sneered as he glanced at Qinghan, “Oh, you’re quite

eloquent, aren't you? An elder brother bullying a younger brother? Yeah, that's what I'm doing right now! If you don't agree, come and bite me, mhmm?"

Qingkuang's laughed out loudly, as if bullying Qinghan was the only joy of his boring day. He intended to continue this "game" until he was fully amused.

Suddenly...

Qingkuang's laughing face was abruptly frozen, as if he had just spotted a ghost in broad daylight. Pushing his little brother away to the side, he instinctively threw his fist towards his right side.

- Boom! -

With a thud, Qingkuang staggered several steps backwards, until he managed to steady himself. His face had turned deathly pale, as he was blankly looking through the gate.

"What the hell is going on?"

"Ah... It's her! I'm just wondering, who has the nerve to attack our eldest young lord."

"Hehe, Miss Wu has returned from the Flame Dragon Festival. I saw her yesterday."

"Oh, it's Miss Wu. Haha, I have to say, this is going to be interesting and exciting."

“Miss Wu is so gorgeous! I cannot bear to look at her for too long. My nose is already bleeding!”

“Miss Wu?” Qinghan followed the eyes of the others, as a pair of long and slim legs appeared.

“Oh, God. What a beautiful pair of legs!” Qinghan uttered, as he even slightly drooled.

Above her legs was a tight hot pants made of leather. Looking upward, a thin waist was exposed with snow-white skin. Her body was wrapped up in red-leathered tights, giving emphasis to her magnificent breasts, which were ready to break out. While her face was also charmingly beautiful.

“She not only has a figure of a supermodel, but also boasts of the face of a Goddess! She’s so seductive... Miss Wu? Is she the little faerie girl – Ye Qingwu?” It suddenly occurred to Qinghan, that this girl was the granddaughter of Ye Qingniu, who was one of the most senior elders in the Ye Family. Ye Qingwu was a talented female cultivator, who was almost as talented as Qinghan’s father, Ye Dao. Right now, she had already summoned a seventh-grade snow fox, and entered the first level of the Realm of the Marshal. If she integrated with her beast, her power would be equivalent to the third level of the Realm of the Marshal. Given all her eminent achievements, she was ranked sixth on the Immortal Ranking List, which was higher than the so-called genius of the Xue Family – Xue Wuhen.

As cultivators, the higher the realm was they had reached, the harder it became to become stronger. Most cultivators couldn’t make any further improvements once they had reached the Realm of the Marshal. Ye Jian, for

instance, was already in his forties and had cultivated for more than thirty years to obtain his current achievements – the Realm of the Emperor. In other words, as a young girl, Qingwu's talent in cultivation was far above that of her peers.

Chapter 15 – Ye Qingwu

“Ye Qingwu, what is your intention?” Qingkuang was pissed off. As the eldest young lord, who would probably become the next successor of the Ye Family, he was always surrounded by a bunch of kiss-asses. Now, he was publicly attacked and lost face in front of all of these people.

“Oh, there is none.” Qingwu smiled, as if it was none of her business.

“You...” Qingkuang widened his eyes, “Nothing? Are you attacking me over nothing?”

“Ah, just now, I saw you sneak attack Qinghan. Just now, I simply repeated what you have done to your younger brother.” Qingwu replied coldly.

“Because he stood in my way! Plus, I just slightly pushed him away...” Qingkuang tried to justify his previous actions, yet it was far-fetched.

“Right! You were standing in my way just now too! And I only exerted half of my strength, otherwise you would be dead by now...” Qingwu added, still in an unconcerned manner.

“You... You’re using your strength to bully the weaker ones! And you’re making trouble out of nothing!” Qingkuang was in a uncontrollable fury, yet he didn’t dare to fight back. The fact was, in the Ye Family, the noblest descendant was still this little faerie, who had a combination of a baby face and supermodel figure, rather than him, the eldest young lord.

Qingwu's grandfather, Ye Qingniu, accounted for one of the three most advanced cultivators in the Realm of the Saint. He was one of the leading cultivators throughout the entire Mars Prefecture, also, he was known as a grumpy elder who only cared about his lineal siblings. As for Qingwu, she was raised as the "princess" of the Ye Family. Apart from her preferential treatment, she was apparently more advanced and a more talented cultivator than Qingkuang.

"Haha..." Qingwu chuckled, making her pair of giant breasts slightly tremble, which made the others widen their eyes and swallow.

"I'm bullying the weaker ones, so what? Just now, you also bullied this younger brother, who is evidently weaker than you! Shame on you! Now, listen, Ye Dao is the most respected elder in my heart, if anyone dares to bully his son, I'll teach that person a good lesson." Qingwu threatened the rest of the descendants and tenderly smiled at Qinghan before she left.

"Errrr!"

Qinghan was shocked by what had happened just now, but he managed to robotically smile back. Actually, he felt extremely flattered to win Qingwu's support. During these fifteen years in the Ye Family, he had been the target of countless of insults, mockery and bullying. Actually, he had grown accustomed to this life pattern. Now, a heroine-like girl had suddenly appeared and helped him out, it took him some time to calm down and accept that this had actually happened.

Indeed, everyone was overwhelmed by Qingwu's behavior. Remembering her warning, they looked at Qinghan, as they instantly started planning to avoid him like a plague.

- Creak! -

The doors of the three branches finally opened. Behind each door, an elder appeared.

The elder, who stood at the rudimentary branch, opened his mouth: "Those who have just summoned their battle beast yesterday, please come over here. For the rest of you, please go to the branch that you're supposed to go to."

The crowd dispersed into three lines, swarming into the three branches respectively. Qinghan dusted off the dirt on his trousers, before he entered the rudimentary branch.

The classroom was about a hundred square meters in space, which could accommodate roughly eighty seats. Qinghan took a seat in the corner, trying to concentrate his mind by getting rid of the image of Qingwu.

Qinghan was grateful for what Qingwu had done for him. Yet, her smile and hot figure kept emerging in his head, distracting him from listening to the class.

Interestingly, the other guys intentionally kept themselves away from Qinghan, as they were terrified of getting attacked by Qingwu.

The elder in charge of the rudimentary branch was ordinary-looking and plainly-dressed. If anyone randomly encountered him in the street, they would most likely fail to recognize his identity as an elder of the Ye Family.

“My name is Ye Tianxing, one of the elders in the School of Battle Beasts. I’m also the teacher of this rudimentary branch. Listen, I don’t have ample time to teach you guys. I plan to teach you for three days. Whether you grasp the knowledge or not is none of my concerns, as I won’t be available after three days from now.”

“First, I’ll give you a brief introduction about battle beasts. Battle beasts are magical animals. Once one has been summoned by its owner, it will automatically have a soul agreement with him, and it’ll become your lifelong companion and will be loyal to you throughout its entire life. It’s possible to outlive your beast. However, if you’re to die, then so will your beast. Therefore, you should be kind to your beast and protect it... Generally, the battle beasts are categorized into three types: the attack battle beasts, the defense battle beasts and the support battle beasts. For example, most of the battle beasts in our Ye Family are focussed on attacking. Ye Jian’s blood tiger, for example, is an advanced attack battle beast.

“Ah... I never knew that battle beasts have this kind of categorization. But what type is my little unicorn?” Qinghan murmured to himself.

Looking at the thoughtful students in front of him, Tianxing was quite satisfied, “Later I’ll teach you how to distinguish these different types. Now, please allow me to elaborate on the three periods that each battle beast is supposed to go through. First is the weak period – the battle beast is extremely vulnerable and sleepy at this stage. Second is the growth period – the time required for this period depends on the type of your battle beast. The shorter the period, the lower the power. The third stage is the maturing period – here, the power of the battle beast will reach its maximum potential.”

“Excuse me, teacher. I have a question. Would you please give us some advice on how to help our beast successfully live through the weak period? Yesterday, I offered my beast something to eat, but it rejected it.” One student raised his

hand, as he was rather confused.

“Idiot, battle beasts in the weak period aren’t supposed to eat anything! Let me have a look. Oh, you’ve summoned a spotted pig. Did you feed it with pig fodder, dumbass?” Qingfeng interrupted, throwing an arrogant and disdainful look at the one who raised this question.

Suddenly, the classroom bursted out into laughter.

“Quiet, please!” Tianxing looked at Qingfeng sternly, “Well, Qingfeng was right. There are roughly two ways to assist your beast step out of the weak period. Either to send it back to the summoning space or by offering it first-grade magic crystals. When you are cultivating, it will absorb some battle experience from you in the summoning space, which will help it grow faster. And if it swallowed the nucleus of first-grade magic crystal, it will have the same effect.”

“Send it back into the summoning space? How? Swallow the magic crystals? Where can I find these?” Qinghan was getting more and more absorbed in this class, because most of the knowledge was new to him.

“After school, you’re allowed to get a magic crystal from the Replenishment Hall. As for how to use it, I’ll let you know later... For now, let me introduce you to the most amazing part: integration with the battle beast. Theoretically, every battle beast can integrate with its master once it steps out of the weak period. As long as you’re integrated with your beast, you’ll obtain great improvement in strength, nimbleness, speed and other aspects. The degree of your improvements will vary according to what type and grade your battle beast is. Let me give you an example. Er... Qingkuang is now in the second level of the Realm of the General, and his violent bear is a seventh-grade battle beast. Once they are integrated, the power will be equivalent to the third level of the Realm of the General. Since his violent bear is in its growing period, it has great

potentials to become even stronger. Hmm, if the bear becomes fully matured, it'll help Qingkuang to become as powerful as a cultivator in the Realm of the Marshal once they've integrated."

"The battle beast is what makes our Ye Family sustain our dominating position in the Mars Prefecture. Some battle beasts will have special techniques itself when they reach their adulthood. However, only about ten beasts have had their own techniques in the Ye Family so far. Yeah, the odds are very low to have a technique-equipped battle beast. Once you have it, your fighting ability will soar, becoming multiple times more powerful than before... Remember, once your battle beast has techniques, please report this to the family... Ok, let's call it a day. You'd better start trying to send your beast back to the summoning space, which, of course, will take you at least ten days to be successful in. Take your time."

Qinghan immersed himself in the ocean of knowledge; he had almost imbedded every single word the teacher had mentioned into his brain.

"What kind of surprise will this little unicorn bring to me, haha." Qinghan cheerfully walked out of the School of the Battle Beast, heading in the direction of the Replenishment Hall.

Chapter 16 – Little Black

The Replenishment Hall was located in a western courtyard of the Ye Family and it mainly dealt with the logistics issues. When Qinghan arrived at the gate of this hall, a group of descendants were already walking out with magic crystals in their hands. In the middle of the group, a boy was striding arrogantly with a spirit wolf in his arms.

“I’m so envious of you, Qingfeng. You are allowed to collect 100 pieces of first-grade magic crystals per month! Oh, I only get 50 pieces each month for my sixth-grade battle beast. Since my beast is only one grade lower than your spirit wolf, why is the gap is so distinctive?”

“Yeah, I’m also annoyed with this. Look, I only get 20 pieces for my fourth-grade battle beast...”

Unintentionally, Qinghan overheard their conversation and started to calculate the quantity of magic crystal he was supposed to collect.

Qingfeng passed Qinghan with a defiant look, and the latter responded with a careless frown. Indeed, right now, Qinghan’s only focus were the magic crystals, he didn’t give a shit about Qinghan’s threatening eye contact.

“Excuse me, may I collect my magic crystals here?” Qinghan couldn’t wait to ask around.

“What’s your name? And what grade is your battle beast?” A middle-aged fatty replied in slouching voices.

“Ye Qinghan, my battle beast is a fourth-grade lion-nosed dog.”

“Oh...Here you go. These are your magic crystals for this month. You may come here again next month, on exactly the same day.” The middle-aged man read through the account book as he picked up five dark crystals and put them into a small bag.

Qinghan took the bag, wondering why these were lower than he had predicted, “Sorry, but am I not supposed to collect 20 magic crystals for a fourth-grade battle beast? Look, you’ve only given me five pieces...”

Unexpectedly, the fatty got annoyed by Qinghan’s detailed inquiry. He snarled at Qinghan, “Hey, how many do you think is proper for a rubbish beast?”

“Oh...” Qinghan held back his temper and reluctantly walked out.

“Since you have offended both young lord Qingkuang and Qingfeng, do you think you can still get the 20 pieces as per standard? In fact, these five pieces were our leniency for the sake of your deceased father.” The fatty added as he stared at the back of Qinghan.

.....

In a small room full of sundries, in the eastern part of the Ye Castle.

Qinghan put his little unicorn onto the desk, holding a wooden plate in front of its mouth. However, the little unicorn was still sleeping.

Qingyu stood nearby, while she curiously picked up one piece of magic crystal, “Brother, is this a magic crystal? How do you use it? Are you going to put this into its mouth and make it swallow it?”

“Of course not. I have to melt the magic crystal down into a liquid. You know, I have learned how to do this in the School of Battle Beasts, I’ll show you. It is said that this process is a secret method of our Ye Family.”

Putting a piece of magic crystal on one of his flattened palms, Qinghan moved it towards the beast’s mouth. He began to exert Battle Qi on the magic crystal. Soon, the magic crystal started melting, the sound of which was just like the hissing of fire.

A second later, a puff of misty white smoke slowly rose up from the magic crystal.

“Why is it still sleeping? I remember that Elder Tianxing said that the beast would be woken up by the smell of the melting magic crystal.” Qinghan suspiciously stared at the little beast, wondering if this method was also suitable for his own beast.

Elder Tianxing had told them that the magic crystal would emit a special flavor while being melted, which would wake the beast up. So Qinghan decided to try it once again.

He exerted more Battle Qi on the magic crystal this time, trying to speed up the melting process. Gradually, the hissing sound became louder and louder... Finally, the room was filled with the smell of the melting magic crystal.

“It’s waking up, brother!” Qingyu cheerfully exclaimed. She was standing next to Qinghan, closely observing the unfolding events in front of her.

The little beast slowly opened its eyelids, staring at the magic crystal, while its eyes were beaming with radiating vigor.

Suddenly...

The little beast protruded its head towards the magic crystal in Qinghan’s hand, which was not fully melted yet. Surprisingly, it swallowed the remaining part of the magic crystal!

“How come?” Qinghan and his sister looked at each other in bewilderment.

Previously, Elder Tianqing had told the students that when the beast was in the weak period, it could only eat the melting magic crystal, which was soft enough for them to chew on. Now, it seemed Qinghan’s beast had already distinguished itself by eating the solid magic crystal.

Right now, the little beast was licking its palms while eagerly looking at Qinghan, as if it was begging for more food.

“More?” Qingyu picked up another magic crystal from the bag, smiling at his little beast.

- Whoosh! -

The beast dashed to Qingyu’s palm, almost like a streak of lightning. In a split

second, Qingyu found that the magic crystal had disappeared and that the little beast was eating the solid magic crystal with relish.

- Crack! Crack! -

The little beast chewed on the solid magic crystal, as if it was a drumstick. Instantly, the second one was eaten up. Yet, the beast seemed to still be hungry, as it flew to the bag and took a third one.

“Ah... Terrifying speed and iron-like teeth!” Qinghan shouted in excitement.

It never occurred to him that a cub in its weak period could be so formidable. The most impressive part was the hardness of its teeth. The magic crystals were made from the essence of a demon beast, which was extremely solid. However, the little beast chewed on the crystal like it was a piece of tofu...

“What will happen if this little beast bites human beings with its sharp teeth?” Qinghan couldn’t help but wonder.

Given its terrifying speed and sharp teeth, Qinghan predicted that his beast would be able to match those in the Realm of the Commander once it stepped out of its weak period.

“I have to find more magic crystals to help my beast grow up!” Qinghan couldn’t wait to see how powerful his beast would become once it had matured.

“Brother! Look at this little beast, it is so black. Let us give him a nickname. Hmm, what about ‘Little Black’?” Qingyu suggested, chuckling at Qinghan.

“‘Little Black’... Ah, we’ll call it ‘Little Black’ from now on!” Qinghan replied approvingly.

During their conversation, Little Black had already eaten up the remaining magic crystals in the bag. Now, it was amusingly wiping its mouth.

Suddenly, Little Black stood up with its two rear legs, touching its belly with its front claws.

“Haha... Brother, look at Little Black, it is mimicking the way humans walk. It’s so smart and adorable!” Qingyu was quite amused by Little Black’s actions.

“Come, Little Black. Come over here.” Qinghan tried to direct his beast to where he was.

- Whoosh -

The little beast instantly squatted on the ground and bounced into Qinghan’s arms, as if it could understand human language.

“Get into my body!” Realizing how smart his beast was, Qinghan tried to get it back to the summoning space in his body – the place from where the beast enters the world.

Little Black yawned slightly before it changed into a white figure and disappeared into Qinghan’s chest. Since each battle beast would have soul agreements with their masters, the two of them would find it easy to understand

each other.

At first, Qinghan was stunned by this unexpected success, as Elder Tianxing had warned them that it would take at least ten days to summon it back into the summoning space.

Now, Qinghan felt that there was a mini-beast, which was probably one-tenth of the size of Little Black, crouching in a space in his chest.

“Oh! I made it! Is Elder Tianxing just trying to scare us by saying that it will take many attempts to successfully summon it back?” Qinghan merrily wondered.

Actually, Elder Tianxing just told them half the story. The higher the grade, the smarter the battle beast would be. Once the soul agreement had automatically taken effect, the battle beast would comprehend its master’s intention. That was why Little Black quickly followed Qinghan’s instruction and jumped into his chest. Or in other words, it implied a positive sign, that Little Black would definitely not be any of those low-ranked, stupid beasts.

“Brother, where is Little Black? Ask it out, I want to play with it!” Qingyu frowned over the disappearance of the beast.

“Hey, my dear sister. Little Black has returned to the battle beast space within my body. By doing so, we can help it get out of its weak period and help it grow up.” Qinghan stroked the hair of his pouting sister, who was longing to spend more time with Little Black.

Qingyu eventually nodded her head obediently and went to her bedroom.

The oath he made in front of his deceased mother was buried deep in his heart, Qinghan was determined to speed up the realization of this oath with the help of Little Black.

The first thing he should do right now, was to raise Little Black so that it would be more powerful.

Sitting on his bed, Qinghan started cultivating by absorbing the essence of Qi between heaven and earth. Afterward, he would convert this Nature Qi into Battle Qi, which would be partly conveyed to his battle beast.

Fortunately, one third of the Battle Qi Qinghan converted had flown into the space where Little Black lived and was eventually absorbed by Little Black.

“Perfect! I will spend at least six hours cultivating, so that Little Black will absorb more Battle Qi.” Qinghan continued his cultivation, smiling satisfactorily. Meanwhile, his sparkling eyes were filled with hope.

Chapter 17 – What a Tragedy

It was a sunny day. The cloudless sky looked spacious, as if had no boundaries.

Grey City was crowded with people, some were walking, while others were sitting in their carriages.

Cattle-fence Street was one of the most famous streets in this city, mainly due to its geographical location. It was in the center of Grey City, connecting the northern-and southern parts of the city. The former was for nobles, while the latter was for commoners. In this street, people would find various shops, which were dealing in exotic items. This was a place favored by both the rich and the poor – shopping on this street was like a treasure-hunting adventure, as you would never know what kind of treasure you would encounter next.

It was high noon; a pitiful bargaining was going on in one of the shops that dealt in magic crystals.

At this time of the day, most people were having their lunch or taking a nap, thus the number of visitors had somewhat decreased. However, there was still a teenager, roughly fifteen years old, who had stepped into a magic crystal shop.

This teenager was in plain clothing and scrawny, yet he was rather good-looking. He had directly went to the counter that displayed the lowest-grade magic crystals. Picking up five first-grade magic crystals, he scrutinized it meticulously before he inquired, “Excuse me, boss, what’s the price for five of these first-grade magic crystals?”

The boss of this shop was a middle-aged man, a fat dwarf. Seeing a customer

entering his shop, he automatically forced a big smile onto his face. Ironically, when he realized that this teenager was only interested in the lowest grade magic crystals, his fake smile immediately disappeared. “80 crystal coins per piece, for five pieces, it is a total of 400 crystal coins.”

“What? 80 per piece? This is robbery!” The teenager shouted in defiance.

The dumpy shopkeeper curled his lips carelessly; he was quite used to this kind of bargaining, “This is the market price. Buy it or leave.”

“Market price? As far as I know, there is a shop nearby that sells them for 70 crystal coins per piece.” The teenager replied.

“Alright, 70 crystal coins, deal!” The shopkeeper decided to slightly compromise.

“Hehe, you know, I didn’t buy from that shop for 70 crystal coins, hoping there would be more favorable prices somewhere else... Please, lower the price a bit more.” The teenager kept on bargaining.

“Oh, God... 65 crystal coins. No less.” The middle-aged boss sighed.

“Hey, boss, I find that your business is quite lucrative. Look, I know you purchase the magic crystals from the southern Wild Mountain Range, whom you roughly pay 10 crystal coins per piece. Yet, when you sell it here in Grey City, the unit price suddenly spirals to 65 crystal coins, or even higher. What a profit! Shame on you and all of the other unscrupulous and greedy merchants!” Unexpectedly, the teenager intensified his negotiations.

Looking at the angry teenager, who was verbally attacking him, the shopkeeper went into a fury, “Shut up, little kid! Do you even know how far it is from the Wild Mountain Range to Grey City? We have to spend money hiring security guards to escort our team to transport the purchased goods along the way. Plus, the annual rent for this shop is also high. Ok, I won’t waste my time explaining to you why we set this kind of price. If you cannot afford this price, just leave my shop.”

Interestingly, the teenager didn’t seem to have any intention to stop bargaining, “We’re about 230,000 meters away from the Wild Mountain Range. To my knowledge, the payments for security guards are quite low. Besides, the quantity is large for each transport. On average, it would probably cost you one or two crystal coins for each item you bring. Well, as for the rent, as far as I know, it only costs you 50 purple crystal coins each year, which is equivalent to 5,000 crystal coins. Is that right, boss? Ok... Honestly, I didn’t intend to embarrass you. All I really need is a lower price.”

“Er... How do you know so much? You are such a ‘professional’ bargainer... Well, well, 50 crystal coins per piece, and that’s final.” The shopkeeper was shocked by the teenager’s knowledge with regards to his business.

“Oh, nice...” The teenager finally smiled with a sense of achievement.

When the teenager rummaged through his pockets for money, a brilliant idea flashed through his mind. He didn’t take out the money, instead, he secretly whispered in the ear of the shopkeeper, “Boss, I’ve heard that by showing the golden token of the Ye Family I’ll get a 50% discount, is that true?”

“Y... Yeah. Why are you asking this? Do you have one?” The dumpy shopkeeper replied in suspicion. He was curious why this plain-clothed young man mentioned the golden token, as it was a symbol of high social status. After all,

only lineal descendants were allowed to use it. And the lineal descendants of the Ye Family were never anxious about money. Therefore, seldom did they show this golden token for a preferable price.

“Haha!” The teenager embarrassingly touched his head, giving out a hollow laughter. Soon, he took out a golden token, on which the word “Ye” was visibly sculptured.

“I am a distant relative of young lord Qingkuang of the Ye Family. So... I borrowed this golden token from him. Ok, let’s settle our account, boss.” The teenager explained.

“Ok, 125 crystal coins in total.” The shopkeeper reluctantly replied. Actually, he felt fortunate that this customer was only interested in first-grade magic crystals. If the teenager bought higher-grade ones, like the fifth-grade or the sixth-grade, the deal would be even less profitable.

“Alright, take the money. Bye! I will patronage your shop whenever I have time.” The teenager held the five magic crystals in his hands, as he triumphantly strode out of the shop.

A girl in a white dress was waiting outside the shop, “Brother, have you bought the magic crystals?”

Obviously, the brother and sister were Qinghan and Qingyu.

Qinghan nodded hastily as he looked around like an attempted thief, “Let’s go home first.”

.....

The two of them left Cattle-fence Street and hurried home.

“Haha, I bought five magic crystals today, the price of which was ten crystal coins lower than the ones I bought yesterday.” Qinghan put aside the magic crystals and grabbed a cup of water from the desk. He was rather satisfied his bargaining skills.

“Brother, you are awesome! Summon Little Black out, and let him enjoy his meal.” Qingyu randomly picked a piece of magic crystals up and smiled at her brother. As for Qingyu, there was nothing more cheerful than seeing her brother being happy.

“Yeah, Little Black, please come out for your meal.” Qinghan responded accordingly.

All of a sudden, a thread of white smoke emerged from Qinghan’s chest. Strangely, the smoke became thicker and thicker, while it was also starting to resemble the shape of Little Black, who was as small as the size of a palm.

Little Black rubbed its pair of sleepy eyes with its claws, before it noticed the magic crystals on the desk. Like a ghost, it abruptly arrived at the desk within the blink of an eye.

- Kraaaa! -

Soon, the magic crystals were devoured by Little Black. Looking at the empty bag on the desk, a mixed feeling struck Qinghan. On one side, he was happy to

see his battle beast grow up with the help of these magic crystals. However, on the other side, he was worried, because he didn't have the money to buy more magic crystals.

It had been ten days since Little Black was summoned. During these ten days, Qinghan had fed his beast with five magic crystals, as well as with the Battle Qi he exerted. Considering the limited amount of magic crystals he got from the Replenishment Hall, he had planned to spend more time on cultivating Battle Qi, so that Little Black would grow faster.

However!

On the third day, unfortunately, Little Black rejected to absorb any more of his Battle Qi.

“What a tragedy.” Qinghan sighed helplessly.

Therefore, Qinghan had no alternative but to take out all of his savings and buy magic crystals for Little Black.

Despite his identity as one of the lineal descendants of the affluent Ye Family, Qinghan was economically restrained. All the valuable remainings were taken away by the family after his father's death. Even though, early on, he had received a handsome amount of monthly payment from the family, yet, after the retirement of his grandfather – Ye Tianlong, the amount had sharply decreased. Now, he could only make ends meet. Plus, he had also spent some money on his mother's funeral recently, so he was embarrassingly short on money. It was fair to say, that even collateral descendants lived a better life than Qinghan.

His economic situation explained why he would bargain so harshly in the magic crystal shop, and why he had asked his sister to stand outside the shop to make sure no one knew about his secret deeds. In fact, it was considered as disgraceful to use the golden token in public as a tool to get discount. If someone reported this to the Punishment Department, Qinghan would be doomed.

“I have to find a way out. Otherwise, my savings won’t be enough for this gluttonous little beast... I would probably end up wearing a pair of patched pants begging in the streets for magic crystals.” Qinghan murmured.

On thinking of this gloomy future, Qinghan trembled with fear. He pondered for a while and turned to his sister, “Hey, Qingyu, I... I plan to go out for a while...”

“Oh, go ahead.” Qingyu was playing with Little Black, unaware of her brother’s expression.

“I mean... I have decided to go to a faraway place.” Qinghan explained.

“Oh? Very far away?” Qingyu asked in confusion.

“The Wild Mountain Range, which is located near Wild City, it will take half a year, before I’ll return home.” Qinghan replied, even though he felt guilty to leave his sister alone, without anyone to turn to when there was an emergency.

“Is it because of Little Black?” Qingyu frowned, holding up Little Black in the air.

“Yes, you know, the price of magic crystals in the Wild Mountain Range is

much lower, as it only costs several crystal coins per piece. And... I cannot afford the price here, so..."

"Ok, I get it. Tell me when you will go so that I can prepare some stuff for you." Qingyu smiled, without any sign of grievance.

"Tomorrow morning. However, I wish to come back for you before 6 months have passed." Qinghan smiled back, revealing no signs of dismay or worry.

Their expression seemed quite peaceful, as if Wild City would only be a half-day journey from their home, rather than half a year.

All the grief of parting was hidden in their eyes, this was something that was beyond words....

Chapter 18 – An’yue (1)

Grey City, as one of the six major cities in the Mars Prefectures, was in charge of twenty sub-cities and over one hundred mini-cities in the southern parts. Far in the south, there was the gigantic Wild Mountain Range, which was located on the border between the Mars Prefecture and the Barbarian Prefecture.

The way to the Wild Mountain Range was full of dangers – the zigzag road was strewn with thorns, and numerous demonic beasts were lurking around. Moreover, it was said that the heart of the mountain range was inhabited by some saint beast, as it was even regarded as a forbidden area for civilians. In other words, the Wild Mountain Range was a place full of exotic beasts; its reputation was only second to the Dark Mountain Range in the north.

Despite all of the risks ahead, the Wild Mountain Range was comparatively safer than the Dark Mountain Range. At least, unlike the Dark Mountain Range, people wouldn’t die instantly whenever they entered. Actually, visitors had the chance to be safe and sound as long as they didn’t enter into the heart of the mountain range.

Thus, the periphery of the Wild Mountain Range had become a paradise for adventurous cultivators. Currently, it was considered as the most popular place for cultivation.

Because of the popularity of this place, swarms of visitors flooded into the Wild Prefecture, which was in the vicinity of the Wild Mountain Range. Owing to its unique geographic location, the Wild Prefecture had developed into a territory that encompassed more than twenty small cities.

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The An'yue Hotel!

A famous hotel that was located at the southern entrance of Wild City. It was a three-layered hotel – the first floor was used as a dining hall, while the second and third floors were used as guest rooms.

A young man in green clothing was sitting at a seat next to a window; he frowned over the walking passersby, as though something was nagging on the back of his mind.

The young man was Qinghan, who had been in Wild City for a couple of days already. It had taken him half a month to arrive in Wild City. On his way to Wild City, he was accompanied by a group of merchants, who were on their business trip.

Every day, there were countless of cultivators swarming into this city, as it lived up to its reputation as a paradise for adventurers. In order to increase their cultivation level, visitors would enter into the periphery of the Wild Mountain Range to fight with the demonic beasts or even kill them. Later, they would skin the dead demonic beasts and take the fur and magic crystal (which were made from the hardest part of the demonic beast's body). As a result, the magic crystals were sold for an extremely low price here.

At the beginning, Qinghan was excited over the price of the magic crystals, and he had bought as much as he could afford.

However, right now, it was only his thirteenth day in Wild City, yet his wallet was almost flattened. However, there weren't that many changes happening to Little Black, except for the size of its body, which had become a little bit bigger. It

seemed, that there was still a long way to go for Little Black, before it would step out of its weak period. Meanwhile, it remained with its current life pattern of eating and sleeping.

Out of disappointment, Qinghan had walked out of the guest room, and went downstairs. He ordered some inexpensive wine and took a seat next to a window.

“It has almost been a month since I have departed from Qingyu... How is she doing back home? Little Black... How many magic crystals are enough for you to overcome your weak period?” Qinghan felt rather gloomy, as he stared into the distance through the window, until his vision became blurred by his wet eyes. The picture he imagined in his brain had touched the strings of his heart – his sister was craning over the fence of the courtyard in the southern direction, waiting for her brother.

“Alas!”

Considering his current situation, his eyes became even more bewildered.

“Talent, talent! Why am I short of talent?” He grumbled.

Actually, during his days in Wild City, he had never discontinued his cultivation. On the way to this city, he had been cultivating in the carriage. Once he had arrived at his destination, apart from searching for low-priced magic crystals, he had spent most of his time cultivating in the guest room.

As for cultivators, the first and foremost thing was to strengthen their body. Averagely, the descendants of the Ye Family would enter into the Realm of the

Warrior at the age of six. Afterwards, they would begin to absorb the Battle Qi existing between heaven and earth. Gradually, they would obtain the Realm of the Soldier. As for Qinghan, he had actually spent only as short as one month to jump from the Realm of the Warrior to the Realm of the Soldier. Interestingly, his father, as a well-known genius, had also spent one month to bridge these two realms. In this regard, Qinghan was quite talented, at least he shouldn't be considered as garbage in cultivation.

Nevertheless, Qinghan had lingered in the Realm of the Elite for many years, showing no sign of improvement due to his congested meridians. Gradually, some ill-intentioned counterparts had nicknamed him as garbage.

In order to step out of the Realm of the Elite and enter into the Realm of the Commander, one had to expand all nine meridians in one's body – the yang meridian, the yin meridian, the dashing meridian, the arterial meridian, the left-feet meridian, the right-feet meridian, the left-hand meridian, the right-hand meridian and the absolute meridian. These nine meridians were known as the Nine-Meridian Heavenly Circuit.

In order to step out of the Realm of the Commander and enter into the Realm of the General, one had to expand another three major meridians in one's body – the conception meridian, the governor meridian and the magic meridian. Plus, these three major meridians had to be condensed into the area of the Dantian.

Because of the strict requirements of one's physical condition, many cultivators in the Mars Prefecture stagnated their cultivating process between these two realms. Qinghan was one of those unfortunate ones, because eighty percent of his meridians were congested.

During his long period of cultivation, Qinghan had only managed to open his yin-and yang meridians. Right now, he was working on the dashing meridian.

He had been cultivating for about twenty days since he had arrived at this place. Sadly, the result was far from fruitful – only two to three percent of the dashing meridian had been cleaned up.

At the same time, Little Black had not yet shown any sign of becoming stronger. Elder Tianxing once said, the higher the grade, the longer the weak period would be. It really seemed like it would be impossible to find any shortcuts in helping Little Black grow up.

Originally, Qinghan had planned to spend all of his savings on buying as many magic crystals as possible, so that his little beast would grow up by eating them. Thus, hopefully, Little Black would integrate with him and level up his ability, and he would possibly even be listed as a key descendant of the Ye Family.

However, there was always a gap between dreams and reality.

“I never thought things would go this way. Now, I have to go into the mountain range like the other cultivators do...” Qinghan whispered to himself.

Touching the bag in his arms, he was determined to take this risk. In this bag were some gadgets, which were needed to climb the mountains. Eventually, he decided to hunt for the demonic beasts in order to get more magic crystals.

.....

In the middle of Qinghan’s meditation, he was distracted by a sudden booming voice.

“My Darling, Yueyue, Please give me a kettle of ‘Blue Enchantress’. It’s been a long time since my last visit. I’m desperate to taste your self-made wine again.” A man with a strong build had entered the dining hall, sitting on a randomly-selected seat.

The rest of the guests all jerked their heads towards this man. Among them, a man with long hair stood up, “Haha, It’s you, brother Menglong! I guess you aren’t coming for the wine, but for our charming lady boss. Haha...”

“Hey, Zhaotie, don’t you dare to make fun of me, otherwise, I’ll suck you dry tonight.” A gorgeous lady was walking towards the new customer, holding a kettle of wine in her hands.

The lady was roughly in her twenties and the chubbiness of her curving body made her quite seductive. Her rosy cheeks and affectionate eyes dazzled the hearts and minds of many guests here; most of them were male cultivators. She threw an angry glare at the long-haired man, before putting one of her snow-white hands on the shoulder of Menglong, “I heard that you have found some new lovers? No wonder you didn’t come here. It has been half a month since the last time I saw you.”

“Haha!” Menglong stretched out one of his big, yet swarthy palms, trying to touch the bottom of the lady.

However, the lady boss swiftly dodged, and walked away, leering at Menglong over her shoulders.

Looking at the shaking hips from the back of the lady, Menglong continued his coarse joking, “Yueyue, you always say that you’re willing to be my lover. Why don’t you even let me touch you.”

“Yeah, My beautiful An’yue, you said you would suck me dry, but you never did. I’ve been waiting in my bedroom after taking a shower for so many nights, why do you never come? I’m so lonely...” The skinny middle-aged man, Zhaotie, coquettishly stroked his long hair.

“Liar! An’yue, don’t believe this bastard. Several days ago, he went to a brothel called the Million Flower Pavilion. You know, his personal life is quite promiscuous. He is an addicted brothel-goer, as you can tell from his skeleton-like body.” Menglong added.

“Menglong! I know, every night, you will hold the portrait of An’yue and play with your dick. Son of a bitch...” Zhaotie slammed his fist on the desk.

“Hey, stop it. If you break my table, there’ll be double reimbursement... If you really want to sleep with me, no problem. Well, I have some standards – only those who can win from me in a real fight will I sleep with. Otherwise, no way...” An’yue, the lady boss, glared furiously at Zhaotie.

Amusingly, both of Menglong and Zhaotie quietly sat down as two cowardly mice who had just encountered a cat.

An’yue had a mixed personality. Sometimes, she could be as sluttish as a prostitute, while other times, she would take her gloves off and be relentless.

“Haha...”

Observing the ongoing farce, the whole dining hall bursted out into laughter. Qinghan was also quite amused by the pair of funny fellows. As for the lady boss,

he found her admirable. Her business skills were one of a kind, using her body to lure in endless amounts of guests from afar.

Chapter 18 – An'yue (2)

An'yue was a standard beauty, who was as charming as Ye Qingwu, yet she was more mature, like a fully blossomed flower.

“Hey, young man. Why do you keep staring at me? Do you also have a crush on me?” An'yue held a glass of red wine and walked towards Qinghan, twisting her waist from left to right. She sat down in front of Qinghan, trying to grab his attention, as she was curious about this new guest, who was gloomily sitting next to a window.

“Hehe, elder sister, you're so charming. I believe every man here admires your beauty.” Qinghan embarrassingly replied, fixing his eyes on An'yue's pair of plump breasts.

“Haha, I don't think you've become a man quite yet. I mean, have you had the taste of a woman yet?” An'yue intentionally shook her breasts, as she realized that this young man was quite curious about them.

On hearing these teasing remarks, all the guests in the dining hall laughed out loud.

“Hehe, don't worry. If you really want to know whether I'm a man or a boy, just have a try on me.” Qinghan sipped from his cup of wine, before he calmly let out these vulgar words.

During the fifteen-years of suppressed life in the Ye Family, Qinghan had found his days to be lifeless.

Now, in Wild City, he felt relaxed by getting rid of all the unhappy memories from back at the Ye Family. He enjoyed the freedom here, as if he was a bird out of its long-restricted cage. On the other hand, he had some experience in dealing with women in his previous life, so it was easy for him to flirt with women.

“Er...” However, An’yue was taken aback by Qinghan’s bold reply.

“Haha, he is right. Yueyue, have a try and suck him dry!”

“An’yue, this young man has potential. Have a try!”

The guests instigated An’yue, hoping to make fun of her.

Nevertheless, as shrewd as An’yue was, she quickly came up with a good idea to dissolve the awkwardness, “Hmm, you’re quite unique. Well, at present, I’m in the second level of the Realm of the General. I will use half of my power to fight with you, if you win, I’ll accompany you for one night. What do you think of it?”

“Phew... An’yue, this isn’t fair. This young man is obviously in the first level of the Realm of the Elite, you’re actually two realms ahead of him. Plus, he seems to be an inexperienced cultivator, it’s impossible for him to win.”

“Indeed. An’yue, you are bullying this younger brother if you do so. At least, you should exert only one third of your power.”

The onlookers were getting more and more hooked by this interesting conversation. They started persuading An’yue to lower her strength while fighting. Obviously, as a cultivator in the Realm of the Elite, Qinghan would have no chance to win against An’yue, who was already in the Realm of the General,

even if she only exerted half of her power.

“Alright, just as you guys suggested, I’ll only use one third of my strength.”
An’yue agreed.

“Oh, wait, I recommend to postpone this fight to three months later. If I win, you accompany me for one night; if I lose, I’ll work for you in the hotel for three months. Deal?” Qinghan shot an evil look at An’yue.

“Three months?” An’yue was confused, looking inquiringly at Qinghan.

“An’yue, don’t worry. This is quite a good deal, if you trade one-night of company for three-month free services. I support you.”

“Just nod your head, An’yue. As a cultivator in the Realm of the Elite, he won’t improve much after just three months.”

“Come on, lady boss. Otherwise we won’t patronage your hotel.”

The guests kept on persuading, as though they were eager to see this beautiful An’yue sleep with this young man.

Looking at these “hungry” men – who were more like a bunch of oxen in their rut period, An’yue quickly started to regret her own proposal. However, she was confident that this young man wouldn’t surpass the second level of the Realm of the Elite within three months’ time.

“No problem. we’ll fight in three months from now. Even if I lose, it is just one

night, no big deal.” An’yue finally confirmed.

“That’s great. Everyone here today are witnesses of this gamble between me and this beautiful lady boss. I’ll see you in three months.” Qinghan drank up the wine in front of him before he walked out of the door.

“Little brother, I’m optimistic about you.” The strong man, Menglong couldn’t help but laugh.

“Where are you going?” Menglong added.

“The Wild Mountain Range. I will practice my cultivation and accumulate some practical fighting experience. I’ll be back right on time.” Qinghan looked back over his shoulders and replied.

All the people in the dining hall were shocked by Qinghan’s reply...

“He is a man of courage.”

“Yeah, he starts preparing for the upcoming fight by cultivating in the dangerous mountain.”

Given the inexperience in real fights, Qinghan was bold enough to accept An’yue’s proposal. After all, as the lady boss of the An’yue Hotel, she must’ve obtained some capability so that her business could survive and flourish in this jungle-like Wild City.

While some of the guests held different opinions, they all thought that

Qinghan's calmness could be an indication of some concealed ability. Most of the guests hoped that Qinghan would win from An'yue.

It had been three years since An'yue had started her business in Wild City. She was pretty good at touting by flirting with her customers. However, no one had ever been allowed to touch her body, let alone establishing a romantic relationship with her. She acted like a lady of easy virtue, but she wasn't actually a loose woman. The guests now expected Qinghan, in representation of them all, to have a real sluttish night with this beauty, rather than some verbal dissolute joking.

"Oh, no! If this young man really doesn't have any practical experience in real fighting, it's too risky for him to go into the mountains. He's too reckless..." Menglong suddenly exclaimed, running to the doorstep to see if Qinghan was still around the hotel. Unfortunately, there wasn't even a shadow of him to be found.

People began to worry about Qinghan, some of them even argued that he could lose his life if he went into the heart of the mountain range. They regretted not to remind him. And the most dangerous thing in the mountain range was actually not the demonic beasts, but rather... The hunters...

"Hopefully, this little brother won't encounter the hunters..." The coquettish lady boss also prayed for Qinghan, as she felt a sense of guilt for proposing such a gamble.

.....

Right now, Qinghan had already left Wild City. He was walking down the road that led to the Wild Mountain Range.

Wild City was located around the foot of the Wild Mountain Range; the distance between the two places was short. Several years ago, the demonic beasts from the mountain range had ran into the city, causing unexpected tragedies among the inhabitants there. Thankfully, owing to the huntsmen, there were less and less demonic beasts appearing on the foot of the mountain.

Qinghan grabbed his bag with his arm, which contained some necessary stuff needed for his adventure – a small dagger, some food, some bottles of water and some other cats and dogs.

Indeed, Qinghan had long wished for killing demonic beasts. As a cultivator in the Realm of the Elite, at least he could deal with some first-grade or second-grade demonic beasts. As long as he didn't enter into the heart of the mountain, he should be able to survive. Considering the hungry Little Black, Qinghan was determined to harvest as many magic crystals as possible.

Due to his lack of actual fighting experience, Qinghan had spent two days inquiring about the know-how for a successful adventure in the mountain range. And the gamble with An'yue finally propelled him to put his plan into action, despite the possibility of him losing his life.

Qinghan ran down the mountain lane, holding a dagger in one of his hands. As far as he knew, in the periphery of the Wild Mountain Range, which was about 10 kilometers away from the mountain, one would rarely encounter any demonic beasts. Now, it was almost noon, he had to walk around 10 kilometers in order to see some first-grade demonic beasts. He decided to make it there before dusk, so that he could find a safe place to spend the night and he wouldn't fight until the next morning.

It was known to all that the Wild Mountain Range was full of demonic beasts, and different grades demonic beasts lived in different parts of the mountain. The most outside part was inhabited by first-grade demonic beasts, though occasionally, some second-grade demonic beasts would come to this part as well. After walking through the first-grade demonic beast area, there was the second-grade demon beast area... And the third-grade, fourth-grade... The further away from the heart of the mountain range, the lower the ranks of the demonic beasts would be. Sometimes, some high-ranked demonic beasts would wander around in low-ranked areas. If that was the case, it would be a sad story for the adventurer.

Chapter 19 – The Wild Mountain Range

Through the flourishing branches of the giant trees, Qinghan found that the sunlight was gradually fading away.

On his way, Qinghan would stop at intervals, and cultivate a good amount of Battle Qi to maintain his strength. Now, he was nearly there, the 10 kilometers journey was almost over.

“Ohhh! I’m so tired. I’ll find a place to have a rest first.” Qinghan looked at his surroundings, where countless towering trees with luxurious foliage stood tall and upright. The ground was rampant with all kinds of unknown weeds and vines.

- Whoosh -

Suddenly, Qinghan jumped into a nearby tree, and climbed to one of its highest branches.

“Alright, I’ll sleep here tonight.”

The width of the branch provided Qinghan with a perfect resting place, as though there was a wooden bed high up in the air. Out of curiosity, Qinghan slowly lay himself down on the branch. Here, he felt comfortable and safe, so he quickly decided to sleep here.

Taking out some food and water from his bag, Qinghan filled his hungry stomach. Afterwards, he closed his eyes and sat cross-legged on the branch. He

began cultivating, to replenish the Battle Qi he had lost during the long excursion this afternoon. Soon, he unconsciously discontinued his cultivation and fell asleep, leaning against the tree's trunk.

.....

Meanwhile, back in the faraway Grey City, Qingyu was suffering from insomnia. Regardless of the chilly wind in the night of the late spring, she stood alone in the courtyard. Staring into the distance in a southern direction, Qingyu frowned with sorrow.

The light of the stars made her face barely visible. Her white dress slightly moved back and forth against her body because of the wind, making some rattling sounds. Looking from afar, she was just like a fairy who had slipped into this mortal world, waiting to return to the heavens.

“Brother...” Qingyu sobbed and trembled.

Suddenly, she raised her head and cleared the tears on her cheeks. “Brother... Where are you? You know, since you have left me, someone came here to ask me to marry Xue Wuhen... At first, I was petrified, yet I didn't agree. Yet he kept on persuading, so I threatened them, I would rather die than marry that guy... However, several days later, they came again. This time, they thought of a new way to make me say “yes”. You know, these shameless bastards threatened me, if I didn't agree, they would send someone to kill you... Purr... Now, I really don't know how to handle this situation. At last, I lied to them, I said I would agree to marry Xue Wuhen, but I had to wait until you, my brother, would return home. Otherwise, if they forced me, I would commit suicide... You know, they always keep an eye on me these days. Oh, my dear brother, please... Please come back...”

Qingyu stopped in the middle of her sentence, as she couldn't help crying. What a weeping beauty! She was like a blossoming pear bathed in the rain.

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Since Xue Wuhen had first met Qingyu on Cattle-fence Street, he had decided to marry her. He had even asked Elder Shi to bring twenty bottles of top-grade Snow Spirit Dan as the bride-price. He knew, that Qingkuang had long desired to have these Snow Spirit Dan, so he had decided to use him to help in the process.

It took Elder Shi more than a month to bring the twenty bottles of Snow Spirit Dan back to the Ye Family. As soon as the twenty bottles of Dan had arrived, Wuhen had immediately visited Qingkuang and negotiated with him about their secret deal – Wuhen would provide Qingkuang ten bottles of Snow Spirit Dan, if the latter would successfully let Qingyu marry Wuhen as a concubine.

As expected, Qingkuang couldn't stand the allure of getting these precious Dan, so he directly went to his father, Ye Ron for further advice. Eventually, they decided to conceal this event from the family. Although they were sure that the family wouldn't reject the proposal made by Wuhen, yet, if the family was involved, their ten bottles of Dan would be taken away by the family.

Therefore, they sent their capable subordinate, Qingxie, to make a faked announcement of marriage requirement in the name of the Ye Family. However, they never thought that this girl, Qingyu, was so unyielding, despite her delicate and weak appearance. The first time, Qingxie had returned to Qingkuang and Ye Ron with great disappointment. He told them how staunch this girl was, who even threatened to cut her wrist pulse.

Ye Ron didn't intend to stir up this event, in case the whole family would find out about what was going on. If Qingyu killed herself, everyone would know their secret. Plus, it would hurt their reputation if they accompliced with the outsiders to bully a girl of their own family,

Several days later, Ye Ron came up with a conspiracy. Again, he sent Qingxie, to tell Qingyu that if she rejected the marriage or committed suicide, her brother would be in danger. This method actually took effect, as Qingyu didn't mention any wrist-cutting or hanging herself with a piece of scarf. And she even promised them to marry Wuhen as soon as her brother returned home.

.....

In one of the houses of the Ye Castle, the room was illuminated with lights.

“Young master, what's our next step?”

In the middle of the room, there sat a young man in white clothing, who was full of aristocratic hypocrisy. His eyes were extremely sparkling, like two brilliant lights on his head. There also stood two elders on both sides of him, one was in black clothing, while the other was in white clothing. The elder in white clothing was Elder Shi, it was he who had asked the young master – Wuhen.

However, the elder in black clothing, Elder Mo kept silent, he was pondering with a dark expression.

“Ye Ron and Ye Qingkuang are just two incompetent bastards. They failed to finish such an easy task! Young master, let's do it by ourselves, I mean, we can bind the girl and send her to our Snowing City.” Elder Mo came up with an evil

alternative.

“No!” Wuhen waved his hands disapprovingly, “Never act rashly and warn the enemy. Otherwise, our plans will be disrupted. Elder Mo, think twice before you offer me a suggestion. Besides, I suppose that those elders in the Ye Family already know the identity of this girl, her Jade Spirit Body. If this is the case, they will probably not allow me to marry her. Plus, Qingyu is a girl of moral integrity; she will not surrender so easily, and if she killed herself... All of our efforts would’ve been in vain.”

“Yes, your highness!” Both Elder Mo and Elder Shi furiously nodded their heads. They realized that if Qingyu died, then her body would be a mere corpse. Only the living body would be considered as the Jade Spirit Body.

“Our next steps: first, inform Qingkuang that we will give him another ten bottles of Snow Spirit Dan, and urge him to finish the task as soon as possible. Second, send some capable men to Wild City to arrest Qinghan. If Qingyu still rejects my proposal, we can at least use her brother as a threat. The Jade Spirit Body, I will finally get it.”

“Yes, young master!”

.....

It was late at night; Qinghan was sleeping soundly on his big branch. He had no idea about what was happening to his sister.

The first ray of morning sunshine had woken the sleeping Qinghan up. Several minutes later, the whole forest was covered with flaming sunlight.

Qinghan began to cultivate some Battle Qi, which would later be stored in the cells and meridians of his body.

However, the cells in his body could only reserve a small amount of Qi, it mainly depended on the meridians to store the Battle Qi.

For each newborn, there would be some unnecessary stuff congested in their meridians the moment they entered into this world. It required the Battle Qi to dissolve, or wash away this jammed stuff, in order to obtain unobstructed meridians. Once the meridians were cleared up, there would be more space for storing more Battle Qi, which was a prerequisite in any fight, both in defense and in attack.

Now, Qinghan had stored the Battle Qi in his already opened two meridians – his yin-and yang meridians. And he used this stored Battle Qi to erode the stuff congested in his other meridians. Once the Battle Qi in his body was used up, he would once again absorb more Nature Qi, and converted it into Battle Qi. He did this over and over again.

“Oh... This is so inefficient.”

Two hours had passed, before Qinghan stopped cultivating. The twelve meridians in his body were like the twelve rivers congested with numerous sand and mud. Each time he cultivated, it was like scooping out the sand from the large river with his bare hands. If he sped up his digging, the riverbeds would probably collapse. In other words, there was no shortcut for him to immediately get rid of the unnecessary stuff in his meridians.

After a while, Qinghan jumped off the tree and walked deeper into the

mountain range. It was finally time to start killing some demonic beasts.

Chapter 20 – First Battle

Qinghan put all of his belongings back into his bag, before he hastily walked towards the mountain range. Now, he was rather eager and full of excitement, as even his footsteps were more vigorous and nimble.

The Wild Mountain Rang already existed for more than ten-thousand years, which explained why all the trees here were extremely large and tall. The trees were so big that it even took several people standing hand in hand to embrace them. Also, some ancient, yet unknown plants, were all over the ground, like exotic flowers, bushes and vines. Moreover, it was not uncommon to encounter some poisonous insects on the way.

Fortunately, Qinghan was far from a reckless teenager. He had well prepared himself for this adventure. Early in the morning, he had bought some anti-insect medicine powder in Wild City, which would effectively prevent him from being bitten by those little creatures.

Suddenly...

Qinghan heard some noise not far away, so he instantly hid himself behind a bunch of high weeds, waiting for the demonic beast to come closer. Soon, a wild boar entered his vision, which was rooting about around a small tree for food. The two tusks in its mouth were shining brightly in the sunlight, which gave Qinghan a sense of horror.

“Wild boar with tusks, that’s a first-grade demonic beast!”

Qinghan quickly searched for the knowledge in his brain, and identified that

the approaching beast was a mere first-grade wild boar. It was actually a unique species of demonic beasts, because they always wandered alone in the mountain range. Even so, its tusks were extremely sharp.

“Haha, I’ll kill you!”

Qinghan took the dagger out of his bag, clenching it in one of his hands. He slowly moved out of the bushes, cautiously observing his surroundings.

- Whoosh! -

Qinghan slightly arched his body, and then spurted towards the wild boar.

- Boom! -

The wild boar quickly sensed the danger, as it quickly ran forward with its two sharp tusks protruding towards the upcoming Qinghan.

“Er! How can it respond so swiftly?” Originally, Qinghan was confident in beating this wild boar black and blue. Now, however, he was a little bit terrified by its speed. For the sake of safety, Qinghan even leaned backwards and stretched one of his feet out, kicking on the tusks of the wild boar. He then scraped the back of the wild boar with his dagger, before he bounced back.

- Yowl! Yowl! -

The wild boar was irritated to the greatest degree, as its back was furiously bleeding. With an agonizing howl, the boar kicked the earth with its rear feet,

causing the dust and leaves to fly up into the air. Now, its eyes seemed to be on fire, as he was aggressively and furiously staring at Qinghan.

All of a sudden, the wild boar rushed to Qinghan, almost like the water from a choked river that suddenly breached the dike.

“Oh... My... God... How fast!”

As soon as Qinghan turned around, he discovered something was running in his direction. Luckily, by using his Battle Qi, he successfully dodged.

- Bang! -

Qinghan escaped, while the giant tree in front of him wasn't so fortunate, as it immediately fell down with a booming sound.

“Oh, how powerful! I believe it's equivalent to several horses' strength. Alas, if I was that tree, I would've been crushed into powder...” Qinghan tightened his heart, yet he grew more and more excited over this fight with the wild boar. Like always, he loved a good challenge.

- Bang! Bang! Bang! -

The angry wild boar almost went mad, as it made several successive attacks towards Qinghan, as though it attempted to grind Qinghan into tiny bits and pieces. Fortunately, Qinghan cleverly dodged away each time when it ran towards him. Occasionally, Qinghan would stab into the body of the wild boar. Now, after several rounds, the wild boar became weaker and weaker, as blood kept oozing out of its back.

Interestingly, Qinghan intentionally stood in front of a big tree, because he found that this silly wild boar would collide with the tree instead whenever he dodged away.

“Haha! This ugly beast is so stupid, as he can only run in one direction. No wonder it’s only a first-grade demonic beast – despite its impressive strength, it’s rather stupid. Now, take your time, I’ll wait until you bleed to death.”

Qinghan tightly gripped his dagger, squatted a little bit, and narrowed his eyes into two slits, waiting for the right timing to stab the wild boar.

- Bang! -

With this last bump against the tree, the wild boar finally fell down. But quickly, it staggered to its feet and was about to flee.

“No way! I won’t let you run away.”

Qinghan twisted his body and chased after the already severely injured wild boar. Due to its excessive loss of blood, the wild boar had used up all of its strength, as its speed had vastly dropped. Thus, it was easy for Qinghan to catch up with it.

“Ground-breaking Chop!”

Qinghan bounced up high in the air, throwing the dagger in the direction of the head of the wild boar.

- Boom! -

The dagger was immersed into the head of the wild boar, only leaving the handle visible. The wild boar immediately collapsed, while blood was flooding out of its head. After several minutes of trembling, it gradually ceased to breathe.

- Whirr! Whirr! -

Qinghan gasped even more furiously, as he sat on the ground to calm down from his first battle in the Wild Mountain Range. Obviously, he was exhausted and drowsy.

After a short while, he managed to pull himself together. After pulling his dagger out, he also fished a black magic crystal out from within the head of the wild boar. Later, he sliced some pieces of meat from its muscle-ridden legs. He then wrapped the meat up in some big leaves, before he picked them up from underneath the giant tree and left.

With several jumps, Qinghan disappeared into the nearby thick branches.

.....

Under the expansive branches of an ancient tree, Qinghan sat cross-legged on the ground. He was cultivating to gather more Battle Qi to prepare himself for his next fight.

“In a real fight, it’s destined to be risky. If I had just responded a second

slower, I might've been killed by that beast. Ah, speed is so important..."

Qinghan reflected on his first fight, analyzing what he should improve. He figured that he'd better restrict the output of his Battle Qi in order to maintain his strength during his future battles.

Despite the nervousness on his debut, he had finally succeeded in finding the right way to bring down the wild boar. Yet, his speed and attacking techniques still needed to vastly improve.

Theoretically, the wild boar with tusks belonged to the strength type demonic beasts; it could exert five-horse's strength. Meanwhile, Qinghan, as a cultivator in the Realm of the Elite, should be able to exert ten-horse's strength. However, he could actually only use three to four horses' strength in a real fight due to his lack of experience. Plus, the running of the wild boar helped to quicken its speed. Wisely, he didn't confront the tough boar with his toughness, as he had chosen to prolong the fight and wear the beast out.

"Little Black, come out for your food."

After some serious meditation, Qinghan realized that his own beast should also be hungry by now. So, he summoned it out. Suddenly, a streak of black steam pumped out from his chest and then condensed into the shape of a baby beast. The round nose of Little Black kept sniffing, though its pair of eyes still seemed rather sleepy.

Taking out the magic crystal from his bag, Qinghan put it in front of Little Black. Suddenly, Little Black jumped up from the ground, stretching its claws to the magic crystal.

After a few seconds, Little Black had finished the magic crystal. It then merrily jumped up against Qinghan, waving its tail.

“Alright, alright... Don’t flatter me. Go back to your space and have a nice sleep. I’ll find more food for you.” Qinghan grabbed Little Black and threw it in his chest.

He had no time to fool around with Little Black, as he had to find more magic crystals to ensure that his little beast wouldn’t be hungry. Usually, Little Black would eat five magic crystals each day.

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- Bang! -

Another wild boar had fallen down, with blood flowing from its mouth.

Qinghan had effortlessly stabbed into the head of this beast and had taken out a grey magic crystal from its head.

It was the fifth day since Qinghan had stepped into this mountain range. He had already accumulated quite some battle experience from killing these first-grade wild boars. Though his skills in real combat were far from perfect, he was quickly improving it every time he encountered another wild boar. Now, the odds of errors in combat had been gradually reduced. He was rather satisfied, as it now only took one-fifth of his Battle Qi to bring down a wild boar.

After all, the wild boar with tusks was the lowest-grade of demonic beasts, their way of attacking was simple and easy to counterattack. A wild boar could

exert a maximum of five-horse's strength, which was the same as a cultivator in the Realm of the Warrior. As for Qinghan, who was in the first level of the Realm of the Elite, he was able to exert a minimum of ten-horse's strength. During these days, he continued killing and kept drawing lessons from each fight, now he could finally exert ten-horse's strength. At this point, killing first-grade demonic beasts was a piece of cake for him.

As for those senior cultivators, they were able to kill the wild boar within seconds. But for Qinghan, due to his comparatively low realm and small amount of Battle Qi, it took him several rounds to beat up this first-grade demonic beast. However, he had actually constructed a solid foundation during his past ten years of cultivation, which had helped him to win his first battle.

Besides, according to the information he had gathered, he was well-informed about the dangers at the heart of the mountain range. That was why he had only focused on the wild boars, which he thought, were easier to attack. Whenever he encountered some other species, he would hurriedly escape, as he either hid in the shrubs or climbed in the trees.

“Haha, today's harvest: ten magic crystals! Time for a good rest!”

Looking through the thick branches, the sunset glow was scarlet red, covering the entire mountain range. Qinghan decided to find a safe place to rest. Because, if he kept walking forward, it would be too dangerous for him. If he bumped into some stronger demonic beast, he didn't know what would happen.

Leaning against the back of a big tree branch, Qinghan put his hands on the back of his head, with a stick of grass root leisurely held in his mouth. He raised his head and looked up into the sky.

The moonlit evening-sky made him rather homesick. Meanwhile, the stars twinkled like glaring diamonds, as they hang high up in the sky.

Chapter 21 – The Fake Ring is Actually Authentic

“Qingyu, What are you doing right now?” Looking at the remote cosmic, a myriad of thoughts passed through Qinghan’s mind. He was reminiscent of his previous life on Earth, of his deceased parents in this world, but especially of his friendless sister back in Grey City.

His sister’s lovely voice and happy countenance haunted Qinghan’s mind. Was it just a kind of domestic affection, or more than that? Qinghan wasn’t sure about his feelings towards Qingyu. Right now, all he knew, was that he missed her so much.

- Jiji! Jiji! -

Little black was scraping randomly at Qinghan’s chest, playing with his clothing. It was a naughty beast, who liked the outside more than the space in Qinghan’s chest. Looking at this little beast, Qinghan was overtaken by concern about when it would finally step out of its weak period.

“Stop it with that annoying sound, Jiji-Jiji!” Qinghan playfully scolded Little Black, “Hey, my dear Little Black, you are supposed to be a super-ranked battle beast, why are you making the sounds of a mouse? Since you are still young, I don’t expect you to howl like a dragon or a lion, but at least you should bark like a dog, so that it may match with your appearance. Otherwise, some people will complain that you are worse than a ‘lion-nosed dog’...”

“Jiji, Jiji...” Little Black was in utter confusion, rolling its black eyes funnily.

“Oh, buddy, stop it. I’m tired of this sound. Please stop it, or I will cut your

little Jiji (the sound “Jiji” means “penis” in Chinese oral language) instead.” Qinghan was inexplicably irritated by the noise, as he was afraid that it could become another reason for mockery, if those in the Ye Family learned that his “Lion-nosed dog” sounded like a mouse.

“Ji... Ji...” Little Black continued this sound fearlessly, as if he was aware of Qinghan’s anger.

Left with no other choice, Qinghan decided to throw it back into the summoning space in his chest. Suddenly, the gleaming in Little Black’s eyes faded away, it turned out to be as vigilant as a lion – the hair on its head instantly erected.

“Ah? Something bad is going to happen?”

Realizing a sense of imminent danger, Qinghan slightly quivered. The successive fights with the demonic beasts these past few days had trained him to be a man of vigilance. He quickly summoned Little Black back to his chest, and leaned backwards before he let himself fall down the branch.

- Bang! -

“Oh, no...”

While Qinghan was falling from the branch, a black shadow had appeared from nowhere, stretching a pair of sharp claws towards Qinghan. The branch was immediately broken into two big pieces by the strength of this unknown beast. Sadly, Qinghan wasn’t lucky enough to avoid the attack, as the sharp claws had landed on his chest and ferociously scraped into his meat.

The aching agony spread all over his body, as if he was torn into small segments. He felt that three ribs in his left chest were broken. Soon after the unbearable physical sufferings, he almost lost the sense of pain in his left chest, as if it was numbed.

“Calm down! Calm down!”

Qinghan tried his best to stay sober in his mind, though he predicted that he couldn't see tomorrow's sunrise.

Now, his body was still falling down, the unknown beast jumped down as well, as though it was determined to kill Qinghan. Although all of this happened in just the blink of an eye, to Qinghan, every second counted. He racked his brain to figure a way out of this perilous situation. And, he mystically grinned.

“Son of a bastard, do you really want to kill me? Alright, I will drag you down to hell with me!”

Given the severe injury on his chest, Qinghan felt that he might not see tomorrow. With only some scratches, the unknown beast was already able to break his ribs, which indicated how mighty this beast was. As far as its strength was concerned, it could reach at least fifteen-horse. That meant, it could be a third-grade demonic beast, or perhaps even a fourth-grade one.

As a low-ranked cultivator in the Realm of the Elite, there was no way for Qinghan to outfight this aggressive demonic beast. And now he was almost half-dead, how would it be possible for him to survive from this?

“Oh... It seems that I’ll die tonight anyway. Alright, come and eat me! I’ll perish together with you...” At this life and death moment, Qinghan stuck to this crazy idea.

He tried his best to lie as flat as possible while dropping from above, because he reckoned it would be necessary to expand the area of thrust surface in order to distribute his weight and cushion the pain.

“Third-grade demonic beast, saber-toothed tiger!”

Looking at the closely approaching beast in the moonlight, Qinghan saw a ferocious mouth, which was emitting an obnoxious stench. The white teeth in its mouth were like a couple of sharp sabers. Its eyes were lit with a cold light and there was the character of “Wang” (means King) on its forehead, which was twisting with its horrible expression. Qinghan was shocked to find out that it was actually a third-grade saber-toothed tiger, which was a rare species among the third-grade demonic beasts.

“Bring it on! Let me feel your power!”

With a thud, the four strong legs of the giant saber-toothed tiger all pressed on Qinghan’s body, which had already fallen on the ground. The total weight of the beast and Qinghan had reached well beyond hundreds of kilograms, leaving a visible mark on the weeds, which was at the height of one’s knees. Meanwhile, for the poor Qinghan, he felt as if he was just ran over by a racecar. Now, all of the bones in his body cracked with a crisp sound. As a result, Qinghan was enveloped by waves of indescribable physical pain. Suddenly, the blood surged up from his stomach and sprayed out of his mouth. He was like a dying prey for the saber-toothed tiger, bleeding its last amount of blood.

Originally, the beast had looked Qinghan's body up and down, as if it hadn't decided where to take its first bite.

Nevertheless...

When Qinghan vomited blood, the tiger twisted its royal head sideways, trying to avoid being stained by the filthy blood of this despicable creature beneath its claws.

At this very moment, the seemingly dead Qinghan reached his right hand, which was holding a dagger, out and cut through the neck of the saber-toothed tiger.

When the tiger turned its head back towards Qinghan, horror and desperation were filling its eyes. Blood was furiously gushing out of the cut in its neck. After a fit of trembling, the mighty tiger ultimately collapsed with its eyes remaining wide open, showing its everlasting regret for turning away.

"Ohhh..."

Seeing the almost motionless tiger, Qinghan stopped holding his breath, instead, he breathed heavily. Despite the doomed situation, he still had the courage to fight until he would breath his last breath. Only if the saber-toothed tiger died, could he have the slightest chance of survival. Otherwise, the tiger would have definitely crushed him in one way or another.

"Hehe, What an impasse! This could probably be my last stand... Now, since I have killed a rare third-grade saber-toothed tiger, I'm ready to die. Dad and Mom, I'm coming... Oh, Qingyu, my dear Qingyu..."

Apart from his right hand and his head, almost his entire body was severely injured. Most of his bones were cracked and blood was oozing out of his body from several different places. Now, Qinghan was too weak to even lift his finger, let alone hunker to cultivate Battle Qi to heal his wounds.

“Very quietly I take my leave

As quietly as I came here;

Gently I flick my sleeves

Not even a wisp of cloud will I bring away.”

(我轻轻的来，正如我轻轻的走，挥一挥衣袖，不带走一片云彩).”

A piece of a modern poem struck Qinghan, he felt that life was actually like a painting. He had failed to paint a beautiful life on the background of the Flame Dragon Continent. He hoped, however, that in his next life, he would be able to paint his own magnificent country...

“Qingyu, Qingyu! Oh, my poor sister, without me, you’ll struggle alone in this world...”

With a long and deep sigh, Qinghan felt the vigor within his body slowly fading away.

Eventually, he closed his eyes, ready to face his final moment...

However, at this very moment!

A stream of warmth came from his ring finger. Magically, Qinghan regained his life force as the flow went through his entire body... He was utterly shocked by this mind-boggling change, while the desperate and helplessness in his heart were now squeezed out by rejoice and hope.

“This flow... Is actually restoring my body. Oh, God, I won’t die! Oh... Wait a minute. Where did this flow suddenly pop out from? My ring finger? Ah, it’s that fake bronze ring... Wait... Could it be... Could it be that this fake ring is actually authentic?”

Chapter 22 – The Crazy Method

“Is this fake ring actually authentic?”

Qinghan was surprised to find that his injuries had started to recover, the moment that the white smoke from the ring had started to run through his body. After a while, a second wave emerged and the injuries even miraculously scabbed. The flow went on and on, bringing in a comfortable warmth, as if Qinghan was bathing himself in a hot spring.

“The white smoke, ah, I remember! Back when I was in the Awakening Ceremony, it was this kind of smoke that saved my life. How magical... This fake ring finally turned out to be useful! What a damn good luck I have! Haha, will this ring help me out whenever I’m in any physical danger? If that’s the case, I’ll survive in any battle. It’s definitely a holy item, there’s no doubt about that!”

As his body had almost been fully recuperated, Qinghan grew more and more excited. He was well aware about the ranking of items in the Flame Dragon Continent: from low to high, it was the spirit items, precious items, holy items and the legendary immortal items. One obvious function of the holy item was to save its owner whenever he or she was suffering from fatal physical injuries. In other words, it could serve as a life-saving medicine. Indeed, the holy ring bestowed Qinghan with at least several more lives. Once he was injured in battle, he would soon after recover and be able to continue to fight, as long as he wasn’t instantly killed. The existence of holy items was really against the will of the heavens!

“I never thought that this ring would be real. After all, its surface scratched off so easily... Oh, My dear daddy, super daddy, now I sincerely apologize for all the ridiculous remarks I’ve previously made. I mocked you as a peddler touting down

the streets... Sorry for that... Thank goodness, thank goodness! I didn't flush it into the toilet. Oh, My God, I've got a holy item. Within such a short period, the severe injuries, which would've most likely ended my life, were recovered to an unbelievably large degree. I mean, except for some parts of the bones that are still aching, everything, including my meridians, have been fully healed. Oh... Wait... If it can really heal damaged meridians, then..."

Qinghan bounced up like a spring, as though he came up with a brilliant idea.

"Ouch!"

He was so overjoyed that he almost forgot his aching bones. The sudden jump worsened the pain, as his back was suddenly soaked with cold sweat. Despite all of his physical agony, Qinghan's eyes had lit up with an overwhelming excitement. An excitement that was even more intense, than the one he had when he had realized that the ring was actually authentic.

"My meridians... Ha, I know how I should continue cultivating! If this method takes effect, then my ability will rise perpendicularly, and as a result, my Battle Qi will increase at a terrifying speed."

"Theoretically, this method is ok! Absolutely ok!"

Clenching his fists, Qinghan wished to carry out this experimental method immediately. Yet, the healing process was still ongoing, he had to patiently wait until he had made a complete recovery.

"It's healing so slowly... I don't want to wait another second..." Qingha complained. If others were around, he would most likely be scolded for his

impatience, since no one would nag on the efficiency of a holy item.

The passing of time was just like the water in the brook, flowing steadily and slowly.

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Now, dawn was just around the corner, as everything around him was covered in a misty light. The early-morning air was extremely fresh, while the wind was humming through the numerous leaves of the trees, making it rustle in a beautiful rhythm.

“Oh! My God. Thank goodness. Thank Buddha...”

Qinghan energetically got to his feet. After one night’s healing process, his body was basically recovered, except for some faint pains that were still in his bones.

“Hopefully, I’ll have made a full recovery in the afternoon. This ring is absolutely incredible, I love it!”

Qinghan kissed the ring on his left hand, fondling the bronze surface admirably.

“Er, I have to cultivate a bit to speed up the healing process and leave here as soon as possible. Once my physical body allows me to carry out my experiment, I will instantly cultivate to a higher realm! Haha...”

Looking around, Qinghan found himself lying in high weed, where the plants were half the height of a human being. Now, he was in the middle of these thick weeds, almost invisible to his surroundings.

Actually, Qinghan was such a lucky guy. Last night, he had lain motionless on the ground, unaware of the ongoings of his surrounding. If it wasn't for the high weeds, he would've be torn to pieces by the passing demonic beasts once they had discovered him.

Since he had not fully recovered yet, he decided to cultivate some Battle Qi to assist the healing process.

Battle Qi was a magic thing; it could be conveyed via the cells to all parts of the body. However, the cells were too slow to move the Battle Qi around the body. However, if it was done by the meridians, the speed would be multiplied.

Thus, for all cultivators, clearing away the congested stuff in their meridians should be their first and foremost task.

Two hours passed!

Four hours passed!

Finally, half a day had passed...

Qinghan opened his sparkling eyes, and jumped high in the air. He made a variety of gestures by stretching out his arms and legs, ensuring that his body had fully recovered.

“I’m ok now! I have spent only one and a half day, yet the severe injuries have all disappeared!” Qinghan fixed his eyes on the ring, as he was smiling with joyfulness.

Grabbing the dagger on the ground, he sliced the head of the dead saber-toothed tiger open. Soon, an orange-colored magic crystal was revealed. He quickly tucked the crystal into his bag and spurted away.

By following his memory, he returned to a certain brook. Here, he stripped off his ragged and blood-stained clothes and jumped into the river to enjoy a nice bath. After a while, he swam back to the riverbank. He was rather afraid that the smell of the blood in his clothes would draw the attention of some high-ranked demonic beasts. So, instead of picking up his old clothes, which he had taken off several minutes ago, he rummaged through his bag and took a set of new clothes out, which he had previously bought in Wild City.

“That’s it!”

After his bath, Qinghan scurried to a big tree, which he believed to be a safe place to stay. This tree was roughly ten meters tall and it stood alone, without any other trees nearby. Yesterday, Qinghan had also carefully checked the tree on which he had rested. At first he had not found any nearby beasts. However, during the night, the saber-toothed tiger had sneakily attacked him from an adjacent tree, which branches were almost connected with the tree he had been on.

“As the saying goes: A fall into the pit, a gain in your wit. If I committed the same mistake twice, I would be as foolish as a pig. This tree is separated from the others, so it should be safe.”

“Alright, now it’s finally time to start cultivating!”

After taking some grains, Qinghan sat on one of the branches, crossed legged and close-eyed. He was thrilled to use his newly-found method.

“Ok... Calm down, calm down!”

He kept telling himself to be peaceful while cultivating. Yet, his heartbeat was jumping like a rabbit inside his chest. That was because, right now, he was going to try out a risky and unprecedented method in cultivation.

Qinghan was so eager to prove to the others that he wasn’t the piece of garbage they thought he was. He was determined to break the rules and create his own method – to rush away the congested stuff in his meridians with countless amounts of Battle Qi.

Not to dissolve, or erode, but to flush it away with the sheer force of the flooding Battle Qi.

The Realm of the Warrior, the Realm of the Soldier, the Realm of the Elite, the Realm of the Commander and the Realm of the General, these five realms were generally considered the first five realms in cultivation. Every breakthrough made in these realms would require Battle Qi. By dissolving, or eroding the stuff in the meridians, the Battle Qi would finally be able to be stored in the meridians.

Once the stuff that jammed the Nine-meridian Heavenly Circuit was cleared, the Battle Qi would be able to freely circulate within these nine small meridians, which was also an indication of leaving the realm of the elite and stepping into

the Realm of the Commander. Afterwards, if one continued to cultivate, the Battle Qi would be condensed inside the Dantian and circulate through all the meridians in the body, forming the Grand Heavenly Circuit, which was a sign of having reached the Realm of the General.

For those “geniuses” with less congested stuff, it was an easy job to cultivate through these first five realms. Meanwhile, for those “pieces of garbage” with excessive stuff in their meridians, it was as unattainable as jumping up into the heavens. Many mediocre cultivators would stagnate somewhere within these first five realms.

Qinghan, obviously, belonged to the latter. He had been lingering in the Realm of the Elite for years now and couldn’t find a way out. Ironically, Qingkuang, who had only spent half a month to clear up one meridian, was labeled as a genius. The gap between half a month and several years was unbelievably huge. No wonder that his father, Ye Dao, had written in his account of experience that, talent was a prerequisite for cultivation.

Although there was a myriad of methods in cultivation, the methods for the first five realms were largely similar. It was only luck that made a difference here.

Meridians!

It was considered to be the most important, yet most vulnerable part of the body. A cultivator should take extra caution in clearing up the stuff congested in their meridians. Now, Qinghan was actually planning to let his Battle Qi flood into these vulnerable meridians to quickly clear them. This was obviously a rather dangerous plan - the force created by the running Battle Qi would probably burst his meridians. If that happened, Qinghan was supposed to... Die!

Chapter 23 – His Terrifying Cultivation Speed (1)

The so-called meridian-clearing stage was to dissolve, erode or decompose the congested stuff, which prevented cultivators from further improvements. It could be compared to molding a piece of candy in your mouth. You twist and lick it with your tongue, as this piece of candy will gradually dissolve into liquid and blend into your saliva. Obviously, in this process it took some time to completely dissolve the piece of candy, as it had to be done layer by layer.

However!

The method created by Qinghan, crazy, pioneering and risky as it was, was supposed to clear up the jammed stuff more efficiently than the traditional method.

He had to rely on the Battle Qi itself, to rush into the meridian and smash into the congested stuff. Others would slowly suck the candy, while Qinghan would crunch it into powder.

Crunching! Chewing! Crashing it within seconds!

Undoubtedly, this new process should be tens, or even hundreds of times faster than the original one. Nevertheless... By directing the forceful Battle Qi directly into the congested meridians, it was almost equal to committing suicide. The meridians in his body, fragile as they were, would most likely be destroyed, together with the congested stuff, by the sheer force of the rushing Battle Qi.

“Broken meridians? I had one back in the Awakening Ceremony. No big deal. Let the crash be more ferocious... My magic bronze ring will save me anyway!”

Qinghan took a couple of deep breaths, as he was preparing himself for this monumental moment in his life. Clenching his fists, he expended all of the Battle Qi that he had stored in his already cleared-up meridians, and forced it to flood into his dashing meridian.

“Collide! Collide! Collide!”

A large amount of Battle Qi collided with the congested stuff in his dashing meridian. Now, due to its speed, the Battle Qi was almost as sharp as a sword. It became faster and faster, as it all rushed into the same direction.

- Boom! -

The flood of Battle Qi collided against the sticky congested stuff, instantly disintegrating the latter into small particles, like ignited firework.

“Er? Have I succeeded?”

Barely had Qinghan enjoyed the moment of happiness, when his dashing meridian imploded, due to the pressure of Battle Qi.

“Ahhhhh!”

The pain of crashing a meridian was unspeakably unbearable. What was worse, was that Qinghan was caught in a fist of cramps, causing the muscles in his face to deform, making him resemble a demon.

“No... I’m losing my consciousness... My dear ring, don’t let me down...”

Within seconds, the bitter aching led Qinghan to faint. As he went down, he put all of his hopes on the bronze ring.

- Hiss! -

Fortunately, the bronze ring automatically emitted the white smoke, which penetrated into Qinghan’s skin, and finally came to a halt at the broken dashing meridian.

After the crash, the dashing meridian was riddled with a thousand gaping holes. Amazingly enough, all these holes started to patch themselves up when they were bathed in the white smoke.

Ten minutes past...

Twenty minutes past...

Only after half an hour had passed, did Qinghan reopen his eyes. Compared to his previous excruciating pain, right now, he was extremely comfortable, as if he was taking a warm bath in a cold winter. Several minutes later, he hunkered again, inspecting his inner body’s condition.

Within the dashing meridian, the congested stuff was reduced to a great extent. While at the same time, the wounds on the surface of the meridian had also disappeared.

“Wow, this is insane! My pioneering cultivating method has finally proven itself to be effective!”

“Hahahaha...”

A series of demented laughter echoed throughout the mountains, scaring away the nearby birds that peacefully sat on the trees.

.....

One month later...

In the outside periphery of the Wild Mountain Range, a young man in black clothing hastily went down a mountain path. This youth wasn't stout, but rather scrawny instead. However, his footsteps were quite steady and firm and his eyes were like two lighted torches, rendering a confident and unruffled temperament.

Suddenly, the young man abruptly halted in the middle of his steps. Surprisingly, the inertia of his high speed didn't cause him to lean backwards, instead, he was surprisingly steady. He raised his head, prick-eared, to listen to the slight sounds of his surroundings. His body was as nimble as a palm civet, climbing into a nearby ancient tree without making a single sound.

“First-grade demonic beast, wind wolf. Oh, good, there is a flock of them... Eighteen in total! Haha, Little Black, you don't have to worry about tomorrow's food. Come out!” The young man whispered to himself. Soon, a ball of black smoke emerged from his chest and condensed into the shape of a lion-nosed dog.

This little black dog kept waving its tails, as though it was apple-polishing its master. While, the young man only touched its head, and shouted, “Let’s begin!”

With this passionate exclamation, the young man spurted, like a shooting arrow, into the direction of the flock of wind wolves.

- Whoosh! -

The little beast immediately followed its master, as it was evidently faster than its master. Its pair of eyes were lit up with a red and glaring light.

Not far away, a flock of wind wolves was leisurely walking around, as they were rooting for food. Suddenly, the two wolves in the front sensed danger ahead of them, their fur stood up, making it look as if they had been struck by lightning.

“Ground-breaking Chop!”

In the air, a pair of two black silhouettes appeared, one was big while the other was much smaller. The young man on the left did a split mid-air, as his feet were almost touching his shoulders. Unexpectedly, his leg slammed against the head of one of the two wolves that had stood in the front.

The wind wolf was well-known for its speed among the first-grade demonic beasts. However, in front of this young man, it only managed to slightly lean its head to one side.

- Bang! -

With a crisp sound, the stiff head of the wind wolf was directly turned into fine powder, as white brains matter flowed out in liquid form. Meanwhile, its blood was watering the nearby weeds.

This single kick had easily killed the wind wolf!

Meanwhile, the head-sized little beast was running towards another wolf, like a gust of wind. Its manner of attacking looked more peaceful than young man's – It opened its mouth, revealing four keen-edged tiger teeth and bit through the neck of the wolf.

- Chi! -

With the sound of ripping the skin, several giant veins protruded, as its blood started to ooze out. The wind wolf collapsed with a thud, as fear and confusion were filling its eyes.

“Nice! Let's compete for attack speed!”

The young man stole a glance at his little beast, before he quickened his steps towards the rest of the running wind wolves.

“Jiji...”

The little beast, arrogantly raised its head, as it closely followed behind the young man. Together, they rushed into the flock of wind wolves.

A couple of minutes later, all of the eighteen wind wolves had been

slaughtered. On the ground, parts of their remains could be found.

“Jiji, Jiji!”

The little black beast kept on making this weird sound, as though it was claiming credit for its achievements.

However, the young man in black clothing looked horrible, as there were visible claw marks on his back as well as on his legs. Also, his clothing was torn up, and blood-stained. Strangely, the young man didn't care about his injuries. Instead, with the help of his dagger, he calmly searched for the magic crystals in the head of each wolf.

“Jiji, Jiji!” Seeing its master not even giving him so much as a glance, the little beast cried out in a high pitch.

“Stop it! Come on, I've told you many times, I hate this voice. At least, you should sound like this: Grrrr! You know, this is the imposing manner you're supposed to render. Anyway, enjoy your supper.” The young man frowned at his beast and threw five magic crystals at it.

“Grrr! Jiji...”

“You little beast... Oh, forget it. Seriously, why does it take so long for you to step out of your weak period, I mean, two months have already passed. As far as I know, the longest period for a battle beast was roughly two months; it was our ancestor Ruoshui's holy-grade white tiger. Are you really trying to break that record? Are you actually more powerful than the white tiger? Don't tell me you're actually a divine-grade battle beast...” The young man unblinkingly stared

into the eyes of the little beast.

“Jiji, Jiji!” The little beast only waved his tail in response, as his claws were busy picking up the magic crystals.

“Oh, I’m only a daydreamer. Look at your dog-like appearance... If you are a divine battle beast, then I’m an immortal. You don’t have any loyal temperament like all the other high-ranked battle beasts... Anyway, I’m going to take a shower and continue my cultivation. There is still a meridian that I need to clear up before I will finally enter the Realm of the Commander.”

The young man was Qinghan, and the little beast was Little Black. For the whole month, they had searched around the outside periphery of the mountain, and they had killed a great number of first-grade demonic beasts on the way. During these days, Qinghan had returned to Wild City twice, to replenish his tools and clothing.

Chapter 23 – His Terrifying Cultivation Speed (2)

During this month, Qinghan had formed a routine – he hunted and killed the first-grade demonic beasts during the day and cultivated Battle Qi, to clear up his congested meridians, at night.

Each time, he used the special method to dash away the sticky stuff in his meridians by flooding it with large amounts of Battle Qi, rather than dissolving or eroding it bit by bit.

During these thirty nights of self-torturing cultivation, Qinghan had lost consciousness many times due to the aching of his broken meridians. Luckily, however, he had managed to wake up each time with the help of his ring.

However, the fruits of this crazy cultivation were huge. The stuff jammed in his meridians were successfully being flooded away by the force of the Battle Qi. Not only that, even his physical strength had greatly improved.

It was terrifying! Within a single month, six of his meridians had been cleared up! In order to activate the Battle Qi circulation in the Nine-meridian Heavenly Circuit, Qinghan only had to put some more extra efforts in the last half of the absolute meridian. That meant, he would soon have opened all of his nine meridians, which was the requirement to enter into the Realm of the Commander.

Six meridians in one month!

This speed would probably be the new record in the whole Mars Prefecture. Only for those “geniuses”, who had extremely little stuff in their meridians,

would such an incredible speed be possible.

Qinghan's father, Ye Dao, for instance, was a widely-admitted talent in cultivation. However, it had still taken him over half a year to open all twelve of his big meridians. Even for the nine small meridians, he had required three full months.

To Qinghan's knowledge, the only "peerless genius" in the history of the Mars Prefecture, was a descendant of the Feng Family, and had spent only one month to clear up the Nine-meridian Heavenly Circuit. This genius was considered to be the record-keeper in terms of cultivation speed. Since then, he had become an idol for all cultivators throughout the Flame Dragon Continent.

As for Qinghan, it had taken him one month to open six meridians, while his were obviously different from those true geniuses'. Because, since his meridians were densely stuffed with sticky particles, it took a lot more effort to clear them up.

If his current achievement was known by the Ye Family or announced to the public, then he would definitely enjoy overnight fame.

Obviously, Qinghan had improved by leaps and bounds during these days in the mountain range. While, for each single improvement, he had challenged the physical limits of his body, considering the sharp pain he had suffered in the process, he was actually self-abusing himself to a certain extent.

Of all the citizens in this continent, how many people, or more exactly, how many teenagers who were only fifteen years old, had the courage and determination to try out such a crazy method? The invincible willpower, as well as the capability of tolerance, was hard to find in a normal cultivator, let alone a

teenager! As his last resort, Qinghan had persuaded himself, “To succeed, or to die”.

As for a man who had experienced two lives, Qinghan’s psychological age was well beyond thirty. In his previous life, he had also been an underdog, who was ill-treated by the world as a helpless orphan. Meanwhile, this life was far from a better one. Following his father’s death, he was mocked and bullied by his counterparts, as well as by his “respected” elders. These unhappy memories kept replaying in his head. Especially the rainy night, when he had kneeled down in front of the Elder Clan Hall... The oath he had made to his beloved mother; the attack from that bastard Wuhen; and the murderous look from his eldest uncle... All of this reminded Qinghan to be strong, much stronger than those who had looked down upon him! He aspired to become a bright star in cultivation, someone who could control his own destiny!

His astounding cultivating speed was a result of his unlimited ambition. With the aid of the healing function of the bronze ring, Qinghan was confident that he would be able to achieve his goals.

However...

What most surprised Qinghan, was the power and speed of his little battle beast.

It had been two months since Little Black had entered into this world. For the first month, it had only been interested in sleeping and eating. However, since they climbed up into this mountain range, its sleeping time had gradually been shortened. According to Elder Tianxing, when a beast was less and less interested in sleeping, then it was about to step out of its weak period. If the beast didn’t fall asleep any more, it would be an indication for its final step in maturing. At that time, the physical appearance of the beast would be greatly

changed.

Currently, Little Black spent one thirds of its time sleeping. And his body had grown up to the size of a human head, but no distinctive difference was found in its appearance. All of this served as solid proof that Little Black was still in its weak period.

Back when Qinghan was in the School of Battle Beasts, he was told by Elder Tianxing, that all battle beasts in their weak period had zero fighting capacities.

However, to his astonishment, in a random fight, Little Black had instantly killed a first-grade demonic beast. From then on, this head-sized little beast had kept chasing first-grade demonic beasts and killed them with one ferocious bite each time. The most incredible part was its speed, which was much faster than Qinghan's, who was already a single step away from the Realm of the Commander.

As Little Black's fighting capacity grew, its appetite increased as well. At first, five magic crystals per day were enough; Now, however, the amount had doubled to ten magic crystals. Consequently, Qinghan had to reschedule his fighting plan in order to keep up with his beast's appetite.

In the daytime, Qinghan, together with Little Black, would wander around the outside periphery of the mountain range, waiting for their prey – the first-grade demonic beasts. As long as his finger was not bitten off, or he wasn't killed instantly, Qinghan was fearless in front of these demonic beasts, because the ring would be his lifesaver in the end.

The horrible speed of Little Black was quite impressive, and it was safe and sound throughout each and every fight. The first-grade demonic beasts were like

rotten apples for his incisive teeth.

At night, Little Black would be summoned back into the summoning space and slept soundly until the next morning. At the same time, Qinghan utilized this period of time to continue his cruel, yet super-efficient cultivation.

.....

It was almost midnight.

On a large branch of an ancient tree, Qinghan was diligently cultivating.

Tonight! Tonight, he would flood away the remaining stuff in his absolute meridian, so that the Nine-meridian Heavenly Circuit would be unobstructed. In other words, he would soon step into a whole new realm – the Realm of the Commander!

“Qinghan, I’ve done my best. Your First Uncle, and Ye Ron, they fiercely rejected your request. After all, it would break the rules if we were to let your mother rest in the ancestral tomb. Now, listen, in order to be listed as one of the key descendants of the Ye Family, you have to cultivate diligently and show the elders that you have the potential to transcend the Realm of the Commander. Or, there is another option: to summon a sixth-grade combat beast before the Flame Dragon Festival! Anyway, I’ll recommend you to the Elder Clan once you’ve achieved either. I believe that your mother’s unfulfilled wish will be realized...”

Remembering the encouraging words told by his Third Uncle when his mother had passed away, Qinghan quivered in his heart. Tomorrow, he would wake up

as a cultivator in the Realm of the Commander! Right now, he was only fifteen years old, there was still one year left for him to climb up to the Realm of the General. With the incredible ring, Qinghan believed that this goal was absolutely attainable. Moreover, all signs showed that Little Black was definitely not a normal beast, it could perhaps be a holy-grade or even higher. Given all of these achievements that he had already obtained, and those he would obtain in the near future, he was confident that he would soon be 100% qualified to be listed as a key descendant.

“Mom, it won’t take long for me to realize what I promised you in that oath. I won’t let you down... Humph! Ye Qingkuang, Ye Ron, and Ye Jian... All those so-called big bugs in the family, one day, I will tread all of you beneath my feet...” His face split into a weird, evil smile, as he raised the corners of his mouth.

Closing his eyes, Qinghan started to cultivate. It would be another long night of torture...

Qinghan’s garbage body would soon be upgraded to a body full of potential. He was only one step away from the Realm of the Commander!

Honestly, to most adult cultivators in the Mars Prefecture, the Realm of the Commander was far from ideal. Especially for descendants from the five prominent families, it wasn’t uncommon to obtain this realm. Whereas, for a fifteen-year old teenager, it was definitely an impressive achievement. It was no surprise, that the Ye Family had set one of the criteria for the key descendants to have entered into the Realm of the Commander before the age of sixteen.

Battle Qi was like wine and the body was like a container. The size and stiffness of the container would affect the volume of the wine a body could possibly contain. As the cultivation went on, the Battle Qi would accumulate at an increasing speed. However, if the body didn’t allow any entrance for the Battle

Qi to penetrate, then the cultivator would stagnate in this process. This was why the preliminary stage of clearing up the meridian was so important, which guaranteed one's further cultivation.

Feeling proud and elated, Qinghan was eager to shake off the title of "garbage" as soon as possible. He deeply believed that the thirty-night cultivation would finally pay off.

If it wasn't for his toughness and perseverance, Qinghan would have definitely quit in the middle, as most cultivators would do. But, the endless suffering had brought him pain, as well as happiness. He knew, that no dream would be realized without hard work. Imaging the rosy prospects in the near future, he didn't fear the physical aching anymore.

The following days, Qinghan and Little Black collaborated together in their fight against the demonic beasts. Now, at the outside periphery, this fighting team was almost invincible. With an adventurous spirit in his blood, Qinghan decided to enter slightly deeper into the mountain range.

As they walked along a mountain path, they occasionally bumped into one or two fourth-grade demonic beasts. And, even though it was a little bit tough for Qinghan to handle these higher-ranked demonic beasts, he quite enjoyed the challenge.

Chapter 24 - The Huntsman

The next day, his joyful mood was terminated by the encounter of a stranger.

Considering the countless adventurers in the Wild Mountain Range, it was not weird to meet others along the way. Actually, Qinghan had met some during his previous days. However... This man in front of him, was quite unique – He was wrapped in a loose black robe, which also covered his face, only revealing a pair of cold, murderous eyes. At the same time, a broadsword was hanging around his waist.

“Young man, take out all of your belongings, and... Disappear.” The man in black robe instructed Qinghan, in a domineering voice.

“Er! Are you one of the legendary huntsmen? Who hunts humans, rather than demonic beasts?”

Qinghan narrowed his eyes, observing the man in front of him. As the saying goes, a man who walks along the riverside will eventually soak his shoes. Now, the brutal huntsman was in his way. In this mountain range it was inevitable to encounter these people.

“Big... Big brother, please leave me with some traveling expenses.”

Qinghan stammered, while his face turned red and his body slightly shivered.

“Hehe, do you want your travel expenses or your life? Choose one.” Over the years, this huntsman had been accustomed to the most evil part of the human

being, making his voice rigid and cold blooded. When he said these words, he slightly raised the broadsword as a warning sign.

“Ok, I... I choose my life!”

Out of panic, Qinghan took off the bag from his shoulder, while his knees were quickly becoming weaker and weaker. He hastily threw the bag on the ground, as he followed the huntsman’s instructions. At the same time, he slightly bent his left leg, in an attempt to disguise the handle of his dagger.

“Ha, Nice, you made the right decision! However, why are you trying to hide that good-looking dagger? Didn’t I tell you to take out all of your belongings?!”

The huntsman leisurely picked the bag up and weighed it in his hands. He had then inadvertently glanced at Qinghan and found the dagger.

“Errr... Big brother, I’m afraid, this... This is my last hope to walk out of this beast-ridden mountain range. You know, it is my only... My only weapon.”

Qinghan explained in broken sentences, hoping for some leniency from the huntsman.

“Give me the dagger, or I’ll make you sleep in this mountain range forever.” The huntsman didn’t care the slightest about Qinghan’s explanation, as he continued to threaten Qinghan with a wildly arrogant expression.

“Alas...” Qinghan pondered for a short while, and came up with a decision. He pulled out the dagger from its sheath, and unwillingly threw it in the direction of the huntsman.

Seeing the submissive Qinghan, the huntsman sneered in an almost inaudible voice.

The trajectory of the dagger formed a beautiful arc. By leaning forward a little bit, the huntsman was prepared to catch the approaching dagger.

However, his conceited eyes suddenly turned into panic and fear.

Within a second, a vague figure had chased in the direction of the dagger at an unbelievable speed, and finally, a white and slim hand had grabbed the handle of the dagger. Without a warning, one arm of the huntsman had been deeply cut by the dagger.

- Bang!-

The bag and the broadsword were both dropped on the ground. Out of fear, the huntsman hastily stepped backwards, while his right hand was holding his wounded left arm.

"I won't kill you, buddy. Well, my advice for you, don't be a huntsman anymore, it's too risky. You should take on a less dangerous occupation to make a living." Qinghan dusted the bag off, and put it back on his shoulder.

"Oh... Judging from your speed, I suppose you are a cultivator in the Realm of the Commander... Thank you for not killing me. Look, one of my arms is already paralyzed by the cut of your dagger; I am obviously unqualified to be a huntsman in the future." It took several minutes for the huntsman to come to himself. He was not only surprised by Qinghan's speed, but also by his acting skills. As an

experienced huntsman in this mountain, he felt ashamed to be cheated by a mere teenager.

Since his left arm was severely injured, the huntsman had no chance to wave his broadsword with his left arm in his lifetime again, deep inside his heart, the flaming anger had surged into a fury. Nevertheless, he was also a double-dealer, whose true intentions would never be found in his expression.

“Alright, take the broadsword with you, or else you’ll be eaten by the demonic beasts.” Qinghan kicked the broadsword to the huntsman before he left.

Qinghan was thrilled to outfight his enemy by the combination of his cultivation capacity and his wisdom. This was his first time to teach someone a lesson. Therefore, his confidence soared up into the sky at this moment. Actually, he was even a little bit dizzy with his success, totally forgetting the left behind huntsman.

“Ah, a demonic beast!”

All of a sudden, a scream from behind Qinghan disrupted his mindflow. Out of curiosity, he turned around to find what kind of demonic beast it was.

“What?”

When he turned around, a white powder quickly reached him and blurred his vision, even though he did see something brightly shining in close proximity.

Luckily, as vigilant as he was, he closed his eyes and twisted his body to avoid the approaching powder. However, there was still some that slipped into his

eyes.

Instantly, the function of his eyes seemingly paralyzed, while within his eyeballs there were aching, spicy and numbed sensations. Soon, the negative side-effects swarmed into his brain, and his nerves...

With a jerk, his body swayed lopsided, yet the sharp and shining broadsword still cut through the skin of his chest. A layer of skin and flesh was ripped off, spilling his blood unceasingly.

The white powder was actually pulverized lime and the man who had attacked Qinghan was the previously dealt with huntsman.

Qinghan collapsed to the ground, as the color of his clothing had become a mixture of white and red – the sprayed white lime and the scarlet red blood. He rubbed his closed eyes with one hand, while blindly waving his dagger with his other hand. Out of desperation and fury, the muscles on his face twisted in an ugly shape, revealing an embarrassing miserable appearance of himself.

“You know, young man, the biggest mistake you made is... Leniency. We’re in the mountains here, not in the city or back at your family.” The huntsman lifted his broadsword, which was still dripping blood at its rim. His approaching heavy footsteps were like those enchanted souls walking along the road that led to the netherworld.

“Yes, you injured my left arm, but you know, I’m a right-hander. Luckily for you, I’m very revengeful. An eye for an eye. You know, I hate the saying that revenge is a dish best served cold. I can’t wait for a decade, even one night is too long for me. Revenge should be done as soon as possible! Haha...”

The huntsman nodded his head approvingly, as though he was self-praising his improved eloquence. At the same time, the light in his eyes turned cold and cruel. Holding the broadsword high in the air, he was determined to finally end Qinghan's life.

Suddenly, Qinghan came to a halt, giving up all forms of struggle, as a faint smile emerged on his face.

"Er?" The huntsman hesitated slightly, as Qinghan's smile made him feel rather uncomfortable. However, the broadsword in his hands kept striking down towards Qinghan.

At this very moment!

The uncomfortable eyes of the huntsman turned into despair, before they showed boundless horror. Hardly had he clearly seen the appearance of the little beast that had jumped out of Qinghan's chest, or his neck was already bitten by Little Black. It wasn't until he tried to identify what had actually attacked him, that his brain lost consciousness and slipped into endless darkness.

The broadsword dropped from the huntsman's hand, directly falling on the chest of Qinghan.

- Ohhhh! -

The tip of the broadsword further injured his bleeding chest. However, Qinghan didn't care much about the pain. He sat up with great effort, jerking the bag from the back of his shoulder, before taking out a kettle of water. By pouring water into his eyes, he attempted to wash the lime powder out of his eyes.

Incredibly, the wound on his chest began healing itself with the help of the white smoke emitted from the ring. The function of the holy object had been verified many times during his crazy cultivation. Thus, he washed his eyes first, rather than cleaning the wound.

Turning back, he stared at Little Black's black, yet gleaming eyes, as a tidal wave of emotions burst out in his heart. The world he currently lived in, was no longer the sophisticated world called Earth. No, this place, it was a jungle. This feeling grew more and more intense as he went deeper and deeper into the mountain range.

The Wild Mountain Range, a place free from any authority or governance, be it the five prominent families of the Mars Prefecture, or even Immortal City, which was the center of this vast continent. This was a place for killing, as only the most competent could survive. Now, he considered it to be a wise decision to start from the periphery of the mountain range, otherwise he would've probably met with a premature death by now.

Looking at the dead huntsman, whose eyes were still wide open, Qinghan sighed heavily.

"You're right buddy. Thanks for reminding me about my fatal error, I won't be lenient towards my enemies anymore. I agree with you, for revenge, even one night is too long to wait..."

Chapter 25 – Hello, Boss!

It was early in the morning; the hustle and bustle in Wild City made it such a lively place. Wild City, though it was not as magnificent as Grey City, or as charming as Pink City that was governed by the Yue Family, boasted its own unique characteristics. The cultivators walking in the streets were all courageous fighters, whose presence rendered a somewhat chilly and murderous atmosphere in the air.

The people in Wild City were those who slept early and got up early. The grey of dawn was already approaching, while the clouds from afar were very much like the whitish color of a fish's belly. At this very beginning of the day, the streets were already occupied with flocks of visitors and inhabitants.

Today, there was a group of distinguished guests that had arrived in Wild City. They were five middle-aged men in white clothing. The expressions on these five people were tellingly calm. They strode down the streets, while the passersby kept making way for them.

“They are from the Xue Family!”

The badge hanging on the chests of each of the five men, revealed their identity. Obviously, they came from one of the five prominent families – The Xue Family.

The population of the Mars Prefecture accounted for more than four billions, including those from the six major cities, five hundred small cities, and countless towns and villages. Among all the four-billion people, the members from the five prominent families were the most respected. Their reputation was gained through numerous bloody battles throughout the thousand-year history of the

Mars Prefecture.

Today, even the five low-status white-clothed deacons from the Xue Family were treated with awe and respect.

The five men in white clothing weren't the least bit surprised by the reactions of the passersby, they were actually quite accustomed to it. They kept walking at a fast pace, with their eyes looking straight forward. Finally, they stopped at a medium-sized hotel.

At the backyard of this hotel, the five men sat orderly around a table, when a silver-haired elder bowed to them.

"Your Majesty, respected white-clothed deacons." The elder submissively greeted them.

"Hello." One of the five men in white clothing replied with a casual nod, "Alright, Manager Liu, we're the secret bodyguards of our young lord. You can call me Xue Yi. Well, smart as you are, I bet you have already figured out the purpose of our visit."

As the intelligence manager in the Xue Family, Elder Liu's status was no lower than those white-clothed deacons. However, these five people worked directly under the leadership of young lord Wuhen, who would most likely become the leader of the Xue Family. Thus, Elder Liu acted quite submissively and humbly, even with a touch of flattery.

"Your Majesty, Xue Yi, I started the investigation as soon as our young lord gave his instructions. The target, Ye Qinghan, was in Wild City for a couple of

days. Unfortunately, the time when we started the investigation, he had already left.” Elder Liu replied with a hypocritical smile.

“He’s gone? Where has he gone?” Xue Yi frowned, as he was quite obviously dissatisfied with this answer.

“He went into the mountains, I mean, the famous Wild Mountain Range.” Though Elder Liu was not sure why the young lord was interested in Qinghan, who he considered as a piece of garbage, Liu believed that there were some yet-to-know reasons behind the young lord’s decision.

“Into the mountain range? Are you kidding me? He was only at the first level of the Realm of the Elite, how daring is he! I suppose he’s already dead...” Xue Yi shot a stern look at Elder Liu, showing his disappointment. If Qinghan was dead, why did they bother to come all the way to Wild City?

“No, he’s not dead. Our target has been back to the city to replenish his stuff. Right now, he is in the periphery of the mountain range. I have planted a concealed worm in his body, so that we are able to keep track of his whereabouts.” Elder Liu hurriedly explained.

When Qinghan had first returned to Wild City, Elder Liu had followed him and released some concealed worms, which were as thin as a thread of hair. These worms were known as beast trackers, as they would be able to glue to the target’s hair or skin. The only downside was, that they had no attacking power.

“Is he still in the periphery region? Oh, how funny! Is this garbage still alive, hum?” Dark shadows of doubts lurked in Xue Yi’s head. He even suspected, that perhaps Qinghan had a hidden trump card, or he had maybe encountered some powerful cultivator to help him out. Still, Xue Yi couldn’t figure out why a low-

ranked cultivator could survive in the mountain range for so long.

Knowingly, the Wild Mountain Range was divided, from the most outside to the inner center, as the periphery region, the outside region, the inside region and the heart region. As for the periphery region, if the cultivator was alert enough, even if he was in the Realm of the Elite, he would be able to survive. However, as for the outside region, it was riddled with third-grade demonic beasts and even several fourth-grade or fifth-grade ones, it was impossible for a cultivator in the Realm of the Elite to survive by himself in this part of the mountain range. Moreover, those deceitful and cruel huntsmen, who haunted these areas would add fuel to the flames.

“The sooner the better. Listen, Manager Liu, bring the target’s family member here. Meanwhile, we’re going to catch him in the mountain range.” Xue Yi instructed.

As a cultivator in the second level of the Realm of the General, Xue Yi was utterly confident to deal with Qinghan, who was several realms below him. Plus, the other four men were all in the third level of the Realm of the Commander.

Soon after, Manager Liu came back, as he was being followed by a stunned teenager. Xue Yi waved his hands in the direction of the teenager, as a sign of greeting. The five men in white clothing, together with the teenager, walked out of the backyard, and disappeared into the crowded street.

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In the outside region of the Wild Mountain Range.

Inside a secluded cave, Qinghan was cultivating in a hunkered position. Looking through the thick thatch that thrived around the opening part of the cave, he could make out that the sky was azure blue and the sunlight was golden yellow.

“Hoo! The conception meridian is larger than the previous ones I cleared, and the quantity of stuff inside is excessively large. In terms of size, one major meridian is equivalent to three small meridians. It seems, that it’ll take at least three months to clear all the three major meridians in my body.”

Since he had entered into the Realm of the Commander, Qinghan wasn’t eaten up by pride. In fact, he had diligently continued his cultivation. Now, there were three major meridians left uncleared, namely, the conception meridian, the governor meridian and the magic meridian. He had spent five to six days working on this task, while only one fifth of the conception meridian was cleared up. At this rate, if he kept cultivating for three consecutive months, he would succeed.

“Jiji, Jiji!”

The familiar sound brought Qinghan’s attention back. He turned around, smiled at Little Black, who was busy scrabbling the white bag with his pair of tiny claws. Inside the bag, there were various kinds of magic crystals, all in different sizes and colors. Some were cyan, some were black and others were yellow.

Seeing the colorful magic crystals, Little Black’s eyes lit up with excitement. Immediately, it grabbed an egg-sized yellow magic crystal and was about to eat it.

“Ah... Wait a second! Little Black, stop it! This is a fourth-grade magic crystal, which you can’t digest yet! You should be selective in eating your food, or you’ll have problems with your health.” Qinghan snatched the yellow magic crystal

back, before Little Black could throw it into its mouth.

The fourth-grade magic crystal was worth thousands of crystal coins, which could help him buy vast amounts of first-grade magic crystals. For normal civilians, one fourth-grade magic crystal was enough to pay for their living expenses for an entire year.

However, the reason Qinghan had prevented Little Black from eating the magic crystal was not because of the price of the magic crystal, but rather because he remembered what Elder Tianxing had told them back in the School of Battle Beasts. In its weak period, a battle beast was only allowed to eat first-grade magic crystals. This piece of advice was drawn from the experience of the ancestors of the Ye Family.

However, Qinghan didn't know, that while he was cultivating, the naughty Little Black had secretly picked up the magic crystal from the white bag that it had taken from the huntsman.

“Jiji, Jiji!”

Little Black jumped on Qinghan's hand, licking his palm. Soon, he hopped off and swooped towards the white bag again. It picked up another yellow magic crystal and swallowed it.

“What?...”

At first, Qinghan was worried about Little Black since it had eaten a fourth-grade magic crystal. However, after thinking about it, he guessed that Little Black would probably soon step out of its weak period. During these days,

Qinghan found that Little Black slept less and less. Plus, it had already showed some unusual traits, such as its iron-like teeth and its terrifying speed. No other battle beast in its weak period would have the same ability.

One piece, two pieces... Five pieces, six pieces.

Actually, Little Black behaved a little bit weird today. It only chose fourth-grade magic crystals. Within several minutes, six fourth-grade magic crystals were eaten by Little Black. It seemed, that Little Black was still not satisfied, as he quickly grabbed a fifth-grade magic crystal.

“Stop... Stop it! You little bastard, this is a fifth-grade magic crystal!”

The fifth-grade magic crystal was the most-valued item in the huntsman’s bag. It was equivalent to ten thousands crystal coins!

However, before Qinghan could do anything, Little Black had already swallowed it, without even chewing on it. Now, Little Black carefully licked the corners of its mouth. Funnily, now he was caught by a fitful of hiccups. Annoyed by Little Black’s disobedience, Qinghan stretched his hands, ready to spank it.

However, the moment he reached his hands out, he was dumbfounded by what appeared in front of him.

“Jiji...”

Little Black stood squarely, raising its head triumphantly. Amazingly, a golden glow wrapped up Little Black’s body. It was like an immortal lion from heaven, overbearingly staring into the distance.

Subsequently, Little Black violently shivered, as its skin swelled and shrank at intervals. Gradually, the size of Little Black grew to that of an infant, but it didn't show any signs of stopping yet!

“Oh... My... Goodness...”

Qinghan widened his eyes and mouth, as he was utterly shocked by the unbelievable event that was happening right in front of him.

“What is happening?! Is Little Black Sun Wukong [1], who can change himself into 72 different shapes?

Eventually, this crazy change came to a stop. Now, “Little” Black was roughly one meter tall. Looking at the giant little beast in front of him, Qinghan responded with a bewildered expressions, as this was really beyond his knowledge.

The calf-sized Little Black waved its hips hilariously, walking back and forth. After a short while, with a faint trace of a smile in its pitch-black eyes, Little Black arrived before Qinghan, revealing two lines of white teeth.

Qinghan was almost scared silly. Suddenly, a weird sound was booming out in the air.

“Hello, Boss!”

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[1] Sun Wukong: Also known as the Monkey King, was a main character in the Chinese classic novel, “Journey to the West”.

Chapter 26 – A Soul-eating Battle Beast

“Who... Who’s talking?”

Anyone who accidentally heard such a booming voice that came out of the blue, would be scared half to death, especially in this soundless and gruesome cave. Qinghan was no exception. He jumped off the ground, looking around with hyper alert eyes, as though he had just seen a ghost.

“Keep your shirt on, Boss. It’s me, Little Black!”

When Qinghan was about to go out of the cave to find the origin of the voice, that weird sound appeared again.

“Little... Little Black?”

Immediately, Qinghan turned around with a suspicious expression, “Little Black, are you talking to me?”

“Yes, Boss! I am Little Black. I can finally convey my voice through my soul.”

Looking at the big dog-like head that nodded at him, Qinghan put one of his fingers into his own mouth and bit down on it, as he was trying to reassure himself this was reality and not one of his many absurd dreams.

“Ouch...”

Subsequently, a miserable howl echoed in the spacious cave...

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Ten minutes later, Qinghan grasped the general picture of what had happened.

He really wasn't dreaming and his beast was not a ghost either. Actually, Little Black inherited some secret method from its ancestors, which allowed it to convey its voice to Qinghan. Plus, Qinghan and his beast had formed the Soul Agreement, which had laid a basis for comprehending each other's mind.

"Little Black, since you have inherited some secret method, then do you have any clue what grade of battle beast you are? I really want to know..." Qinghan looked into the eyes of Little Black, as he was extremely nervous to hear the result. He reckoned, that since his beast could "talk" like a human being, its ranking should be really high.

"Wow, is it possible that you are actually a holy-grade battle beast?" Qinghan quickly added.

"As far as I remember, I'm a soul-eating battle beast. But I really have no clue about what grade I belong to. Well, one thing that I can assure you of, is that I'm no worse than that big snake." Little Black blinked its eyes, conveying its voice without opening its mouth.

"Soul-eating battle beast? Hmm, I like this name. It sounds so cool... Wait, the big snake? Oh, do you mean the green dragon?" Qinghan was wild with joy. If it really was the green dragon, then he predicted that Little Black could really be a holy-grade beast. If that was true, then Qinghan would be the second member in

the Ye Family to own a holy-grade battle beast. Thinking of this, the excitement in his heart surged up.

“Let’s suppose you really are a holy-grade battle beast, then what kind of unique techniques do you get? Like... Flying, spitting fire, or instantly killing an enemy?” Qinghan dragged Little Black into a little Q&A session.

“No. At present, I can only do some transfiguration, just like the one you’ve witnessed a few minutes ago. Oh, also, my speed has greatly increased.” Little Black waved its head.

“Greatly increased? I mean, how much faster than before?”

“More than doubled!”

“Oh, Gosh... That’s just crazy...”

Previously, judging from Little Black’s speed, it could be equivalent to that of a cultivator in the first level of the Realm of the General. Now, if its speed had doubled, then Little Black would basically be as powerful as a cultivator in the Realm of the Marshal.

“You improved a great deal. So... Are you already in the maturing period?” After some pondering, Qinghan asked with eager, inquisitive eyes. If Little Black had stepped out of its weak period, then Qinghan planned to go back home immediately. He missed his sister so much, who was most likely waiting in the courtyard for his return.

“No! Not yet. I think... I have to eat five more pieces of the green magic crystals

that I ate just now.”

“Damn it! These are not sweet potatoes, which are available just anywhere. These are fifth-grade magic crystals! The previous ones in your stomach were our spoils from the huntsman. Oh, God, it’s impossible for me to kill fifth-grade demonic beasts!” Discouraged by the fact that Little Black was still in its weak period, Qinghan was slightly annoyed.

“Once I successfully shift my shape, my speed will be similar to those sixth-grade demonic beasts. So, for me, it’s a piece of cake to kill fifth-grade demonic beasts.” Little Black wrenched his neck confidently.

“Oh?” Qinghan frowned one of his eyebrows. He suddenly stood up and waved to Little Black, before he rushed to the entrance of the cave.

“What are you waiting for? Let’s go and find some fifth-grade demonic beasts then!”

.....

Deep in the forest, trees and weeds were thickly arrayed.

Right now, in a small valley, a soul-stirring fight was happening.

The two parties of the fight were a calf-sized “lion-nosed dog” and an elephant-sized unicorn rhinoceros.

The unicorn rhinoceros, a fifth-grade demonic beast, was four meters in width

and two meters in height. It was a gentle beast with a rough skin and a thick layer of fat, as well as a sharp, steel-like horn. Usually, it was uncommon for this beast to fly into a fury, as long as its own territory wasn't intruded. However, the "lion-nosed dog" had strode into his territory without any warning, and greeted it with a disdainful look. Now, the unicorn rhinoceros was utterly outraged, as it had decided to teach this intruder a good lesson. Rubbing his strong rear feet on the ground several times, and protruding his giant head, it swooped towards the "lion-nosed dog".

At this moment, the "dog" stood still like a sculpture. So, the unicorn rhinoceros decided to instantly flatten this little puppy with its own body.

By squatting a little bit, Little Black stored up his power, and suddenly flashed to the flank of the unicorn rhinoceros. Within seconds, Little Black had torn off a layer of meat from the back of the unicorn rhinoceros.

- Hiss... -

The sound was like the tearing of a piece of clothing. To Little Black, the stiff skin was like a piece of paper. Soon, blood oozed out from the wound on the unicorn rhinoceros' back.

"Grr, Grr!"

Now, the unicorn rhinoceros was fully irritated, it quickened its pace, directly dashing towards Little Black. In the process, it lowered its head, giving emphasis to its sharp horn.

However, the fearless Little Black used the same tactic again and again, biting

whenever the unicorn rhinoceros approached it. More and more flesh and skin were torn off from the unicorn rhinoceros.

“Wow, how fast is this little guy? It should be a holy-grade beast. Hmm, this unicorn rhinoceros is about to die... But, all I have right now are three fifth-grade magic crystals, oh, plus this one, it should be four. Well, still not enough. Little Black only has one chance to transfigure each day, since it’s still in its weak period. I’ll have to struggle here for another two days, before... Before I can go home!”

Hiding behind a big tree, Qinghan observed the fight between his battle beast and the unicorn rhinoceros.

According to Little Black, the duration of the transfigured body would be only two hours. In other words, when the time expired, it would change back to its original appearance. To save time, they had directly entered into the inside region of the mountain range, where fifth-grade demonic beasts were much easier to find. However, they only chose those that were left alone, as they wouldn’t take the risk to fight against a group of fifth-grade demonic beasts. After each harvest, they would return to the cave to rest.

Today marked their fourth day of fighting with fifth-grade demonic beasts. For the previous three days, they had successfully killed a shadow wolf, a carnivorous four-horned goat, and a wild lion. Adding today’s unicorn rhinoceros, they had obtained four pieces of fifth-grade magic crystals. Little Black would soon enter its maturing period if he killed another fifth-grade demonic beast.

“Boss, done!”

The unicorn rhinoceros had finally collapsed, as it was still trembling and bleeding on the ground.

- Whoosh -

Sizing up the situation, Qinghan considered that it was finally safe to reveal himself. He spurted towards the unicorn rhinoceros, before he took his dagger out. Soon, he threw a green magic crystal to Little Black. Then, he turned back and tore off the horn from the unicorn rhinoceros' head. Though, he knew well that all parts of the unicorn rhinoceros were valuable materials, it was too heavy for him to carry everything. So, he only took the horn, which he believed, once he returned to the Grey City, could fetch him a good price. Perhaps, let's say, dozens of crystal coins.

"Good stuff! It's as delicate as precious ivory." Qinghan held the horn in his hands for a while, before he put it into his bag. When he was about to peel off some of the skin from the unicorn rhinoceros, he found that Little Black's eyes were filled with horror, while its hair had erected like a lion's head.

"Er... What's going on?"

"Boss, please climb on my back quickly. I'm sensing a high-ranked demonic beast that is approaching us. It could be a sixth-grade one!" Little Black urged Qinghan.

"A sixth-grade one?" All his fine hair stood up in horror, as he quickly jumped onto Little Black's back and grabbed its neck. In the blink of an eye, they fled away.

Suddenly, an ear-piercing roar broke the silence of the forest, which echoed throughout the air.

From Little Black's back, Qinghan looked over his shoulder, and found an angry beast that was running in their direction. The appearance of this beast was enough to scare away any coward. It had green scales and shiny white teeth. Its giant tail randomly swept against the ground. Even a huge ancient tree fell down by the force of its sweeping. More horribly, from its head to tail, there were rows of large black thorns...

"Sixth-grade demonic beast – Giant Thorn Dragon! Come on, Little Black, we need to run faster, or we'll both be doomed!"

Chapter 27 – The Moment Between Life and Death (1)

Doubtlessly, throughout the Flame Dragon Continent, the dragons were long-considered powerful battle beasts. Any beast that was similar to a dragon, or even those hybrids between a dragon and another beast, would be formidable.

The giant thorn dragon, the hybrid of a dragon and some unknown creature, was undeniably powerful. As a peak level sixth-grade demonic beast, its attack capacity was almost equivalent to that of a cultivator in the peak level of the Realm of the General. Plus, on its back, the twelve black, giant and poisonous thorns protected it from other's attack. Thus, even a cultivator in the Realm of the Marshal would find it difficult to bring it down.

Nevertheless, Qinghan was only in the first level of the Realm of the Commander and he still had a long way to go, before he would reach the second level. On the other hand, Little Black was still in its weak period, despite the fact that it was most likely a holy-grade battle beast. How could the “puppy” Little Black be able to kill the strong and two meters tall dragon?

“Boss, hold on tightly, I'll increase my speed!” They almost flew through the openings between the high trees, trying to get rid of this terrifying beast behind them.

Meanwhile, at the same time, the giant thorn dragon chased closely, as his hefty body swung from one side to the other, knocking down one tree after the other, trying to make a passageway for himself. With waves of booming roars, all the nearby birds were scared away, and the leaves from the tree were flying up from the ground due to the vibration of the sound.

Qinghan lay prostrate against Little Black's back, grabbing its neck as firmly as

he could. Looking into the far distance, Qinghan made a decision. The whistling of the wind, blended with the roaring of the dragon, forced Qinghan to shout as loud as possible in order to be audible.

“Little Black, turn left, let’s flee into that thick forest. Otherwise, that damn dragon will soon outstrip you!”

Hearing these words, Little Black, or the soul-eating battle beast, made a perfect turn towards the thick forest on their left.

- Whoosh! Whoosh! -

Little Black shuttled back and forth in the forest, avoiding the big, top branches from the trees. Impressively, its speed didn’t slow down the slightest when it made these sharp turns.

Meanwhile, the outraged giant thorn dragon, was running like a bulldozer – the flourishing place he treaded on soon became flattened, leaving a visible “road” behind.

Comparatively, the speed of Little Black was slower than the dragon, but it was more nimble and light than the latter. It effortlessly turned, slid, and jumped among the flowering trees. On the contrary, given its size, the giant thorn dragon was forced to slow its speed whenever it came across the trees, or vines. Therefore, on average, their speed was almost the same. In the end, the distance between them remained at roughly 500 meters.

“Damn it! Why is this bastard dragon chasing us? Do we really look so delicious to him?” Qinghan was annoyed by the ceaseless fleeing. It had been fifty minutes

since they had ran off, but the dragon didn't show any signs of giving up yet!

“My flesh is delicious to eat! I inherited a memory, that the dragons and our species are natural enemies. Once we meet each other, a fight is inevitable!” Little Black conveyed its voice.

“Though I've never heard of the soul-eating beasts, if it's the enemy of the dragon, it must be equal in power to those dragons.”

“I have to find an expedient way to get rid of this dragon. Alas, Little Black can only sustain this shape for two hours. Now, we have only forty minutes left.”

Qinghan thought to himself anxiously. If they couldn't escape within forty minutes, they were doomed to die.

Suddenly, Qinghan's eyes lit up, as though something had struck his mind. “Little Black, turn right! Hurry up. We need to go back to that place where the flock of fire wolves live.”

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In the outside region of the Wild Mountain Range, a group of six men was hastily walking deeper into the mountain range. They exerted their Battle Qi along the way, forming a large aura of Battle Qi as a group. All the bypassing demonic beasts and huntsmen instantly made way for them.

All of a sudden, the man in the front halted and turned to the scrawny guy in their group.

“Niu Jin, tell us, how far away are we from our target? Sense it, immediately.”

“Yes, Your Majesty, Xue Yi.” He replied respectfully.

The short-sized man was named Niu Jin. He immediately sat down on the ground to sense the distance.

Obviously, these six men were the previously mentioned five deacons from the Xue Family, and one subordinate that was sent by Manager Liu. It had already been a couple of days since they had left Wild City.

One month before, Niu Jin, as per the instruction of his boss, Manager Liu, had planted a concealed worm in Qinghan’s hair. These lice-sized worms were able to firmly stick to one’s hair. Usually, it wouldn’t fall off from the hair, even by the blowing of the wind, or by washing one’s hair with water. Only by cutting the hair off, would these worms fall off.

“Your Majesty, I have successfully sensed that our target is now in the inside region and he is coming towards us. If we continue to walk in this direction, I guess, that in half an hour, we’ll meet him.” Niu Jin merrily responded after a short while.

While, Xue Yi’s face remained rigid and indifferent, his cold eyes glanced at Niu Jin, “Oh? He’ll soon slip into this gateless hell we’ve created for him then. Xue-Er, please quicken your pace, and bring that bastard to us. Oh, don’t forget to take Niu Jin with you. I can’t stand this damn place any longer.”

“Yes, Big brother!” Xue-Er submissively replied.

However, when he was about to lift the little Niu Jin, the latter refused and explained why, “I admit that this road is a shortcut to where our target is. However, not far from here, there is the territory of a flock of fire wolves. We’ll be in trouble if we take this route.”

“Fire wolves? Oh, these are fourth-grade demonic beasts!” Xue Yi frowned, “How many of them in total?”

“About eighty to a hundred, I suppose.” Niu Jin replied honestly.

“Let’s go!” Xue Yi was confident to strike a massacre among these fire wolves with their combined power. He arrogantly strode in front of the group, leading the way.

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“Little Black, how much longer can you sustain?” Now, after fleeing for a long time, Qinghan’s face had turned as white as a piece of paper. The speed, as well as the anxiety about being caught by the dragon, all of this had driven Qinghan crazy. Anyone in his shoes would feel the same way.

“Ten minutes, at most! It’ll all depend on you in ten minutes, boss.” Little Black was almost exhausted, as he was panting heavily. Since Little Black had a Soul Agreement with his master, it would perish as soon as his master died. Therefore, despite the limitation of its physical strength, the unremitting Little Black decided to carry on for another ten minutes.

“Ten minutes? I think that’ll be enough.” Overlooking the landscape below,

Qinghan murmured.

The previous adventurers, who had first come into this mountain range, had called this place Fire Wolf Hill, as roughly a hundred fire wolves lived here. Each fire wolf shared the same skill, spitting fire balls. That was where their names came from.

One fire wolf might not pose a threat, however, to face a whole group of them, that would be terrifying. Moreover, the fire wolves were an extremely united species, once one of their members was attacked, the rest would immediately seek for revenge. Countless of fireballs would be thrown into the direction of the attacker. Only those who were at least in the Realm of the General, and could exert Battle Qi outside their body to form a protective armor-like aura, would have the courage to come here. For those less competent cultivators, once they stepped into this place, they were doomed. It was said, that the head of the fire wolf group was a fifth-grade demonic beast, whose fireball could also serve as a protective armor. If a cultivator unfortunately encountered this group-leader, he would be kill within a second, including those in the Realm of the General. Therefore, the Fire Wolf Hill was long-deemed as a forbidden place for low-ranked cultivators.

At present, Qinghan was only in the Realm of the Commander, plus, Little Black would soon change back into its original shape. For them, the Fire Wolf Hill was undoubtedly a forbidden place. However, strangely enough, Qinghan couldn't wait any longer to run into this group of fire wolves, and greet them with a, "Darling... I'm coming."

The beast that was running after them, was ten times more powerful than the fire wolfs. Once the giant thorn dragon and the group of fire wolves met with each other, a fierce battle would unfold. The fire wolves would burn the dragon by spitting fireballs, while the dragon would smash them into tiny bits and pieces within seconds.

“Boss, I’ll take a break.” Little Black couldn’t stand up any longer.

Soon, Little Black lowered down, and Qinghan jumped off from its back. Qinghan gathered all of his Battle Qi, and dashed towards the Fire Wolf Hill. Meanwhile, Little Black changed into a streak of smoke and penetrated into Qinghan’s chest.

Once Qinghan arrived at the hill, he loosened his footsteps. He jumped from one tree to another, as light as a swallow and as alert as a leopard cat.

“Grr! Grr!”

Without any hesitation, the giant thorn dragon rushed into the Fire Wolf Hill, looking around searchingly to find Qinghan and Little Black.

“Owoooooooooo!”

The head of the fire wolf group was apparently provoked by this giant, aggressive intruder. It howled back, in an attempt to claim its absolute authority over this land.

Chapter 27 – The Moment Between Life and Death (2)

“Fight! Fight with that dragon!”

Qinghan murmured with a muffled voice, as he was on high alert, while jumping among the trees.

-Whoosh! Whoosh! -

Suddenly, several fire red shadows appeared nearby. As he saw them, Qinghan quickly leaned against a thick branch, holding his breath. He didn't make any movements, until the wolves had all ran far past him him. Letting out a sigh of relieve, Qinghan realized that cold perspiration was spilling on the surface of his forehead.

Turning around, it seemed that a fight was imminent. Roars and howls erupted in an endless stream.

“Damn it! Again?”

Qinghan hurriedly lay prostrate to avoid the attention of the approaching fire wolves. As soon as the fire wolves had passed, he began to twist his body carefully and jumped to another tree.

On his way, Qinghan moved stealthily at the speed of ten kilometers per hour. However, the further he went, the more fire wolves he encountered. Plus, the infuriated roaring became even fiercer, while the loud thuds of falling trees as well as the heavy footsteps of the giant thorn dragon were also becoming more

and more frequent.

“Great! They’re finally fighting with each other! Wait... Why do I have the feeling that that bastard dragon is still closely following me?” Occasionally, Qinghan would look over his shoulders to observe what was happening to the dragon and the wolves. Right now, he was confident that the fight was actually going on, as the green smoke, which represented the remnant of the fireballs spit by the fire wolves, was rising in great amounts. Nevertheless... Why were the booming footsteps getting closer and closer?

“Does it mean that the fire wolves failed to besiege the dragon?”

Qinghan couldn’t imagine what would happen to him, if his hypothesis was correct. As far as safety was concerned, he had to speed up and run away as fast as possible. Of course, he had to do this quietly and make sure that he wouldn’t be spotted by the fire wolves.

In the rear part of Fire Wolf Hill, as Qinghan had predicted, the giant horn dragon escaped from the attacks from the roughly thirty fire wolves, which attempted to block the dragon from entering their territory. As a tyrant within the territory of the inside region of the mountain range, the giant horn dragon was overbearing, who couldn’t be bothered about some fire wolves at all.

Doubts slowly emerged in its giant head, as the dragon sniffed hysterically to find the smell of Little Black, yet he failed. Since it had no idea where Little Black had gone, he was determined to tear up Qinghan instead, to vent its disappointment.

The arrogance of the giant thorn dragon led to an outbreak of fury among the fire wolves, who also had a superiority complex. The dragon ignored the

warnings released by the fire wolves at the beginning, therefore, it received an overwhelming amount of fireballs from the fire wolves.

However, despite the countless number of fireballs flying towards it, the dragon didn't even try the slightest to dodge them. After all, the giant green scales on its back served as a protective armor.

- Boom! Boom! -

The fireballs kept ceaselessly shooting in the direction of the giant thorn dragon and they fell, one after the other, on its green-scaled back. Little sparks of flames scattered everywhere until only green smoke was left, which was the result of the remnants of the fireballs colliding with the damp weeds on the ground.

"Grr..."

Actually, the fireballs didn't pose much of a threat to the giant thorn dragon, except for the fact that its green scales had turned ashen black. Now, fully provoked by the fire wolves, the dragon went on a rampage and decided to teach these fire wolves a good lesson. By raising its head upward, it howled even more wildly, as its eyes were sparkling with a ferocious red glow.

Soon afterwards, three nearby fire wolves were instantly thrown away by the dragon's thorny tail, while two others were flattened under the pressure of its front claws. Given the formidable power of the dragon, the fire wolves fled in all directions. However, the giant thorn dragon didn't show any sign of chasing after them, as it was fully focussed on following in the direction of Qinghan.

The corpses of the fire wolves scattered around the hill and some of them were still oozing blood from their wounds. Despite all the disadvantages of the current situation, the fire wolves wandered around, howling toward the sky to call for their fellow fire wolves as well as their leader to join the battle. Occasionally, they would even shoot out one or two fireballs towards the dragon.

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“Your Majesty, we’d better stop here!”

On the other side of the Fire Wolf Hill, Niu Jin spoke with a trembling voice, as he heard the ongoing howls of the fire wolves.

“I just want to have one thing confirmed. Is our target on this hill?” Xue Yi replied indifferently.

“Yes, the target is still on the hill, but... There is something terrible going on there...” Niu Jin answered in an unstable tone, as he was looking panic-stricken. As a regular Wild City dweller, he had entered into the mountain range many times, yet he had never been frightened like this. His instincts told him, that Fire Wolf Hill must be an exceptionally perilous place.

“You, stop here! we’ll continue!” Xue Yi ordered Niu Yi, as he seemed absolutely confident.

The five figures soon disappeared into the forest. For them, even if the Fire Wolf Hill was a place riddled with pointed swords, or covered in burning flames, they would still have the courage to trudge into that area, no matter what...

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- Boom! Boom! -

The giant thorn dragon roared with an even louder voice, showing no sign of exhaustion. Its feet stomped on the ground with loud thuds, creating one small earthquake after the other. At the same time, Qinghan rubbed away the sweat on his forehead, and licked his almost dehydrated lips. Yet, he undauntedly kept on jumping through the trees, hoping to get rid of the dragon.

“Owooooo!”

Not far away, an ear-piercing wolf sound emerged from the hill, after which the rest of the wolves followed.

“The King of the Fire Wolves!”

Qinghan bounced to a tall tree, and curled himself in a position where only his pair of eyes could be found. He chuckled to himself, when he recognized that extraordinary howl.

Within the next few minutes, a bunch of red fire wolves dashed out from the inner part of the hill. Among them, a large-sized wolf with extraordinary speed distinguished itself from the rest. Qinghan only saw a big streak of red color pass beneath him, before it had quickly vanished.

“Owooo! Owooo!”

The number of fire wolves had almost tripled from the previous thirty. The sound of their successive howls as well as the thuds of falling trees echoed in the air.

“Now or never, I have to run away immediately!”

Noticing that almost all the fire wolves were running towards the dragon, Qinghan jumped off the tree. And without any hesitation, he spurted to the other side of the hill, at the speed of a lion.

- Whir! Whir! -

Qinghan had ran a thousand meters within the time of a single breath. Turning backwards, he happily found that he was far away from the battle scene. This was really the moment between life and death! If Little Black had changed back to its original shape earlier, or if the King of Fire Wolf Hill hadn't appeared, then he would've probably been long eaten as a snack by the dragon...

Although his heart was still fluttering with fear, Qinghan was excited at the same time. Perhaps, in his body, he might have inherited the adventurous cells from his father after all.

Suddenly, he noticed five men in the near distance!

“Huntsmen?”

“Fuck! It really isn't my lucky day. I just got rid of that damn dragon and now I'm falling into the hands of some huntsmen...”

Qinghan stepped backwards, as he was racking his brain to think out an escape strategy.

“Hey, bros, run, please run! The fire wolves are in a battle now...” Qinghan screamed out with a fretful expression.

However, these five men were unbelievably calm, despite the fact that Qinghan had warned them of the dangers ahead.

“They don’t fear the fire wolves? Oh... I have to change my plan...” Qinghan thought to himself, before he took his bag off from his shoulders, and threw it on the ground.

“B... Brothers, all my belongings are here. Please let me go.” Qinghan stammered.

However, to his great surprise, the five men didn’t behave like huntsmen at all. They didn’t pick up his bag, but rather, took out a piece of paper and carefully compared the portrait with him.

“Capture him!”

The five men were the subordinates of young lord Xue Wuhen. After Xue Yi had announced his instructions, the other four quickly formed a fan-shaped formation, in order to prevent Qinghan from running away.

“Shit! They purposefully came for me, but I didn’t offend anyone in Wild City.

What shall I do now? It seems, all five of them are in higher realms of cultivation... I'm doomed! Fuck it! Let's die together!" Observing the chill in the eyes of the five men, Qinghan was suddenly determined to return to the fierce battle between the fire wolves and the giant thorn dragon.

Chapter 28 – The Chaotic Battle

To Qinghan's sheer surprise, these five men had his portrait and had specially come here to capture him. There was no doubt, that these men were his enemies, even though he didn't have any clue why they hated him so much. However, if he fell into their hands, nothing good would happen to him. Going forward, he would probably be killed by his enemies. However, if he went backwards, then there could still be a chance for him to escape in the chaotic battle.

“Run!”

Qinghan exerted all of his strength to run away in the opposite direction of these five men. He felt lucky, that previously, when he was on Little Black's back, he hadn't consume much of his strength or Battle Qi. Otherwise, he would've been long exhausted after hours of fleeing, and would be caught by these bastards he had just encountered.

There was only, perhaps three to four thousands meters from the ongoing battle between the fire wolves and the giant thorn dragon, to Qinghan. If he fully utilized his Battle Qi, it would take him less than a minute. Though Qinghan's speed was quite impressive, he felt like this minute was much longer than normal, as he could sense the footsteps behind him coming closer and closer.

“I suppose that our target is the young lord from the Ye Family, who is a piece of garbage in cultivation. But I'm really confused right now, after seeing how fast he is running away. Who said he was only in the Realm of the Elite? Considering his speed, he's supposed to be in the Realm of the Commander! I heard that he's only fifteen years old and obviously, he meets the criteria to become one of the key descendants of their family. Uh... Our young lord has ordered us to capture

him alive, yet I don't see any chance to do that. Maybe we should just kill him and bring his body to our young lord. However... Based on the current circumstances, the strategy of capturing him alive is apparently not feasible given his appalling fleeing speed. Perhaps, if we directly kill him... Wait, let me think it over... At least, he is a descendant of the Ye Family, right? Their family will definitely seek revenge for his death. Oh, forget it, I don't want to bring any trouble to our young lord." Xue Yi frowned as he was weighing the cons and pros of his alternative strategy.

Eventually, Xue Yi decided to stick to the original task – to capture Qinghan alive. After all, if anything terrible happened, the Xue Family would be their strong backer.

Realizing that the target was leading them to the chaotic battle among the fire wolves, though Xue Yi wasn't sure what kind of people or demonic beasts the fire wolves were fighting with, he was determined to block Qinghan's way to enter that fighting scene, in case Qinghan would somehow manage to escape in the chaos.

Consequently, Xue Yi gathered all of his Battle Qi to catch up the small distance between him and Qinghan.

"Come on, I can do it!" A slight feeling of excitement struck Qinghan as he could already see the fighting scene. He planned to rush into the chaotic fight from the side, since he was alone and scrawny, he would hardly be noticed in the background of so many fire wolves. However, the five men behind him were larger in numbers, while at the same time, their bodies were taller and stronger. Their presence would certainly grab the attention of the demonic beasts there. In his idealized plan, he was supposed to flee away, while the five men chasing him would drag themselves into the chaotic battle.

Nevertheless...

His ideal was rosy, but reality was cruel.

While Qinghan was running, he had stolen a glance now and then over his shoulders, to check the distance between him and the five men. Suddenly, surprisingly, he found that one of the five men had accelerated his speed by almost two times, making the distance between them getting increasingly closer.

To Qinghan's horror, this man instantly extracted the Battle Qi from his body, forming a large yellow palm-shaped Qi, which was now racing towards the back of Qinghan.

"His Battle Qi can be extracted from his body! Ahhh, he's in the Realm of the General!" Qinghan was stunned, when he realized the capability of his enemies. He even thought, that the fact that the leader had dispatched such a high-level cultivator to kill him, was actually a compliment.

In the middle of his analysis, his back was struck by a powerful stream of strength, leaving him immediately almost half-dead. Qinghan felt as if he was taken apart by the force, as he spit out a mouthful of blood. He was immediately sent flying like a kite with a broken string. Eventually, his body fell and slammed against the ground with a loud thud.

"Big brother, is he dead? I think we were ordered to bring him back alive!" When they looked into the near distance, the five men found the already unconscious Qinghan, so one of them asked.

“No, he’s alive. Second Brother, please go there and take him with us. We’d better leave this damn place as soon as possible.” Xue Yi replied sternly as he retrieved his Battle Qi.

“Yes!” Xue-Er nodded his head, and quickened his pace.

As he walked forward, Xue-Er’s hatred towards Qinghan grew more and more intense. Considering the hard work they had done since they had received this task from their young lord Wuhen, they had spent more than a month on tracing this Qinghan. He dearly missed all of the prostitutes back on Thirteenth-Street in Grey City, for their smooth legs and well-rounded breasts... If it wasn’t for Qinghan, he wouldn’t have to suffer from not having women for such a long time. Therefore, he decided to add some extra punches to the motionless Qinghan to balance his mood.

However, when he was only one step away from Qinghan, a giant, red figure entered his eyesight.

“What’s that?”

In front of such an emergency, Xue-Er instinctively stretched his fist toward the mysterious red figure.

- Bang! -

Actually, what Xue-Er confronted was the King of the fire wolves, who was about three meters long. Now, it lay on the ground, panting heavily, while its four legs trembled rhythmically. Apparently, this King of the fire wolves was quickly nearing death’s door – due to the harsh whip of the giant thorn dragon

and the hard blow of Xue-Er.

“The King of the fire wolves?”

Looking at the groaning wolf underneath, Xue-Er wondered if it could be the legendary King of the fire wolves.

“Oh, God, Is my fist so powerful, that I almost killed a fifth-grade fire wolf. Ah, it seems the women I fucked last time have really nourished me a lot in cultivation...” He couldn’t stop his mental masturbation, standing there like a goof.

“Second Brother, retreat!”

The shouting was from Xue Yi, who wore a solemn expression, as he catapulted himself forward like a bombshell.

At the same time, the other three men in the group all took their weapons out, as they closely followed behind Xue Yi.

Right at the back of Xue-Er, through the gaps of the thick trees, a large, black head revealed itself. A pair of lantern-sized eyes was set on its scale-covered face, rendering a ferocious and cold atmosphere. In its open mouth, two lines of serrated teeth protruded like sharp swords, reflecting a cold light.

“Sixth-grade demonic beast, the giant thorn dragon!”

Hearing the warning, Xue-Er turned around and found the giant thorn dragon.

It might've been the horrible eyes of the dragon that petrified Xue-Er, or he was still intoxicated from the triumphant moment when he had brought the King of the fire wolves down, as he lingered a second before he ran away. Sadly, the dragon had already noticed this tiny human being, and waved its black tail towards Xue-Er.

- Bang! -

The nearby trees immediately fell down and Xue-Er was thrown away until he smashed into a big tree, before he bounced back. After being forced to tumble on the ground for several times, he finally came to a stop and lay silently.

"Second Brother!"

"Oh, No!"

The other four men screamed in grievance. Meanwhile, countless numbers of fire wolves jumped out of the forest, running towards their King. All of a sudden, howls and wails mixed together, creating a lamenting symphony.

"Fifth Brother, please go and protect Xue-Er. Third Brother and Fourth Brother, you two assist me to kill this bastard dragon. Watch out for the fireballs!" Xue Yi stared at the giant thorn dragon with an uncontrollable fury. Originally, the five of them were all orphans who were adopted by the Xue Family, they grew up together, and cultivated together... Their brotherhood was as deep as the ocean.

Today, this bastard dragon had attacked Xue-Er, who was severely injured or, perhaps, even dead. As a result, Xue Yi was determined to kill this dragon at any cost, to seek revenge for his Second Brother. Plus, even if they took Qinghan and

ran away immediately, their speed would certainly fall behind this sixth-grade giant thorn dragon.

“Owooo!”

Unexpectedly, the fire wolves took the initiative, as they kept spitting out fireballs. Since they had lost their spiritual leader, the grievance inside their hearts had transcended into a crazy indignation.

“I will kill you!”

Xue Yi raced directly towards the dragon, completely disregarding the falling fireballs overhead, because he had a Battle Qi Armor protecting his body.

At the same time, the other two men were also slowly running towards the dragon, closely following behind Xue Yi while shying away from the fireballs.

The scene became a boisterous chaotic battle now.

At this moment, no one had noticed that Qinghan, who had been lying on the ground, had slightly opened an invisible seam between his upper and lower eyelids, as he was patiently watching the fight...

Chapter 29 – Crisis (1)

Indeed, Qinghan had woken up at the moment when Xue-Er was attacked by the dragon. The palm of Battle Qi had really damaged his physical body to a great extent, as many of his inner organs were injured and some of his ribs were on the verge of breaking. However, Qinghan didn't worry a bit about his dire situation. After all, he knew that the bronze ring would rescue him. As expected, white smoke already rose from the ring and healed most of his wounds.

The magical healing function of the bronze ring was no stranger to Qinghan, he could even brag that, as long as he wasn't killed within a second, or his hand with the ring was amputated, he could recover after any injury, no matter how severe. Therefore, he didn't care about his injuries once he woke up, instead, he observed the current situation with extreme caution.

For Qinghan, the chaotic battle among the fire wolves, the giant thorn dragon and his enemies, would pose not much of a threat to him, as no one in the fight would notice his "corpse". He narrowed his eyes in a slit, but didn't make any further movements. On one side, because his wounds had not yet fully recovered. On the other side, because the battle had only just commenced, he had to wait until it grew more intense and chaotic. If he risked running away right now, most likely, he would become the attacking target of all three parties.

The image of the steel-like giant tail of the dragon, and the yellow palm of Battle Qi exerted by Xue Yi, made Qinghan quiver in horror. Suddenly, something occurred to him, "Where's the King of the fire wolves?"

In order to find the whereabouts of the King of the fire wolves, Qinghan slightly moved his head, from one direction to another. Eventually, in the near distance, he found the body of the King.

“It... It has already died? Oh... It’s only several steps away from me.”

“This King of the fire wolves is a peak fifth-grade demonic beast. If I extract the magic crystal from its body and feed it to Little Black, I believe, my beast will instantly step out of its weak period.”

Qinghan was rather tempted to move towards the corpse of the King of the fire wolves and dig the magic crystal out of its head.

Once the battle beast stepped into its maturing period, it would be a watershed for the cultivation of any descendant in the Ye Family. Only once the battle beast had stepped out of its weak period, could the integration of beast and owner be realized. And once they were integrated into one, their total strength, power and speed would be multiplied. Moreover, it was even said, that some of the lucky cultivators could even obtain new techniques during this process.

Qinghan was confident, that his Little Black was at least a holy-grade battle beast. Many of the following facts supported this hypothesis - The abnormal scene in the summoning space during the Awakening Ceremony; the terrifying speed of Little Black, even though it was still in its weak period; the soul-conveying speech Little Black had... All these were an obvious indication, that Little Black was none of those ordinary beasts. What if Qinghan integrated with such a powerful beast, would his capability in cultivation skyrocket? Damn, he was so eager to try it.

Lying on the ground, Qinghan racked his brain about thinking out a feasible strategy to secretly move towards the King of the fire wolves. Of course, he couldn’t blatantly crawl to its body and excavate its brain. In that case, he would

undoubtedly be discovered. On top of that, if the fire wolves were to find him dismembering their respected leader, they would consider his behavior as a blasphemy and tear him into pieces.

- Bang! -

Suddenly, a fireball fell on Qinghan's legs, flames immediately bursted out at the bottom of his trousers. Subsequently, the sprawling fire gradually crawled upward, which caused unbearable pain between Qinghan's legs.

"I hate fire wolves! I'm ok with your special skill of spitting fire, but why are you shooting it so randomly? Think about the innocent flowers and weeds, and me! Enjoy your fight and keep away from me. I don't think it's illegal to be a spectator of this battle. Why punish me?"

As the fire on his trousers turned hotter and expanded to his crotch area, Qinghan sensed a familiar smell. This smell made him think of the delicious smell of barbecued meat.

"Ahhhhhh..."

"If I don't do something now, then I'll become some delicious roasted food."

When he was about to extinguish the flames on his trousers, a large chunk of a wolf's body was sent flying in his direction. The head of this wolf was smashed into a deformed shape, as blood still oozed out.

"God bless me!"

Looking at the approaching wolf's head, Qinghan's gloomy mood suddenly disappeared; instead, he was full of joy. The incoming force of the flying wolf propelled him to roll over the ground... In the process, he intentionally controlled the direction.

Rolling and rolling... Finally, the body of the King of the fire wolves got in his way. He threw his body on the giant head of the King, face down. Now, the flames on his legs had been extinguished, revealing his scorched bare legs and ragged trousers.

“This is a heaven-sent opportunity!”

Disregarding the pain on his legs, he communicated with Little Black and summoned it out. Soon, a ball of black smoke came out of his chest, and formed into the shape of Little Black.

To avoid any attention, Little Black crept into Qinghan's clothing, only showing its sharp claws. It instantly began digging into the head of the King of the fire wolves. Little Black gingerly excavated as per Qinghan's request.

.....

In this chaotic battle, Xue Yi and the dragon had moved slightly leftward, though the giant tail of the dragon was still within range to smash against Qinghan. On the other side of the fight, Xue Wu had bundled Xue-Er on his back, and had joined the battle with Xue San and Xue Si to kill the fire wolves.

In front of the fourth-grade fire wolves, the three of them were fearless, as

they were all in the Realm of the Commander. As long as they could quickly avoid the fireballs, they were able to approach the wolves and kill them.

The number of dead fire wolves had already accumulated to more than twenty. Meanwhile, Xue Wu, who had to bear the weight of Xue-Er on his back, was accidentally hit by a fireball and his belly, as well as his chest, were burned and injured. However, as for Xue San and Xue Si, they barely had any wounds, it seemed as if the situation was well under their control.

On the other side, the fight between the dragon and Xue Yi became increasingly fierce. All of Xue Yi's indignation for the dragon had transformed into a powerful attacking force. As a cultivator in the second level of the Realm of the General, he was fully confident in defeating this dragon, which was injured to some extent by the previous attacks of the fire wolves. Apparently, Xue Yi had already gained the upper hand in this fight, as he was relentlessly attacking the dragon.

“Hurry up, Little Black!”

The flying fireballs were roaring in his ears, Qinghan was worried that he might be hit by another one. If that happened, he would no longer be able bear the pain and play dead at the same time.

“Done!”

The stiff skull of the King of the fire wolves was finally cracked open, due to the continuous efforts of Little Black. The white brain flowed out, leaving a green magic crystal inside the skull. On seeing this, Little Black's eyes lighted up, as he quickly snatched it up and swallowed it.

“Boss, this magic crystal has ample energy, I believe it’s enough to help me step out of the weak period. However, i need some time to digest it...” Little Black instantly closed its eyes, falling into a deep slumber.

“What? Don’t you just digest it immediately as per your previous eating habits? Wake up! Oh...” Qinghan was extremely desperate, as his body numbed, because he had been staying in one position for a long time.

“Grr!”

“Owooo!”

The howls of the beasts, as well as the cracking sound of the fireballs, and the growls of Xue Yi, all indicated that this chaotic battle had already reached its climax.

Suddenly, another body of the fire wolves was thrown in the direction of Qinghan, he wriggled a bit and lay parallel with the King of the fire wolves. By doing so, he successfully blocked the oozing blood from the King’s head to bath him, while at the same time, he was better protected behind the gigantic head of the King. At least, the odds of being directly hit by a fireball were reduced.

Chapter 29 – Crisis (2)

“Fourth Brother, I’ll leave the remaining fire wolves up to you. Fifth Brother, protect our Second Brother on your back. Meanwhile, I’ll go and help our big brother.” Xue San instantly killed a fire wolf with his sword. Looking around at the few fire wolves that were left, he ordered the other two with a booming voice. He then turned right and ran in Xue Yi’s and the dragon’s direction.

“Don’t worry about us, Third Brother! There are only about twenty wolves left here. I could bring them all down on my own. Fifth Brother, how about you, are you still ok?” Waving his arms to avoid the incoming fireball, Xue Si tore off the veil covering his face, showing a square-shaped face.

“I’m alright. Fourth Brother, let’s kill all of these bastard wolves!” Xue Wu, who still carried Xue-er on his back, replied as he nimbly warded off the fireballs.

However, the burning wounds and his slower-than-normal speed showed that he was actually severely injured. Now, Xue Wu strenuously carried on fighting.

Meanwhile, Xue Si was fully prepared to launch a final intense fight with the fire wolves. With a large leap, he jumped into the small group of eight wolves in front of him.

With a crisp crackling sound, two of these wolves’ bellies were cut open, like two ripe watermelons. Without any rest, Xue Si dashed forward and inserted his sword into the head of another fire wolf, which had just shot its fireball. Immediately, he turned around, and killed another wolf, who was behind him.

Within in merely one minute, all eight fire wolves had been exterminated.

Witnessing the bloody slaughter of their counterparts, the rest of the fire wolves showed traces of timidity. After shooting dozens of fireballs, they all scattered away out of sheer panic.

Brandishing his sword in the air, Xue Wu successfully warded off all the incoming fireballs. With a long and deep sigh of relief, he looked around and found that the remaining fire wolves had all run away. However, when he lay his eyes on the body of the King of the fire wolves, he frowned in confusion.

“Haha, so funny, our target is on fire! Hey, Fourth Brother, would you please go over there and check if he’s still alive? If we bring back a dead body, our young lord Wuhen will scold us.”

On hearing this, Xue Si turned around and laughed out loudly.

“Oh, this luckless garbage young lord... The mighty blow exerted by our big brother already made him half-dead. Now, he was attacked by the fireballs. Look, his back is actually on fire, haha...”

Nevertheless, this wasn’t funny at all to Qinghan. He lay there quietly, and secretly communicated with Little Black, “My dear Little Black, are you ok now? Please... Please wake up, otherwise, we’re doomed today...”

- Rustle, Rustle, Rustle! -

With the approaching sound of the footsteps that tread on the weeds, Qinghan had his heart in his mouth. He attempted to summon Little Black many times, however, no reply came. For him, every second was a mental torture, until

he finally heard a familiar voice.

“I’m ok now!”

“Oh, thank goodness.” Qinghan had a short talk with Little Black, and quickly rolled himself on the ground to extinguish the burning fire on his back.

“Oooooouch!”

“Ahhhhh!”

The bitter groaning of Qinghan echoed in the forest as he twisted his body up and down in different positions.

At first, Xue Si was stunned by the appalling sounds Qinghan made. However, soon after, he bursted out into laughter again.

“Fourth Brother, is he ok?”

Xue San jerked his head towards Qinghan, while he was fiercely fighting with the dragon. However, Xue Yi just glanced at him coldly and continued the fight.

“Hehe! Nothing serious. Our target is still alive. He was attacked by a fireball. Now, I’ll go and capture him.” Xue Si replied, before he scurried towards Qinghan.

Right now, the fire was almost put out; Qinghan lay on the ground, panting

heavily. Because of the unbearable burning agony, Qinghan's face was distorted in an ugly expression. As Xue Si stepped near him, he looked up and asked, "W... Why are you guys so eager to attack me? I know you aren't huntsmen, right?"

Taking a deep breath, he realized the bitter sound he made was kind of exaggerated, to the extent that it sounded hilarious. However, the burning pain was different from that of the meridian-breaking he suffered in his previous cultivation, he stared at Xue Si and stammered out.

"You'll know soon enough." Xue Si replied, as not the slightest trace of a smile could be found on his square-looking face.

"Is your boss Xue Wuhen?" Qinghan whispered, as he had faintly heard someone say "our young lord Wuhen". No matter how much hatred the Ye Family member had for him, they would not murder their own descendants! The only person he could think of was Xue Wuhen, who had attacked him back on Cattle-fence Street.

"Er? No! I said once you meet him, you'll know. For now, just stay where you are." Xue Si replied impatiently.

Despite Xue Si's efforts to disguise the true identity of their young lord, Qinghan was quite assured that it was Xue Wuhen who had sent these guys.

Xue Si didn't want to waste any more time, so he stretched his fingers to pressure one of Qinghan's meridians to suppress his flow of Battle Qi.

"Integration!"

Suddenly, a “lion-nosed dog” like beast with a horn entered into Xue Si’s eyesight, who was totally dumbfounded. Little Black’s eyes were lit up, rendering a domineering, ancient and loyal temperament. Soon, it disappeared within Qinghan’s chest.

- Purr! Purr! -

At this very moment, Qinghan was struck by an enormous amount of power, penetrating into each of his meridians and cells. The warm flow of power was drifting through his body, while his muscles gave out a fit of quivering wherever the flow went. Accompanying a series of grunting noises, his muscles went through a process of shrinking and swelling.

However, in spite of the “explosion” inside of his body, Qinghan felt extremely enjoyable. Soon, a miniature of a soul-eating battle beast appeared on the left corner of his eye, which added a touch of evil and enchantment to his delicate and innocent face. A second later, Qinghan stood up, as his eyes became as bright as two streaks of lightning, dazzling the eyes of Xue Si.

Looking at the slack-jawed Xue Si, Qinghan grabbed his dagger and swept past him.

“Is... Is this the integration of a battle beast? How astonishing? Wait... What grade does that strange battle beast with a horn on its head belong to? I just looked at it for a second and I felt as if my soul was almost torn out of my skin... Gosh...” Xue Si wondered in befuddlement.

For most non-descendants of the Ye Family, the integration between a battle beast and its master was something only heard of in legends. Seldom had any of them the chance to witness this moment. Obviously, the descendants of the Ye

Family weren't bored to the extent where they'd show their integration skills off on the streets.

However, as a subordinate of Wuhen, Xue Si had seen some similar integration events before, even the integration of Ye Qingkuang and his seventh-grade violent bear. In front of the violent bear, which was about to enter its mature period, Xue Si had always held his breath to avoid provoking the brutal beast.

"According to the information collected by the Intelligence Department, Qinghan has only summoned his battle beast for roughly two months. And his beast was only a fourth-grade lion-nosed dog... No! This information has failed us yet again! His beast is at least a seventh-grade one! Oh, forget about this damn intelligence, first and foremost, I'll capture him!"

Chapter 30 – Integration with a Battle Beast

After the glance of the soul-eating battle beast, Xue Si stood erect, pondering. He remembered that Qinghan should be heavily injured by Xue Yi's powerful palm of Battle Qi, and the subsequent blow of the fireballs. He was convinced, even with the aid of his battle beast, that Qinghan wouldn't pose much of a threat in such a circumstance.

However, when he was about to press his finger on one of Qinghan's meridian, he saw two lines of blinding light shine from Qinghan's eyes, and soon, he flew at a mind-boggling speed, as he only left a streak of a black shadow.

"Oh, My God!"

Xue Si scurried back, because he felt that his neck was touched by something cold when the black shadow had appeared in front of him. Subsequently, he slipped into unconsciousness, and collapsed onto the ground, with eyes wide open. Never in his wildest dreams had he seen such a fast speed, it was even much faster than his big brother's top speed...

Disregarding the dying Xue Si, Qinghan simply stood there, petrified by his own speed and power. Although he had already heard that one's power would be greatly increased once integrated with the beast, he was still shocked silly by experiencing it himself.

Back when Qinghan was lying there watching the battle scene, the performance of Xue Si killing eight fire wolves within a single minute was still vividly in his mind. Qinghan believed, though Xue Si seemed less powerful than the man who exerted the palm of Battle Qi, he was definitely in the peak level of the Realm of the Commander.

“How come a man in the peak level of the Realm of the Commander was not able to avoid my dagger? Could it be... After integrating, that I’m now in the Realm of the General?” Qinghan wondered in excitement.

Elder Tianxing once told them, that those high-ranked battle beasts that were in their maturing period, would help their master to increase one or two levels once integrated together. Taking Qingkuang’s seventh-grade violent bear for example, once they integrated, Qingkuang’s power would be equivalent to those in the third level of the Realm of the General, which was one level ahead of his previous power.

As for Qinghan, who was now in the first level of the Realm of the Commander, he had successfully reached the terrifying Realm of the General once he and Little Black integrated, though he wasn’t quite sure what level he was actually in yet. In other words, he had increased at least three levels after integrating!

“How could this be possible? Oh, it’s really an eye opener!”

“Little Black, I know you must be a holy-grade battle beast. Look, I surged to a whole new realm! Though I’m not quite sure what level I’m in, maybe still low, you know what? I’m overly joyful about this achievement!” Qinghan confided to his beast.

“Fourth Brother! Oh... Big Brother, Third Brother, our Fourth Brother is dead!”

Compared to Qinghan’s ecstasy, Xue Wu grieved over the death of Xue Si, exclaiming loudly after he found the remarkable wound on Xue Si’s neck.

“Er?”

“Fourth Brother?”

Both Xue Yi and Xue San turned around, looking at the saddened Xue Wu and the dead body of Xue Si, whose eyes were still wide open. Suddenly, with a booming growl, Xue Yi dashed towards the heavily injured giant thorn dragon; while at the same time, Xue San lifted his sword, swooping towards Qinghan.

“Third Brother, calm down. You’d better protect Second Brother and Fifth Brother.” Xue Yi turned around his head, screaming hysterically. Meanwhile, the clumsy claw of the dragon was approaching him. He quickly dodged it and slammed his fist on the back of the dragon.

On hearing Xue Yi’s advice, Xue San hesitated for a second, before he spurted towards Qinghan.

“Haha, I can use him to test my true power now.” Looking at the incoming outraged Xue San, Qinghan chuckled to himself.

“Bastard of the Ye Family! I’ll send you to hell today!”

Xue San jumped up in the air, with a raging fury, as he pointed his sword right above Qinghan’s head, attempting to divide Qinghan’s skull into two.

“Kill me? You’ll end up being killed yourself! I’ll dig a grave for all five of you brothers... As for your young lord, I’ll drag him to hell to reunite with you one day...”

Since integrating, Qinghan felt that not only had his power leveled up, but also his hearing and eyesight had greatly improved. Now, to him, the seemingly brutal sword upon his head was actually moving in slow motion.

Therefore, he leisurely replied to Xue San and narrowed his eyes. The moment when the sword was just a meter away from his head, he dodged it at an unbelievably fast speed. Needless to say, he successfully escaped from the sword, before he bounced up, stretching out his right leg and pressing it onto Xue San's back. At the same time, he raised his right hand and stabbed the dagger into Xue San's flesh.

- Bang! -

With the raising dust and spraying blood, Xue San fell on the ground, dead!

"I killed him in almost a mere second!" Qinghan triumphantly stood there, licking his dry lips, while his heart was extremely elated by this accomplishment. As a powerful cultivator, Qinghan was thrilled to consecutively kill two men without any fear. Indeed, as a shameless time-traveling man, he had lived through two lives. Together with the years he spent on the Flame Dragon Continent, he was quite accustomed to killing. It seemed... That killing was a feeling he had long-desired for...

"Oh, no! Third Brother!"

The shrill cries of Xue Wu had dragged Qinghan's mind back into reality. He reminded himself not to be absentminded again in such a circumstance. There was even some cold sweat oozing out from his forehead. Looking afar at the raging Xue Wu, he dashed towards him.

- Boom! -

Under Xue Yi's crazy attacks, the giant thorn dragon finally collapsed with an ear-piercing boom. However, not even a faint trace of a smile could be found on Xue Yi's face, as his heart was bleeding with sadness when he heard that their Third Brother had also died. Staring at Qinghan, his eyes reddened with fury, as he dashed forward.

The one thing that bewildered him, was why their target, who was known as a piece of garbage in the Realm of the Elite, could kill his brother who was in the Realm of the Commander?

Despite his doubts, he spited out at Qinghan, "Bastard, how dare you kill my beloved brothers! You'll pay for it."

"How dare I? I have effortlessly killed two of your fellowmen! The people that bastard Wuhen sent were not quite capable to handle their task... Besides this Xue Yi spoke like a retard." Qinghan thought to himself, and quickly dashed towards Xue Wu, who was wailing beside the body of Xue San.

By nimbly twisting his body, Qinghan escaped Xue Wu's randomly brandishing sword. Only after several punches did the already injured Xue Wu die. When Qinghan was about to walk away, he remembered something, and sliced at the neck of Xue-Er, who was still lying on Xue Wu's back.

Qinghan was determined to completely annihilate these five brothers. He then turned around and stared at Xue Yi, who was infuriated, to the extent as if he was possessed by an evil spirit.

“Sorry, buddy, I have killed two more of your brothers... Don’t worry, I will soon send you there so that you five can enjoy a happy reunion.” Qinghan spoke carelessly, making a gesture of helplessness.

“Fuck you bastard, I’ll tear you up!”

Xue Yi’s face grew more sinister by the second, as he quickened his footsteps towards Qinghan. He hated those careless intelligence colleagues in the Xue Family, who provided them with wrong information. Otherwise, they wouldn’t have underestimated their target.

“I don’t know if you can tear me up, but one thing I do know... Is that I have already torn up the rest of your brothers.” With an apparent mocking tone, Qinghan replied. Actually, he didn’t have the habit of teasing others, but right now, he was so tempted to add fuel to the flames.

Even though the fight against the giant thorn dragon had consumed a large part of Xue Yi’s physical strength and Battle Qi, his speed remained fast, as he was still almost as fast as Qinghan. It seemed that it would be harder to kill Xue Yi than predicted.

“Anyway, I’ll try my best to fight with him. I’m prepared for the worst case scenario, and if I’m defeated, I’ll just run away.” Qinghan thought to himself.

“I’m coming!”

To Qinghan’s surprise, Xue Yi didn’t carry a single weapon in his hands. There were only two types of people who didn’t rely on weapons – one was those non-

cultivators; the other was those overconfident cultivators who only believed in the power of their physical body.

A fair-skinned palm was approaching towards Qinghan, so he immediately withdrew his stretched out hand that held the dagger and turned left...

Chapter 31 – Integration Technique

Eventually, the fair-skinned palm drastically increased in size, as it became a glittering palm in the air. It dashed through the trees, before harshly landing on the ground, casting a sense of a grandiose battle atmosphere.

“What the fuck?”

Qinghan was dumbfounded by the sheer power exerted by this single palm. Luckily, he had dodged it successfully, due to the terrifying speed he boasted since his integration with Little Black. Within such a short distance, the power of that golden-colored palm would probably kill those in the Realm of the Commander. If it wasn't for the power he had obtained from integrating with Little Black, Qinghan would most likely have been crushed by this mighty palm.

“You want to tear me apart? You're just a pathetic servant of the Xue Family. I'd like to fight with your master instead!”

As far as Qinghan knew, the extraction of Battle Qi would require large amounts of Battle Qi. Hence he decided to further irritate Xue Yi, in an attempt to erode the latter's Battle Qi as much as possible.

- Boom! Boom! -

As Qinghan expected, the golden-colored gigantic palms of Battle Qi came one after the other. Xue Yi was fully provoked by the death of his brothers and the mocking of Qinghan. He kept bombarding palms of Battle Qi, which were all aimed at Qinghan.

Despite the casual expression on Qinghan's face, deep inside, he was fully aware of the danger. Right now, in front of these countless "palms", he jumped up and down to avoid the attacks, much like a colorfully-dressed monkey boiling in the oil pan, making all the hysterical gestures to prevent himself from being killed. Qinghan quickly predicted and calculated the direction and speed of each palm. Meanwhile, he was also observing his surrounding geography to decide how to dodge and where to dodge. Within several seconds, he had narrowly escaped from death twice, though he got slightly injured once. It seemed as if Qinghan couldn't stand any more palms from Xue Yi.

However, Qinghan continued making fun of Xue Yi.

"Old man, are you still ok? I don't think you can shoot more "palms", considering your age."

"Shit, old bastard, give me more palms! Otherwise, if you give up, just go home and find your mommy."

"Hey, I mean, are you suffering from a premature ejaculation? Alas... You're too indulgent in your sexual life and lost too much sperm... Look, now you're already an old man..."

Without any words to retort Qinghan with, Xue Yi exerted more palms of Battle Qi in response.

However!

Xue Yi's face grew paler and weaker, and consequently, the palms coming towards Qinghan became slower and less frequent. Everyone's amount of Battle

Qi was limited and at this moment it seemed as if Xue Yi had lost his head and didn't control the amount of Battle Qi he exerted. Qinghan knew his opportunity had come. Therefore, he merrily jumped up and down, continuing to mock Xue Yi...

Qinghan's eyes were locked on each and every movement and expression Xue Yi made. When Xue Yi exerted one more palm of Battle Qi, his body slightly trembled and his footsteps faltered.

"Good chance!"

With a twist of his body, Qinghan successfully dodged the attack. Then, without any delay, he stomped his feet and flew out like a bombshell. At the same time, he grabbed his dagger firmly, preparing to fatally stab Xue Yi.

"Go to hell!"

When Xue Yi staggered forward, Qinghan spurted in his direction. They were only less than a hundred meters between the two. So far, during the fight, Qinghan had only defended himself. He hadn't attacked even once, as he had intentionally tried to preserve his Battle Qi. Now, when Qinghan held his dagger in front of Xue Yi's throat, he believed it would be another perfect kill.

Ironically, Xue Yi raised his head with derisive eyes. At that moment, Qinghan realized his tactic had failed. All of a sudden, a larger-than-ever palm of Battle Qi emerged and pressed on Qinghan's chest...

Qinghan failed to escape, and he knew that he had fallen into Xue Yi's trap!

Originally, Qinghan ridiculously tried to provoke Xue Yi, hoping the latter would exhaust his Battle Qi. However, Xue Yi was not a brainless moron; he saw through Qinghan's trick and countermined. At first, he pretended to be irritated and shot palms ceaselessly, to disguise his true plan. In the final moment, Xue Yi suddenly exerted the largest palm of Battle Qi, which he had preserved all this time, and gained the upper hand.

"I suppose the old saying might come true: Aged ginger is more pungent..."

[Note: Chinese saying: 姜是老的辣; Which means that elderly people are more experienced.]

Qinghan was thrown away by the force of the large and terrifying palm. His heart was filled with regret, because his inner organs were once again severely injured and some bones were even broken. Sadly, It would take some time for the bronze ring to recover his wounds...

"Oh... I don't have the time to recover!"

Xue Yi wouldn't miss this chance and let Qinghan go. As he was the leader of a team, he was not a stupid pig. He knew how to efficiently handle the current situation. Now, with a long face, he hurriedly moved towards Qinghan.

"I lost the whole battle because of one bad move!"

The approaching sound of footsteps was like the sound of the death knell, the closer it was, the more horrified Qinghan became. At last, he simply closed his eyes, quietly awaiting death. This actually reminded him of the night when he had confronted the saber-toothed tiger...

Qinghan tried his last effort to get to his feet, but he failed. So, he figured that it was better to silently wait, rather than to run away pathetically... Like a dog.

“Mom and Dad, I’m coming... Qingyu, I have to apologize to you for this clumsy decision I’ve made. I mean, to leave you alone at home, while I die somewhere far away... And... Little Black, I’m so sorry...” Qinghan murmured his last words with great sorrow and helplessness.

“Boss, it’s too early to say so. I don’t think that we’re doomed!” Suddenly, a familiar voice replied to him.

After further talking with Little Black, he quickly learned that he could use his integration technique to help himself out of this dire situation. By learning this, his heart was filled with exultation, like the whirling waves of a tsunami.

Gradually, Qinghan managed to calm himself down, as he firmly held the dagger in his right hand.

The Battle Qi that surrounded Xue Yi’s body was still unabated, as he was prepared to give Qinghan a lethal attack whenever appropriate. He was sure that Qinghan was greatly injured by the power of his previous palm. However, he was still extremely cautious, as he considered Qinghan as a man full of secrets, who could shock him with some undiscovered mighty power.

“Our young lord asked us to capture you alive. However, I have to avenge my deceased brothers! You must die!” Xue Yi exclaimed in a fury.

Soon afterwards, he turned around and looked at the bodies of his brothers,

before he wailed and promised them to avenge them. By lifting both his hands, he moved most of the extracted Battle Qi around his hands, creating a powerful, gigantic palm. He planned to smash Qinghan with this gigantic palm.

“You know what? My plan was also to capture you alive! In that way, I could’ve interrogated you and found out who the boss behind the scenes is. Sadly, after learning what kind of person you are, I’m afraid that you won’t leak any kind of information to me. So, sorry buddy, but I have to kill you!” Looking at the Battle-Qi wrapped Xue Yi, Qinghan mischievously blurted out.

Disregarding Qinghan’s provocative words, Xue Yi focused his attention on forming a larger palm of Battle Qi. At the same time, Qinghan just lay still and closed his eyes.

After a few seconds, Qinghan abruptly opened his eyes, shooting two beams of dazzling light directly at Xue Yi’s eyes.

The golden sun rays could make one blind for a second, but would never make a person feel dizzy. While, the two beams of light made Xue Yi stupefied and frozen like a puppet, he stared blankly at Qinghan.

Immediately, Qinghan seized this moment, and quickly stood up and aimed his dagger towards Xue Yi’s neck...

“You...” The coldness of the sword, as well as the soreness on his throat, woke Xue Yi up. He put one hand on his bleeding throat, while he pointed his other finger at Qinghan. He was desperate to say something, but failed to do so.

“Congratulations! You’re the first one to experience my integration technique

– Soul-Blackout. It’s a blessing for you to have witnessed this monumental moment. Throughout the whole continent, only three people in the Ye Family have integration techniques. Now, I’m the fourth one! So... Put your mind at ease. I wish you a happy reunion with your brothers!”

In order to vent out his suppressed excitement, Qinghan bursted out into laughter. At the most urgent moment, he had learned this rare integration technique, which was explained to him by Little Black, who had learned it from his inherited memories. Eventually, by using this special technique, had Qinghan successfully turned the situation back around.

According to Little Black’s information, this integration technique was called “Soul-Blackout” – It would directly attack one’s soul, while it would disregard any material obstacles. The victim would suffer from temporary unconsciousness, the duration of which varied based on the difference in soul power. Actually, Qnghan’s soul power, plus Little Black’s, had increased to the peak level of the Realm of the General, which was enough to blackout a cultivator in the same realm for a second. This one second was extremely useful in a real fight, as it could determine life and death, especially when the two parties were fighting at close range.

“Disintegrate!”

Qinghan disintegrated from Little Black, before letting it return into his chest. He then sat down to rest and after a short time, his wounds had almost recovered.

“Qingyu, wait for me... I’ll come home for you very soon...”

Raising his head in the direction of Grey City, he smiled with deep affection. He

quickly tidied up his ragged clothing, before he lifted his feet and disappeared into the forest.

Meanwhile, Fire Wolf Hill, their battleground, was still enshrouded in clouds of smoke...

Chapter 32 – A Beautiful Woman Took a Shower at Night

In an eastern courtyard of the Ye Castle, Grey City.

Wuhen wore a gloomy face, his feelings right now, were like the smell of the spring grass, refreshing, yet entangled with a trace of wintery cold.

As an outstanding, younger-generation leader of the Mars Prefecture, as well as the future master of the Xue Family, apart from cultivation, he should've nothing to worry about. However, the image of Qingyu had been haunting his mind for several months now.

In Cattle-fence Street, his duel-pupil eyes had immediately identified the uniqueness of Qingyu.

Throughout the history of the Flame Dragon Continent, there had emerged two different kinds of peerless physical bodies, one of which was called the Heaven and Earth Spirit Body. Those who had this body were gifted with an innate skill. This innate skill helped them comprehend the Laws of Heaven and Earth faster and more complete than others. As long as they were talented and diligent, they would become famous cultivators across the continent. Though this obviously didn't include those who died prematurely.

In the preliminary period of cultivation, diligence was a prerequisite. However, once a cultivator reached the Realm of the Prince, on top of diligence, he had to be well inspired by the Laws of Heaven and Earth. Only when he grasped these laws could he have a chance to enter into the next Realm – the Realm of the Emperor. Compared to the numerous cultivators in the Realm of the Prince, those in the Realm of the Emperor were extremely scarce. Therefore, those in the Realm of the Emperor had undoubtedly become the mainstay of their

families and they enjoyed a very high status.

Cultivators with a Heaven and Earth Spirit Body would achieve high-ranked realms, the lowest of which was the Realm of the Emperor. Some of them would even reach the Realm of the Saint and were on the verge of becoming an immortal.

The other kind was named the Jade Spirit Body. Strangely enough, throughout the thousands of years of history in the Flame Dragon Continent, there were merely five people bestowed with this kind of body, all of whom were women. Now, plus Qingyu, this number should be six. Unlike the Heaven and Earth Spirit Body, the Jade Spirit Body owners didn't have any outstanding achievements in cultivation, as the most promising one had only reached the Realm of the General. However, to everyone's surprise, four of the five women's husbands eventually entered into the Realm of the Saint and their majesty was awed throughout the continent.

Actually, only a few families in the continent knew this unique aspect of the Jade Spirit Body and the Xue Family was obviously one of them.

Whether the Jade Spirit Body could help him reach a higher realm or not, Wuhen had no idea about it. However, he had heard a legend that once a male cultivator had had intercourse with a female Jade Spirit Body, the power within that special body would be conveyed to the male and help him reach a higher realm. This process of obtaining the power of the special body through intercourse was named "Sacrifice".

Apart from the legend, which was just a piece of groundless hearsay; the data preserved in the library of the Xue Family must've been 100% authentic. It said, that for those in the peak level of the Realm of the Prince, once they had intercourse with a Jade Spirit Body, the odds to enter the Realm of the Emperor

were as high as 90%. It was common knowledge in the cultivation world, that once a cultivator broke into the Realm of the Emperor, his cultivating speed would accelerate in a crazy way. It was said that it could be compared to a horse riding on a piece of flat land, without any obstacles in its way. At that time, the Realm of the Saint would be at the end of one's fingertips.

Hence, Wuhen had stayed in Grey City for months, as he was determined to marry Qingyu and obtain her body at any cost.

However, the process of finishing this mission was more challenging than Wuhen had originally expected. After all, he wasn't in Snowing City, where he could do almost anything he wanted to do. Right now, he was in the Ye Castle, which was inhabited by three elders who were in the Realm of the Saint. Plus, the Prefecture War was just around the corner and neither side could afford an internal strife at this important moment.

Since a direct conflict wasn't a smart thing to do, Wuhen had decided to marry Qingyu secretly. Therefore, he had asked Elder Mo to collect twenty bottles of top-grade Snow Spirit Dan, which he had used as a bait to lure Qingkuang and his father in to assist him. Nevertheless, the shy-looking Qingyu was so staunch and unyielding, that she had refused to become Wuhen's concubine. Even to the point where she'd rather take her own life. If it wasn't for the knowledge that he should preserve her until he had reached the Realm of the Prince before having intercourse, Wuhen would've already crawled through the window and raped her.

Wuhen wasn't someone who simply gives up. It seemed as if nothing would stop him from marrying Qingyu. On one side, he had deployed five deacons to Wild City to capture Qinghan. These five men he sent included one in the Realm of the General and four in the Realm of the Commander. With such power, he was confident that they would quickly bring Qinghan back alive. After all, he was only a garbage cultivator who was stuck in the Realm of the Elite. However, he

had already waited for more than a month, but no news had come quite yet...

On the other side, he had bribed many Ye Family members with money and valuable items, hoping that they could help him persuade Qingyu. The contents these people articulated to Qingyu could be generally categorized as follows: once she married Wuhen, she would be better off and enjoy an affluent life ever after; or, her brother, Qinghan, would have more cultivation opportunities, if he was a brother-in-law of Wuhen. All in all, they promised Qingyu a wonderland. One where she could enjoy a high position and great wealth. However, Qingyu had rejected them all, as she was wary of their evil intentions, and moreover, she had her own Mr. Right deep in her heart... All their persuading efforts were in vain, as Qingyu remained as impenetrable as she had always been. And as an expedient strategy, she would come up with the excuse of needing to discuss these matters with her brother, before she would be able to make her final decision.

It seemed as if all of Wuhen's plans were only making him go bankrupt, as his heart had turned cold like the spring chill in the air.

.....

In the backyard of the An'yue Hotel, Wild City.

It was late at night, the gate of the yard was already closed, not even letting the star light or the spring chill enter.

In a plainly-decorated room, a large-sized wooden bucket could vaguely be seen through the misty vapor. Looking closer, the bucket was filled with warm water, on the surface of which floated countless rose petals. In the center of the petals lay an alluring body of snow white skin.

- Swoosh! Swoosh! -

She put her jade-like arms against the rim of the bucket, while she was playing with the petals inside the water, creating ripples on the surface. Below her neck, two plump breasts were partially revealed as she stretched her arms. Occasionally, two pink nipples could also be seen, as its pinkish color distinguished itself against the scarlet red petals. Her breath-taking beauty was absolutely impressive. Now, she stopped fiddling with the pedals, instead, she frowned in melancholy.

“It’s been two months since that young man has left. Is he still alive? Please, let him survive in the mountains, or else, I’ll be living the rest of my life with this sorrow in my heart...”

This beautiful woman was An’yue. She was actually missing Qinghan. Despite the latter’s young age, he exerted a unique temperament, as if he was a man full of stories. During his stay in the hotel, An’yue had limited conversations with him, but she found him different from all the men she had met before.

In their last conversation, she had promised to accompany him to one night if he could beat her. As an intelligent woman, she had never let any man climb into her bed without her consent, even though numerous guests here had a crush on her. However... This young man had recklessly gone into the Wild Mountain Range and no one knew if he was dead or alive. She had heard that this young man was named Qinghan, who was a descendant of the Ye Family. She acknowledged the influence of the Ye Family, but she wasn’t afraid, because she also had her own powerful backers. It wasn’t because of the Ye Family, but because she was feeling guilty for misleading this young man into going to such a dangerous place... She thought, that if it wasn’t for that ridiculous bet, that he might not have gone there...

- Dong! Dong! Dong! -

The sudden knocks on her door disrupted her mind; she knitted her brow as she asked, "What's up?"

"Miss An'yue, Ye Qinghan has returned. He's waiting outside at the lobby. He's saying that he has an appointment with you." A man's voice sounded out from outside the door.

"Oh? Haha! So interesting!" She loosened her arched brow, as she was laughing from ear to ear. Due to the hysterical laughter, her towering breasts were quivering in the water, making streaks of ripples.

Several seconds later, she replied in a low voice, "Bring him to my room and lock the whole yard."

.....

In a corner of the lobby, Menglong was drinking by himself. He looked really pissed off. As his name indicated, Menglong (powerful dragon), he was a beefcake with a strong build and a high-ranked cultivation. However, as tigerish as he was, he could only crouch here like a disease stricken cat.

Everything was quiet in the dead of night, as only the sound of the wind, that was blowing through the cracks of the door, could be heard. It might've been the result of the alcohol, or the hormones in his body, but Menglong felt stiflingly hot inside. The warmth inside him made him extremely restless and fidgety...

All his anger was because of the young man that the waiter had brought in.

The backyard of the An'yue Hotel was a frequently-visited place for the bachelor guests, because their enchanting, seductive lady boss's bedroom was located nearby. Despite the fact that countless people dreamed of entering this place, seldom did any of them had the chance.

Suddenly, Menglong had seen a young man enter the hotel. This man had shouted, "Show me where your lady boss is, I have a gambling appointment with her."

In the beginning, Menglong sniffed at this young man. He knew that their lady boss wasn't just a woman of capability, but that she also had a powerful background. No one could step into her backyard without her permission. However, after a while, the old waiter came out and led the young man into the backyard!

"Wait... A gambling appointment? Oh, that young man! Yeah, right, it's him."

Though Menglong was far from sober right now, he remembered that two months ago, this young man had made a bet with An'yue. Thinking of this, he seemed less frustrated, as he grabbed another cup of wine.

"Not long ago, our beautiful lady boss improved her cultivation by one level. This young man is only in the Realm of the Elite, haha, he'll lose..."

Out of curiosity, he decided to stay in the hotel to see whether his prediction was correct. He could already see the young man walking out with bruises all over his face. If he failed, he even had to work in the hotel doing all of the small

and dirty jobs for an entire three months.

.....

Indeed, when Qinghan entered into her room, he had little idea about whether he would be bullied or not, as he was entirely intoxicated by her beauty. Ancient people always said, only on two occasions, would women exhibit their most-charming beauty – one was when they were taking a shower; the other was when they were stripping their clothing. Widening his eyes, Qinghan was in total agreement with these sayings.

“If I win this bet, then I’ll witness the most attractive moment of An’yue...” As Qinghan said this, he started to have his imagination go rampant.

The door was closed and An’yue was loosely wrapped in a bathrobe. After a moment, she walked out with blushed cheeks. Qinghan stared at her, as he smacked his lips and embarrassingly asked, “ Do I... Do I need to take a shower, before...”

Chapter 33 – A Sleepless Spring Night

“Do you mean you need a shower too?” Looking at the shy young man, An’yue smiled, as her face turned red, “Oh, take your time. Why the hurry? You’ll work in my hotel for the next three months anyway... You know, lots of chores, but mainly washing dishes in the kitchen.”

“Oh! I’m not quite interested in washing the dishes, but I’m curious about this bed of yours. Is it soft enough to let me enjoy a comfortable night? I’ve missed a real bed so much. You know, back in the mountains, I always slept on those stiff branches... Ok, seriously, if you lose this fight, you’ll stick to your promise, right?” Qinghan sincerely looked into An’yue’s eyes, before he peeped through the bead-curtain in front of the bed.

“Hehe, you’re such an interesting young man.” The childish and naïve expression on Qinghan’s face greatly amused An’yue. She chuckled for a short while, causing some violent waves of ups and downs between her breasts.

“Alright, I promise, you’ll be allowed to sleep in my bed if, and only if you can beat me in our agreed upon duel. You know what? I’ll transform you from a boy into a man.” She added, after she stopped laughing.

“That’s awesome. But I have to remind you, as we agreed upon, you’re only allowed to exert half of your strength while fighting!” Qinghan was confident that he would sleep on this large-sized, red bed, which so many guys had tried all their means to get access to, but had ultimately failed.

“Yeah, I won’t go back on my words, because that’s against my nature. Let’s begin now. I hope we won’t pull down my courtyard...” An’yue tightened her bathrobe, and quickly combed her wet hair with her hands.

“Oh, sorry, I forget to introduce myself. My name is Ye Qinghan and I have a battle beast. Would you mind if I integrate with my beast? Is it against the rules?” Qinghan asked embarrassingly, as he scratched his head.

“No problem. Oh, just recently, I entered into the third level of the Realm of the General. Even if I exert half of my strength, my power would be equivalent to that of someone at the peak level of the Realm of the Commander. So, I don’t think you can win, even with the help of your battle beast. Alright, let me see how powerful the integration will be. Ok?”

An’yue began to exert her Battle Qi, letting it flow throughout her body. Though, as promised, she could only use half of her Battle Qi, as she thought it would be more than enough to defeat Qinghan. Actually, she had already investigated Qinghan’s background and knew that he only possessed a fourth-grade battle beast. Therefore, she didn’t care much about this. On the other hand, she was a firm believer of self-cultivation and any external assistance, such as a battle beast, would be considered by her as unreliable.

However...

The moment she saw the mind-boggling speed of the integrated Qinghan, all of her previous confidence was shattered. Looking at the ghost-like Qinghan, who suddenly appeared in front of her, she was absolutely panic stricken. Her unique, oriental eyes widened in utter disbelief.

Based on her fighting experience, she swiftly slipped sideways. Although An’yue changed into a proper angle and gesture to successfully dodge the attack, her speed dwarfed in front of Qinghan’s. Without any warning, a black dagger already touched her neck...

“You failed! You owe me a sweet night!” Qinghan tossed his head towards An’yue, closed his eyes, and greedily smelled the delicate fragrance emitting from her body.

In fact, Qinghan wasn’t surprised about the result. He knew, once integrated, his power should be equivalent to those in the Realm of the General. Since An’yue had no external help to turn to, and she only exerted half of her Battle Qi, it would be a piece of cake for Qinghan to win this fight. Therefore, he won. So... He boldly stretched out his hands into An’yue’s bathrobe, stroking her straight, velvety legs.

“Wait a minute!”

The press of Qinghan’s hands brought An’yue back to reality from the previous horror scene. She immediately took away his hands, as she was rather confused. Finally she asked, “Your power improved a great deal, just within two months! Did you conceal your power two months ago?”

“Of course not.” Qinghan denied with a solemn expression. However, his shivering tone and his jarred breathing revealed himself. So, he stretched his hands back out, as he continued, “Yeah, two months ago, I was only in the first level of the Realm of the Elite. I’m not fond of cultivation. However, the first sight I saw of you, I was allured by your beauty. Thus I was determined to go to the mountain range to improve my cultivation and win the bet.”

“Oh, you glib-tongued liar...” An’yue threw a distrustful glance at Qinghan, as a faint smile appeared on her face.

Meanwhile, Qinghan’s hands gently worked their way up from her legs until

they reached her neck. He softly whispered in her ear, “Hi, beauty, I’ll tell you the truth. My battle beast is not a fourth-grade one. It is much higher than that. Shhh... It’s a top secret!”

“Oh? You seem to have so many secrets... Alright! I concede defeat. Tonight, I’m yours.” Putting her hands around Qinghan’s neck, An’yue blinked naughtily, with a flirtatious expression. Her curving body was so sexy and charming, that Qinghan couldn’t keep his eyes from it. Inch by inch, they moved nearer and nearer, until they pressed against each other. An’yue closed her eyes and raised her chin, as her two red lips slightly opened...

Without any delay, Qinghan kissed An’yue, sucking hard in her mouth, as though he intended to take away all the fluids inside her. His hands were still busy with touching her body, right now, one of his hand was pressed on her breasts. Then, he put one of his knees between her legs, rubbing up and down. The sweet taste of her mouth, the strong breast in his hand and the occasional friction between his knee and her “secret garden”... All of this made Qinghan be lost in sensual happiness...

Outside the window, the spring wind was whistling violently. What a sleepless spring night!

.....

“What? You want to leave right now?”

Dazzlingly, An’yue was woken up by some noises. When she turned around, she found that Qinghan had disappeared from her bed.

“Though I’m desperate to enjoy another night with you... However, you’re my woman now and I believe, we’ll have ample opportunities in the future. But, right now, I have to go. Am... Am I an irresponsible man?”

Qinghan had transformed from a boy into a man, as the confidence and aggressiveness in his eyes were nowhere to conceal. Looking at the beautiful An’yue lying in bed, he was quite sentimental about their departure.

“Hehe, little man, I won’t be responsible for you either...” An’yue made fun of Qinghan, but when she stared into his sincere eyes, she added, “Er, If you find it hard to get on with the Ye Family, you’re welcome to stay here, in Wild City. At least, I have some influence here.”

“Oh, really? But I want you to remember one thing from now on, no matter what happens, I’ll be the only man in this world you can rely on. I forgot to mention, actually, if you had exerted all of your strength, I would still have defeated you. Remember, I’m Ye Qinghan, your... Man!”

Soon, the door was pushed open, letting in the chilly wind. Qinghan stepped over the threshold and went off into the darkness.

An’yue was left alone, tightly wrapped in her sheets. She was pondering over Qinghan’s parting words.

“I’m in the third level of the Realm of the General now, how is it possible for him to defeat me? But, several months ago, he was just an undervalued seventh young lord, who was in the Realm of the Elite. He must be a man of high potential; otherwise I’m not able to find a better explanation for his immense progression in cultivation. Oh, he’s so mysterious. Maybe... Maybe he really is the man I should depend on...”

It might be because she had some spark of love towards Qinghan, or because of his sincerity. But in the end, An'yue chose to believe in him, though she subconsciously regarded it to be somewhat weird.

.....

In the lobby of the hotel, Menglong had been drinking wine for hours. He was intentionally waiting for Qinghan to come out, covered in bruises.

Suddenly, the door to the backyard opened, and a young man walked out. Rubbing his eyes, Menglong jerked his head in that direction and found that it was Qinghan, who nodded to the old waiter and stepped out of the hotel, disappearing into the dark night.

Menglong waved his head violently, trying to return to a sober state. He helped himself up with great difficulty, walked towards the gate, and tried to shout out something to Qinghan, yet not a single word came out of his mouth. He just stood there, pointing at Qinghan's direction with his wobbling arm.

Strangely, the expression on his face was a mixture of sadness and indignation, as if Qinghan had stolen something important from him. Actually, he was still unwilling to admit that that "thing" had never really belonged to him in the first place.

Eventually, Menglong moved back to his table and filled two cups of wine. He didn't drink, as he just affectionately stared at the two cups. As if he was lamenting on the "thing" he would never have a chance to own...

Chapter 34 – Homeward Journey

Ye Gun was annoyed by being woken up. Anyone who had just fallen asleep would be provoked under such circumstances.

As a collateral descendant of the Ye Family, Ye Gun had cultivated to the third level of the Realm of the General and he had even managed to summon a sixth-grade two-headed tiger in the Awakening Ceremony. Once integrated with his beast, his power would be comparable to those in the Realm of the Marshal. Honestly speaking, the Realm of the General could only be regarded as mediocre in the Ye Family. However, among other collateral descendants, Ye Gun was still above average.

Wild City, the most popular place for cultivators to replenish cultivating necessities, was located on the southern border of the Mars Prefecture. A while ago, Ye Gun had been given the lucrative position as the leader of this city.

As a collateral descendant in the Realm of the General, it had taken Ye Gun a great amount of effort and money to climb up to his current position. Since the first day he had sworn in, he had also started collecting bribes, in order to lead an extravagant life.

Once Ye Gun's position in Wild City had become firm and steady, he had continued expanding his financial power. At the same time, he indulged himself in sensual pleasures. Those good-looking daughters from less influential families, for example, would be asked to accompany him for a whole night.

Tonight, after some arduous mountain-climbing, he was rather exhausted. All he wanted right now was to have a good night rest. However, the knocks on the door kept him from having a peaceful night. Eventually, he strode towards the

door and opened it. Here, a rugged-skinned guard stood.

“If you fail to give me a proper explanation for waking me up, I’ll make your fourteen-year old sister become a young married woman in advance.” Ye Gun scolded the guard harshly, threatening to take the guard’s sister for the night.

“Your Majesty, my sister is as ugly as I am! Er... There is someone who wants to see you.” The guard replied with a bitter expression.

“Oh, shit! Are you an idiot? Do I have an obligation to see all the people who request to see me? Ask him to come here tomorrow afternoon!” He scolded, as he slapped hard on one of the cheeks of the guard.

As the leader of Wild City, Ye Gun was a ruthless dictator, who wouldn’t welcome anyone, unless they were from the Ye Family.

Regardless of the spicy pain on his face, the guard added, “Your Majesty, that young man has a golden token of the Ye Family.”

“A golden token?” Ye Gun came to an abrupt halt, he arched his thick brow and slapped the guard on his other cheek, “Fuck, why didn’t you mention that earlier?! Hurry up and lead the way.”

The Ye Family had a highly hierarchical family structure. The color of the tokens represented the rankings within the family, which would indicate the power and position of the token-holder. Ye Gun knew that the golden token was a symbol of lineal descendants of the Ye Family, thus he wouldn’t dare to give a cold-shoulder treatment to the man waiting outside.

Qinghan had never been too excited about his status as a lineal descendant. However, he was so anxious to return home, that he decided to abuse his position.

To his surprise, the moment when he showed the golden token, the arrogant guard had abruptly changed his attitude, and spoke to him almost as submissively as a cat. Qinghan knew, that based on his current cultivation level, he would be qualified to be a truly respected seventh young lord.

“Are you from the Ye Castle?” Ye Gun narrowed his eyes, as he looked Qinghan up and down, before he finally managed a pretentious smile on his fat face.

“Yes, Your Majesty. I’m honored to meet you.” Qinghan smiled back, before he bowed to Ye Gun.

“Alright, aside from the golden token, do you have anything else to proof your identity as a descendant of the Ye Family? This is just a procedure we’re supposed to go through, dear nephew, please don’t mind.” Ye Gun nodded his head and seated himself.

“Oh... This fatty pig really looks like a corrupt official. It seems he’s still suspicious about my identity. Well, I’ll show him my battle beast.” Qinghan thought to himself, as he decided to show off a little bit to frighten Ye Gun.

“Swimming Dragon Kill!”

By using all his Battle Qi, Qinghan transformed himself into numerous visional figures, brandishing his palms within the confinement of the main hall. Suddenly, there emerged a glittering spot on his chest, from which a dog-like battle beast,

with a horn on its head, emerged. Within a second, the battle beast had disappeared again.

Subsequently, Ye Gun received the golden token from Qinghan, examining it discreetly.

“Considering his power, he seems to be a key descendant, but I’ve never heard that our family enlisted a new member as a key descendent.” Ye Gun was still doubtful.

But, on second thought, given the golden token, the battle beast, and the skill of the Swimming Dragon Kill, all of which were specially-owned by the Ye Family, Ye Gun eventually chose to believe Qinghan. Based on Qinghan’s exhibited capability, Ye Gun even predicted, that Qinghan would soon have an emerald token instead. His cross-grained features shivered, as though he was excited to build a relationship with a promising descendant of the family.

“Oh, my dear nephew, I was overwhelmed by your performance. It was really Impressive! Since you’re in Wild City, then let me show you around and find you some entertainment. Right now, I’ll instruct the servants to prepare a delicious breakfast for you.” Ye Gun said with a bright smile on his face.

“I’m afraid I have to decline all of your kind intentions. Frankly, I’m coming for some help from you.” Qinghan slowly explained.

“Oh, really? Just say it.” Ye Gun urged Qinghan.

“Sorry to disturb you at such a time. Embarrassingly, I’ve been in the Wild Mountain Range for months, but now I need to go back to Grey City for an

emergency. I hope, that you can help me out.” Qinghan nodded his head and explained his intentions to Ye Gun.

“No big deal. But, I sincerely suggest you to stay here a little bit longer. You know, the girls in Wild City are fabulous.” Ye Gun stared at Qinghan, in a way that only a man could understand his undertone.

“Oh... I just tried one last night. She’s such a stunner.” Qinghan was reminded of An’yue and thought to himself. However, in front of Ye Gun, he insisted, “No, thanks, your Majesty. But, I really need to go right away.”

“Er, ok, Next time you come here, please stay longer. You’re welcome anytime.” Ye Gun turned around and ordered the guard, “Go and bring my fastest horse to this young lord. In addition, arrange four guards to escort him on his way home.”

“I really appreciate it, your Majesty. I’ll set off now. I’ll revisit your place to express my thanks next time.” Qinghan bowed to Ye Gun, before he followed the guard out.

In front of Ye Gun’s mansion, four guards stood beside a luxurious carriage, as they were already awaiting Qinghan’s arrival. The horse was purplish red, and one of the guards silently held the rein.

“Let’s go to Grey City as fast as possible!” Qinghan ordered, as he jumped onto the carriage.

Qinghan was sure that the five men he met in the mountain range were sent by Wuhen. Even though he had annihilated all of them by luck, he was haunted

by some ominous predictions. Thinking of his sister, who was all alone in the Ye Castle, Qinghan began to worry more and more. So, when he realized this, he had instantly made his mind up and left An'yue at midnight.

Afterwards, he directly went to the mansion of the leader of Wild City, in the hope to borrow a carriage. It wasn't because he was financially-restricted to rent a carriage; rather, it was because the best horses were in the hands of Ye Gun. With the help of his carriage, Qinghan would be able to efficiently shorten the time for his homeward journey.

Looking at the carriage that was quickly disappearing on the horizon, the ugly guard walked through the gate, as he hesitantly reminded Ye Gun, "Your Majesty, he is the seventh young lord of the Ye Family!"

"Fuck you! Of course I know that. I even know that he's the son of Ye Dao." Ye Gun scornfully glanced at the guard.

"But... Your Majesty, the seventh young lord is a notorious undervalued piece of garbage. Why would you be so kind to him?" The guard frowned in confusion.

"Garbage? You're a piece of garbage, not him!" Ye Gun held his palm and slapped the guard's cheek once again, which was already slightly flattened due to the successive impacts.

"Have you ever seen a piece of garbage, who improved his cultivation from the first level of the Realm of the Elite to the Realm of the Commander within two months? Have you ever seen a fourth-grade battle beast look so domineering? Don't forget, his father, Ye Dao, was once a genius! Let's wait and see, inside the Ye Castle, there will soon arise some turmoil. The more chaotic the situation, the more I'll thrive. You know, in that way, I can fish in troubled waters. Haha..."

.....

In the southern part of Wild City, a short man in black clothing hurried down the streets. He skirted several corners, before he eventually sneaked into a small hotel. Then he walked into the backyard and knocked on a door.

Manager Liu was lying awake, while his beautiful young concubine was sleeping soundly beside him. However, he wasn't able to sleep, as he looked to be rather upset. The five men sent by young lord Wuhen hadn't returned yet, which had been haunting him.

"Since the target is in the Realm of the Elite, it should be a piece of cake for them to capture him. Why is it taking them so long? Is it possible that they've encountered an accident?" He wondered.

- Dong! Dong! Dong! -

The sound of the knocking on his door finally brought him back to reality. He quickly crawled out of his bed and put a thick overcoat on, before he walked towards the door.

"What?! All of them were killed by Ye Qinghan?"

Glancing at the frightened Jin Niu, Manager Liu screamed, as utter disbelief could be heard in his voice. It might be the chilly wind, or the shock in his heart, but his hands were violently trembling.

“Yeah, I’ve seen it with my own two eyes, while I was hiding in some nearby bushes.” Remembering the ferocious fighting scene, Niu Jin’s face turned pale. The moment, that the five brothers had died, he had immediately ran away. However, on his way, he had ran into a group of third-grade demonic beasts, which had delayed his return.

“I’ll arrange some of my best horses, as well as two guards for you. Jin Niu, hurry up, go and inform our young lord about this bad news. Right now, this is your top priority, don’t screw it up, or your life will be in danger.” Manager Liu shouted with a shaking voice.

Not long ago, Manager Liu received the information that a fast-running carriage was going in the direction of Grey City. After hearing Jin Niu’s explanation, he predicted that the man in the carriage could be Qinghan.

Soon, against the chilly spring wind, a carriage led by several strong horses ran past the city gate and disappeared into the distance.

Chapter 35 – The Secret Plan (1)

Although it was late at night, the beauty of Grey City, which had been established in the southern part of the Mars Prefecture for an unknown length of time, still exhibited its antique, yet charming characteristics.

Ever since Ye Huang, the founder of the Ye Castle, had established his status in this ancient city thousands of years ago, the Ye Family had evolved into the leading power of Grey City. Now, it was fair to say, that Grey City belonged to the Ye Family and vice versa.

On Thirteenth Street, Wuhen, accompanied by Elder Shi and Elder Mo, was aimlessly wandering along the road. It was known to all, that the girls on Thirteenth Street were hot and sluttish and even more passionate than the prostitutes in Snowing City. However, Wuhen didn't show much interest in these girls right now, as his head was occupied by something else.

He had been in Grey City for over two months now. Back in the Xue Family, rumors had already spread that their young leader had fooled around with indecent girls on Thirteenth Street, which had not only angered his family members, but it had also caused them to worry about him. Moreover, the people who lived in the Ye Castle, were also secretly discussing about the dandy lecher, Wuhen, who was only fond of women, rather than cultivation.

Only Elder Shi and Elder Mo knew, that their young leader had no better means to keep this facade up. If he didn't pretend to do be a dandy lecher, then people would become suspicious about his intentions for staying in the Ye Castle for such a long time. During these two months, they had visited all of the brothels on Thirteenth Street, as they could even recite the names of all the famous prostitutes due to their frequent visits.

As Wuhen stood outside a brothel, the girls with heavy make-up on were leering at him, showing off their white and plump bosom. In response, Wuhen smiled back, as he gracefully waved the folding fan in his hands. Suddenly, he turned to the elders, as if he thought of something urgent.

“Any news from Wild City yet?” He asked with an anxious expression plastered on his face.

“Up until now, we haven’t heard any news. But I think it won’t take much longer.” Elder Mo stepped forward, as he respectfully replied.

“A bunch of trash!” Wuhen cursed at his subordinates, before he quickly slipped into the brothel, which was named the Hundred Flower Pavilion.

The Hundred Flower Pavilion, located at the center of Thirteenth Street, was famous for its prostitution business. Sister Feng, the boss of this brothel, was an aged woman who looked like a girl in her twenties. The amorous glances shot from her phoenix-like eyes, were an effective weapon to tout in many guests.

Speaking of Sister Feng’s beautiful eyes, she was also excellent at identifying people. When she was walking down the stairs, she immediately recognized Wuhen. Immediately, her eyes lit up, as she greeted him with her yellowbird-like melodious voice, “Whee, no wonder that the magpies (a sign for forecasting good news) outside kept singing all day long today, you’ve returned, my dear young lord Wuhen!”

“Ah, Sister Feng, you’re flattering me.” Wuhen nodded his head indifferently. It wasn’t his first time hearing her as-sweet-as-honey remarks. In fact, he had grown a bit bored of her extreme hospitality.

“As usual?” Sister Feng inquired with a smile plastered on her face.

Without saying a single word, Wuhen just slightly nodded his head, before he went upstairs and entered a room that was specially reserved for him. In contrast to the other rooms, where there would be a large, pink bed and a special scent with a flirtatious smell lingering, this room was tidy and concise – it only had a couple of wooden desks and chairs, as well as some pieces of landscape paintings hanging on the walls. It was more like a study, rather than a room in a brothel.

“Your Highness, young leader.”

Suddenly, the side door of the room was pushed open and Sister Feng, who stood there, bowed to Wuhen. Her eyes were full of shrewdness and her expression was solemn, as she didn’t show the slightest trace of her identity as a coquettish brothel boss.

“How’s the preparation going?” Wuhen asked, as he grabbed a cup of tea from the desk.

“I have tightly arranged the plan and we’ll take action in five days. If the three elders in the Ye Family won’t interrupt our play, I promise, that I’ll successfully accomplish this task.” Sister Feng bowed again, after she had replied.

“I don’t think that the elders in the Ye Family will meddle or intervene... Anyway, I’ll deal with the people of the Ye Family. Also, you have to guarantee that the girl will arrive in Snowing City alive. I do not wish to see a dead corpse, understand? In fact... if she dies, then so will you.” Wuhen had decided to take the risk, because nothing would wear his determination to pursuit this girl down.

- Dong! Dong! Dong! -

The sudden knocks on the door irritated Wuhen, as he scornfully glanced at Sister Feng. Hurriedly, Sister Feng opened the door and quietly chatted with the man outside.

“Your Highness, we have to advance our plan. In my opinion, we’d better start tonight.” Sister Feng turned around and anxiously told Wuhen.

“What’s going on?” Wuhen frowned, as he realized that something ominous must’ve happened.

“Xue Yi... and the others... they’ve all died. Ye Qinghan killed them all! According to the informer, right now, Qinghan is already on his way back to Grey City. He’ll probably arrive tomorrow morning, or perhaps even earlier... Your highness, if you insist on our original plan, I suggest that we start right away.” Sister Feng spoke in a shaking voice, as she tried to calm herself down from the shocking news.

- Bang! -

The cup in Wuhen’s hand fell onto the floor and shattered. Wuhen tried to say something, but failed to do so.

Elder Shi and Elder Mo stood silently, staring at the poured out tea leaves, as they pondered on the possible consequences this breaking news would bring.

“Call him in, I need to reconfirm with the informer.” After several minutes, Wuhen’s cold, indifferent voice finally broke the silence.

Jin Niu, together with his two guards, was immediately called in. Looking at the handsome, peaceful young leader, Jin Niu bowed before he spoke. Subsequently, Jin Niu carefully detailed the events, that he had witnessed while in the Wild Mountain Range. He stuck to the honest truth, as he didn’t add nor miss anything. He was well aware, that if he lied, he would surely be punished or even killed by Wuhen.

“Alright, you three should have a good rest. Sister Feng, arrange a good room for them.” Wuhen managed to restrain himself, though the anger inside his heart was almost dashing to the sky. As a young leader, however, he had to maintain an unhurried manner, and not reveal his true emotions.

“We’ll take action tonight!” After he had pondered for a while, Wuhen finally stood up and ordered Sister Feng, before he left the room.

.....

In the Drunken-heart Garden in a western courtyard of the Ye Castle.

Ye Qingkuang, distinctive from other young lords, was never seen on Thirteenth Street. He didn’t only refrain himself from visiting prostitutes, he also never showed his family’s affluence and social status in public, which many other young lords usually did. He usually remained in one of the courtyards, as he had his eyes tightly closed and diligently cultivated his Battle Qi.

Seldom did anyone discover, that Qingkuang spent more time on cultivation

than on anything else. Only he himself knew, why he had to cultivate so diligently.

As the eldest young lord of the Ye Family, Qingkuang was supposed to be the number one candidate for inheriting the position as family leader. However, if he was lazy and lacked the desire to become stronger... then it was possible that, several years later, someone else would be selected as the future leader. As his name suggested, he was born with wild craziness (狂=kuang, means wild craziness). He was a bit eccentric, which was all he needed in cultivation, so that he could become the next leader of the Ye Family!

Though his father had successfully taken the throne as the leader, Qingkuang didn't feel happy about it at all. Many years ago, when Ye Dao was still alive, his father had long been suppressed under the shadow of Ye Dao's brilliant talent. Even up until now, his father couldn't surpass what Ye Dao had achieved. Some people thought, that compared to Ye Dao, his father was incompetent to take the position as family leader, which made Qingkuang quite embarrassed.

Therefore, Qingkuang was determined to cultivate as hard as he could, to solidify his father's position. He hoped, that one day, the "mountain of humiliation" that stood upon his father would be crushed by his outstanding achievements. Also, he believed, that through his diligent cultivation, he would become a household name throughout the entire continent.

Wuhen didn't know anything about Qingkuang's soaring ambitions, but he did know, that he must visit him as soon as possible. Therefore, he left Thirteenth Street and headed to the Drunken-heart Garden.

.....

“Oh, Wuhen, What’s up? Why are you in such a hurry?” Qingkuang reached up to adjust his hair, before he ordered a servant to prepare some tea for Wuhen.

“I have something urgent to discuss with you.” Wuhen whispered into Qingkuang’s ear.

“Oh? Alright!” Qingkuang quickly instructed the servants to leave, as he smilingly replied to Wuhen. He had previously obtained ten bottles of Snow Spirit Dan from Wuhen, so he reckoned that he would also get some today, “No matter what, I’ll do whatever I can to help you.”

Chapter 35 – The Secret Plan (2)

“Look, ten bottles of top-quality Snow Spirit Dan, the same as last time.” Wuhen took out ten white-jade bottles and lined them up on the desk.

“Oh, This is too much... I haven’t even finished the last task yet.” Qingkuang hypocritically declined, though his eyes were fixated on the bottles. Last time, Ye Ron had taken away four bottles from him, making him grumble at the loss for a long time.

Once a cultivator entered into the Realm of the General, he must accumulate ample amounts of Battle Qi in order to ascend into higher realms. The Battle Qi could be obtained in two general ways, either by diligent cultivation or by absorbing numerous amounts of Dan. In the Ye Family, Dan were available for the younger generation, but they were of comparatively lower quality than those of the Xue Family. As for Ye Qingkuang, though he was of similar age as Wuhen, he was only titled as the first heir, which was quite different from Wuhen’s title as young master. In terms of treatment, this meant that Qingkuang, in contrast to Wuhen, didn’t have much access to top-quality Dan.

Looking at the fervent eyes of Qingkuang, Wuhen continued, “Ah, I hope you won’t laugh at me. That girl... I mean, her appearance looks very much like my first girlfriend. Therefore... (Coughing). Sadly, I received a letter from my family... Tomorrow I must return home. So, if possible, do you think I could take that girl with me tomorrow?”

“Er...” Qingkuang frowned and awkwardly replied, “I understand your concern, but... I don’t think this is going to be easy. You know, the girl is extremely stubborn. She isn’t as tame as she looks like. Given her stubborn personality, I’m afraid, that if we force her to do so, she’ll commit suicide.”

“Look, this is called the three-day intoxication and it’s colorless and odourless. Once she takes a couple of drops of this liquid, she’ll fall into a deep slumber for the next three days. I promise you, that I’ll treat her well in the future. However, I need your help to cope with the aftermath of this event in the Ye Family.” Wuhen rummaged through his pockets and took out a yellow bottle.

“I have to say, this three-day intoxication is amazing. But, there is still one thing I’m concerned about. Her brother, Ye Qinghan, is untamed like a wild horse. I believe you’ve already met him on Cattle-fence Street. If he returns and finds out about our plan, then he’ll report to the Elder Clan and accuse us of abduction.” Qingkuang let out a long sigh, as though he was rather reluctant to cooperate with Wuhen.

“Alright, this is a book describing emperor-level secret combat methods. But it’s only a second-hand account and some of the pages have worn out already. I hope you don’t mind.” Wuhen threw a copper-colored book towards Qingkuang, while stealing a cold glance at him. Since Qinghan had killed the five men he had sent to Wild City, he knew he’d better not underestimate him. Therefore, he planned to give Qingkuang this valuable book, hoping that the latter would help him take care of Qinghan.

“Oh? Emperor-level secret combat methods?” Qingkuang excitedly took the book. When his two eyeballs saw the book, it looked as if they were ready to fall out.

The combat methods could be categorized into four levels: human-level, king-level, emperor-level and saint-level. Despite his identity as the eldest young lord of the Ye Family, Qingkuang hadn’t gotten a chance to learn any emperor-level secret combat methods. Now, the invaluable book Wuhen handed over to him was really a windfall.

Thumbing through the book, Qingkuang suddenly stood up and said in a tone of absolute sincerity, "Tomorrow morning, we'll meet at the north gate of Grey City."

Hearing this, Wuhen chuckled to himself, "As the ancient saying goes, any loyalty will collapse in front of overwhelming amounts of benefits. This is so fucking true!"

.....

Qingxie rose up early this morning, even before the roosters' crowing. Actually, he was woken up by his master.

His master was Qingkuang. Although their names were only slightly nuanced, their status and capabilities differed quite a lot. Qingxie, a collateral descendant of the Ye Family, was enrolled as a key descendant at the age of fifteen. Later, he had joined Qingkuang's family and gradually won their trust. Now, after he had finished a ton of errands for Qingkuang, he was regarded as the most reliable lackey. By clinging to Qingkuang, Qingxie enjoyed a relatively high status among his collateral peers. Even his father, who was the leader of a small city, was inferior to him in terms of status.

However, Qingxie understood very well, that his own capability alone was far from enough to distinguish himself. He had to work himself to the bone for Qingkuang, so as to raise the possibility of promotion. Therefore, he was more than willing to get up early today.

Accompanied by his two subordinates, Qingxie held a yellow bottle in his hand and left the Drunken-heart Garden. As per Qingkuang's order, his destination of

this task was a shabby house in an eastern courtyard of the Ye Castle.

Indeed, he had visited this house several days ago with a request for the beautiful, effeminate girl, but she had rejected it. When he had returned, he was harshly scolded by his master, which made him lose face. This time, he was determined to give this task a successful ending, so that he would be able to regain his face in front of his master. He had asked his two subordinates to keep watch outside, before he sneaked into the yard.

Eventually, he arrived at a door. Here he removed the bolt, that held the door in place, with his dagger and successfully crept into the room. His quick and accurate movements made himself look like a nimble cat. This room turned out to be a kitchen, rather than a girl's bedroom. Actually, he had done some investigation before this task and had learned that this girl would cook porridge every morning for breakfast. Without any hesitation, he pushed open the lid of the yellow bottle, and dropped the liquid into the edible oil and water. Afterwards, he quietly left the kitchen and waited outside with his two subordinates.

The reason why Qingxie didn't knock the girl unconscious and forcefully emptied the bottle in her mouth, was because he thought this was not in conformity with his ways of handling such disgraceful acts. Given the severity of this task, he reckoned that it was more proper to do it as invisible as possible.

- Creak... -

An hour later, it was near dawn, as the first glimmers of sunshine crept into the yard. A girl pushed the kitchen door open and went in to prepare breakfast.

Outside, Qingxie grew more and more anxious. Since this yard was the least

frequently-visited place, he wasn't afraid of being discovered, rather, an unknown feeling had struck him and was making him become increasingly nervous. Maybe, due to the indecent task he was performing, a sense of guilt, that had subconsciously lurked in his mind, had revealed itself.

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Qingyu stepped into the kitchen and walked to the rice jar, only to find that the jar was empty. At the sight of the empty jar, Qingyu sobbed. Everytime she encountered one of these small things, she would think of her brother and miss him even more. Previously, it was always Qinghan who had carried a heavy sack of rice home whenever they had run out of food.

"Brother, when will you come back? How can I lift a sack of rice all by myself?" Qingyu pouted, complaining that her brother hadn't returned home yet.

Suddenly, something occurred to Qingyu, so she touched the fruit knife hid on her chest, to make sure it was still there. About a month ago, she had used this knife to frighten away the man that had announced the marriage proposal. Since then, as long as this knife was on her body, she felt a hint of safety.

Peeping into the cabinet, she found some steamed corn bread lying inside. Finally, she decided to make do with the bread as breakfast today.

She grabbed a cup of water with one hand, and held a piece of steamed corn bread in the other. Routinely, she sat on a stone chair in the yard, facing in the direction of the south. She enjoyed her breakfast, while she lost herself in the twilight...

.....

“Who’s that ?”

The eight heavily-armoured guards were all awakened from their nap by the loud knocking on the gate.

“It’s me. Open the gate!”

Several days’ of traveling had made Qinghan exhausted. Right now, he stood in front of the gate of the Ye Castle, with a pale face. However, the idea of the reunion with his sister had given him a newfound reserve of energy and with this he had managed to pull himself together. He stepped off the carriage, and looked at the eight familiar faces. He was so tempted to shout out loudly, “I’m back again!” However, he refrained himself from being so presumptuous.

Taking out a bag of purple magic coins, Qinghan tossed it to the escorts, “Please take it and buy some wine to warm your bodies.”

“Young lord, you’re so generous.” One of the escorts caught the bag on behalf of all of them and respectfully smiled at Qinghan.

The eight guards were stunned by what had happened in front them. The expensive carriage, as well as the respectful manner of the escorts, all made them believe that their seventh young lord had went through some changes, yet they failed to understand how. Subconsciously, they felt the “gloomy cloud” over Qinghan’s head would probably clear up soon.

“Good morning, seventh young lord.” One of them greeted Qinghan warmly as

he opened the gate even wider.

“Hum.” Qinghan just nodded in response. Actually, he wasn’t quite used to the “kindness” of these guards. Without thinking too much, he quickened his pace and dashed towards his own yard.

Chapter 36 – The Scarlet Blood on the White Wall

Qingxie sensed that something might've gone wrong, so he decided to finish the task in a simpler way.

The brightening sky and the scarlet-red morning glow reminded him to speed up his plan. Therefore, he scurried forward, and hit the towards the back of Qingyu's neck with his palm. These movements were made in absolute silence, as not even the slightest sound could be heard.

Originally, Qingxie was confident to hit Qingyu with his powerful palm, before forcing her to drink the three-day intoxication liquid, so that he could throw her into a big sack and carry her to the north gate. Here Wuhen would be awaiting their arrival. However... When he was only several inches away from Qingyu, a sharp fruit knife caught his attention.

The knife itself was thin and almost weightless, Qingxie could crush it in a second. But, this wasn't what he was worried about. Because right now, Qingyu was holding the edge of the knife against her own neck, as blood was gradually oozing out, drop by drop.

“Stop! Or I'll kill myself.”

Despite the fact that Qingyu had never cultivated any Battle Qi, her special body condition allowed her to be ill-free, while she also had better hearing and eyesight. She knew by instinct, that someone was approaching her with evil intentions. Without any hesitation, she took the knife out and recklessly put it on her neck and accidentally cut herself.

“Ye Qingyu, calm down. I just stopped by to visit you.” While he made up some lame excuse, Qingxie stretched his arms out, attempting to show that he was unarmed.

“I believe that I’ve already told you last time, that I won’t decide on anything until my brother has returned home. Get lost...” Disregarding his explanation, Qingyu sternly said.

“I really don’t understand... Why are you so stubborn? In the Ye Family, you and your brother are ill-treated, why not go with young lord Wuhen and enjoy a decent life?” Qingxie began to persuade. He didn’t dare to irritate Qingyu any further, in case she really killed herself. Thus, he refrained himself from revealing his anger and pretended to be as patient as possible.

“Listen, before my brother’s arrival, If you guys keep compelling me into agreeing to this marriage, then the only thing I can do is die.” Qingyu’s hands slightly shook, as if she was trying to show her determination.

“Alas...” Qingxie made a long and deep breath, before he glanced at his two subordinates and indicating them to stop moving forward.

As a last resort, Qingxie rummaged through his chest pocket, and slowly enunciated, “Since you’re such an uncontrollable person, we have to tell you the truth about your brother. Half a month ago, we received news that your brother... accidentally died in the Wild Mountain Range. The news came from Wild City. Since then, our family has sent people there to reconfirm his death. You know, we wished to save you from having to deal with this cruel reality. We wish you to marry Wuhen and live happily ever after. But, you keep saying you won’t make any decision until your brother arrives... So, I think it’s the right time to let you know this.”

“My brother accidentally died? Nonsense! You’re a liar! I don’t believe the shit that’s coming out of your mouth.” Qingyu glared at Qingxie. Now, she was caught by a mixed feeling of fury and grief, which made her hands shook even fiercer.

Qingxie shook his head, before he turned to one of his subordinates and said, “Ye Bao, show her the official death announcement of her brother.”

Ye Bao retrieved a roll of white paper and unfolded it in front of Qingyu. It read: In March, in the year 9998 of the Flame Dragon Calendar, there occurred a demonic beast riot in the Wild Mountain Range. Therefore, the leader of Wild City, Ye Gun has led an emergency team, which consisted solely of family members, to quell the upheaval. The death toll was huge, including Ye Tiandong, Ye Tianyu... Ye Qinghan, Ye Xiaoshi... We should express our condolence to these martyrs and their relatives. A decent amount of compensation will be allocated to their bereaved families.”

Looking at these words, Qingyu’s heart tightened, “Ye Qinghan?! Dear brother... Oh... No, this is impossible. You must’ve fabricated this announcement!”

Soon, tears welled up from Qingyu’s eyes, before they dropped on her white dress, leaving some visible marks. Though she refused to believe Qingxie, she was already crying her heart out.

“Miss Qingyu, please restrain your grief. I think that your brother, who is already in heaven, would wish you a happy, worriless life.” Noticing Qingyu had loosened her hold on the knife, Qingxie’s eyes lit up, as he felt the situation was finally turning into his favour. Despite his inner excitement, he still kept a gloomy

face to match with Qingyu's grief.

"Where's his corpse? You said my brother has died, but where's his body?" Qingyu inquired sharply as she suddenly stopped crying.

"Your brother was chased by a herd of the fourth-grade demonic beast, shadow wolves. Unfortunately, he didn't escape their pursuit and his body was torn apart by them. Afterwards, his remaining body parts were cremated. Miss Qingyu, I share your sorrow, but we can't bring your brother back to life." Qingxie replied in a mournful tone, although his heart was filled with triumphant joyfulness. He was so proud of his acting skills, that he even jokingly thought he could probably make a living out of it.

"He's been torn apart? Ohhh... How cruel!" In the end, Qinghan believed that her brother had truly died. After all, she was too young and gullible. Because, she thought that the Ye Family was one of the five most prominent families, who wouldn't deceive her like this. Plus, though she was mad at the fact that the family didn't ask her permission before making the marriage announcement, she felt rather relieved, at least they hadn't forced her to marry him.

However, she never knew, that the Ye Family didn't know anything about this. Everything that had happened, was a scheme created by Wuhen, who was bold and shameless. He was someone who would use despicable means to obtain his goals.

Staring at the red glow of the rising sun, Qingyu saw the smiling face of her brother emerging in the clouds.

- Bang! -

The knife fell off on the ground, and bounced back. In the sunlight, it shone a bright reflection.

“Brother...”

With a deep groan, Qingyu woke up from her illusion and abruptly dashed towards the wall and slammed her head against it. Immediately, the blood spilled over the white surface of the wall...

“Brother... Brother...” Qingyu squealed like a rat, the sound of which echoed in the air of the courtyard.

“Qingyu!”

An even louder sound rose up from not too far away. This high-pitched tone, which could almost soar into the skies, was ear-piercing.

“Ahhh...”

A dark streak of a black shadow broke into the yard, which almost scared Qingxie out of his skin. The shadow was Qinghan. He looked at the falling Qingyu and the blood-stained wall behind her, while he desperately howled...

Meanwhile, Qingxie had calmed down a little bit. He turned to his subordinates and scolded them in a low voice, “You’re both dogshit! If we can’t accomplish this simple task as ordered, then we’re all screwed. Fuck! What should we do... Ye Bao, go and report the current situation to Qingkuang and we’ll wait for his further instructions.”

Ye Bao submissively nodded his head, before he turned around. When he brushed past the heartbroken Qinghan, he just gave him a somewhat careless and cold glance.

The contempt in Ye Bao's eyes immediately irritated Qinghan, as his eyes turned out to be stern and emotionless. Though the size of his fist was no bigger than that of a small pot, it was powerful enough to end a vivacious life.

- Bang! -

Subsequently, Qinghan's fist punched against Ye Bao's chest, causing the latter to vomit a mouthful of blood and crouch on the ground in agony.

"Wait a minute! Cousin Qinghan, please allow me to explain the situation here." Out of sheer panic, Qingxie exclaimed loudly, begging for leniency from Qinghan.

However... In response, Qinghan raised one of his legs high up in the air, and slammed it down on Ye Bao's spine.

- Bang! -

Lying on the ground like a lobster, Ye Bao's spine was flattened, or even shattered. The crisp sound of breaking bones went on for a little while, as though the whole trellis that supported the grapes had collapsed.

"You..." Qingxie was totally dumbfounded by the cruelty of Qinghan. He was determined to defend his dying subordinate, however, when he met with Qinghan's ice-cold eyes, he fearfully retreated.

“If you dare to run away, I swear I’ll annihilate the small city in your father’s governance.”

Qinghan then picked his sister up and went into one of the rooms.

Thank goodness. There was still warmth in her body, which was an indication of life. Right now, the first and foremost thing for Qinghan to do, was to save his sister, rather than avenge her. However, he was neither a doctor, nor a magic person who could conjure up panacea. Therefore, he rested all of his hopes on his bronze ring.

He quickly took the ring off and put it on his sister’s finger. After which, he fetched a drop of blood from Qingyu’s forehead, and dripped it on the surface of the ring.

Chapter 37 – He Could No Longer Be Silent

Qinghan anxiously stared at the bronze ring. But, after patiently waiting for a minute, his heart fell into his boots.

“Nothing!”

The ring didn’t release its familiar white smoke, as the wound on his sister’s head continued to bleed.

A short while later, something occurred to Qinghan. Hurriedly, he took the ring from his sister and put it back on his own finger. Immediately afterwards, he grabbed a black dagger and cut his left wrist.

- Chi –

Blood began to ooze out of his left wrist, and subsequently, the magic white smoke gradually emerged from the ring, as it quickly moved towards his wound. Qinghan quickly forced his sister’s mouth open, before he squeezed his blood into it.

Luckily, the healing power of the ring was overwhelmingly efficient. The wound on Qinghan’s wrist almost instantly started to scab. Qinghan frowned as he stared at the wound, not because of the pain, but because he was worried that the supply of healing blood would stop too early. Therefore, without further pondering, he grabbed the dagger again and cut through the already scabbed wound. This time, the wound was so deep, that even the color of his bones could be seen.

In order to save his sister, Qinghan kept repeating these painful and cruel movements. He cut his wrist, then he let the blood drip in Qingyu's mouth. When the wound scabbed again, he would cut through the wound again...

During these silent moments, only the ticking sounds of blood could be heard. Despite the physical pain, Qinghan didn't cry out, as though all of his sensual feelings were numbed by the unspeakable grief.

As this brutal process went on, Qinghan's face grew paler, while at the same time, Qingyu's face began to regain her luster. Eventually, there was even the first traces of a smile emerging on her glowed face.

Gradually, after numerous drops of blood, the wound on Qingyu's forehead started to scab. The weak breath of Qingyu made her chest slowly fluctuate.

Qinghan gently caressed his sister's face, while he was silently crying. He felt some stirrings of remorse for his delayed arrival.

"If only I had arrived earlier... Then my sister wouldn't have gone through this suffering." Looking at the sleeping Qingyu, Qinghan felt a deep remorse for his actions.

He carefully wiped the blood stains off Qingyu's mouth, before he covered her with a quilt.

Afterwards, as Qinghan slowly stood up, he sternly glanced at his surroundings. Now, the room was filled with a murderous atmosphere. He was determined to seek revenge!

.....

Outside the room, Qingxie stood in the yard as ordered. The body of Ye Bao lay quietly on the ground, while the other subordinate had already rushed back to inform Qingkuang about this emergency.

Qinghan's ruthless attack on Ye Bao did surprise Qingxie to a great extent, but it didn't actually frighten him. Even when Qinghan had threatened to smash his father's small city, he wasn't intimidated in the least. The main reason that he was still here, was that he hoped that his master, Qingkuang, would send more people to help him out. On the other hand, since the arrival of Qinghan had disturbed their original plan, he had to keep an eye on him before his master arrived.

"I was told, that this piece of garbage is only in the first level of the Realm of the Elite. How did he manage to kill Ye Bao, who is in the first level of the Realm of the Commander?!" Qingxie did find the improvement in Qinghan's speed and power quite perplexing.

However, on second thought, Qingxie reckoned that it was unnecessary to worry about Qinghan. After all, he himself had already reached the first level of the Realm of the General. Plus, once he integrated with his battle beast, his power would reach the second level of the Realm of the General. He was confident, that with this power, he would be able to keep the situation under control.

Nevertheless...

An overwhelming murderous vibe swept across him! Qingxie was shocked to suddenly find Qinghan standing right in front of him.

“Why?” Qinghan coldly asked.

“Why? What do you mean... I already told you... I don’t know why your sister has committed suicide...” Qingxie thoughtlessly spoke, but he stopped in the middle of his sentence. Because, his instincts told him to become increasingly wary of Qinghan, whose face had turned ferocious. At this moment, Qinghan very much looked like a hungry monster, who was ready to devour its prey.

“WHY?!”

Qinghan started to scream this question out loud over and over, each time in a higher pitched voice. As if Qinghan’s words were spelled by magic, Qingxie found it hard to get rid of the sound, which made him shiver in panic.

“Why am I shivering? He’s simply a piece of garbage, while I’m a strong cultivator in the first level of the Realm of the General. I have absolutely no reason to feel any kind of fear in front of him...” Qingxie thought to himself, as he was trying to find his courage.

“Ye Qinghan, I totally understand your sadness. But, I hope that you can calm down and let the family decide how to deal with this matter.” Qingxie persuasively replied.

“Integration!”

Without any warning, Qinghan integrated with his battle beast, as his body was saturated with surging Battle Qi. He stepped closer to Qingxie and snatched his collar and hollered, “Let me ask you one more time, why did you hurt my

sister?”

“Integration!”

In defense, Qingxie also integrated with his beast. He currently felt, that the easiest way to teach Qinghan a lesson, would be to make him suffer a little bit. After all, he had failed to persuade Qinghan orally. So why shouldn't he let Qinghan succumb to his mighty fists?

A second later, when Qingxie was just about to strike out with his fists, he suddenly lost his eyesight by two dazzling beams that were shot from Qinghan's eyes. As a result, he instantaneously became unconscious.

Doubtlessly, Qinghan had used his special integration technique – Soul Blackout, which could outstrip the defense of a cultivator in the Realm of the General and attack their souls as soon as their eyes made contact. The span of the blackout would only last for a mere second. However, during a life-and-death fight, one second would be a determinant factor, which had already been proven when Qinghan had killed Xue Yi back on Fire Wolf Hill.

Qinghan turned his palm into sharp claws, and lifted Qingxie by his neck. At the same time, Qinghan pressed his right hand on the main meridians of Qingxie, before he crushed them, blocking the flow of Battle Qi in his body. Shockingly, all of this was done within that one second!

When he finally woke up, a shocked expression was plastered on his face, as he still refused to believe that he was defeated by this piece of garbage. Instead, he chose to believe that he was currently simply having a nightmare.

“You can’t avoid death today. The only question is, in which way would you prefer to die? Would you like to have a quick death, or would you rather have me slowly torture you... Until eventually, you can no longer hold on? If you care about your father and mother, who live peacefully in their small city. If you care about your brother, who I heard has recently become a key descendant. If you care about any of them, then you better start telling me the truth!” Qinghan angrily threatened Qingxie.

Looking at the furious Qinghan, Qingxie was still trying to figure out what had happened to him just now.

“I saw two dazzling beams piercing through my eyes, and... and then I fainted? I never heard of such a technique... A technique which can dazzle the minds of a cultivator in the Realm of the General!” Qingxie didn’t instantly reply, as instead he murmured to himself in confusion.

In actual combat, each fighter could suddenly lose their life. If Qinghan had grasped a technique that could directly attack one’s soul, then this would be utterly terrifying. It would even be possible for him to kill a cultivator in the Realm of the General in a mere second. Realizing Qinghan’s actual strength, Qingxie tried to exert all of his Battle Qi. However, only now did discover that all his main meridians had been broken. Now, he was like a saggy balloon, waiting for his final punishment – death.

“Ahhhhhh!”

While Qingxie was pondering, Qinghan cut off the tendons in his knees. After the initial unbearable pain, he couldn’t feel his legs anymore.

“Since it takes you so long to give me an answer, I’ll have to let you experience

some torture, in order to help you make your decision.” Qinghan ruthlessly commented.

Now, Qingxie truly believed in Qinghan’s power, as well as his threats. If he didn’t start speaking up, then he would most likely be tortured to death. Moreover, his parents, together with his younger brother, would also be killed. He finally realized, that Qinghan had greatly increased his cultivation and he was now capable enough to seek revenge. Thus, he finally decided to compromise.

“I... I’ll tell you the truth. But, please... Please take your hands off my neck!” He was almost being suffocated by Qinghan’s hands, so he stammered out with difficulty.

- Bang! -

Subsequently, Qinghan loosened his hand, and Qingxie dropped to the ground like a tattered toy. Afterwards, Qinghan squatted beside the lying Qingxie, before he said in an ice cold manner, “I’ll give you one minute to narrate the whole thing. Don’t expect anyone to come and save you. Even if a family member in the Realm of the Emperor came to help you out, I would kill you before he could take even a single step forward.”

Strangely, Qingxie smiled in a self mocking manner. He had already lost his last hope for anyone to come and save him. After all, his subordinate had left quite some time ago, yet he still didn’t see the slightest sign of Qingkuang. This morning, he was told that if he successfully accomplished this task, then he would be nicely rewarded. However, if he failed, then he had to bear all the responsibility by himself. Now that his master, Qingkuang, had abandoned him, he had no choice but to tell Qinghan whatever he knew in order to keep his family from being ruined.

“The plotters of this conspiracy are Wuhen and Qingkuang. Two months ago...”

As Qinghan listened to the narration of the whole thing, the flames of fury surged uncontrollably.

“I don’t think I can stay in this family any longer. It’s... It’s too disgusting.”

After all these years, he was finally fed up with all of their insults and constant bullying. The despising glances of Qingxie... The rainy night he had kneeled down in front of the Elder Clan Hall... The attack on him on Cattle-fence Street... The giant yellow palm of Battle Qi on Fire Wolf Hill and the scarlet blood on the white wall... Images of all these scenes flashed through his mind like a backward movie. His heart had quietly sunk to its lowest level. He could no longer be silent...

Chapter 38 – Raging Like a Storm

“I have to break out of this silence, or I’ll be forever restricted within its shackles. Now, the time has come... To break this silence and let them hear my voice...”

- Puchi! -

The black dagger was raised high up in the air, before it cut through Qingxie’s neck.

“I guarantee that I’ll never hurt your family members. After all, they didn’t take part in this scheme and haven’t offended me at all.”

Qinghan ended Qingxie’s life without feeling even the smallest hints of regret. Instead, he turned around and walked back to the room. Here, he tore the sheet into strips and then fastened his sister on his back. With a resolute expression, he strode out of the room.

At this moment... Qinghan behaved like an insane person, as he set the entire eastern part of the Ye Castle on fire! Unlike the western part of the Ye Castle, which was mainly decorated with marble, the structures of the eastern part were mostly build from wood. Once it had caught fire, it had instantly become totally uncontrollable. It only took several minutes, before the entire eastern part of the Ye Castle was overtaken by waves of raging flames.

“Qingyu, don’t worry, I’ll bring those bastards to justice. After that, we’ll leave this place... Forever!”

In front of these raging flames, Qinghan's expression actually looked somewhat relieved. Right now, the little house he had lived in for so many years, was burning fiercely in the bright, giant fire. He felt relieved, as the "cage" that had locked him in had finally perished. Like a bird that was freed from its cage, Qinghan's heart and mind were freed at this moment. This feeling it... it was amazing!

.....

After Qingkuang had received the ten bottles of Dan from Wuhen, he had entrusted Qingxie to finish this secret task. In the early morning, he had visited Qingxie himself and instructed him on how to implement the plan. After that, he had returned to his place and had decided to have a good rest.

He had deployed Qingxie to finish this task, because he had complete trust in his loyalty, as well as his capability. Judging from previous experiences, Qingxie would be able to quickly understand his instructions without further explanation. It was rather convenient for Qingkuang to cooperate with such a smart guy. Today, for instance, under the circumstance of not having any escorts sent by Qingkuang, Qingxie had immediately brought two of his father's subordinates and left.

However, Qingkuang didn't seem to be able to fall soundly asleep again. Eventually, he started to cultivate instead. Yesterday, he had obtained the emperor-level battle technique manual from Wuhen and he was extremely itchy to try it out.

Thumbing through the pages, he excitedly found that the name of the technique was called "Soul Refinement". The soul was regarded as the essence of everybody, especially for those aspiring cultivators, who were determined to comprehend the Laws of Heaven and Earth. Once his soul would reach a certain

extent of power, it would be much easier for him to understand the Laws of Heaven and Earth. However, this was a second-hand, dilapidated book, which also only contained the first half of the whole volume. It was actually not very surprising, that Wuhen was so generous to give it to Qingkuang as a gift.

“Eldest young lord.” A guard anxiously exclaimed at the door.

Being disrupted, Qingkuang viciously glared at the guard. When the guard met with Qingkuang’s eyes, he slightly shivered, but he still spoke, “Eldest young lord, Qinghan has returned. He was escorted by several guards from Wild City.”

“Oh? He’s already back... Wait, the leader of Wild City is... Ye Gun!” Qingkuang arched his brow, pondering on the hidden meaning behind this news.

He was well aware, that Ye Gun belonged to Ye Qiang’s side. However, he didn’t know why Ye Gun was willing to do Qinghan a favor and escort him back to the Ye Castle.

“Could it be that Qinghan had already become a member of Ye Qiang’s team? Why did Qinghan have to come back at this point of time, right when we’re implementing our plan? Is there any secret relations between Ye Qiang and Qinghan?” Qingkuang lost himself in these groundless guesses.

“Go and follow Qinghan. Remember, don’t reveal yourself. Qingxie... I hope you won’t be so stupid as to reveal our plan to Qinghan.” The situation turned out to be more complicated than he had expected, Qingkuang even suspected that all these coincidences had something to do with Ye Qiang. He figured, that it would be better to analyze the situation, before he would take his next step.

However, not even five minutes later, a subordinate who was sent by Qingxie had arrived. He quickly reported the events, that had taken place after they had taken action.

“Oh, Qingxie is indeed an idiot! He screwed up our plan. How could this happen in his presence? Didn’t he persuade, or keep Qingyu from committing suicide?” Qingkuang suddenly erupted.

Actually, he didn’t really care about Qingyu committing suicide. After all, in his eyes, she was just an unimportant adopted child of the Ye Family. However, according to what Qingxie’s subordinate had told him, Qinghan had effortlessly killed Ye Bao. This had made him wonder... Since when did that piece of garbage store up enough courage to kill a man well beyond his cultivation level. Out of surprise as well as anger, he walked hasty down the lane, preparing to denounce Qinghan for killing this man.

Unexpectedly... Qingkuang only went halfway towards Qinghan, before returning home. On his way, a more appalling piece of news had changed his plans once again. This time, it was because Qinghan was not only coming towards him after killing Qingxie, but he had even set the entire eastern part of the Ye Castle on fire!

“What the fuck?! How the fuck can Qinghan kill Qingxie?!”

On second thought, Qingkuang figured that there must be a conspiracy going on between Qinghan and their Third Uncle, Ye Qiang. Even if he put all these things aside, he didn’t believe that Qinghan had the courage and capability to kill a key descendant like Qingxie. It was known to all, that Qingxie had already reached the first level of the Realm of the General, and he could even reach a higher realm once integrated with his battle beast.

“If my predictions are right, then Ye Qiang must’ve directed this entire event behind the scenes. Now, Qinghan even dared to kill Qingxie. Not only that, he even set the entire eastern part of the Ye Castle ablaze, which was an obvious sign that they intended to make some noise over this matter. Perhaps, they even intended to have the three elders of our family interfere.” Qingkuang was proud of his own analytical ability, and formed a counter plan based on this “truth” that he had found out.

Immediately, he divided his subordinates into three groups. One group rushed towards the north gate, to inform Wuhen on their failure and to apologize for it. The second group, together with Qingkuang himself, went to his father, Ye Jian, to tell him what he had just “analyzed”. As this could be an internal strife between his father and his Third Uncle, he reckoned that it would be proper to ask for his father’s decision. The final group went to the Punishment Department and invited Ye Ron to their house. They were prepared to see just what kind of storm Qinghan could stir up!

.....

At the north gate of Grey City.

Wuhen was sitting on a luxuriously-decorated wagon, patiently waiting for the arrival of Qingkuang. He was struck by a mixed feeling of excitement and restlessness. However, as the sun rose up higher and higher, his mood became gloomier and gloomier. Now, the long period of waiting had worn out all of his patience.

Elder Shi and Elder Mo, who sat on both sides of Wuhen, held their breath, while they would occasionally roll up the curtain of the wagon to inspect their

surroundings.

“Oh, My Gosh! Young lord, look, the eastern part of the Ye Castle is on fire!” Suddenly, Elder Shi broke the silence with a stupefied squeal.

Looking ahead, the eastern courtyard was wrapped in a world of red glows and ashy smoke.

- Bang! -

As he looked through the curtain, Wuhen accidentally dropped the cup of tea, that he had been holding in his hand. After taking a deep breath to calm himself down, he closed his eyes, as he tried to hide his fury.

“No need to wait here any longer. Let’s go back to Snowing City!”

.....

Habitually, Ye Jian woke up early this morning and took a sip from a cup of tea in his ninth-concubine’s bedroom. The tea, that he enjoyed, was worth ten purple crystal coins per cup and was named ‘The Dragon’s Tongue’. And the beautiful woman, who was refilling this cup of tea, was his ninth-concubine. Actually, Ye Jian bought her from a brothel on Thirteenth Street, at the price of a few hundred purple crystal coins.

Staring at the smiling beauty, Ye Jian asked his concubine to sit on his thighs. Once her plump hips touched his legs, Ye Jian couldn’t help but move his hands through her smooth, silky clothing. Some people would say, that when a man hit his forties, his “sword” would become blunt. However, for Ye Jian this was

definitely not the case.

- Dong! Dong! -

By the time when Ye Jian was at the height of his enthusiasm, as he was ready to pull his “sword” out to give his ninth-concubine a nice treat, a knocking sound came from the door. This untimely knock on the door utterly outraged him.

“What? Don’t you know I’m drinking my morning tea right now?” He hollered.

The servant outside the door was well aware of his master’s “morning tea” habit, but given the level of urgency, he had to continue his interruption, “Your Majesty, the eastern part of your Ye Castle is on fire!”

“Son of a bitch! If there’s a fire, you should find someone to put it out! Don’t disturb me over such a trivial matter!” Ye Jian furiously yelled out. Right now, he had to extinguish the “fire” inside his body, rather than the fire in the eastern part of the Ye Castle.

“Your Majesty, young lord Qingkuang is here, and he said that the fire may have something to do with Ye Qiang...” The servant said with a trembling voice.

“Qingkuang? Third Brother, Ye Qiang?” Ye Jian pondered for a while, before he finally tidied up his clothing and grabbed the cup of tea from his desk.

Chapter 39 – Family Gathering (1)

The door opened, as one of Qingkuang’s subordinates respectfully entered and kneeled down, before he explained the previous events to Ye Jian.

As he listened attentively, Ye Jian’s face grew even darker. He held the cup of tea in the air, without drinking it. Eventually, he silently closed his eyes and took a sip of tea.

The subordinate scratched his head in bewilderment, as he was confused to see Ye Jian so composed after hearing this breaking news.

“We should do two things right away. One, send someone to block the entrance to the rear part of the Ye Castle, in case our secret plan leaks out. Second, it’s time to use our secret force. Let them closely follow everyone’s current actions, especially Ye Qiang... If he dares to oppose me, then I’ll gladly have some fun with him.” Ye Jian ordered sternly.

.....

It was still early in the morning, Ye Qiang rose up for some cultivation, as this was his long-formed habit. Throughout his cultivating years, he had always been a firm believer of absolute power, which he regarded would shatter any and all evil plots.

Unlike the talented Ye Dao, Ye Qiang was a resolute, diligent cultivator. Every day, he would rise up early to cultivate.

This year, he had turned thirty eight. Embarrassingly, despite all of his persistent practice, his capability in cultivation was never listed on the very top as he had hoped for. However, because of his diligence, he had managed to outstrip his big brother, Ye Jian. Now, based on his achievements in cultivation, he had entered the Realm of the Emperor and was appointed as the vice-president of the Combat Department of the Ye Family.

As the two major departments in the Ye Family, the Punishment Department was established to deal with internal affairs, while the Combat Department was founded to confront outside attacks. At present, the presidents of these two departments, accompanied by Ye Tianlong, had gone into seclusion. Therefore, the vice-presidents of these departments enjoyed a stunning amount of authority over almost everything.

Ye Qiang knew, since the death of his super talented second brother, Ye Dao, that their father was really heartbroken, which was the main reason for his seclusion. He also knew, that his big brother, Ye Jian, aspired to become the leader of the family. As a leader of the City Major Mansion in Grey City, Ye Jian wasn't yet in the position to lead the whole family. However, Ye Jian was a crazy careerist, who dreamed of leading his force to launch attacks outside, so that he could become a monumental figure in the Ye Family. In order to crash Ye Jian's aspiration, Ye Qiang kept on cultivating, in the hope to obtain absolute power, which he believed would turn Ye Jian's secret force into mere vulnerable bubbles.

However, while in his morning cultivation, he was shocked by a piece of appalling news.

"How can the son of Ye Dao be this strong? He even killed one of the key descendants of the family! Most importantly, he's currently on his way to kill the eldest young lord!"

“How interesting!”

Ye Qiang’s face was beaming with smiles, which somehow added to his physical charm.

.....

As for Qinghan, he didn’t realize that someone in the family had already taken a series of actions against him. The only thing on his mind right now, was to seek revenge for his sister. Actually, he didn’t care much about what the family members thought about him. After all, he had already decided, that after he had sought revenge for his sister, he would permanently leave the Ye Family.

Therefore, he carried his sister on his back, as he burned the eastern part of the Ye Castle, before he ran to the western part. At this moment, he had finally arrived at the entrance to the Drunken-heart Garden.

“Ye Qingkuang, come out and let me kill you!”

The furious yelling broke the silence in the usual peaceful garden, as though a silent pool was hit by a stone that violently rippled the water.

A few seconds later, the whole western part of the Ye Castle was in chaos, as numerous people came out from their rooms. All of them were surprised, as they were looking towards Qinghan.

Qingkuang had already predicted Qinghan’s arrival, but he had never expected

that it would be so soon. Plus, he had been worried about the possible conspiracy of Ye Qiang, so he hadn't expect Qinghan to come in such a presumptuous and wild manner.

As a key descendant, as well as the eldest young lord of the Ye Family, Qingkuang was always arrogant, and he had the capability to be arrogant. He was never able to stand anyone who was more overbearing than him. However, today, he was actually treated in such an overbearing way by Qinghan! Therefore, he couldn't wait any longer to come out to confront Qinghan. Even though, he had originally planned to wait until Ye Ron's arrival. Immediately, he strode out of his room, accompanied by several guards.

"Ye Qinghan, what do you mean by killing me?" Qingkuang flared out.

"Nothing special, I just want to end your life." By looking over his shoulder, Qinghan noticed that Qingyu was soundly asleep. A second afterwards, he turned his head back towards Qingkuang and calmly replied. It seemed as if he was talking to an old friend, rather than an enemy.

"Haha, end my life? Hey, everybody, have you heard what this piece of garbage just said? He wants to kill me? This is the funniest thing I have heard in my entire life." Qingkuang wasn't intimidated at all. Instead, he crossed his arms, as he was laughing uncontrollably.

"Who am I? I'm Ye Qingkuang, the eldest young lord. While I also have the biggest potential of becoming the heir to the position of family leader. Everyone in the family respects me. Look at that over-confident bastard... That piece of garbage... Kill me? How funny! Even Ye Qiang wouldn't be so bold as to act blatantly against me." Qingkuang quietly chuckled to himself.

Following Qingkuang's wild laughter, his guards, as well as the onlookers, were all bursting out in laughter, as though they too found it hilarious, that this piece of garbage wanted to challenge the capability of their eldest young lord. Soon, the garden was filled with various noises buzzing in the air. It was a mix of discussions, curses, sneers and more.

"Holy shit! Has the seventh young lord developed a fever? Why is he spouting such nonsense?"

"Haha, this dumbass, I'm afraid that he received some brain damage recently. Given his nasty ability in cultivation, he probably won't even be able to hurt a chicken."

"Even if he has the courage to kill Qingkuang... How could he possibly succeed with his cultivation and that fourth-grade lion-nosed dog..."

"Definitely, he's insane. No one with a normal brain would yell this early in the morning. We have to isolate this crazy man. Otherwise, he might even run to the rear part and kill our elders. Haha."

However, Qingkuang was careful in front of Qinghan. After all, the fact that Qinghan had killed both Ye Bao and Qingxie couldn't be neglected. Moreover, his younger brother – Qingxian, had already been sneak-attacked twice by Qinghan. Based on these concerns, he chose to be wary of the possible dangers ahead of him, despite his composed manner.

"The world is not as just as it should be, so I have to enforce justice on behalf of the Heavens. The human being bears no sense of justice in their mind, so I have to bring those wrongdoers to justice by killing them myself. I have no choice but to kill you right now. Ye Qingkuang, even if I report your nasty plot to

the Punishment Department, I believe that they wouldn't justly punish you. Since neither the Heavens nor the family is reliable, I will be the judge of you myself... As a key descendant of the Ye Family, you took bribes from an outsider, Xue Wuhen, and together, you conspired to cheat my sister into marrying Wuhen. You even fabricated a false family announcement. Eventually, because of your greediness and foolishness, my sister almost killed herself. All in all, I hereby declare your punishment... Death, which will be executed immediately!"

Disregarding the spiteful glances that were cast on him, Qinghan slowly narrated what had happened to his sister to the public, making the atmosphere increasingly intense.

"Integration!"

The familiar figure of Little Black appeared in front of his chest, before it instantly jumped into his body.

Staring at the mysterious tattoo on Qinghan's forehead, as well as his murderous eyes, everyone present felt a chill in the air.

"He isn't kidding. A real fight is about to commence." The crowds held their breath, waiting for any change that would happen in the next minute. Some of them retreated, as they went to their own masters to spread the word.

"Everyone, please be my witness. It's Ye Qinghan who has started this fight!"

"Integration!"

Qingkuang had also integrated with his battle beast, a seventh-grade violent

bear. Now, after integration, he was as powerful as a cultivator in the peak level of the Realm of the General. He threw a despicable glance at Qinghan, before he stepped closer.

Now, the distance between Qingkuang and Qinghan was only five steps. At this moment, Qinghan tossed his head towards Qingkuang, staring at him with his pair of horrible, glaring eyes. Suddenly, to Qingkuang's sheer surprise, two dazzling beams of light suddenly emerged from Qinghan's eyes. Within a second, Qinghan appeared beside Qingkuang, while he was holding a black dagger and thrust it into Qingkuang's stomach, where his Dantian was located. The Dantian was extremely important in cultivation and once it was damaged, the cultivators cultivation would be ruined.

Chapter 39 – Family Gathering (2)

- Chi! -

Qingkuang's stomach was stabbed through, making him closely resemble a saggy balloon. The whole crowd was panic stricken, as they widened their mouths and protruded their eyeballs. At the same time, when Qingkuang woke up from his short unconsciousness, he was also stupefied.

Without the help of his Dantian, which served as a reservoir for Battle Qi, Qingkuang felt he was like a withered flower, unable to regain his vigor. The huge amount of Battle Qi he had accumulated over the years, was quickly rushing out of his Dantian. The Battle Qi was in a complete mess, which even caused further damage to his meridians. All of a sudden, Qingkuang was caught by bouts of unbearable pain and coldness. Looking at the ruthless Qinghan, who was holding a blood-stained dagger, Qingkuang turned terror stricken, as he hysterically cried out.

“NOOOOO!!!”

“Calm down, I just ruined your cultivation. If you keep moving like this, I'm afraid you'll never have another chance to see your father and brother... Cultivation can be regained if you start from scratch. But, if you were to die... then that would be the end!” Qinghan whispered in Qingkuang's ear. He then looked around at the crowd, and added, “Oh, my hand is shivering, I'm afraid, that I might accidentally kill Qingkuang. Go and tell Ye Jian, that if he cares about his son, to do me a favor. Tell him to bring the three great elders here.”

“Ahhh!”

“Ye Qinghan, you’re mad! How do you dare to ruin the cultivation of our eldest young lord? You’ll certainly get killed...”

“Crazy, absolutely insane! Ye Qinghan is a lunatic. He... He...”

“Hurry up! Inform the leader of the City Major Mansion, the vice-president of the Punishment Department, and all the other elders... An unexpected emergency has taken place...”

“Fuck Ye Qinghan, he even dares to ask for the great elders to come here. He has absolutely no respect for his superiors and their authority!”

The whole crowd bursted out into a clamor. This time, it was like a bomb falling into a pool, causing the water to splash in all directions.

Interestingly, some people ran away, while others continued to harshly curse Qinghan, and again others were simply spooked silly. Obviously, they were all utterly shocked by Qinghan’s ferocious behavior, but expressed their horror in their own ways.

Suddenly, several streaks of shadows appeared from the air, dashing towards the Drunken-heart Garden.

“Ye Qinghan, let go of my son!”

The booming sound of Ye Jian caught everybody’s attention. As Qingkuang’s father, his voice was filled with incessant indignation and regrets.

“Qinghan, hold on!” The next one who landed on the ground was Ye Qiang, who hastily arrived before Ye Jian could do any harm to Qinghan.

“Ye Qinghan, you’re doomed today!” Ye Ron blustered with an outraged expression. Actually, he felt regret for coming later, otherwise Qingkuang could’ve been saved. Once he had received the message from Qingkuang’s subordinate, he hadn’t given it much heed. However, they all underestimated the revengeful power of Qinghan.

Soon, Ye Tianqing, Ye Tianxing, Ye Gong, Ye Quan... dozens of elders flew towards their direction. They all slowly arrived, gathering together in the Drunk-heart Garden.

“Aside from the members from the Elder Clan, others please leave here as soon as possible. No one is allowed to spread the word about what has happened today in the Ye Castle!” Ye Jian ordered in a seemingly-composed manner, trying to refrain from his fury, which was about to explode. It was heart-aching for a father to witness his son being treated like this. Looking at Qingkuang’s bleeding stomach, Ye Jian felt as if it was his heart that was bleeding.

A minute later, the crowd had silently dispersed in all directions.

Qingkuang was closely and firmly held by Qinghan, while drops of blood kept dripping from the dagger in Qinghan’s hand. Everyone anchored their eyes on Qinghan’s indifferent face, as they were pondering on possible solutions to end this farce.

“All of you have finally arrived, hm? Why doesn’t anyone negotiate with me? Do you wish to see this bastard suffer, like I do?” In front of so many respected

elders, Qinghan was a little bit nervous, as he was trying to say something to dissolve the awkward atmosphere.

Ye Jian lifted his brow and clenched his fist, "Let my son go!"

"I'm not that silly!" Qinghan rejected.

"Qinghan, you should prevent Qingkuang from bleeding to death. If he died, things will get worse." Ye Qiang broke in, as he was apparently on Qinghan's side.

Qinghan nodded in agreement and swiftly pressed his fingers on the bleeding meridians.

"Do you know what you are doing right now? If you don't let go of Qingkuang, you know, a life for a life... You'll pay for it!" Ye Ron screamed in a high-pitched, hysterical voice, as though he was trying to conceal the startled feelings deep inside his heart.

Ye Ron hadn't even finished his words, or Qinghan indignantly interrupted, "Shut up! Qingkuang is the accomplice of that shameless scheme to force my sister to marry Wuhen. I know, that you're probably part of this secret plan. One day, I will kill you!"

"You... you dare to tarnish my reputation? Haha, little bastard, I'm afraid that no one will help you clear this mess up. You're finished, boy." Ye Ron yelled spitefully.

"Really? Alright, before I die, I wish for this eldest young lord to be buried with

me.” Qinghan sneered, holding the dagger above Qingkuang’s chest.

“No, Hold on, Qinghan. Father, please help me!” Looking at the sharp dagger, which was only an inch away from his body, Qingkuang shouted out for help.

“Stop! Ye Qinghan, What do you need from us, hm?” In order to save his son, Ye Jian lowered his voice, though the flames of anger were still roaring inside.

Actually, Qinghan didn’t need anything from them. The moment he had killed Qingxie, he was suddenly convinced, that he must think of a wise strategy for his revenge. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be able to safely leave the Ye Castle.

At the beginning, in order to grab everyone’s attention, he had burned the eastern part of the Ye Castle. Then he had ruined Qingkuang’s cultivation, and kidnapped him, so that the big bugs in the family would show up. Now, most of them had already joined this gathering, except for the three great elders – the family leader, Ye Tianlong, and the other two great elders.

Given all the “evil” he had committed in this family – killing Ye Bao and Qingxie and ruining Qingkuang’s previous cultivation, Qinghan was destined to be killed. Ye Jian, for instance, would seek revenge for his son; the Punishment Depart, would execute him according to the family rules; and the Elder Clan would also not let him live peacefully. Even his Third Uncle, Ye Qiang, wouldn’t be able to protect him under such severe conditions.

The only people who could save him were the three great elders, who were secluded at the rear side of the Ye Castle. Qinghan thought that the three great elders wouldn’t kill him, because he held a trump card in his hand – the holy-grade, soul-eating battle beast.

Therefore, following Ye Jian's question, he requested, "Sure, I'm glad to let him go, as long as you manage to invite the three great elders, who are in seclusion, to come and meet me."

Chapter 40 – The Hopeless Situation (1)

“Invite those three old folks to come here!” Qinghan yelled again in an emphasized tone.

How wildly presumptuous was he! The three great elders in the rear hill, represented the highest cultivation achievements the Ye Family could obtain so far. They were the backbone of the entire family!

“How did Qinghan dare to be so impolite and rude towards these three great elders?”

The elders knitted their brows in anger, as they had never met someone as brazen as Qinghan in their entire lifetime. Even Qinghan’s Third Uncle, Ye Qiang, wore a long face, as he complained to himself, “Oh, Qinghan, even if you intend to anger the elders in this family, you don’t have to do it so obviously. At least, you should show some respect for them.”

“You immoral bastard! How dare you be so audacious?! You should be killed!” Ye Ron let out a torrent of curses.

“Yes, you’re right. I’m not only rude to the elders, let me remind you, I have also killed two family members, and paralyzed this one. Based on all of this, I’m pretty sure, that you guys are going to kill me sooner or later. Since I don’t fear death, I don’t fear anything. Besides, I don’t think it’s rude to call them three old folks, at least I didn’t call them “three old dotards”. Should I refer to them as supreme hermits, simply because they have isolated themselves from the real world?” Qinghan curled his lips, as he retorted.

“Qinghan, shut up. At the very least, one of them is your grandfather!” Ye Qiang interrupted, trying to dissuade Qinghan from being so bold. Because, otherwise all the elders might turn against him.

“Grandfather? Haha...” Unexpectedly, Qinghan laughed out as he heard the word grandfather. Seconds later, he stopped laughing, as a mixed feeling of solitude and fury slipped into his mind.

“Grandfather? Since the death of my father, we were left alone and helpless. When I kneeled down in front of the Elder Clan Hall on that rainy day, when I was bullied on Cattle-fence Street... When I was nearly killed in the Wild Mountain Range... When Qingkuang, together with the outsiders, tried to kidnap my sister.. Where was that dear and respected grandfather of mine?!”

Listening to Qinghan’s complaints, many elders lowered their head, as they were pondering over the causes of Qinghan’s crazy behavior today. Never had they considered how much Qinghan had suffered since the death of his father. However, the crimes he had committed today were enough to receive the death penalty, as per the family rules. Some of the elders even felt sorry for Qinghan’s suffering.

Nevertheless, Ye Jian had simply no sympathy or interest in Qinghan’s suffering. He gave a quick glance at Qingyu before he said, “I’m not going to waste time listening to your bullshit. I won’t invite the three great elders. You know, it’s simply impossible! You’re but a mere violator of our family rules. How can you be so unashamed, as to wish to disturb the three great elders? Listen, let me give you an offer: as long as you let go of my son, I promise, that I’ll personally take care of your sister in the future.”

Following the tricky remarks of Ye Jian, Ye Ron added, “Yes, Ye Qinghan, let go of our eldest young lord, and your sister will be safe and sound. Otherwise, not

only you, but also your sister will be killed.”

“Ye Ron! I promise, that one day, I’ll kill you! So you want me to release Ye Qingkuang? No way! Now, listen up, If the three old folks don’t show up within the next hour, then I’ll perish together with Qingkuang. As for my dear sister... I don’t believe that you guys will properly take care of her. It’ll be better for her to accompany me to the netherworld!” Staring at the ugly scar on Ye Ron’s face, Qinghan yelled back.

Qinghan knew, that the integration technique he had acquired was only formidable in front of cultivators who hadn’t exceeded the Realm of the General. The soul power of a cultivator would increase each time he entered into a higher realm. Therefore, Qinghan’s Soul Blackout technique might even be completely useless against cultivators who had exceeded the Realm of the General. For those in the Realm of the Marshal, their soul power had actually developed a highly defensive state, which could nullify the integration technique.

Among the elders, almost all of them were in the Realm of the Emperor, including Ye Ron. That was why, Qinghan promised that he would kill Ye Ron in the future, rather than today. He was simply incapable of killing him at this stage.

As for Qingyu, Qinghan understood her very well – She wasn’t the kind of person who wished to drift along in life just for the sake of remaining alive. The day she tried to commit suicide, she had already proved this unyielding side of her personality, even though she had previously always left them the impression of an obedient girl. So, Qinghan reckoned, that if he died, his sister would quickly join him. Even if his sister didn’t end her life, she would live miserably.

“Rather than suffering from the endless abyss of a miserable life, why not find a way out of this hopeless situation?” Qinghan thought to himself.

“In my opinion, given the severity of the situation, I agree to invite the three great elders out. This is the safest way to ensure the eldest young lord’s safety.” Ye Qiang advised, after carefully pondering on the undertone of Qinghan’s words. He believed, that if the great elders were informed of these disgraceful kidnapping plans, that Qingkuang, as well as his father Ye Jian, would be punished in one way or another. So, he decided to take advantage of this event to launch his personal revenge against Ye Jian.

“I disagree! Before my father, and the other two great elders, started their secluded cultivation, they had ordered that no one was allowed to disturb them. They plan to make a breakthrough in their cultivation. No one would dare to take the responsibility to disrupt their cultivation!” Ye Jian raised his brows high, holding a disapproving attitude towards Ye Qiang’s suggestion.

“You’re right! The cultivation of the great elders should be regarded as the most important thing in our family. No one should dare to disturb them.” Ye Ron also joined in.

“I agree with Ye Qiang. I think, under the current circumstances, things need to be carefully investigated. However, not a single one of us is qualified to make the final decision in this case.” Ye Tianqing stroked his grey moustache and wrinkled his forehead.

Before Tianqing had rushed to the Drunken-heart Garden, he was told that Qinghan had gone insane and had murdered two family members and had set the entire eastern part of the Ye Castle ablaze. Also, Qingkuang was held hostage by Qinghan. Thus, he had immediately rushed to the scene to verify these rumors. Now, he was completely baffled, as he couldn’t figure out how Qinghan suddenly had the ability to kill cultivators in the Realm of the General. As far as he knew, Qinghan was only in the Realm of the Elite.

“Could it have something to do with the Awakening Ceremony? The nine-colored halo?” Tianqing was curious at the vast progress Qinghan had made within these last two months. However, because of the intense atmosphere, he had held back from asking this question.

“Yeah, we need a proper investigation.” Another elder said. He, Tianxing, was also greatly confused about Qinghan’s rapid progress, just like Tianqing.

“No, I disagree. I don’t believe that it’s wise to disturb the elders’ cultivation with such trivial events.”

“Yeah, I also disagree. Look at this bastard... He doesn’t deserve an audience with the great elders. He even called them old folks!”

“Yes, this bastard is too presumptuous...”

All the elders present expressed their opinions, however, almost none were unbiased. Just as Ye Qiang had decided to secretly send someone to inform Ye Tianlong, Ye Jian concluded, “Since most of you disagree to disturb the great elders, then there is no need to talk about this anymore. And I persuade those who intend to secretly invite the great elders to give up on this decision. As for my son... I bet that Qinghan won’t hurt my son any further, otherwise, I won’t be lenient to his sister. Let’s see if he dares to gamble on his sister’s life.”

During the previous discussion, Qingkuang had conveyed some message to his father. He has send these messages using his soul. These messages made Ye Jian realize the true intention of Qinghan’s request to see the great elders.

As a cultivator in the Realm of the General, Qingkuang was not supposed to learn advanced techniques, but his father had personally taught him this conveying voice skill. Qingkuang told his father, that the light in Qinghan's eyes was what had made him briefly lose consciousness.

"That must be an integration technique! Ye Qinghan, you lucky bastard, you actually learned some advanced technique with the help of that rubbish dog of yours." Based on what his son had told him, Ye Jian predicted that Qinghan had grasped a high-level technique.

"Wait... How can a fourth-grade battle beast be so powerful, as to teach its master such an advanced soul-related integration technique?" When he thought back to the nine-colored halo at the Awakening Ceremony, Ye Jian's heart rate was quickly accelerating. He was determined to kill Qinghan once and for all. In order to consolidate his current family status, he wouldn't allow Qinghan, who, in the future, might be more powerful than his father Ye Dao, to stand in his way of becoming the leader of the family.

"An hour later, you'll know whether I have the courage to gamble with you or not." Qinghan replied to Ye Jian's threatening question. He clenched the dagger in his hand, but he didn't know that Ye Jian had already vowed to himself to eradicate him.

The crowd was silent. They were all anticipating each other's responses, especially among Qinghan, Ye Jian and Ye Qiang.

The atmosphere turned out to be a little bit suppressed and awkward until... a soft voice broke the ice.

"Brother? Is that you? Brother!"

Chapter 40 – The Hopeless Situation (2)

Actually, Qingyu had already woken up before Ye Jian''s arrival. However, once she had come to her senses, she was struck by a series of mysterious information, which was causing her a lot of trouble to digest. She had learned that she had indeed a Jade Spirit Body. The ritual of Soul Sacrifice would help her activate the concealed power within her body, and then transfer this power to her lover, who would obtain a terrifying amount of power for a short period of time. If her lover had entered the peak level of the Realm of the Prince, then he would even be able to break into the Realm of the Emperor, once he absorbed the inborn Yin Qi from Qingyu's body.

“Do I really have this mysterious power? Do I really have a Jade Spirit Body?” In the beginning, Qingyu was suspicious about this seemingly farfetched information.

Nevertheless, the more she knew, the more convinced she became. During the past fifteen years, she had never become sick, not even a cold, as though her body was ill-free. She had even wondered, whether she had the power of self-healing. She remembered that her forehead was bleeding, but now she couldn't find the wound. She didn't know that she was actually saved by Qinghan's bronze ring. If it wasn't for Qinghan's efforts to pour his own healing blood into her mouth, she wouldn't have woken up so early.

Finally, she opened her eyes, after she had grasped the method of Soul Sacrifice. The first thing that she saw, were her brother's familiar shoulders. Looking at the back of Qinghan, she screamed in utter disbelief, “Brother? Is that you? Brother!”

“Qingyu?” Qinghan turned his head over his shoulder. When his eyes met the

pure, pearl-like eyes of Qingyu, his heart was instantly melted.

Qingyu was overly excited to see her brother again and finally managed to utter some words, “Brother... I’m... I’m so happy that you are back.” Suddenly, a mixed feeling of sadness and happiness drowned her heart... However, this didn’t last for long. Abruptly, she squealed in terror, “Ah, brother, watch out!!”

“Watch out?” Looking at Qingyu’s frightened expression, Qinghan swiftly put his dagger on Qingkuang’s neck, as he tried to instantly kill Qingkuang.

- Swoosh! -

However, compared to this sneak-attack, which originated from a cultivator who was in the Realm of the Emperor, Qinghan’s speed was simply too slow. Even cultivators in the Realm of the General had the ability to extract Battle Qi, let alone those in the Realm of the Emperor. Back when Qinghan had turned his head around, Ye Jian had instantly released a stream of Battle Qi. He had then utilized this opportunity, when Qinghan’s attention was distracted by his sister, and formed the stream of Battle Qi into a thin, almost invisible needle. Therefore, without any warning, one of Qinghan’s arms was silently stabbed by the needle.

Sadly, the thin needle accurately poked into the meridian in Qinghan’s arm, which was instantly paralyzed. The black dagger dropped to the ground, and Qinghan stumbled backwards with a pale face. Out of fury, he lifted his unharmed left arm, and aimed his left palm towards Qingkuang’s back. Unexpectedly, the needle suddenly turned around, and flew towards Qinghan’s left hand this time. Subsequently, the needle continued to randomly poke into Qinghan’s body.

- Boom! -

The power of Ye Jian, a cultivator in the Realm of the Emperor, was simply too overwhelming. He directed his needle and broke most of Qinghan's meridians within seconds. The worst of all was, that all of Qinghan's tendons in his hands and feet had also been cut off by the needle. One false move was quickly leading to the failure of the whole plan.

As Qinghan fell down, Qingyu threw herself upon him and yelled disconcertedly, "Oh, no! Brother!" She felt as if her heart had broken, when she saw Qinghan lying paralyzed on the ground, much like a boneless worm.

"I recommend that we immediately detain Qinghan. Hopefully we can then properly investigate the causes that led to this event." With a deep sigh, Ye Qiang figured out an expedient way in order to protect Qinghan from being killed by Ye Jian. Although he did realize the dangers when Qinghan had turned his head towards Qingyu, he couldn't offer him any help in front of so many elders.

"No need to do so!" Ye Jian said, before he formed a palm of Battle Qi, which he used to snatch his son back. He then put his son in front of another elder, instructing him to heal the wounds on Qingkuang's body.

Afterwards, Ye Jian turned back again, as he threw a cold glance at Qinghan, "Today, I believe all the elders here have witnessed the evil doings of this bastard. So, I suggest that we should hold the trial and interrogation right here and now. In my opinion, for this shameless, insane outlaw, we should execute the death sentence immediately. I'll be more than happy to do it myself."

"I second that! As a warning to others, I suggest that we also hang Ye Qinghan's corpse on the execution stage for three days!" Ye Ron replied in a

scornful manner, as his scar quivered while he spoke.

“I agree!”

“I abstain from voting!”

“I object!”

“I second that!”

.....

The angry yelling of Ye Jian and Ye Ron had encouraged the other elders to make their decision. Among them, some actually appreciated Qinghan’s courage to challenge the authority in order to seek justice. However, right now, Qinghan was beaten up by Ye Jian, who was most likely to become the next family leader. Therefore, no one dared to offend Ye Jian. Some of them just kept silent or gave up their rights to vote for the final decision on Qinghan’s execution.

Needless to say, the final decision of the Elder Clan was in Ye Jian’s favor – Qinghan was supposed to receive the death penalty.

“I refuse to accept this judgment. I demand to see the family leader!”

Things didn’t go as Qinghan had expected, he groaned desperately, as his heart was saturated with an unspeakable bitterness and helplessness.

In front of this group of elders, most of whom were in the Realm of the Emperor, any negligence would lead to death. Actually, Qinghan didn't fear death at all, as he had already died once before. However... his sister... all he worried about right now was Qingyu!

"Qingyu, It's my fault. I'm not strong enough to protect you. My dear sister, promise me, that we'll still be brother and sister in our next life." Realizing that his demand was neglected by the elders, Qinghan knew that he was doomed today. Strangely, this fact made him feel completely depressurized from the previous intense atmosphere. He stared at his sister emotionally, and managed a bright smile before he softly whispered to Qingyu.

"No, brother, you won't die. I don't want to be your sister anymore..." Qingyu replied with watery eyes. She kept shaking her head, "To be honest, I've always desired to become your wife. Hopefully, one day, I can give birth to your chubby son..."

"Er? My wife?" Out of shock, Qinghan repeated his sister's words. He had never known of these feelings of his sister.

Looking at the bewildered expression on Qinghan's face, Qingyu nodded firmly as if to show her determination. She replied sincerely, "Brother, ever since I was adopted by father, I was determined to marry you. I am yours alone. However, it seems that we aren't meant to be... Brother, if we die and meet again in the next life, will you still marry me?"

Qinghan suddenly remembered certain words his sister had said to him in the past.

"Brother, I have a question for you. If... if I ask you to leave this family with me,

and find a remote town to spend the rest of our lives together in, would you accept that?”

Remembering what Qingyu had told him after their mother’s death, Qinghan came to realize that Qingyu had been wishing to be his wife and live peacefully together.

However... he only realized this now! Qinghan nodded his head just as firmly as Qingyu did, and said, “I will, I will! Qingyu, I’m so sorry... sorry...”

Finding no way to make up for his mistakes, Qinghan just kept apologizing to Qingyu.

“Brother, don’t say sorry. Promise me, that you’ll stay alive...” Qingyu stopped crying, instead, she revealed a charming smile. At the same time, her eyes were filled with tenderness and affection, as if she was about to do something sacred.

“Hey, you two, are you finished?” Ye Jian was apparently annoyed by their conversation. He then moved closer to them, as he was trying to cut off the rope on Qinghan’s back.

“Stay alive!” Qingyu yelled at Qinghan, while a glimmer of a holy beam could be seen on her face.

Seeing Qingyu’s abnormal behaviour, Qinghan’s heart palpitated.

“Qingyu, no! Oh, my sister, stop!”

“Ye Ron, stop that crazy girl!”

Ye Jian sensed the dangerous atmosphere ahead of him, so he released more Battle Qi and formed a golden sword, trying to chop Qingyu to death.

At the same time, Ye Ron also rushed towards Qingyu, as he was stretching his hands out to catch her.

To everyone’s surprise, in the next moment, the situation turned upside down.

Chapter 41 – Soul Sacrifice

Suddenly...

Numerous beams of holy light blossomed from Qingyu's body, until she was wrapped in a white halo.

"Ahhh!"

When Ye Ron, who was trying to catch Qingyu, touched this white halo, he was violently pushed away by the mysterious power it exerted. Immediately, one of his arms was severely injured, as even the cracking sound of bones could be heard.

- Boom! -

The sword of Battle Qi created by Ye Jian had also drawn close to the halo. Once they collided with each other, a formidable blast broke out, creating waves upon waves of fierce shock waves. All the elders stepped back by the force of this power!

"What? What is going on?"

"What... what kind of mysterious power is this?"

"Gosh, it seems that I have sensed a touch of some mysterious atmosphere..."

The whole crowd of elders stood dumbfounded, as though they were just hit by thunder. Experienced as they were, they seldom encountered anything like this.

- Hiss! -

Qinghan's clothing was torn into strips by the power. Meanwhile, Qingyu, with the halo still lingering around her body, gradually rose up in the air. Her delicate face, bathed in the white rays, was perfectly portraying her holy, breath-taking beauty. Right now, with the effect of the halo, she looked like a fairy from heaven, no one dared to stare directly in her eyes.

"Brother! Promise me, you must stay alive!" Qingyu stared at Qinghan lovingly and showed a smile of true happiness. The tenderness in her eyes could almost melt the whole world.

Hardly had she finished her words, or she closed her eyes, and began to utilize the power within her body. Suddenly, without any wind, her dress stirred and her hair danced in the air. Eventually, all of her black hair turned white.

"Soul Sacrifice!"

With a scream, Qingyu opened her eyes. She rolled the whole halo up into a luminous ball, before she threw it directly into Qinghan's body. Afterwards, she gave Qinghan a final glance. Gradually, she descended onto the ground, her eyes closed, permanently...

"Noooo!"

Qinghan screamed out while he firmly clenched his fists. At this moment, he was so inconsolable, that he didn't realize that the white rays inside his body, were healing his wounds at a stunningly fast speed. Actually, not only did the rays recover him, but also endowed him with a temporarily mighty power. However, Qinghan had no interest in this newly-obtained power, the only thing he could think about at this moment was his sister, who was lying there motionless. He could've lost his sister forever!

.....

"Soul Sacrifice? What the fuck is that?"

"I've never heard of something like that either. Honestly, I was overwhelmed by its power. At first sight, I thought that an immortal had descended from the Heavens. Oh, God, this is terrifying..."

"Does anyone here know something about this Soul Sacrifice? What kind of power is it?"

"Thank goodness. Despite the imposing momentum, it didn't injure anyone. Now, I suppose that girl is already dead. Personally, I'm rather glad to see that it was just a false alarm."

The elders didn't care much about the miserable howls of Qinghan, rather, they were more interested in the mysterious power, that was generated by Qingyu. This terrifying power was simply beyond their comprehension, so they engaged in a hot discussion among themselves.

"I know." Elder Tianqing had been silent, but now he suddenly broke in,

“Qingyu possesses a Jade Spirit Body, which is one of the two holy bodies in this continent. All of us should feel guilty about her death. Because of our wrong judgement, we have forever lost a holy body; at the same time, we have also lost the opportunity to raise an advanced cultivator, who, with the help of the holy body, could reach the peak level of the Realm of the Saint! Therefore, I will confess today’s events to our leader.”

“Oh!!”

“Jade Spirit Body!”

The mentioning of the Jade Spirit Body stirred the crowd up – some shocked, while others showed regret, and still others pitied the death of Qingyu.

Ye Qiang coldly gazed at Ye Jian, as he predicted that Ye Jian and Ye Ron would be punished once their family leader. Of course, only after Ye Tianlong was notified about the loss of a holy body.

“It would be possible that Qinghan would’ve been allowed to cultivate with the help of his sister. Oh well, fortunately, we’ve rooted out this possibility.” Ye Jian thought to himself, as he was in a gloomy mood. He was pondering on what Elder Tianqing had just said, when his eyes suddenly lit up with shrewdness.

“Ye Ron, we’d better run away immediately.” Ye Jian anxiously shouted to Ye Ron.

Right now, Ye Ron was busy healing his own injured arms. He jerked his head towards Ye Jian, trying to figure out what he was yelling about. Finally, he managed to stand back up and retreated according to Ye Jian’s instruction.

Before he left, he threw a vicious glance at Qinghan. However... hardly had he managed to take his eyes away from Qinghan, or he was temporarily blinded by two glaring beams shot from Qinghan's eyes.

Without a single warning, Qinghan bounced up from the ground and dashed towards Ye Ron. The black dagger, like a demon's sickle, cleanly cut through Ye Ron's neck, who was in a state of total blackout.

"Ye Qinghan, how dare you!"

"Stop, Qinghan!"

Despite the quick response of Ye Ron, Qinghan had already outran him and cut his neck. Immediately, Ye Ron fell down onto the ground, his hands pressing against his neck, as he was trying to reduce the bleeding. At the same time, Elder Tianqing and Ye Qiang had tried to stop Qinghan from attacking Ye Ron, but they'd failed. Due to Qinghan's insane speed, as soon as they saw a flash of black shadow fly towards Ye Ron, it was already too late to stop it from happening.

As for Ye Jian, he had already sensed the ominous atmosphere around him, once Elder Tianqing had revealed the true identity of Qingyu – a Jade Spirit Body.

Although, almost none of them knew about Soul Sacrifice, most of them did know about the Jade Spirit Body. It was said that once a cultivator had integrated with a Jade Spirit Body, he would instantly enter into the Realm of the Emperor. However, people were less familiar with the special technique that belonged to such a holy body, which was known as Soul Sacrifice. In order to use this unique technique, the owner of this holy body had to burn off her soul and transfer the mysterious power inside her body to another person, who would temporarily be enabled to be as powerful as those in the Realm of the Emperor.

Now, with the help of Qingyu's mysterious power, together with his own integration technique, Qinghan was no longer afraid of Ye Ron.

While all the elders were stunned at Qinghan's speed and power, Ye Ron had already died, as he was lying on the ground with eyes still wide open.

"What the fuck? Qinghan is supposed to be a low-level cultivator, how could he kill an elder who is in the Realm of the Emperor! This is crazy. Did my dim eyesight cheat me? I simply cannot believe that Qinghan has this kind of power."

"Tian... Tianqing, Do you have any clue about what happened just now?" One of the elders turned to Elder Tianqing for help.

Nonetheless, Elder Tianqing lowered his head, and let out a deep sigh, before he replied, "Because of Qingyu's Soul Sacrifice, Qinghan instantly became as powerful as a cultivator in the Realm of the Emperor. Moreover, If I get it right, then he has acquired an integration technique, which can attack one's soul. We'd better step far away from him, believe it or not, he's now capable to kill any of us within a second."

"What?!"

Interestingly, in order to survive Qinghan's fury, most of the elders exerted their Battle Qi, and flew up to a height they thought would be safe. Overlooking from above - Qinghan was standing domineeringly in the middle, while Ye Ron was lying dead with blood still flowing from his neck. The elders were convinced that Qinghan posed a threat to all of them!

Until now, only four elders hadn't moved yet. One was Ye Jian, who felt it was an insult to dodge away from Qinghan. Then there was Ye Qiang, who felt confident that Qinghan wouldn't hurt him. Also Elder Tianqing and Elder Tianxing hadn't yet moved, because in their opinion, Qinghan would be the future of the Ye Family, so they planned to protect him.

While at the same time, Qinghan didn't move either, though he was so tempted to kill Ye Jian. The power brought by the Soul Sacrifice enabled him to be powerful enough to kill Ye Ron, however... as the saying goes, easy come easy go, Qinghan's instantly-gained power was quickly fading away. The moment he had attacked Ye Ron, all his Battle Qi was consumed. If it wasn't for his iron will, he would've fallen down to the ground already.

Suddenly, Elder Tianqing secretly conveyed his voice to Qinghan, telling him to sustain as long as possible, because he had made someone inform the great elders in the rear hill.

Not far away, there was a girl in red clothing, who had been secretly observing the events. She was Qingwu, and it was she who had informed the great elders.

Actually, Qingwu had been observing the entire time. Even after Ye Jian had strictly ordered that anyone except the elders weren't allowed to be here. She had sneaked back in at the corner, and she had quietly watched. The halo around Qingwu's body, the dazzling beams from Qinghan's eyes, the killing of Ye Ron... all of this was seen by Qingwu, all of which had left a lasting impression.

Qingwu had been a fan of Ye Dao since she was a little girl. To her, Ye Dao was the perfect man. Therefore, she had shown special care and sympathy to Ye Dao's son – Qinghan. The first time she had met Qinghan was in the School of the Battle Beasts, where she had helped him out when Qinghan was bullied by Qingkuang. She never knew, that this shy young boy, had so quickly become so

powerful.

Despite the fact that Qingwu was tempted to dash onto the scene and save Qinghan, she eventually gave up on this idea. It was clear to her, that Qinghan's story wouldn't last much longer, as he had already killed several family members. Even if she would invite her grandfather, Ye Qingniu, here, it wouldn't change the situation much.

Until, a sound conveyed secretly from Elder Tianqing had removed all of Qingwu's concerns. She was told that she must quickly inform her grandfather - one of the three great elders. And that Elder Tianqing would bear the responsibility for all the things that would happen after. Out of ecstasy, Qingwu crumpled the enchanted communication paper, which she was only allowed to use in a moment of life and death. Then, she rushed onto the scene and said, "Ye Qinghan, don't fall down, my grandpa will be here soon. Believe me, things will get better."

However... Qinghan was so weak right now, that his left leg even quivered. It was a struggle for him to support himself. Suddenly, his left foot kneeled down, but his left hand immediately pressed onto the ground, in order to support himself. Under such circumstances, he still managed to raise his head high.

"Ye Jian, stop!"

"Big Brother, wait a minute!"

Both Elder Tianqing and Ye Qiang yelled at Ye Jian, trying to stop him from attacking Qinghan.

However, a golden sword made of Battle Qi was flying like the wind, right in the direction of Qinghan's head.

"It's too late!" Ye Jian grinned, revealing his two lines of white teeth.

Chapter 42 – Ye Tianlong

- Buzz! -

When the golden sword was about to chop off Qinghan's head, the whole eastern yard was illuminated by a giant, glaring green light, which covered the entire courtyard like a lid of a cauldron.

“Who dares to hurt my lovely granddaughter?”

A booming voice resounded in the air, which caught the attention of all the elders. Out of sheer horror, they jerked their heads towards the rear part of the eastern courtyard, and instantly, they found it hard to turn their head around again. Not even a move of their fingers was possible.

Everything in the eastern courtyard was frozen, as even the sleeves of the elders in the air were no longer swaying in the wind. Also Elder Tianqing's beard remained steadily in a tilted upward position, Qingwu maintained a running appearance, the white teeth of Ye Jian were still exposed and Qinghan remained in his kneeled down position, with the golden sword hanging in front of his head... It seemed as if everything was condensed, or frozen by the green light.

“Saint's Domain!”

Suddenly, this word struck the elders' heads. The cultivators in the Realm of the Saint would be capable of obtaining an earth-shaking technique – Saint's Domain!

Although Ye Jian was forced to keep grinning like a moron, deep inside, he was bitterly regretful. Yes, it was true that he had sealed the rear hill, in an attempt to block any whistle-blowers. Therefore, he believed, that no matter what happened here, the great elders wouldn't be aware. However, his plan was far from flawless. He didn't anticipate that Qingwu, the most spoiled granddaughter of Ye Qingniu, was on Qinghan's side and had quickly ruined all of his strategies.

Unlike Ye Jian, some people in the crowd were rather happy for the arrival of the great elders. Their bodies were unmovable right now; however, it didn't affect their thinking. Ye Qiang was pondering on how to take advantage of this event and kick Ye Jian down. Meanwhile, Elder Tianqing and Tianxing were planning on how to protect Qinghan from being punished.

- Bang! -

Suddenly, A green figure, which was as fast as a meteorite, was diving into the crowd from the sky. Soon afterwards, a pair of black and white figures appeared after him.

"Humph!"

The first to arrive was an old man in green clothing, who had a pair of bulging eyeballs, which somehow indicated his domineering temperament. Once he landed on the ground, he gave out a deep humph and glanced at the static crowd, before he ran towards Qingwu to check whether his granddaughter was hurt or not.

Soon, the black and white figure also descended. The old man in black clothing frowned over the messy scene, before he rose his mighty hands up towards the golden sword. Instantly, the sword shattered.

“Qingniu, dismiss the Saint’s Domain.”

“Yes!”

After making sure that his granddaughter was safe and sound, Ye Qingniu waved his hands, after which the light that covered the eastern courtyard instantly disappeared.

“What happened here? It looks like a battlefield.” Looking at Ye Ron’s corpse, as well as the kneeled-down Qinghan, Tianlong turned to Qingwu and asked.

- Swoosh! Swoosh! -

Once the Saint’s Domain was dismissed, everyone felt alive again. The elders all kneeled down in front of the three great elders, “We’re honored to meet you, your highness family leader, as well as the two respected great elders.”

“Humph!” Ye Tianlong responded with an angry humph. He stood there, without releasing any Battle Qi, but the crowd lowered their heads in awe, as though Ye Tianlong’s figure was as huge as a mountain. The atmosphere turned to be quite oppressive.

Disregarding the crowd of elders in front of him, Ye Tianlong looked around the courtyard, where he saw Ye Ron’s corpse and the heavily-injured Qinghan. Finally, his eyes anchored on a girl with white hair, who was peacefully lying on the ground.

“Who’s that girl over there?”

To his surprise, no one dared to answer him, as the elders were still not sure on how to explain this situation. At this point, they really had no other choice, but to quietly await their leaders fury.

“Her name is Ye Qingyu, my sister. And... she’s dead.”

Just when some of the elders were ready to open their mouths, a childish voice broke the silence.

Following the sound, Ye Tianlong found a teenage with blood stains all over his body. Actually, he thought that the face of this young man was quite familiar, but he failed to recognize him. So, eventually he asked, “Who are you?”

“Haha, this must be the best joke I’ve ever heard. Who am I? I’m the son of Ye Dao. I was your grandson. But now... I’m not.” As Qinghan was saying these words, he tried to stand back up.

“Ye Dao... Ye Dao’s son?” Ye Tianlong knitted his brows in grieve. He looked back towards the elders, who were actually eager to talk now, and shouted, “Shut up, all of you!”

“Why wouldn’t you be my grandson? And why are they planning to kill you?” Ye Tianlong turned back to Qinghan.

“Why? Oh...That’s simply because I don’t want to be your grandson anymore, as I’ve decided to abandon my surname – Ye. As for the reason why they’re planning to kill me, it’s also simple. Look, today, I’ve already killed a bunch of

people, including Ye Bao, the key descendant, Ye Qingxie, and Elder Ye Ron. On top of that, I've also ruined Ye Qingkuang's more than twenty years' cultivation. Moreover... I've also attempted to kill Ye Jian!"

"Wow!"

Both Ye Qingniu and the other other great elder, Ye Baihu, were shocked by these words. They all pinned their eyes on this quivering young teenager.

"How could Ye Dao's son suddenly become so confident? Before I went into seclusion, I'd heard that he was just a piece of garbage in cultivation. If he had only killed Qingxie and Qingkuang, I could still understand it, as they're both of the younger generation. But how could he possible kill Ye Ron, he was a cultivator in the Realm of the Emperor!"

When they turned their eyes to the white-haired girl behind Qinghan, they vaguely realized something. However, they'd rather wait until this young teenager unveiled the truth for them.

"Ok, then why did you kill them? Don't you know we have rules in this family? Don't you know we have a Punishment Department here? Don't you know we have the Elder Clan who can intermediate between you guys?" Ye Tianlong remained as composed as he was, though Qinghan's reply was out his expectation.

"Haha..." Suddenly, Qinghan bursted out laughing, however, his voice was bland and sarcastic. A moment later, he threw a cold glance at Ye Tianlong, before he said, "Family rules? They're rubbish! The Punishment Department? Look, its vice-president is lying dead on the ground. As for the Elder Clan, oh, they're a bunch of dogshit! Ye Tianlong, I guess your age has impaired your

comprehension ability. If all these things you've mentioned are helpful, then why would I risk my own life to seek justice?"

"Bastard, don't be so unbridled!"

"Ye Qinghan, how dare you be so rude to our leader? You should be killed!"

"Father, Ye Qinghan is insane. Let me end the life of this black sheep of the family."

"..."

Due to his rudeness to the family leader, his grandfather, Qinghan received a ton of curses from the other elders. All of a sudden, they all were pointing their fingers towards Qinghan, blaming him for his impoliteness. Among them, Ye Jian was the most excited, as he aimed his palm towards Qinghan's neck and he quickly tried to kill him.

- Bang! -

Immediately, Ye Tianlong slowly waved his hand, forming a ball of invisible power, and threw it at Ye Jian's chest. Then, he glared at Ye Jian, who held his hand against his wounded chest, as he was completely stupefied.

"Ye Baihu, before this event is clarified, make sure, anyone who dares to interrupt my judgement will be punished."

"Silence! No one is allowed to say or do anything without our leader's

permission, understand?” Ye Baihu, who was the great elder in white clothing, commandingly spoke. He was a shrewd old man, who realized that this whole ordeal was going to be rather complicated.

Satisfied with Baihu’s quick reaction, Ye Tianlong turned to Qinghan, and said in a calm voice, “Go and bring your sister to the Punishment Department hall, I’ll give you an answer. And hopefully, you too, will give me an answer.”

Chapter 43 – This World Doesn't Belong to Me

“Go and bring your sister to the Punishment Department hall, I'll give you an answer. And hopefully, you too, will give me an answer.”

What Ye Tianlong had said, crashed the long-established impression in others' mind. Because the leader of the Ye Family was known for his inflexibility. In fact, everyone in the Mars Prefecture was aware of this

Ye Tianlong's son, Ye Dao, was a genius. However, if he was born into any other prominent family, he would've been treated much better. If it wasn't for his obstinate father, Ye Dao wouldn't have behaved so disobediently. Eventually, when Ye Dao had brought Qingguan, Qinghan's mother, home from a brothel, he had kneeled down in front of his father's bedroom for as long as three days. However, the stubborn Ye Tianlong had neither admitted nor rejected his daughter-in-law.

Today, Ye Dao's son had committed such crimes, and he had even insulted his grandfather. If this was the old Ye Tianlong, then he would've slapped Qinghan in his face. Nevertheless, instead of being mad at Qinghan, Ye Tianlong behaved rather good-tempered, and even wished to give Qinghan a proper answer.

“An answer?” Qinghan nodded his head, as he melancholy looked at his sister, “I think she's already dead. So, I don't need any answers... If you could help me kill a man, however, I will give a satisfying answer.”

“Say it!” Looking at the heartbroken Qinghan, Ye Tianlong urged him.

“Help me kill the young leader of the Xue Family – Xue Wuhen! Also, please

fulfill my mother's wish, which is to be buried together with my father in the ancestral tomb."

After pondering for a little while, Ye Tianlong replied, "I can only say yes to the latter request. As for the former, I need to know the reason and the process of the whole event."

The straightforward reply of Ye Tianlong surprised Qinghan, especially when he learned that his mother's last wish would be realized. As per his grandfather's request, he explained the whole story, "I bet you're already aware about my sister, she has a Jade Spirit Body. Wuhen, who boasts a pair of duel-pupil eyes, identified my sister's holy body the first time he met her. Therefore, he coordinated with Qingkuang and Ye Ron, and planned to kidnap my sister to marry him. That was why my sister committed suicide by slamming her head against a wall. What happened next is self-evident. I killed Ye Qingxian and Ye Bao, before I ruined Ye Qingkuang's cultivation. Originally, I held Qingkuang as a hostage, in order to lure you guys out. However, Ye Jian sneak attacked me. My poor sister, she sacrificed her own soul to save me... With the mysterious power that I received from my sister, I suddenly became as powerful as those in the Realm of the Emperor. So, I killed Ye Ron. Later, you and the other two great elders arrived. That's it!"

Strangely, no matter what Qinghan said, Ye Tianlong always kept a poker face, as only the brows above his eyes would sometimes move. Actually, after Qinghan's long narration, Ye Tianlong didn't reply to Qinghan. Instead, he turned to Tianqing, "Tianqing, is what he said true? So..."

"Bullshit! How is it possible for Qingkuang and Ye Ron to help an outsider in order to kidnap a family member? Father, as far as I know, Qinghan has already been on bad terms with Qingkuang and Ye Ron for quite some time, so I guess he's just trying to trick you." Not even did Ye Tianlong finish his words, or Ye Jian had hastily interrupted him.

[note: The raws say Ye Tianqing interrupted Ye Tianlong, but when I read this paragraph and the next 2 I can't help but feel he meant Ye Jian instead. So I changed it :)]

“Shut up! Or I'll seal your mouth shut!”

Ye Tianlong's expressionless face finally took on a furious look. The reason for his outrage was that, during his absence, the management of this family had become a complete mess. Taking a deep breath to calm down, Ye Tianlong glanced at Ye Jian shortly, before he turned his eyes back on Tianqing.

“Your Highness, I've arrived here just after Qingkuang's cultivation was ruined. So, I can only confirm the latter part of his story. As for the former part, the kidnapping stuff, I really don't have any clue about it. Oh, Qingkuang was taken away by Elder Ye Quan for healing; I think he's probably ok now.” Tianqing replied honestly. After that, he stole a weird look at Qinghan, before he continued, “Your Highness, I have another thing to report to you. It's closely related to the rise and fall of our family.”

“Ye Quan, go and bring Qingkuang here.” Ye Tianlong waved his hands to one of the kneeled-down elders in front of him. Realizing the severity of the thing Tianqing was about to report, he curiously said, “Tianqing, just say it.”

“What sort of thing would be the determinant to the rise and fall of our family?” Both Ye Baihu and Ye Qingniu were attracted by this newly-raised question. Both of them were now closely listening.

“Your Highness, I request to exempt Qinghan of all his wrong-doings.”

What Tianqing said stirred a storm in a teacup. Given the fact that Qinghan had killed three family members and injured another one, especially when one of those killed was an elder in the Realm of the Emperor, how could Qinghan be exempted from such a felony. Even if those who had died, had committed crimes, they still didn't deserve to be killed.

"Give me a reason!" Although Ye Tianlong had already started to put the pieces together, he was still greatly interested in hearing it from Tianqing.

Glancing at Qinghan, who was a little bit moved by his exemption suggestion, Tianqing replied with a tone of excitement, "Your Highness, There must be a super powerful battle beast in Qinghan's body, which is at least an eighth-grade one, maybe a holy-grade one, or... even higher!

"What?!"

"Oh, My God!"

"..."

The elders could hardly believe it, was this lion-nosed dog could actually really a high-ranked battle beast?! Qinghan remained motionless, as he was receiving glances from all directions. The mouths of the elders were agape, much like a group of soldiers that had run into a nude beauty during a boring march.

"Moreover, to my knowledge, Qinghan has already acquired a super powerful integration technique, which can kill anyone who's in the same realm within a second. He actually killed Ye Ron with this technique." Tianqing added.

Subsequently, the crowd turned silent, as everyone was trying to guess the possible rank of Qinghan's battle beast.

"A holy-grade battle beast! No, judging by the integration technique, it could be even higher!" Like a bolt from the blue, everyone was dumbfounded by this fact.

"Is... is this true?" Despite the calmness Ye Tianlong managed to show, the shivering of his hands betrayed him.

Qinghan lowered his head and looked at Qingyu, while he meditated for quite a while, before he replied to his grandfather, "It's none of your business whether it's true or not. Since my sister has sacrificed her soul, I've already made my decision to leave this family. Even if I die, I refuse to be a ghost of the Ye Family... I don't regret a bit of my decision."

"Er!"

To their great astonishment, Qinghan had actually refused to be a member of the family, which made the atmosphere turn quite awkward. Some of the elders even choked back the words in their mouths. After several minutes, Ye Tianlong sighed and turned to Qinghan, "You refuse to be part of this family, that's ok. And I don't even blame you for not calling me grandfather... But, I wish to make sure whether it's true that you have a powerful battle beast?"

Hearing Ye Tianlong's voice, which rendered a hidden tone of compunction, Qinghan raised his head and stared directly into his grandfather's eyes, "Kind of."

- Ooooo! -

The confirmation from Qinghan reignited the excitement of the elders. Throughout the history of the Ye Family, how many holy-grade battle beasts did they have? Only one! It had been summoned by their ancestor Ruoshui. The holy beast had brought the family hundreds' years of glory and prosperity. The thriving development of the Ye Family, in a large part, had depended on this holy-grade battle beast! If Qinghan had one, together with his earth-shaking integration technique, what would it bring to the family?

"Shit! You're all a bunch of rubbish!"

While the elders were pondering on these words, Qingniu pointed his finger towards them, while his eyes looked even more bulging than before.

"You guys are in charge of the School of Battle Beasts... Are all of you such useless shit-eaters? Why wasn't this reported to us earlier? Now, the situation has already escalated to such an extent... How do you suppose we handle this situation now, huh?!"

After he had vented his anger towards the elders, Qingniu refrained from his rage. Instead, he managed an awkward smile and turned to Qinghan, "Hey, young man, I will help you to kill Wuhen. If you're willing to follow me, I guarantee that you will earn a respected status within the territory of the Mars Prefecture. What do you think of my proposal? Oh, let us know more about your beast, I would like to hear more than your previous "kind of", I need some specific answers from you."

Looking at the smiling Qingniu, as well as the anxious Qingwu beside him,

Qinghan hesitated for a little bit, before he replied indifferently, “It’s a soul-eating battle beast. And the integration technique is called Soul Blackout, which enables me to kill a cultivator in the same realm within a second. And... Many thanks to you, and your granddaughter’s good intentions. However, I don’t need to think it over anymore...”

“Errr!”

Ye Tianlong and Ye Qingniu glanced at each other inquisitively. Meanwhile, Ye Baihu’s mouth quivered a little bit. On the other hand, Elder Tianqing, Elder Tianxing, as well as Ye Qiang all figured out what Qinghan meant by saying so. All of them remained silent, as they feared that Qinghan would end his own life in the next moment.

“Ye Qinghan, don’t do silly things. It’s better to be a living coward, than a dead hero. You’re still young and promising. I believe that your achievements in cultivation will be overwhelming... You also have...” Qingwu shouted out, trying to dissuade Qinghan from committing suicide.

“No!” Qinghan interrupted hysterically, “Nothing, I have nothing left! My parents died, and now, my sister... my dear sister is also dead. What should I live for? For whom shall I live? Maybe... maybe I shouldn’t have been born into this world. It simply doesn’t belong to me...”

Qinghan became even more grieved as he continued. He already had cried his heart out.

“Qingyu... you have my word. I’ll marry you in our next life...” Looking at his sister’s white hair and her blood-stained dress, he came to a halt, and stroked Qingyu’s delicate face, recalling what Qingyu had told him before she fell down.

“This is my answer.” Qinghan gazed at Ye Tianlong as he took out a black dagger.

No one rushed to stop him, as they couldn't.

If one's heart was already dead, then how could he be saved?

Chapter 44 – Severe Penalty

“I don’t need your answer anymore.”

Ye Tianlong immediately released a glaring yellow light, which directly flew towards Qinghan and wrapped his body up. Due to this timely help, the dagger in Qinghan’s hand dropped to the ground, while Qinghan had already fainted.

Since Qinghan’s holy-grade battle beast was known to all, he was regarded as the future of the family. Therefore, Ye Tianlong felt obliged to protect the future of the family. Otherwise, how would he be able to face his ancestors in the next life? Right now, Qinghan was lying on the ground due to Tianlong’s Saint’s Domain.

“Qingniu, take both Qinghan and his sister to the rear hill. Make sure that the girl’s soul is carefully scrutinized. I suppose that she isn’t dead yet. She only has a severe soul injury. Alright, I’ll figure out a way to save them both.” Ye Tianlong secretly conveyed his voice to Qingniu, before looked towards the other elders with a long face, “Baihu, go and take Ye Ron’s body. Then, close down the whole Ye Castle... No one is allowed to spread the word about what has happened today. All of you, follow me to the Punishment Department.”

“Yes, Father!”

“Yes, Your Highness!”

Looking at the surly Ye Tianlong, the elders couldn’t help but tremble, as though they were struck by a chill. The Punishment Department! The leader was going to implement the family rules here!

.....

The Punishment Department, Ye Castle.

Ye Tianlong was absorbed in meditation in the main seat. Currently, both Ye Jian and Ye Qiang stood on each side of him. As for the other elders, they were standing in two lines. They were glancing at each other, as they were anxiously waiting for their leader's instructions.

"Ye Jian!" After a long while, Ye Tianlong suddenly domineeringly said.

"F... Father!" A touch of nervousness could be seen on Ye Jian's face.

"Do you admit your guilt?" Ye Tianlong asked. Surprisingly, this seemingly easy question left everyone present confused.

"Guilt?" Hearing this word, Ye Jian heart suddenly started to beat increasingly faster, as he tried to justify himself, "I've been working very hard to maintain the prosperity of our family. I really don't know what kind of guilt I've committed."

"Your Highness, we're all witnesses of his hard work. We're also unable to see what he has done wrong."

"Yeah, we're all willing to be his witness."

One after the other, the elders bowed to Ye Tianlong, as they were defending Ye Jian.

However, Ye Tianlong looked tired, so he just waved his hand as sign to instruct them to be quiet. Then, he straightened his spine, and continued, “Do you know why our family, as well as the other four prominent families, have been prosperous within the continent for thousands of years? “

“Some of you may say, that it is because of the battle beast we have, or the special technique each family boasts. Wrong! Then why were the five prominent families able to govern the main cities? It isn’t the special technique they rely on, rather, it is unity. Yes, you hear me right, it is unity! Simply one or two heroes wouldn’t sustain the family for thousands of years! Long Pifu, for instance, is one of the sitting leaders of a major city. Is he powerful? Yes, of course. He’s in the peak level of the Realm of the Saint and he’s capable to fight me to a standstill. However, how will it be in a hundred years from now? Will his offspring still be as competent as he is? It’s hard to say.”

“The prosperity of a family relies on a group of advanced cultivators, rather than only one. It’s the persistent struggle of our ancestors that laid the foundation of our family. It is the unity within our family that has led us to survive over the years. However... you have all let me down. You forgot the rules of our family, the will of our deceased ancestors! The only thing on your mind are your own interests! Now, you even dare to unite with outsiders to harm your own family, hum?! If I hadn’t interfered, and let you continue on in this way, I’m sure that our family would lose its glory within a hundred years. Thus, our family will be doomed to become nonexistent in the history of the Flame Dragon Continent...” After this passionate speech, Ye Tianlong leaned against the bronze chair, feeling exhausted, both physically and mentally.

“We’re all to be blamed!”

All the elders hurriedly kneeled down, including Ye Jian and Ye Qiang, while

they were all trying to figure out the undertone in their leader's remarks.

"Father, I admit my guilt. It was my negligence that has led to today's tragedy. I will resign from the position as the mayor of Grey City, and I'll stay indoors for reflection." Frightened by his father's fury, Ye Jian gave up on defending himself, instead, he confessed proactively.

- Bang! -

Instead of being soothed by Ye Jian's confession, Ye Tianlong's fury surged like a volcano. He even pushed his hand forward and let out a stream of invisible power, which slammed against Ye Jian's chest. Subsequently, Ye Jian was forced flying backwards until he hit a wall and bounced back.

"Just negligence? Ten years ago, Ye Dao was severely injured by the four demon emperors. If you didn't inform them secretly about Ye Dao's whereabouts, how could they have found him? Although I'm not quite sure about your involvement in the current kidnapping scheme yet, why did you seal the rear hill and prevent Qinghan from seeing me? If it wasn't for your selfishness, Ye Ron wouldn't have died. Nor would Qingyu, the Jade Spirit Body, have had to sacrifice her soul. At that point, even Qinghan wouldn't be so disappointed towards the family. You're such a moron! It's because of you, that we've lost an elder in the Realm of the Emperor, and a Jade Spirit Body which is rarely seen even in a hundred years! Also, we had almost lost the future backbone of our family!"

"Father... you're right... I'm the biggest moron in this family. Please, give me another chance!" Ye Jian knelt down with a loud thud, as he was afraid that his father would kill him immediately. Now, the deep secret hidden inside his heart was exposed to the public, and he had no choice but to turn himself in.

Standing beside his father, Ye Qiang sensed a strong sense of a murderous vibe, so he hurriedly kneeled down, “Father, please give my brother another chance!”

The rest of the elders looked at each other and did likewise, “Your Highness, please offer Ye Jian another chance! We’re all supposed to be blamed!”

“Ten years ago, I had already given you a chance when I found you helped the enemies to kill Ye Dao. Now, you, once again, did harmful things to our family. How can I possibly forgive you? Anyway, since everyone is pleading mercy for you, I won’t kill you. However, from now on, you have to stay in the Reflection Cliff in the rear hill until you’ve obtained the Realm of the Saint! If you’re able to make that breakthrough in your cultivation, then you’re supposed to live there forever... A reminder for you: The Realm of the Saint is all about one’s mental peace, so that one can truly comprehend the Laws of Heaven and Earth. If you continue to be filled with such hatred, I guess, that you’re doomed to die in that cliff.” After a long time of silence, Ye Tianlong slowly said these words to Ye Jian.

“Thank you father, for not killing me! I’ll bear in mind what you’ve told me today.” Ye Jian lowered his head and stumbled out of the gate.

Actually, the moment Ye Tianlong had entered the Punishment Department, the elders had already sensed that he was irritated. But they didn’t expect that Ye Jian would be imprisoned. The Realm of the Saint! Most of the elders believed that Ye Jian would never come out again.

“Bring Qingkuang in!” Ye Tianlong pulled himself together, though he seemed rather fatigued.

Soon, Ye Qingkuang was carried in, with white bandages wrapped around his chest. Suddenly, he yelled out hysterically, “Grandpa, Ye Qinghan sneak attacked me and ruined all my previous cultivation! Please help me kill Ye Qinghan, grandpa!”

Before he was invited to the Punishment Department, Qingkuang had learned that Qinghan was alive and had been carried away by Ye Qingniu for recovery. So he immediately asked for Qinghan’s life in a sobby tone. However, he didn’t know that his father had already been imprisoned in the Reflection Cliff.

- Pa! -

Suddenly, Ye Tiaolong slapped on one of Qingkuang’s cheeks, “Tianqing, you’re now in charge of interrogating this little bastard. All the procedures must be in accordance with the family rules. Carry him out.”

Out of sheer horror, Qingkuang struggled from Elder Tianqing’s grasp, as he howled in grief, “Grandpa, why? I’m now a useless man, why are you so ruthless to me...”

“Everyone should be held responsible for what he has done wrong. If your cultivation is ruined, you can cultivate from scratch. However, if your attitude is rotten, then you’ll be a useless man forever. Listen, behave yourself in the future, or I won’t admit your identity as my grandson.” Through the opening gate, Ye Tianlong gazed at the hill in the distance, as he replied to Qingkuang.

The cruelty of Ye Tianlong had shocked everyone. He was like a sleeping dragon, who, once awakened, would spit out the fire of fury to showcase his supremacy.

...

In the real hill of the Ye Castle, there was a valley with a pool in the middle. Here, there were a couple of plainly-decorated pavilions established.

In one of the pavilions, Ye Qingniu put one of his hands on Qingyu's forehead, and pondered with closed eyes. Meanwhile, Qinghan was lying nearby, as if he was sleeping. At the same time, Qingwu also stood nearby, anxiously watching them.

- Hu! -

Several minutes later, Ye Qingniu opened his eyes and let out a deep breath.

"Grandpa, Is Qingyu still alive?" Qingwu asked, as she really admired what Qingyu had done for her brother. Back in the Drunken-heart Garden, she had witnessed the romantic, yet tragic love between Qingyu and Qinghan. Qingyu had even sacrificed her soul to save her brother, despite the fact that she had already known the danger of this technique. Seldom would anyone in this pragmatic world die for their loved ones. This was something that only happened in stories.

Out of admiration, Qingwu had insisted to come with her grandfather and see what they could do for Qingyu and Qinghan.

"Luckily, thanks to her special body constitution, she's still alive." Ye Qingniu replied with a subtle expression, "However, the unfortunate part is, that her soul is almost completely burned out. So... she won't live much longer."

“Ah? We can save her, right?” Qingyu widened her eyes, as she was anxious to get a positive answer.

“Yes, she can be saved. However... it is beyond the ability of our Ye Family!”

Chapter 45 – To Save Ye Qingyu

- Swoosh! -

A streak of a yellow figure could be seen flying into the pavilion. After this person entered, he hastily spoke, “Qingniu, how’s it going?”

“Your Highness!”

While Qingniu and Qingwu were talking, Ye Tianlong suddenly interrupted. Therefore, they both faced their leader and bowed to him.

“Qingyu’s Soul Sacrifice was not a complete success due to her previous injury. In other words, her soul wasn’t fully consumed, there are still some remains. Despite all that, she’ll most likely never wake up from her current vegetative state...”

Out of excitement, Ye Tianlong raised his brows, “Oh? Since your soul power is higher than mine, do you think there is a chance to save this girl?”

“Yes, she could be saved. Yet, the cost is extremely high.” Ye Qingniu knitted his brows anxiously.

“Idiot! We’re about to lose a holy-grade battle beast holder, do you think I care about the cost? Even if it requires half of the treasure of our Ye Family, I’ll approve it anyway.” Ye Tianlong flared up, as he glared at Qingniu.

“Yes, your highness. The first step to save Qingyu is to prevent her soul from

dispersing. To accomplish this, we'll need tons of soul-nourishments. After that, in order to fully wake her up, two pills of Spirit Immortal Dan are needed!"

"Spirit Immortal Dan?" Although Ye Tianlong was mentally prepared for the high cost, he had never expected the Spirit Immortal Dan to be involved. Now, he was quietly pondering, as he didn't know what to say.

Out of curiosity, Qingwu asked her grandfather, "I've heard about soul-nourishments several times, yet, I've never heard anything about this Spirit Immortal Dan. Grandpa, what is it?"

"It's a spirit Dan made from the condensed soul of a supreme cultivator in the Realm of the Heaven Immortal." Ye Qingniu explained patiently.

As the granddaughter of Ye Qingniu, as well as a key descendant, Qingwu had some access to confidential information in this continent.

In the Dragon Flame Continent, most people mistakenly believed that the Realm of the Saint was the summit of their cultivation. However, at least to Qingwu's knowledge, there existed a much more powerful, or even terrifying realm, which was called the Realm of the Heaven Immortal.

Once a cultivator entered into the Realm of the Heaven Immortal, he would be able to live forever. Not only could he chop a mountain into halves and stir storms in the ocean, but he could also effortlessly slaughter cultivators in the Realm of the Saint. They were the true, mighty immortals.

Actually, Qingwu was shocked when her grandfather said that two pills of this kind of Dan were required to save Qingyu.

“Could immortals be killed? Do we really have those kinds of immortals living in this world? Even if they existed somewhere, no one would be capable to end their life, in order to extract and condense their souls.” Qingwu murmured in bewilderment.

“We’d better discuss it further with Qinghan once he wakes up.” Ye Tianlong finally replied.

.....

Qinghan was caught by a variety of weird dreams – he went back to his school on Earth and met with his senior, female schoolmate, who he had secretly been in love with for years. Suddenly, his beautiful schoolmate changed into the charming lady boss he had met at the An’yue Hotel, and he found both himself and the lady boss lying in a large, pink bed. After that, he found himself in the Drunken-heart Garden, and saw his sister, Qingyu, sacrificing her soul. After which her hair turned completely white...

“Nooooo!”

Qinghan shrieked with cold sweat oozing from his forehead. He woke up and found himself in an unfamiliar pavilion.

“Thank goodness, you woke up!” A yellow figure appeared in front of Qinghan, who stared at him with deep, affectionate eyes. He was Ye Tianlong, who had lifted the corners of his mouth in joyfulness.

“Where’s my sister? Why did you stop me from killing myself?” Qinghan

smacked his dry lips before he spoke to his grandfather. He was still lamenting over his sister, who he believed was already dead.

The stubbornness of Qinghan reminded Ye Tianlong of his son – Ye Dao, because both Ye Dao and Qinghan shared the same unyielding and obstinate personality.

“From now on, I won’t stop you from doing so. Because I don’t think you’ll do such a silly thing again once you know that your sister is still alive. Follow me, I’ll show you how to save her.”

Following the slim back of Ye Tianlong, Qinghan walked out of the room, while he still wondered what his grandfather meant by saying that he wouldn’t stop him from killing himself from now on. However, the main reason he bounced up from the ground was because of his sister. So he just chased after Ye Tianlong to see if Qingyu had somehow miraculously survived.

“Your Highness!”

In another room, Ye Qingniu bowed to Ye Tianlong immediately after the latter entered the gate. He also nodded to Qinghan with a smiling face. Soon after, Ye Qingniu retreated from the room, leaving only Ye Tianlong, Qinghan and Qingyu, who was lying on a large bed, like a sleeping beauty.

“Qingyu!” Qinghan’s eyes became wet, as he strode towards his sister. Here, he kneeled down, as he grasped her hands.

Everything on and surrounding Qingyu was white – the sheets, her dress and her hair, which was unusually noticeable in this room.

“Listen, your sister isn’t dead. Hold back your tears and stop being such a pussy. You’re a man, and tears don’t belong to a man. A man should solve his issues in a man’s way!” After some silence, Ye Tianlong finally moved closer to Qinghan and strictly scolded him.

“Are you sure?” Qinghan suddenly rose up to reconfirm that his sister was still alive. However, he already believed that his grandfather, who was also the leader of the family, wouldn’t lie to him.

“Before the Soul Sacrifice, your sister had already suffered a great deal, both mentally and physically, which resulted in the incompleteness of the soul-burning process. Now, the slightest part of her soul is still lingering around, which has led to her false death state, or more exactly, her vegetative state. I’ve discussed it with Qingniu, and we’ve reassured with each other that there is still chance to bring your sister back to normal.” Ye Tianlong explained.

“Errr? Not a successful Soul Sacrifice?” Qinghan remembered the moment he had killed Ye Ron, he had suddenly lost all his vigor, which must’ve been the result of the not fully successful Soul Sacrifice.

“Respected leader, I beg you to save my sister to the best of your ability. I’m ready to do whatever I can!” Suddenly, Qinghan kneeled down in front of Ye Tianlong.

“You call me “Respected leader”?... Anyway, as you like.” Ye Tianlong knew that Qinghan still held a grudge against him for being an irresponsible grandfather, “Get up. I promise to you, that I’ll do whatever I can to save her. But, you have to be mentally prepared. Because, you’ll have to do a lot in the process as well. Alright, follow me.”

Soon, they both walked out of the room and only stopped when they stood in front of the pool in the middle of the valley.

Ye Tianlong stared into the distance, where the numerous houses stood splendidly in the Ye Castle. He then took a long breath, before he began his long story:

“Before I tell you anything relating the methods of saving your sister, I’ve decided to tell you something irrelevant. Maybe you’ll find my words farfetched bullshit, or refuse to believe it and that’s fine. All you have to do is listen to them.”

“Your father was a real talent in cultivation, and he inherited my personality, therefore, I liked him very much. However, your father was a son of one of my concubines, so family members, especially Ye Jian’s family had a prejudice on him. At that time, I was the newly-elected family leader, and I had spent most of my time dealing with other important issues. Yes, I admit that it was my negligence as a father, that led to the growing hatred in Ye Jian. The more I liked your father, the more hatred Ye Jian bore. The day I made my public announcement that your father was chosen as the heir of the family, Ye Jian was irretrievably infuriated. Later, in order to heal your mother, your father went to the Luo Shen Mountain to find a special herb. At this point, Ye Jian dispatched one of his cousins to bring the information of your father’s whereabouts to the Demon Prefecture. As a result of Ye Jian’s despicable scheme, your father lost his life in the ferocious battle with his enemies. Out of fury, I severely punished Ye Jian and killed his cousin.”

“Following your father’s death, your grandmother also died from extreme grief. Actually, during that period, I was downhearted and decided to go into seclusion myself as well. I didn’t expect, that Ye Jian had been trying to harm

your family even after Ye Dao's death.”

“I’m not trying to change your attitude and regain your trust. I mean, as the father of both Ye Dao and Ye Jian, I’m the one responsible for this tragedy. I should’ve interfered earlier. So, I’m the one you’re supposed to blame, rather than the entire family. Plus, you have to cooperate with other descendants of the family in order to save your sister. Therefore, I ask you to put aside all the hatred in your heart, and work with your counterparts, for the sake of your sister’s life, ok?”

Nonetheless, in spite of Ye Tianlong’s seemingly sincerity, Qinghan rolled his eyes and felt speechless towards his grandfather, who had just thrown him loads of bullshit in order to persuade him to not leave the family.

“Please keep to the point and let me know what I have to do.” Qinghan curled his lips and urged Ye Tianlong.

“First, in order to wake your sister up, we have to find tons of soul-nourishments. Second, we have to find two pills of the Spirit Immortal Dan. I’ll help you obtain the first, but for the second one, you’ll have to obtain it yourself.” Realizing that he was far from a perfect lobbyist, Ye Tianlong gave up on any form of persuasion and cut straight to the point.

“The Spirit Immortal Dan? How can I get it?” Qinghan quickly responded.

“I believe that you know something about the Prefecture War, correct? Every thirty years, there is a Prefecture War, and the next one will be held in three months from now. This time, only the young cultivators are allowed to take part in it, as this war is known as the Elite Prefecture War. You have to lead a team of young elites from our family to participate in this war and slay those from the

Demon Prefecture and the Barbarian Prefecture. Remember, you have to, with the concerted efforts of your team, slaughter as many enemies as possible. The number of people you kill will help you gain credits. You can exchange these credits for a pill of Spirit Immortal Dan from the Immortal Prefecture. Sadly, this isn't the Ultimate Prefecture War, otherwise I would join the war myself. Listen, you have to pay special attention to the following..." Ye Tianlong then continued to explain the Prefecture War in details.

After a long time, Ye Tianlong finished his explanation, and Qinghan had obtained the general knowledge that was relevant to the Prefecture War. Although Qinghan was still confused as to what this Spirit Immortal Dan really was, he was convinced that it must be a peerless treasure, as it took over ten thousands lives to change for just one pill.

"I don't want anyone from Ye Jian's family to join my team. And I request absolute leadership over my Elite Team." Qinghan proposed after some pondering.

"Ok, I agree. But you have to promise... that you'll come back alive."

"Sure, of course I will!" Qinghan nodded his head powerfully, as a light of bloodthirsty cruelty flashed in his eyes.

"The Prefecture War, the battle among the three prefectures... Alright, I'll prepare to launch a slaughter!" Looking back through the window, Qinghan stared at his sister, before he showed a subtle smile.

Chapter 46 – Set Off for the Elite Prefecture War

Five days later, Grey City.

The eight guards standing in front of the Castle, were watching people passing nearby. Suddenly, the side gate was opened, and several luxurious carriages slowly rolled out. In order to show their respect to the guests, the eight guards straightened their spines, and smiled flatteringly. Recently, they had witnessed so many guests coming out of the Ye Castle, that they had become tired of being polite or wearing a fake smile. The carriages went out one after the other...

“Four, five... nine, ten.”

The guards counted the carriages out of curiosity. Each of the carriage could accommodate at least twenty passengers; so mathematically, there should be roughly two hundred people. Given the extent of the luxurious decoration of the carriages, the passengers must be important people in the Ye Family. But where were they going?

Interestingly, an hour later, another twenty carriages arrived at the gate and left the Ye Castle, after which they disappeared in the spacious streets of Grey City.

Another hour later, the third group appeared at the gate...

“Big brother, what’s going on? It seems as if the Ye Family has dispatched five-to six hundred advanced cultivators. Why?” As they saw the third group of carriages disappear in the distance, one of the guards couldn’t contain himself anymore and asked his big brother.

“What’s going on? How should I know? We don’t have a position in the family that allows us to know the family secrets...” The big brother of the guards replied in a low voice, warning his fellow men not to gossip over this matter. However, when he turned his head around and reassured himself that there was no one in the vicinity, he murmured like a thief, “The Elite Prefecture War.”

“Errr!”

The rest of the guards, after they heard these words, held their breaths for a second. Some of them raised their head again, looking into the distance with an even more puzzled expression.

In the past, only about three hundred people were sent out for this war. So, why would the number of soldiers have doubled this time? As for the Elite Prefecture War, most of the young, competent cultivators had been asked to take part in it. Maybe there was some kind of secret, which had led the Ye Family to send more participants?

.....

In the rear hill of the Ye Castle, two figures stood side by side beside the pool.

“Your Highness, I have a question. Why did you send almost all of the young cultivators to the Elite Prefecture War. Plus, is Qinghan really competent enough to lead the whole team and return in triumph? Do you believe in him?” The grey-bearded Ye Baihu raised his concerns, as he doubtfully gazed at Ye Tianlong.

“Baihu, I thought that you could read my mind, haha. Anyway, you asked a

question that left most of the family members confused, but didn't dare to ask me." Ye Tianlong smiled.

"Yes, you're right." Baihu nodded.

Five days ago, Ye Tianlong had imprisoned Ye Jian, and expelled Qingkuang, which had solidified the people's impression of him as a fierce and powerful leader. Now, since Ye Tianlong had regained his power, he had declared a series of new rules and regulations, which had raised growing suspicions among the elders. However, no one dared to challenge the authority of their leader by asking him questions, the only thing they could do was to do what their leader told them to do. Today, about thirty carriages had been sent out, and Ye Baihu finally couldn't hold back anymore.

"Well, in fact, this is quite simple. I have sent someone to buy the soul-nourishments. I bet you already know this. Although that girl has used Soul Sacrifice once, to Qinghan, she'll still play a vital role to enhance his cultivation ability. Plus, personally, I really appreciate that girl."

"As for the reason why I have sent all the young, competent cultivators out to the Elite Prefecture War... This has two reasons: firstly, the most effective way for young cultivators to improve their fighting ability is to participate in a war of this magnitude; secondly, I plan on giving Qinghan a chance to build comradeship with his fellow counterparts in this war of life and death, which will also increase the chance of him staying in the Ye Family."

"However, I have to say, that it's an expedient strategy to send Qinghan out. You know, Qinghan is infuriated with Ye Jian, to the extent that he refuses to recognize his identity as a descendant of the Ye Family. It'll take a long period of time to change his current attitude. Think about it, if he breaks through the Realm of the Saint and becomes an immortal in the future, he won't contribute

to our family if he doesn't feel any affection towards the family. Anyway, I try to spur his cultivation speed under the pressure of saving his sister. Meanwhile, it might be helpful for him to leave the Ye Castle for some time. At the very least, he won't be stuck dwelling on his sorrows all the time."

Ye Tianlong spoke with fervor and assurance, as though he already had an ace up his sleeve. Because of his imposing manner, his dwarf figure seemed to be taller than before.

"However, your highness, it's highly likely that Qinghan will be injured, or even killed by accident. After all, presently he isn't an advanced cultivator. Once his holy-grade battle beast is revealed, he'll probably be added to the killing list of the Demon Prefecture and the Barbarian Prefecture." Ye Baihu pondered and raised another concern.

"I believe in Qinghan, he won't let me down. I predict, that he'll make a breakthrough in cultivation even before he arrives at Dragon City." Ye Tianlong chuckled, and turned to Ye Baihu, "Do you know, before Qinghan summoned that battle beast, what realm he was in? The first level of the Realm of the Elite!"

"What?!" Ye Baihu was stunned to learn how low Qinghan's cultivation was a few months ago, for he had been isolated from the outside world in the rear hill. He widened his eyes, and asked Ye Tianlong unbelievably, "Your highness, pardon me for speaking frankly, but it doesn't make any sense, since Qinghan has already entered into the second level of the Realm of the Commander. How can anyone jump from the first level of the Realm of the Elite to the second level of the Realm of the Commander within roughly three months? It sounds much more likely, that Qinghan has cheated us by concealing his true ability previously..."

Nevertheless, Ye Tianlong waved his head disapprovingly, while his eyes were

lit up with excitement, “Nope, according to my investigation, he did stay in the first level of the Realm of the Elite, however, when he came back from Wild City, his cultivation level had surged to the Realm of the Commander. I believe, that this young man will have much more surprises for us. Talking about his safety, I have sent Ye Shisan, and Ye Shiqi. Also, the sub-team of two hundred people are all members of Qingniu’s Death Squad. Moreover, I have ordered to forbid anyone from leaking any information about Qinghan to the outsiders.”

It took a while for Ye Baihu to mollify from the shock. He never thought that Qinghan had so much potential.

“Ye Shisan and Ye Shiqi are both capable cultivators, are they willing to serve under Qinghan’s leadership? Plus, are you confident that we can get the Spirit Immortal Dan in the end? As far as I know, Immortal City only presents one pill as a reward; we have to compete with the other families in the continent, who are, too, eager to obtain it. I remember, over a hundred years ago, the Feng Family had paid a brutal price for the Spirit Immortal Dan! Even if we get that thing, we still need another one.”

Hearing this, Ye Tianlong replied gravely, “I really hope that Qinghan will be a competent leader. As for the Spirit Immortal Dan, I’ve sent Qingniu to Immortal City to get the initial exchange right. As long as our team gets enough credits in the war, we will have the right to exchange the Dan. Half a month later, I’ll go to the sea area to ask for the other pill. During my absence, you’ll be in charge of Grey City.”

“The sea area...” The mention of the sea area made Ye Baihu nervous, “Your highness, I hope that everything will go smoothly...”

.....

Sitting on a luxurious carriage, Qinghan was in a rather bad mood. Even though he had never enjoyed such treatment, he didn't feel happy about it at all.

The luxurious seats in the carriage were enough for more than twenty people, however, Qinghan sat alone behind the curtain. The decoration and structure of the carriage was also one of a kind. The carriage was led at lightning speed by Four Black Winged Horses, which were bought from the Wild Mountain Range. In front of the curtain, two men in black clothing were seated – they were the secretly-trained “death warriors”, named Ye Shisan and Ye Shiqi respectively. Both of them had already entered into the Realm of the Prince, with one in the second level and the other in the third level.

Given the extent of extravagance of the carriage, it was fair to say, that Qinghan was treated like a Prince. However, Qinghan, who had already seen a great deal of this cruel world, was not flattered or honored by this. If he was still a piece of garbage, and showed no talent at all in cultivation, would the Ye Family treat him like this? Would his grandfather be so lenient to him?

Therefore, Qinghan felt neither excitement nor gratitude towards this privileged treatment. Actually, his head was full of worries over his sister, who was still lying in bed in one of the pavilions. He knew, that it would take at least a whole year to finish this task. Indeed, Ye Tianlong had guaranteed that he would take care of Qingyu and keep her alive during Qinghan's absence. However, Qinghan still felt uncertain and sullen.

Out of misery, Qinghan grabbed the goblet of liquor from the desk, and started drinking like a fish. The wine was called Monkey Liquor, which cost ten purple crystal coins per bottle. Glancing through the curtain, Grey City was becoming more and more distant, and currently even the liquor left a bitter taste in his mouth...

Chapter 47 – The Death Warriors of the Ye Family

Although he had been trained, since childhood, to refrain himself from any negative thoughts, Ye Shiqi was still rather unhappy right now.

Indeed, before the Ye Family had saved him, Ye Shiqi was an orphan, who had been drifting homelessly along the streets. At that time, in order to survive, he had foraged leftovers from trash bins, or the drainage area near restaurants. At night, he would sleep in deserted houses, or in a dirty pigpen. At the age of seven, this kind of misery finally ended after he was adopted by the Ye Family, without whom, he would've been dead long ago. Therefore, during the last twenty years, he had been extremely loyal towards the Ye Family.

In the beginning, Ye Shiqi was really excited to take part in the Elite Prefecture War, as he had long wished to contribute to the Ye Family in order to pay his debt of gratitude back. Plus, he was a man fond of killing, and would be thrilled by the vision of fresh blood. However, when he was notified, that the main purpose of his task wasn't to kill enemies, but rather to protect some scrawny young man, who currently sat inside the carriage, he felt greatly disappointed.

Of course, Ye Shiqi had no choice but to follow the family order, however, he figured he did have the right to be unhappy.

Actually, Ye Shiqi had received similar orders from the family, to be the bodyguard of some young lord. He had never revealed his true feelings towards these arrogant young lords, however, deep inside, he would always grumble about this kind of task. This time, he was even supposed to protect some young lord who was only a cultivator in the second level of the Realm of the Commander, which had only made him feel worse.

“Oh, Gosh, why did the family appoint such a young lord to be our leader? Will he be competent enough to not only fight, but also lead his team in the Elite Prefecture War? I really doubt it!” Ye Shiqi shook his head, as he thought to himself.

“Shiqi!” Ye Shisan whispered to Shiqi, trying to cheer him up a little bit.

“Alas!”

Ye Shisan glanced over his shoulder at the curtain, and sighed, expressing his dissatisfaction. It seemed... as if the young lord behind that curtain was the most conceited one they’d ever met. So far during this trip, Qinghan hadn’t spoken to them once! Therefore, both Shiqi and Shisan believed that this young lord should be even more stuck-up than Qingkuang.

.....

One month quietly passed by, Qinghan didn’t speak nor leave the carriage, because he was busy cultivating, which was a form of joy for him on this monotonous journey.

Qinghan was clearing up the remaining two main meridians in his body!”

Back in the Wild Mountain Range, Qinghan had mastered an innovative way to cultivate, which would help him to clear up his meridians at a terrifying speed. He rushed his Battle Qi against the jammed parts in his meridians. And with the help of the bronze ring, the broken meridians would quickly recover. This method had proven to be quite effective – he had already cleared his six small meridians and he had entered into the Realm of the Commander. When he was

on his way back to the Ye Family from the Wild Range Mountain, he didn't stop cultivating, and he had managed to clear the magic meridian. By that time, he had successfully reached the second level of the Realm of the Commander.

The sorrow, brought by the departure from his sister, had converted into the momentum to cultivate. On his way, he almost cultivated around the clock, except for when he slept or ate. Though sometimes, he would play with Little Black for a while.

Based on his previous experience, when he cleared his six small meridians and one main median, Qinghan had found that it was much easier than before to cultivate. Now, when the Battle Qi flooded into the targeted meridian, he wouldn't faint like before. However, the pain remained the same, which sometimes caused his face to be distorted and out of shape. Strangely, however, he never groaned in this agonizing process... Perhaps he was numbed by the pain.

Today, however, Qinghan decided to take a break from cultivating, and lifted the curtain, smiling to both Shiqi and Shisan, "Hey, buddies, I'm Ye Qinghan. How should I call you guys?"

"Er?" Looking at the smiling Qinghan, who was speaking in a soft voice, Shiqi was so astonished that he couldn't even utter a single word.

"Young lord, I'm Ye Shisan, and this is Ye Shiqi." Ye Shisan immediately cut in, and dropped his reign before he bowed to Qinghan.

"Young lord, I'm Shiqi." Out of politeness, Ye Shiqi did likewise.

Qinghan waved his hands in embarrassment, for he wasn't accustomed to such flattery, "Forget about all the formalities and don't call me young lord, just call me Qinghan... Er, I should say thank you for all the efforts you've made to take care of me. Frankly, I might've snubbed you during these days, but let me explain myself a little bit. I've been cultivating behind the curtain... So, I hope you guys won't mind."

"No, we won't. It's our job to take care of you." Shisan replied courteously, as he sensed that this young lord was actually rather special, "Young lord, if you don't mind me asking, since you haven't come out from behind the curtain for as long as one month, why did you suddenly decide to come out now? Is it because you've made another breakthrough in cultivation?"

"Hehe!" Qinghan straightened his arms, trying to do some physical exercises to relax himself from the month-long cultivation. Staring into the near distance, the sunshine poured on the surface of the wild flowers, Qinghan's mood was lightened up by the beauty of nature and exclaimed, "I've finally stepped into the third level of the Realm of the Commander!"

"Err?" Despite all the doubts hidden in Shisan's heart, he responded discreetly, "Congratulations! Young lord."

"Congratulations!" Compared with Shisan, Shiqi's suspicion was visibly displayed on his face.

"Hehe!" Qinghan raised his head up, and noticed Shiqi's doubtful expression. However, he didn't bother to explain the truth to them, because he knew that anyone who learned about this terrifying speed of cultivation would be stunned. He had cleared two main meridians within a month!

The third level of the Realm of the Commander!

Finally, since he had entered the third level of the Realm of the Commander, he did no longer need to suffer from the breaking of his meridians. He was absorbed in the jubilancy of his achievements, that he temporarily forgot the sorrows, as if his bad mood was quickly fading away into the whistling wind.

Cultivation, and only formidable cultivation, could help him survive in the Elite Prefecture War. He had to kill as many demons and barbarians as possible to obtain enough credits, which he would then be able to exchange for a pill of the Spirit Immortal Dan. Only by doing so, would his beloved sister have a chance to wake up!

.....

Dusk had fallen, the fleet of carriages arrived at the foot of a mountain, and decided to set up camp here. The carriages were arranged in the shape of a circle, and numerous people got out of each carriage.

Some of them arranged the tents, some hunted for food, some cooked, and still some patrolled around the vicinity. Everyone was doing their own mission, in an orderly and effective manner.

At the same time, Qinghan was sitting quietly in his carriage. Shiqi stood beside Qinghan, while Shisan was giving orders to the other people. Interestingly, Qinghan kept watching the hustle and bustle of the people, for he found it somewhat hilarious.

“Oh, Shall I help them?” Qinghan wriggled his hands embarrassingly.

“Oh, forget it. They don’t have the guts to let the leader do the chores.” Shiqi replied coldly.

“Yeah, I figured!” Qinghan could clearly sense the dissatisfaction in Shiqi’s face, but he didn’t care much. Because, for Qinghan, he had never been a true young lord before, and both Shiqi and Shisan were cultivators in the Realm of the Prince. Therefore, he had to tolerate them in order to maintain a cooperative relationship in the war.

The people who noticed Qinghan, who was outside of his carriage, were all awe-stricken. They were curious about this young leader. As they started to think that he might be more of a hindrance than a help. Meanwhile, Qinghan decided to stay in his carriage, watching people moving to and fro.

“Young lord, do we have to carry the food to your carriage, or?” An hour later, Shisan slowly walked towards Qinghan.

“No, I’ll eat with all of you.” Qinghan smiled genially, as he got out of his carriage.

In the near distance, a campfire was lit, and everyone was sitting around it. When they saw Shisan and Shiqi walking towards them, they all stood up and bowed to them. However, when they saw Qinghan, who was walking behind Shisan, they all kneeled down, and shouted, “Your Majesty, young lord!”

Almost two hundred people yelled out simultaneously, the sound of which impressed Qinghan rather deeply. Never in his lifetime had he experienced the thrill of being respected and awed like this. He rubbed his ears, and turned to Shisan, “Shisan, just to confirm with you, am I the commander in chief of this

team?”

The sudden roar of hundreds of people almost deafened his ears, and Shisan found it hard to catch up to Qinghan’s awkward question, “Yes, young lord, all of us, including I and Shiqi, are under your leadership!”

“Alright!” Qinghan turned around and kneeled down, just as all the others did, “Listen, everyone. No one is allowed to kneel down or bow in front of me. I don’t like anyone being too solemn, understand? This is... an order!”

Chapter 48 - On the Way

The two hundred odd people stared dumbstruck at Qinghan, it seemed as if they weren't able to fully comprehend this order from their leader, the young lord. Because, all the previous young lords they had met were all self-centered and arrogant.

Actually, this two hundred odd team all came from the same background as Shiqi and Shisan. They were all adopted and secretly trained by the Ye Family, before which they were homeless orphans. Among them, Shisan was regarded as the most talented one.

These "Death Warriors", who were chosen by the Ye Family, had all expressed their loyalty as well as gratitude towards the family. They deemed the family order with the highest respect. Before this trip, their direct leader, Ye Qingniu had told them, that Qinghan would become their future leader. Therefore, they were required to protect Qinghan, no matter what the cost was. They reckoned that Qinghan's order should be obeyed without hesitation, even if Qinghan instructed them to die.

But the curious thing was, Why would Qinghan's first order be like this?

"Does that mean we don't have to kneel down to our new master?"

"Don't you think we should pay respect to our master by kneeling down?"

The crowd whispered to each other, for they were confused by Qinghan's words. But when their eyes met with Shisan's cold glance, they all rose up and

replied, “Yes, Your Majesty!”

Shisan, as the most-favored team member by Ye Qingniu, had already heard that their new master was a little bit different from the other young lords. He was even told, that however hilarious, or absurd the order was, they must obey. So, he was the one who was least surprised by Qinghan’s style of leadership.

“Alright, don’t let your dinner go cold because of me. Come on, keep on eating, drinking and bragging. Pretend that I’m not here, ok?” Feeling the awkward atmosphere, Qinghan tried to break the ice. Afterwards, he found a nearby campfire and sat down.

Several minutes later, Shisan handed over a roasted rabbit leg to Qinghan, which looked quite tasty. Both Shisan and Shiqi then sat beside Qinghan.

“I have a question, why are these people always keeping a distance from me? Is it a sign of respect or fear?” Qinghan turned to Shisan, as he chewed on the rabbit leg with relish.

“Because we’re the Death squad. Captain, Elder Qingniu, has given this team to you. So, these two hundred odd people will fight for you unconditionally. Plus, before the end of the Elite prefecture war, the two of us will do whatever you order us. Even if you ask us to die, we have to obey. Given all the rights and authority you have, do you think they’ll respect you, or be afraid of you?” Shiqi quickly cut in, before Shisan could reply, because he felt like Qinghan’s concern was totally pointless.

As the appointed leader of this team, Qinghan must be considered as a promising descendant. Otherwise, who would be so privileged as to enjoy this kind of treatment and protection? Before they had left the Ye Castle, all the

team members were told to pay special attention to this task. According to this logic, Shiqi misunderstood Qinghan's intention by asking this question, as he thought that Qinghan had asked it on purpose, in order to show off his superior status.

"Er? I've never heard about this Death squad." Qinghan frowned over Shiqi's scornful expression. He had once told Ye Tianlong not to send anyone from Ye Jian's family, as a result, Ye Tianlong had given the secret Death squad to him! Moreover, both Shisan and Shiqi, who were not even thirty years old, had already entered into the Realm of the Prince. Obviously, they were the reserved fighting power of the Ye Family. With their level of cultivation, both of them were qualified to be the leader of a small city. How could the Ye Family be so generous, as to dispatch them simply to protect Qinghan?

"Errr, do you really have no knowledge of the Death squad?" Shisan asked in confusion.

"Hehe, in the past, anyone in the family would throw crap at me. No one really cared about me. To be honest, given my low status, I didn't even have access to any of the family secrets." Qinghan replied in a self mocking tone, yet the smile on his face was bitter, and reluctant.

"Oh... sorry, young lord, we have mistakenly believed that you were showing off your privileges in front us. We apologize for that. We hope that you aren't upset." Shisan and Shiqi glanced at each other, before they embarrassingly bowed to Qinghan.

"It seems that this young lord has had a miserable past. I bet he must've acquired some magical method in cultivation, otherwise, the family would never pay attention to him."

“Just now, when he said that he had reached the third level of the Realm of the Commander, I doubted it. However, now, I’m totally convinced. Without a special ability in cultivation, he wouldn’t be given complete control over our Death squad.”

Both Shisan and Shiqi whispered to each other, and suddenly felt that Qinghan’s experiences were very much like their own – they had been chosen by the family as competent Death Warriors because of their cultivation level. The reason the family had suddenly thought highly of Qinghan, was also due to his terrifying cultivating speed. As a result, their suspicion towards Qinghan gradually faded away.

They moved closer to Qinghan, trying to tell Qinghan the details of this task.

“Young lord, I’d like to quickly brief you on our task. These two hundred odd people are all orphans like us, who were adopted and trained from a young age by the Ye Family. Usually, when we carried out our tasks, our identity remained hidden. To tell you the truth, we’ve never appeared in such numbers in public. Originally, we’ve got over a thousand members. Unfortunately, during the numerous dangerous tasks, many of our comrades have found an unfortunate death, while others came back with amputated arms and legs, or even completely paralyzed. Thus, in total, we’ve only got about seven hundred competent members. This time, do you know how many members the family has sent? Six hundred and five people! I wonder how many of us will be able to return home safe and sound...”

“Wait... How come? I mean, aren’t we with only about two hundred people?” Qinghan was confused by the amount of Death Warriors and asked inquisitively, while he continued to gnaw on the rabbit leg.

“Oh, sorry, we forgot to tell you. On top of those you see here, we have two other squads. To my knowledge, each squad has received a confidential task, because it has never happened before, that all of our members were sent out.”

“Ye Tianlong, you’ve made a long shot gamble.” Qinghan murmured, as he figured out what the other squads were doing right now. He looked around the crowd, and felt somewhat guilty, for they were about to fight in a ferocious war, where the chances of being killed were extremely high. He solemnly spoke, “In the Elite Prefecture War, as your leader, I cannot guarantee that all of you will come back without being killed or injured. However, I promise you, that I will protect you guys to the best of my ability.”

“On behalf of all the Death Warriors, I extend my sincere gratitude to you, our young lord.” Both Shisan and Shiqi stood up and bowed to Qinghan.

Nevertheless, deep inside, Shisan and Shiqi still felt that the decision of the family was kind of silly. The members of the Death squad had all grown up and trained together, which had allowed them to establish a solid and unshakable friendship among each other. And they wouldn’t have the heart to see their comrades die one after the other in the war. If it was for the glory of the family, they would accept it without batting an eye. However, if it was only for the sole purpose of getting the Spirit Immortal Dan for this young lord, they would be pissed off.

The rabbit leg in Qinghan’s hand was almost finished. He then wiped his lips, and drank a cup of water to rinse his mouth. Suddenly, he turned around in perplexity, and asked, “Where is our next stop? How long will it take?”

“Our next stop is Enchantment City, the Yue Family’s territory. You know, all the participants from the other four families will converge soon. We will later go to Dragon City together with them, after which we’ll arrive at the Prefecture War

Island. It takes... no more than half a month.” Shisan replied cordially, though he sneered in his heart. Because he thought that Qinghan, as their leader, should know the route of this journey. Plus, they had been on the way for almost a month, how could he still not have any clue about where they were going? At the very least, this seemed ridiculous to Shisan.

“Alright, enough talking. I’ll return to my carriage first.” Qinghan then walked back to his carriage and pulled the curtain open.

Since there would be a half month journey ahead, Qinghan thought that it would be better for him to continue cultivating. If he successfully managed to condense his Battle Qi in his Dantian, then he would even enter into the Realm of the General. He wondered, if he integrated with his battle beast while in the Realm of the General, if he might be able to stand on equal footings with those in the Realm of the Marshal. If that would be the case, then it would be much easier for him to fight in the Elite Prefecture War.

Chapter 49 – Super Dantian

Ten carriages marched along the spacious road, both Shisan and Shiqi sat in the third carriage on high alert, as they kept checking the surroundings with both their eyes and ears.

They already were halfway to their next stop, so they had arrived in the Yue Family's territory, where they didn't possess much influence. In order to better protect the young lord, Shisan and Shiqi had to be vigilant against any emergency that they might encounter, especially since they were no longer on the Ye Family's land.

Given the frankness of this unique young lord, their antipathy towards Qinghan had abated. Instead, they respected him, and tried to be on intimate terms with their leader. Since Qinghan had first stepped off the carriage and chatted with them, their impression of him had twisted, because Qinghan was so different from any other young lord they had served.

Both Shisan and Shiqi guessed, that Qinghan might've been long undervalued in the family, or his personality wouldn't have led him to be so kind to his subordinates. In front of the death squad, he never put on high airs. The mutual-respect made all the members in the team feel quite comfortable, as well as honored.

Qinghan's diligence in cultivation was another aspect that his team members admired about him. Except for eating and sleeping, Qinghan stayed within his carriage to cultivate. As adopted children in the Ye Family, they all had something in common with their new leader: Excluding talent, diligence was the determinant factor that would make a cultivator distinguish himself among others. They, too, had cultivated around the clock for many years, in order to be

valued and promoted by the family. As for Qinghan, he was far from satisfied with his current level of cultivation, the third level of the Realm of the Commander, which was actually above average. Qinghan's subordinates believed, that their new leader would eventually become an advanced cultivator with overwhelming power, because they knew that his diligence plus his superior battle beast, would certainly create a miracle. Therefore, they were convinced that Qinghan was a leader who deserved to be respected.

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While inside the carriage, Qinghan didn't have any clue about what impression he had left behind on his subordinates. Actually, he didn't care about it at all. He had simply tried to get along with these people in the most comfortable way. For one thing, when he heard that his entire team consisted of death warriors, he knew for sure, that they must be those people who were willing to sacrifice themselves for the family at any costs. So, he admired their spirit. Never did he feel any form of superiority in front of these people. Also, he had a mixed feeling about these warriors, who were ready to die for him. He felt that he should be indebted to them all, for saving his sister, though they might not be aware of this. Therefore, in order to reduce the risks of losing everyone's life, he was resolute to quickly advance into the next realm.

Qinghan was sitting on a seat of his carriage, close-eyed, and cross-legged.

All he was trying to do now, was to condense the Battle Qi, and drive it into his Dantian. If he succeeded in doing so, he would be able to enter into the next realm – the Realm of the General.

Battle Qi was like wine, and the meridians were like containers, which would turn out to be too small when one's cultivation reached a certain level. In order to be more powerful, one had to absorb more Battle Qi. Therefore, a larger

container would be required at this stage. At the end of the rudimentary cultivation, cultivators had to utilize their Dantian as the place to store Battle Qi.

The Dantian had two main benefits, for those cultivators who had condensed it: the space for storing up Battle Qi would be enlarged; and the Battle Qi would be better circulated through the meridians. Indeed, the Dantian was a junction point among the meridians, including the twelve normal meridians, nine small meridians and three main meridians. The Dantian stood in the middle of all the meridians, thus the Battle Qi would be conveyed to this part. Once a cultivator was in a fight, he just needed to extract the required amount of Battle Qi, and keep the remaining amount in his Dantian, which was known as the hub of the whole circulation system. In short, a Dantian played a vital role in using Battle Qi in the most effective way.

If one's cultivation level was analogue to a human being. Then for those who hadn't condensed their Dantian, they would be in their infancy; for those who had reached the Realm of the General, they would be in their early teenage years; for those in the Realm of the Emperor, who had vaguely sensed the Laws of Heaven and Earth, they would be in their late teenage years; and for those in the Realm of the Saint, they would be a man.

Though the condensation of the Dantian sounded easy, it was actually much more complicated than one would imagine. Theoretically, one had to use the flow of the Battle Qi as a force to dilate the Dantian's acupoint, until it had turned into the shape of an oval. And only those, who could make a straight horizontal line by connecting the two side of the oval and the center of the Dantian, would be considered successful. Any skewed line would be a sign of failure.

As a result, a cultivator had to be extremely cautious in balancing the force of Battle Qi, too much or too little would both lead the oval shape to be distorted. Given the accurateness of this process, the best way was to release some Battle

Qi in intervals, to ensure that each swell of the Dantian would be mild and wouldn't explode. One small amount of Battle Qi on each attempt was required, otherwise it would be too difficult to control the force and speed. If, unfortunately, the Dantian was swelled to an extent that it would explode, then the cultivator might become paralyzed, or, sometimes, even die.

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However... Qinghan underestimated the dangers, and believed that it would be a piece of cake! Now, he was reading a book, which was titled "Secret Methods for the Condensation of the Dantian". Which was actually given by his grandfather, Ye Tianlong, before he had left.

"Like blowing up a balloon? Should be extremely careful? Otherwise, it could explode?"

"Haha, I'm not afraid of any explosion of my Dantian, because I have this, the bronze ring! With the help of this holy item, I bet even a pig, that knows some cultivation, will be able to enter into the Realm of the General!"

In the following minutes, Qinghan began to "blow up" his Dantian. He spent almost the whole morning doing this; however, he ended up with an explosion in his Dantian, which frightened him to death. Soon, his arms and legs had become numb, and blood oozed out of his mouth... Amazingly, in the afternoon, he casually grabbed a bottle of liquor, and drank with a lighthearted mood. Yes, thanks to his bronze ring, all the injuries, that were caused by the explosion, had fully recovered!

At night, Qinghan continued his cultivation by savagely pushing the force of Battle Qi into his Dantian. Undoubtedly, by using this crude method, his Dantian

would explode time and time again. While his bronze ring was healing him, he would lie down and sleep, and the snoring sounds could be heard outside the carriage.

The second day, the third day... the ninth day, nothing else happened, but the explosion of his Dantian and the snoring sounds afterwards. Surprisingly, he did this all on purpose.

Believe it or not, Qinghan was not a masochistic cultivator, nor were there some dysfunctions in his nerves leaving him unable to sense the pain of the explosions. The mystery behind his crazy behavior lay in such a prediction – the meridians would become more resilient and spacious after being healed by the bronze ring, and Qinghan found it convincing after his many previous tests.

As a result, Qinghan was determined to create a super Dantian, which no one else's could be matchable with. At his current stage, Qinghan was rather ambitious, for he wished his special-cultivated super Dantian to be as powerful as a Dantian of those in the Realm of the Prince.

In any cultivation, the Battle Qi was a prerequisite for further improvements. One's level of cultivation was based on the amount of Battle Qi inside their body. And the Dantian was the ideal reservoir for one's Battle Qi. Interestingly, once a cultivator successfully condensed his Dantian, he had to continuously expand the space inside his Dantian, so that more and more Battle Qi could be reserved. At the beginning, the condensed Dantian was about the size of a pigeon egg. After the Realm of the Marshal, it would expand into the size of a chicken's egg. And after the Realm of the Prince, its size would become as big as an ostrich's egg.

Qinghan's aim was to cultivate a Dantian the size of a chicken's egg. Thus, he repeated the same method, trying to make the outer skin of the Dantian more

solid and spacious.

On the fifteenth day of his cultivation, Qinghan remained seated, totally uninfluenced by the noises outside of his carriage.

However, time after time, Qinghan found that he had reached his limits. So he decided to wrap up his cultivation and see how big his Dantian would finally become!

Unlike the previous crude cultivation, this time, Qinghan mildly released his Battle Qi and slowly drove it from his meridians towards the joint point. Gradually, the meridians all slightly plumped up. Qinghan did this with extreme caution, as if he was trying to unwrap a bride's clothing. Eventually, his Dantian expanded and expanded...

An hour later, the "balloon" stopped expanding, because it had turned into a three-dimensional oval shape, with the acupoint of the Dantian right in the middle!

"Oh, my God! This is incredible!"

Qinghan couldn't help exclaiming in sheer surprise. Without any hesitation, he hastened his cultivation, and gathered the Battle Qi around the surface of the Dantian.

Another hour past, when Qinghan opened his eyes, and massaged his fatigued face with his hands, as he laughed out loudly.

"Hahahaha..."

At the same time, outside his carriage Shisan and Shiqi were somewhat creeped out by the crazy laughter. They frowned at each other, and murmured, “We’re almost at Enchantment City – the paradise for men. I have long-wished to come here. Look, our young lord cannot wait any longer. No wonder he laughed so... sluttishly.”

Chapter 50 – Enchantment City

Indeed, Enchantment City was originally called Silvermoon City. Roughly a thousand years ago, a beautiful woman named Yue Hou (Literally means Queen of the Moon), occupied this city, and listed it into the territory of the Yue Family.

A long time ago, an unknown city leader once nicknamed Silvermoon City as Enchantment City. He was an advanced cultivator, who had successfully won against several other participants in a Challenge Fight Competition. After that, his reputation had spiraled, and one day he had even received a letter of invitation jointly written by the five prominent families. Interestingly, he was invited to visit each of the five prominent families for a couple of days. Given the influence of the five families in the continent, he found it impolite to reject them all, so after he had finished his own matters; he happily traveled to every family's major city.

After he had been in Silvermoon City for five days, he had decided to go back to Dragon City, despite the Yue Family's warm hospitality. The moment he stepped outside the city gate, he stood there, staring at the plate "Silvermoon City" for some seconds, and finally said, "Based on my experience, this name doesn't really fit this city. It should be called... Enchantment City."

Since then, people had spread the word, and Enchantment City had become a more frequently used name among civilians. It was fair to say, that if Immortal City was the most holy place for cultivation, then Enchantment City would be the paradise for all men.

Actually, nothing in Enchantment City truly attracted visitors, except for the women, numerous beautiful women!

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“Is this the well-known Enchantment City? Oh, I don’t see anything that really grabs my attention.” Looking through the curtain, Qinghan found a normal street, with normal shops lined on each side. He was a little bit disappointed, as he had expected more from this city. So he smilingly turned to Shiqi, who sat beside him.

“Oh, come on, young lord. We can’t judge a book by its cover. In appearance, this city doesn’t boast anything that will distinguish itself from other cities.” Shiqi replied mockingly, as he smacked his lips and continued, “The special part of this city, is located in the pavilions up ahead, including the Yue Pavilion we’ll be staying at.”

“Oh!” Qinghan slightly nodded, as he didn’t quite believe Shiqi’s description, until they passed two turnings, and arrived at another street. By that time, Qinghan finally understood why this city was called Enchantment City – the road on the street was two times larger than those in the Grey City, which could accommodate five carriages running abreast with each other. Every day, there would be countless carriages and pedestrians flooding in and out of this street.

“We are in Enchantment City already, aren’t we? Unlike other streets we passed by, why is this one so busy?”

Qinghan was stunned by the sight, where people seemed like ants moving along the street. He suddenly came to the realization, that most people were lured to this place, which left other streets hollowed out.

“Yes, you’re right. Actually, this street is called Cloud and Rain Street. Within Enchantment City, there are thirteen streets like this one. Just to remind you,

this isn't even the most amazing part. The more interesting thing is straight ahead of us." Shiqi replied, and smiled with enjoyment, the same expression he had had when he had first come here.

"Those... those women, oh... fuck, are these buildings all brothels? And these men, are they all coming here for those prostitutes?" Qinghan exclaimed out of sheer surprise, for he had never been here before. Now, it was clear to him, why this street was built in such a large space, and why visitors from different places kept swarming into this city.

Along the street, pavilions were orderly displayed on each side. In front of each pavilion, lines of women, with heavy make-up on, and little clothing, were touting customers while shaking their bosoms and exposing their legs. Their flirtatious passion stirred the hearts and minds of the men. Once a man stopped in front of the gate, he would soon be encircled by a bunch of women, who would touch him and speak to him with seductive voices, until they had successfully dragged him into their pavilion.

"Young lord, it seems as if it's the first time you've come to this city, isn't it? But do you know the most famous skill of the Yue Family? The enchantment skill! As far as I know, up until now, there are approximately 3,600 registered brothels throughout this city. The most exotic and charming girls are all living here. I've heard that the total number of beauties here surpasses the 100,000! Their slogan is 'Our beauties are the best in the continent'. Come on, let's go to the Yue Pavilion, and feel the enchantment tonight!" Shiqi explained, as he couldn't help drooling before he had even finished his words.

"Oh... I know, the enchantment skill of the Yue Family is the equivalent of the battle beast of the Ye Family, they're all matchless. However... I never thought, that it was a weapon to enchant men. Never have I encountered a city with such a thriving prostitution industry." Qinghan frowned in confusion.

“Wrong! Young lord, these women we saw just now are not from the Yue Family, and their skills are too low compared with the Yue Family’s. The only brothel in the city, which belongs to the Yue Family, is the Yue Pavilion. Once we arrive there, you’ll see how powerful it really is.” Shisan broke in, correcting Qinghan.

“Oh! Really?” Qinghan showed a bright smile, which had rarely appeared on his face throughout the journey. Actually, he was eager to witness the famous enchantment skill of the Yue Family.

The ten luxurious carriages marched along the street in a formidable array. Inside one of the carriages, Qinghan was, once again, stunned by the number of brothels and people. The length of the street was about five kilometers, from one end to the other, brothels, with different name plates hanging overhead, stood like the teeth on a comb. Crowds upon crowds of prostitutes and brothel-goers were scattered on the street. Dusk had already arrived, as the night life had yet to start. This street, however, already displayed itself with a boisterous scene packed with men and women. In Enchantment city, there were another twelve streets, which were each as thriving as this one!

Soon, the fleet passed another turn, and arrived at a plaza, where the grandness of the place thoroughly shocked everyone in the carriages.

Qinghan estimated, that the area, which the plaza covered, was as large as two football fields. In front of the plaza, there lined a cluster of pavilions, which was mysteriously blocked by a pink wall. However, in the middle, three giant gates were installed in line with each other, and the size of them were two times larger than those in the Ye Family. Above the top of the middle gate, some words were written, “Yue Pavilion”. On top of the luxurious structure of the buildings, the most astonishing part for Qinghan, were the numerous large carriages on the

plaza. Meanwhile, countless newcomers were flooding in from all directions.

“Oh... There must be thousands of carriages here already!” Qinghan widened his mouth, as he looked at the orderly arranged carriages parked on the plaza.

“Later, there will be even more! Errr... No offense, but I have to say, you should’ve know more than us... Simply because you’re a young lord.” Shiqi embarrassingly reminded Qinghan. He thought that Qinghan behaved like an illiterate bumpkin, who came to the city for the first time and was filled with an endless amount of questions. That made him believe that Qinghan must’ve led a hard life in the past.

Definitely, Qinghan’s childhood had been a hard struggle. As a young lord of the family, he was neither allowed to travel to places like this, nor was he permitted to sit in a luxurious carriage. Although, right now, he was enjoying this treatment, deep in his heart, he still believed nothing had changed in his attitude towards the Ye Family. However, since he had been through alot in the past, he soon mollified himself and jumped out of his negative mood.

Finally, their carriages slowly arrived at the brightly-lit Yue Pavilion. To Qinghan’s surprise, he found long rows of middle-aged guards, instead of topless beauties, standing in front of the gate, smiling and bowing to them.

When the ten luxurious carriages arrived in front of the guards, their smile turned even brighter. And when the calligraphy “Ye” painted on the flag fell into their eyes, they treated Qinghan’s team with even greater respect.

While the Death squad descended from their respective carriage, three guards stepped forward in front of the carriages, smiling at them. In the end, the eyes of the guards were all fixed on Qinghan, as they politely bowed to him. The one in

the middle said, “My name is Yue Pin, nice to meet you, young lord from the Ye Family. Please come in with me, our manager has been waiting for you for a long time.”

“Thank you!” Qinghan smiled back, and followed them into the pavilion. Both Shisan and Shiqi closely followed Qinghan on his heels. As for the rest of the Death squad, Qinghan believed they would be treated well too.

Strangely, they were not led to the main hall; rather, they were shown to a luxuriously-decorated aisle, where two heavily armored guards were standing on each side of the entrance. Obviously, only special guests were allowed to enter this aisle. Soon, they reached the end, and found a two-storied attic.

The attic seemed lackluster compared with the extravagant decoration of the aisle, and the plate on top of the door read “Foursquare Attic”, which rendered a touch of antiquity. On the second floor of this attic, four women appeared, all of whom were full of the alluring womanly smell.

“I’m Yue Niang, the manager of this pavilion, nice to meet you, young lord from the Ye Family.” The woman in the front opened her red lips, and her voice was so soft and feminine that it could make anyone fall for her. Her appearance was so charming, that you would find it hard to take your eyes off of her. She was like a ripe peach that propelled the men to take a bite out of her body. Even though the girls in Wild City also had a similar slim body, for instance, An’yue, Qinghan still felt that these women in front of him right now, were far more capable of enchanting men. A simple smile, or a couple of sweet words, would be enough for them to create a sluttish atmosphere.

“Oh, shit. She’s really something. My mind is stirred up a little bit just by hearing her voice. But I believe, that she hasn’t used her enchantment skill yet. Fuck, what if I use my integration technique to defend against her enchantment

skill? Who will lose their consciousness first?” Qinghan thought to himself, before he managed to calm down. Eventually he replied, “It’s my honor to meet you, beautiful manager. I’m Ye Qinghan. I Hope that I’m not disturbing you.”

“Yue Niang, we haven’t seen each other for almost a year. Look, you’re still as charming as before!” Shiqi immediately cut in.

“Ahh, Shiqi, you’re always so naughty.” Yue Niang rolled her eyes quickly and added, “Please, come with me, young lord. The other three families have already arrived.”

“Alright!” However, the moment Qinghan stepped into the attic, his smile suddenly disappeared, and turned cold and murderous. The change of reaction surprised Shisan, Shiqi as well as Yue Niang. The atmosphere soon turned out to be gloomy, and hostile, like the icy coldness in the winter.

Both Shisan and Shiqi straightened their spine, ready for any emergency. Following the eyes of Qinghan, they found a handsome face with a pair of evil-looking, dual-pupil eyes.

Chapter 51 – I refuse to be nice in front of you, so what?

By staring at this weedy-looking teenager, a surge of complicated feelings came over Wuhen.

Several months ago, when they had met for the first time on Cattle-fence Street, this teenager had acted like a roaring lion, and tried to end his life by one chop. Eventually, he had effortlessly thrown this teenager away, simply by the force of his palm.

However, he didn't know anything about this hatred-filled, incompetent teenager, until Elder Mo did his investigation, and found that this teenager was named Ye Qinghan, the son of Ye Dao, and was regarded as a piece of garbage in cultivation.

Therefore, Wuhen had never paid much attention to Qinghan, because in his opinion, Qinghan had failed to inherit anything but the stubborn temperament of his father. In the Flame Dragon Continent, cultivation was regarded as the bases to build up one's power and status, without which, even the lineal descendents from the five most prominent families would be deprived of their privileges as young lords. As a lineal descendent of the Xue Family, Wuhen knew all too well what would happen once a young lord showed no talent in cultivation.

That was why, as soon as Wuhen was notified that Qingyu had rejected his proposal, he had immediately dispatched Xue Yi and his four brothers to capture or kill Qinghan. He was confident, that the Ye Family wouldn't antagonize the Xue Family simply because of a piece of garbage in the family.

Later, news came from Wild City, that Xue Yi and his four brothers had all been

killed by Qinghan. Only then, did Wuhen start to look at Qinghan with new eyes. So, he had urged Qingkuang to advance their plan and kidnap Qingyu, before Qinghan returned to the Ye Family. To his surprise, however, their secret plan had turned out to be a failure, and Qingkuang had even lost all his cultivation.

Although, as an outsider, Wuhen didn't know the details of what had happened that day, he did know that Ye Ron was killed, Ye Jian was imprisoned, and Qingkuang was ruined in cultivation. Meanwhile, the once undervalued young lord, Qinghan, was given the highest of expectations by the Ye Family.

Actually, as a young leader, Wuhen believed that his family would spare him over what he had done to Qingyu. Also, the Xue Family would certainly help him resolve the possible hostility between the two families. He had nothing to worry about.

Nevertheless, the moment he met Qinghan's eyes, which were filled with a murderous cold light, he realized that even if the Ye Family would be lenient to him, Qinghan wouldn't!

Being terrified by the hearsays that Qinghan's cultivation had risen up like a rocket, Wuhen had prepared on what to say and do in front of Qinghan. However, he never thought they would meet so soon. He hadn't come up with any words yet, as his pride was suddenly diminished in front of Qinghan's revengeful glow.

"Young lord, this is the Yue Attic." Shisan was puzzled by Qinghan's sudden change, as his only impression of Qinghan was that of a shy, approachable young leader. But right now, Qinghan behaved presumptuous and ruthless towards Wuhen, the young leader of the Xue Family. Realizing Qinghan might've some impulsive actions, Shisan quickly tossed his head to Qinghan and whispered in his ear.

“I know this is the Yue Attic, that’s why... I refrained myself from attacking that bastard.” Qinghan replied in a cold, sharp voice, which stunned the nearby people.

Inside the attic, around seven people were sitting there drinking tea. Only those who were considered as the most valued guests would be invited into the Four Square Attic. Obviously, only a handful of people would be able to be listed by the Yue Family as the most valued guests.

Wuhen, the young leader of the Xue Family, also known as the teenage elite, after he was ranked the tenth on the Mortal Ranking list, was surely qualified to enter this attic. Before Qinghan had stepped into this room, they were leisurely chatting with each other, while enjoying a cup of tea; however, the amicable atmosphere was immediately ruined by Qinghan’s murderous stare and overbearing remarks.

“What? Is he going to attack Wuhen?”

“Oh, he’s so obnoxiously presumptuous!”

The people inside the room began to complain over Qinghan’s presumptuous manner. One of the younger ones, who sat on the left corner, stood up, attempting to defend Wuhen. This young man was pale-faced, with curly hair combed behind his head, which rendered a touch of evil shrewdness. He stepped forward, looked Qinghan up and down, speaking out arrogantly, “Yue Niang, where did this rude child come from? Why is he behaving so uneducated?”

“Young lord Long Shuiliu, this is the young lord from the Ye Family. Ye Qinghan, for my sake, would you please come in and take a seat?” Yue Niang stood smiling

between the curly-haired young man and Qinghan, trying to calm both of them down.

“Yes, I won’t fight with Wuhen in your place.” Qinghan replied indifferently, and strode into the room directly in the direction of Wuhen. Under all the people’s gazes, Qinghan suddenly showed an exaggerated smile, until his eyes were narrowed into two slits, “Xue Wuhen... young leader Wuhen! Good to meet you here... Xue Yi told me to pass on some words to you, he said, if you have time, please go and have a reunion with them!”

“.....”

Hearing this, Wuhen’s face turned surly. Both Elder Shi and Elder Mo, who sat on either side of Wuhen, immediately stood up, and started gathering their Battle Qi, while at the same time, they resentfully glared at Qinghan.

Unlike others, who didn’t know what had happened between Wuhen and Qinghan, Elder Shi and Elder Mo got the undertone of Qinghan’s words. Since Xue Yi had already been killed by Qinghan, the invitation of a reunion was actually an invitation to fight.

At the same time, Shisan and Shiqi stood beside Qinghan on full alert. Though they didn’t understand the hidden meaning in Qinghan’s remarks, they did know that they must protect their leader at any cost. Both of them stretched out their palms and hung them in the air, as a sign to threat the two elders, who seemed tempted to attack Qinghan.

“Hehe!” Unexpectedly, the curly-haired young man, who was known as young lord Long Shuiliu, sneered. He was offended by Qinghan the moment he had passed him without looking at him, or in other words, he felt belittled by

Qinghan's attitude. Thus, he straightened his back, and said, "Young lord of the Ye Family? How come? I thought the eldest young lord of the Ye Family was Ye Qingkuang. Who are you? Are you sure that you're capable to represent the Ye Family in the Elite Prefecture War? Oh, come on. Is the Ye Family so short of talents?"

These harsh words provoked Shisan and Shiqi, however, without Qinghan's instruction, they refrained themselves from any further reaction.

"Who the fuck is he?" Without being irritated, Qinghan turned to Shisan in curiosity.

"He's young lord, Long Shuiliu, the nephew of the leader of the Long Major City." Shisan whispered in response.

"Oh?" Qinghan nodded his head, and added, "As far as I know, the leader of the Long Major City only has a daughter. Why does he suddenly have a nephew? Is he adopted?"

The question raised by Qinghan surprised all the people in the room, among them, two extravagantly-dressed young men displayed diversified expressions as this farce went on. Now, Long Shuiliu's paled-looking face turned sullen.

"Anyway!" Qinghan turned around, stared at Long Shuiliu, "Alright, the fact that you're a relative of the leader of the Long Major City won't make you a relative of Wuhen. So, this is none of your business, why would you interfere? Or can I think of it this way: are you going to make an enemy out of the Ye Family by supporting Wuhen?"

“Ooooo!”

The sharp retort from Qinghan stunned everyone, because Qinghan had intentionally raised the conflict to the family level. Who would dare to challenge the authority of the whole Ye Family? Apparently, Long Shuiliu didn't have the guts to antagonize the whole Ye Family, and as a result, his handsome face was slightly twisted, yet he could find no proper words to reply with.

Meanwhile, the two young men with luxurious clothing kept paying great attention to what was going on right now. They were quite different in appearance: one was a muscular, rough-looking man, who carried a sword on his back; the other looked rather pretty, without looking closely at his plumping Adam's apple, he could be mistaken for a beautiful woman. Now, they wore a subtle expression, as though they were trying hard to refrain themselves from laughing out loud.

“Shit, why are the people from the Ye Family so wildly arrogant?” Yue Niang complained in a low voice and winked to her maid. Immediately, her maid submissively nodded her head and left.

“Young lord Long doesn't represent the whole Long Major City. And you, Ye Qinghan, a poor young lord, since when do you dare to represent the whole Ye Family?” Wuhen cut in angrily. He could no longer stand Qinghan's openly hostile attitude towards him. If he kept silent, he would surely be looked down upon by others.

“I thought you were only a timid turtle, who only hid his head in his shell. Hehe, can't you see, that I'm the leader of my elite team, though I don't really care much about this identity.” Qinghan raised his brow, and stared at Wuhen provokingly.

Out of fury, Wuhen's dual pupils shrank a little bit, and he finally came out with these words, "Ye Qinghan, sometimes, we have to be nice to others, for the sake of our family!"

"Oh, come on! I'm nice to all people, especially my subordinates. But... to someone like you... I don't think it is necessary to do so. Yes, I refuse to be nice in front of you, so what?" Qinghan sneered as he replied.

As the tension between Qinghan and Wuhen intensified, everyone kept silent with nervousness, knowing that an inevitable fight was about to be triggered.

Chapter 52 – Extortion

“You...” Wuhen’s fury surged, as Qinghan finished his provoking remarks. In order to refrain from acting rudely, he even clenched his fists so hard that the cracking sounds of knuckles could be heard. Before he had left home, his father had warned him not to do anything impulsive and he had promised to obey, “I choose not to talk with this crazy guy.”

Actually, Wuhen’s father, Xue Piaorou, had discreetly told his son about the main purpose of this trip – to alleviate the possible conflicts between the Xue Family and the Ye Family. After Wuhen had confessed to his father about what he had done back at the Ye Castle, including his kidnapping scheme, his father had promised to help him out by sending a sophisticated, great elder from the family to negotiate with his counterpart in the Ye Family.

Most importantly, Wuhen had heard that the negotiator in the Ye Family, Ye Qingniu, was notorious for his tyrannical temperament in the Mars Prefecture. Therefore, for the sake of the negotiation, he was told to control himself and hold back the anger resulting from any insulting remarks. It was no wonder, that despite Qinghan’s incessant insulation, he had been pretending to be calm, and didn’t say much at all.

Among the people in the room, only Wuhen knew, that it wasn’t the right time to irritate Qinghan. Others didn’t have any clue about it, especially the frivolous Long Shuiliu. Indeed, Shuiliu was surprised by Wuhen’s cowardice response; he thought that young leader Wuhen would’ve been more aggressive. On second thought, however, he guessed that, maybe, Wuhen didn’t want to fuzz about the wrangle between him and this teenager, Qinghan; or maybe, Wuhen tried to protect his gentleman impression in front of so many people. After pondering for a while, Shuiliu decided to stand up, and regain face for Wuhen.

“I agree with young leader Wuhen. You ought to be nice to him, or you’ll get punched to the ground.” Shuiliu spoke with a sullen tone.

The moment Shuiliu finished his words, the two luxuriously-dressed young lords looked at each other, and smiled, yet they kept silent like before.

“Idiot!” Yue Niang cursed the brainless Shuiliu in a whisper. Observing from what had happened just now, she was sure that Wuhen was intentionally avoiding any conflict with Qinghan, though she didn’t know the reason behind it. Now, against Wuhen’s will, Shuiliu had provoked Qinghan, trying to intensify the tension. As a nephew of the leader of the Long Major City, Shuiliu was notorious for bullying others in the name of his uncle. He had never done anything properly, because he was so fond of overestimating his own ability.

Yue Niang shook her head, and stepped back. As a middle-level cadre in the Yue Family, she felt she wasn’t in a position to interfere.

“Several months ago, many people tried to punch me down, and... they did. Now, there’re still many people who want to punch me down, yet... I believe, that they’ll be punched down instead. If you want to taste the feeling of being punched down, just come and have a try!” Qinghan’s reply was like a tongue twister. However, even a deaf person would sense the contempt in his voice.

“Humph! I’ll give you a lesson, on behalf of your family, for your narrow, despicable arrogance! I’ll let you know, that the sky outside of Grey City is more spacious than you could ever imagine!” Shui long sneered, as he pressed the knuckles on his fingers. It seemed as if he was determined to start a fight.

“The sky is limitless; yet the space on your head is so sadly limited. Poor brain...” Qinghan replied unthreatened. Suddenly, he abruptly turned to the two

luxuriously-dressed young lords, and curiously asked, “Are you the young lords from the Feng Family and the Hua Family? Could you please do me a favor by answering me a couple of questions? Since Long Shuiliu declared to teach me a lesson, am I responsible when I punch him down? Will this fight lead to any further family conflicts in the future?”

“Errr!”

The two young lords were both stumped by these questions, and remained tongue-tied for a good while. They laughed bitterly to themselves, as they had never expected to become involved in this mess. Since Qinghan was blinking his eyes, waiting for an answer, the muscular one managed an awkward smile, “Normally, the fight between youngsters won’t influence the family relationships. After all, it would be embarrassing for the losing party to ask for help from his family.”

“I never ask for help from my family, and I’m always a winner.” The good-looking young lord replied confidently, with a touch of a weird feminine quality in his voice.

“Don’t waste time discussing such nonsense. We’d better choose our battlefield outside, in case we smash anything valuable in this room. Let’s get out, now!” Shuiliu wore a long face, yelling as though he was already pissed off by Qinghan’s absentmindedness. He was furious, because he was being despised by a teenager like Qinghan.

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Next to the Four Square Attic, there was the Three Square Attic, where Ye Qingniu was sitting, wearing a surly face. He slammed his fist on the desk, to

show, that by now, he was truly provoked. He, however, wasn't yet aware of the events that had unfolded in the nearby attic.

Following the booming sound of the slam, a roomful of people lowered their heads, avoiding eye contact with Ye Qingniu. Opposite of Ye Qingniu, there sat another white-haired, immortal-looking great elder, whose face looked even angrier than Ye Qingniu's.

On their left, two elders opened their sleepy eyes, and they simultaneously shook their head while sighing.

On their right, there sat a middle-aged woman, who still retained her graceful bearing, despite the visible crows feet around her eyes. However, the waves of an affectionate, flirtatious emotion in her eyes, and her slender, curved body distinguished her from other at her age. She suddenly stood up, and smiled sweetly at Ye Qingniu, "Brother Niu, calm down. Your fiery temper won't do any good to solve this problem, will it?"

Ye Qingniu's eyes bulged like two balls, as if they were about to pop out. After hearing the soft voice of the beautiful woman, he turned to her, "Sister Yue Ji, you don't know why I'm so outraged. A Jade Spirit Body! Considering the scarcity of this sacred body, do you think that I'll ever forgive them? Plus, the ripple effects raised by the Jade Spirit Body are also huge: Ye Ron, one of our elders, a cultivator in the Realm of the Saint, was killed; Ye Qingkuang, a key descendent of the family, who was very likely to enter into the Realm of the Saint in the following years, was ruined in cultivation; the Jade Spirit Body was supposed to create another saint-level cultivator in the future. In total, I have to say, theoretically, we have lost three advanced cultivators in the Realm of the Saint. And I'm not even mentioning the other other less competent people who've died in this event. Do you think that we should write it off by accepting such a trashy compensation? No way! We aren't beggars!"

The fierce howl of Ye Qingniu stunned everyone. Now, they were even more convinced about the hearsay that Ye Qingniu had been a bandit in his youth.

To the members of the Xue Family, Qingniu's response was an evident extortion. The damage he had just described was grossly exaggerated. After all, Ye Ron had been lingering in the first level of the Saint for almost a decade! And the treasure they had offered to Qingniu was an item envied by many other families, how could Qingniu degrade it as trash?

"You... Ye Qingniu, don't go too far. Like I said, we've already punished Wuhen for his naivety. Today, we even brought all these treasure from our warehouse to compensate your loss. Is it still not sincere enough?" The great elder from the Xue Family stood up, as his white beard flew up in a fury.

"What? Naïve? Come on, he's twenty six years old! Does a naïve person know the secret of the Jade Spirit Body? Oh, you've already punished him? How? As far as I know, he's now sitting in the Four Square Attic, while enjoying a cup of tea. You've also mentioned that you have emptied your treasure warehouse? What if we kidnapped a sacred body from your family? Rules! We have to respect the rules forged by the five families! The Blood-cursed Joint Convention!" Ye Qingniu was unwilling to compromise.

"Calm down, both of you, Xue Fei and Ye Qingniu. For my sake, don't fight or quarrel in my place, ok?" The middle-aged woman disrupted the two once again, smiling with crooked wrinkles at the corner of her eyes. As the host of this place, she was the last person who wanted to see her attic being dismantled by their fight. So she tried her best to mediate between the two.

"Alright, Yue Ji. If the Xue Family will give us another five thousand to six

thousand bottles of Snow Spirit Dan, and three books of the Emperor-level Battle Technique Manual, plus promise one thing to our family... I'll consider to solve this issue peacefully." Ye Qingniu replied.

"Five thousand bottles?! Three books of the Emperor-level Battle Technique Manual? Why don't you just rob us? I won't promise you anything... and five hundred bottles of the Snow Spirit Dan is the maximum I can accept. No more!" Xue Fei, the great elder from the Xue Family, boomed out with shivering lips.

- Bang! -

Ye Qingniu clenched his fist, and slammed it on the desk once again. This time, the desk was smashed to pieces. The two elders on the left closed their eyes, showing an expression of "none of my business". Yue Ji sighed helplessly, and gave up on persuading these two old men. The atmosphere in the room had turned even more solemn and intense.

- Rustle! Rustle! —

At this very moment, a maid suddenly rushed in, and stammered out, "Great elders, I... I was told to inform you all, that young lord Qinghan and young lord Shuiliu are about to fight..."

Chapter 53 – Bring Him Down

“The young lord of the Ye Family is going to fight with young lord Long Shuiliu?” Yue Ji smiled bitterly, as she reckoned that the young lord from the Ye Family might’ve been carved from the same mould as Ye Qingniu, and inherited the latter’s aggressiveness. In one attic, the young lord from the Ye Family was going to fight; in the other, the great elder from the Ye Family was provoking a hostile environment.

Being afraid of Ye Qingniu, the maid held her breath and failed to make any more words. Therefore, Yue Ji turned to her, trying to ease up the atmosphere, “Don’t panic. Tell us in detail, what has happened there?”

In order to not frighten the little girl, Ye Qingniu cleared his throat and added, “Yeah, tell us more about it. I don’t think our Ye Family will stir up a fight for no reason.”

Following Ye Qingniu’s softened remarks, the maid slightly relaxed, and explained in a hurry, “The moment the young lord of the Ye Family stepped into the room, and saw young leader Wuhen, he automatically behaved extremely hostile towards him, who kept silent and refrained. However, Long shuiliu stood up, and declared that he would teach the young lord of the Ye Family a lesson. Now, both of them are preparing to fight outside the attic.”

“Look, it’s Long Shuiliu, not Qinghan, who triggered the fight. You know, Qingyu, or the Jade Spirit Body, is his sister. I’ve told him, before we left the Ye Castle, that the family will find a proper solution and find justice for his sister, so he’d better not seek for revenge himself. It’s understandable for him to be hostile towards Wuhen, who attempted to kidnap his sister, yet he didn’t attack

him. Long Shuiliu is just a moron. Qinghan had no choice but to teach him a lesson instead. If our negotiations today fail, then I'll let him solve this matter by himself!"

"Holy braggadocio! Unlike his talented father, Qinghan is overshadowed by Wuhen's capabilities, who's number ten on the Mortal Ranking List."

"Stupid as Long Shuiliu is, he has entered into the second level of the Realm of the General through diligent cultivation. It's still too early to say who'll win in the end."

The rest of the people whispered to each other, showing contempt towards Ye Qingniu's words. Among them, Yue Ji was the one most anxious about what would happen next. She murmured to herself anxiously, "If Long Shuiliu was brought down, his uncle from Long Major City would show up and find justice for his nephew; while if Qinghan failed, Ye Qingniu is right here to seek revenge for him. Oh, God, please don't fight in our pavilion."

"Hey, everyone, come on, let's watch the fight outside!" Ye Qingniu seemed to be rather excited, because in his opinion, since Qinghan was able to ruin the cultivation of Qingkuang, who was in the third level of the Realm of the General, Long Shuiliu should be a piece of cake for him. Moreover, he was told that Qinghan had made another breakthrough recently.

.....

"Since you're much younger than me, I'll allow you to take the initiative in the first three rounds!"

Long Shuiliu stood outside the Foursquare Attic, holding a sheathed sword in his hands, while he tilted his head up arrogantly.

“Idiot. Who’s he showing off his pretended demeanor for, there isn’t even a beauty standing nearby.” The muscular young lord mumbled to the other young lord, Hua Cao, next to him. He was the most competent descendant of the Feng Family, Feng Zi. Despite the feminine-sounding name, he was a rough man with a stout build. In sharp contrast to his muscularity, the beautiful young lord sitting beside him seemed even more delicate.

“I guess the fight will end within three rounds.” The feminine-looking young lord replied ambiguously – either Shuiliu or Qinghan would be defeated within three rounds.

Fengzi sort of figured out the undertone in his reply. As a friend of this ladyboy-like young lord, who was brought up in a world of incessant slaughter, and who had accumulated ample amounts of battle experience, he firmly believed in his prediction. Suddenly, Fengzi found Qinghan’s eyes were lit up with fury.

Given what Ye Qingniu had told him back in the Ye Castle, he had been refraining himself from attacking Wuhen, though he wished so deeply to crush him. The fire of anger inside his heart grew rampant and he was eager to find a way to vent it out. Now, the stupid Shuiliu, who thought highly of himself, gave Qinghan the chance to let loose of his flames of fury. Staring at Shuiliu, Qinghan wondered whether to defeat him within one punch.

“Come on, young man, I hope you won’t end up as a cripple. Would you beg me for mercy?”

At this moment, a familiar sound secretly entered into Qinghan's ear. At first he frowned, then he smiled to Ye Qingniu in response. Yes, Ye Qingniu conveyed his voice to Qinghan to encourage him to fight immediately.

"Integration!"

Without any warning, Qinghan exclaimed.

All of a sudden, a black figure emerged in front of Qinghan's chest, and soon afterwards, it disappeared into his body. Meanwhile, above one of his eyelids a black tattoo appeared. The unexpected integration with the battle beast made everyone dumbfounded.

"Errr!"

Shuiliu was apparently shocked by Qinghan's technique. In defense, he released his Battle Qi in a hurry, forming a yellow ball outside of his body.

"Eighth-grade battle beast?"

Both Feng Zi and Hua Cao looked at each other in curiosity, as they didn't expect Qinghan to have such a strong battle beast. Judging by the imposing atmosphere it created, they predicted that it should at least be an eighth-grade battle beast, though it could be even stronger.

"Brother Qingniu, congratulations! This teenager, who has already summoned an eighth-grade battle beast, and entered into the first level of the Realm of the

General, has boundless prospects! But why have you never told us anything about him before?” The two elders from the Feng family and the Hua family respectively, who had kept silent for a long time, suddenly opened their mouths. Looking closer, their eyes were filled with surprise and envy, because they understood well what an eighth-grade battle beast stood for – an advanced cultivator with a terrifying capability in cultivation!

“Hehe!” Ye Qingniu replied with a short, awkward smile. He didn’t intentionally conceal the existence of such a mighty cultivator, it was Qinghan who had disguised his ability. To his surprise, Qinghan had even entered the Realm of the General within a single month. Thus, he believed, that there would be more secrets to be discovered in Qinghan.

However, Xue Fei, the great elder from the Xue Family, stood there with a long face. He was thinking hard, trying to find a way to wrap up this mess.

As for Qinghan, he wasn’t aware that there were elders attentively watching his every move. He only focused on Shuiliu, as the fury within him had urged him to punch Shuiliu harshly, so that his inside fire could be put out.

Without hesitation, Qinghan gathered his surging Battle Qi on his left palm, throwing it in the direction of Shuiliu. The force created by the palm, was akin to the power that was released by a rutting rhinoceros. As a cultivator in the Realm of the General, he was about to extract his Battle Qi out of his body, yet as a beginner, he didn’t quite know how to use it. Thus, he had decided to attack Shuiliu with merely the force of his palm, rather than any fancy techniques.

Qinghan’s left palm sped towards the surface of the yellow ball, that wrapped up Shuiliu, and finally collided with it with an explosive boom.

- Bang! -

Doubtlessly, the yellow ball was instantly smashed, and Shuiliu, without the protection of the ball, was thrown away in the far distance, until his back hit against a solid wall, and bounced back on the ground, before he rolled back and forth several times. In the end, he didn't manage to get back up, but fainted instead.

Due to his super Dantian, as well as his battle beast, Qinghan's true power had sharply accelerated, as he was now equivalent to those in the Realm of the Marshal. Therefore, Shuiliu, a cultivator in the second level of the Realm of the General, was beaten up by Qinghan with a single palm, even though he had the protection of his yellow ball Battle Qi armor. If Qinghan hadn't withdrawn some of his Battle Qi, then Shuiliu would even have been crushed into a heap of meat powder.

"Oooooo!"

"Oh, My goodness!"

To everyone's astonishment, the fight ended within seconds. After several sharp screams, the crowd became deathly silent. Fengzi, the muscular youth, widened his mouth; Hua Cao, the shemale-looking youth, blinked his eyes in curiosity, with his long, hairy eyelashes covering half of his eyes. The most nervous one among them all, however, was Xue Wuhen, as he couldn't find a proper explanation for Qinghan's quick improvements in cultivation. Several months ago, he remembered that he had punched him to the ground in the Cattle-fence Street, almost effortlessly! But, now...

There was only one guard, named Long Wu, who was escorting Shuiliu. He was

a bald man with a tanned skin. Now, he was anxiously walking towards his young lord. Strangely, throughout the whole process, this bald guard didn't make a single sound, or even try to stop Qinghan from hurting Shuiliu.

Long Wu carried Shuiliu in his arms, as he walked towards Qinghan, and said, "Thank you, young lord, for being lenient and refraining yourself from killing my young lord. Now, we have to leave."

On hearing this, Yue Niang sighed with great relief, because she knew, that as a cultivator in the second level of the Realm of the Emperor, Long Wu could stir up another ferocious fight if he was determined to seek revenge. Fortunately, he had behaved rather composed. Soon, Yue Niang had arranged some people to lead Long Wu out to heal Shuiliu.

"Qingniu, as far as I can see in the force he has exerted, I guess this teenager has the power equivalent to those in the Realm of the Marshal! Another Ye Dao!" The great elder of the Feng Family threw an envious glance at Ye Qingniu.

"This teenager is really something. Our Hua Cao is not his opponent." The elder of the Hua Family also nodded approvingly.

Yue Ji joined in the conversation, smiling from ear to ear, "Brother Qingniu, congratulations for having such a brilliant descendant!"

"Haha, you're all flattering me. But, there's still a long way to go for Qinghan to catch up to Feng Zi and Hua Cao." Ye Qingniu replied humbly. Suddenly, he tossed his head towards Xue Fei and suggested, "However, I think Qinghan is capable to compete with Wuhen. Why not let them have a fight right now, right here? Neither side will be responsible for the other's death. Regardless of the

result, I won't take any of your Snow Spirit Dan if you agree to this. Deal?"

Chapter 54 – Summer Fire Festival

“Er...” Xue Fei managed a smile, yet came up with no words.

“Is there any trump card in Qinghan’s hands? As a cultivator in the third level of the Realm of the General, Wuhen has already distinguished himself from mediocrity. With the help of the twelve golden beetles, his power will undoubtedly rise up to a great degree. Even those in the first or second level of the Realm of the Marshal will not easily defeat him.” Xue Fei weighed in the pros and cons of the advised battle, but still couldn’t make a final decision.

“Brother Qingniu, are you so confident in this teenager? Remember, Wuhen is regarded as a talent that appears only once-in-a-century. Our Feng Zi already admitted that he wasn’t his opponent.” The great elder of the Feng family sarcastically said.

“Brother Fei, come on, just say yes! I don’t believe a teenager will pose any threat to Wuhen.” The great elder of the Hua family took advantage of the situation, and poured oil on the flames.

Yue Ji remained silent, while her expression revealed herself. She didn’t believe in Qinghan, either.

They echoed one another, using their coordinated efforts to persuade them into launching the life-and-death competition. To these families, having either Qinghan or Wuhen killed or injured would be good news for them all. After all, an advanced cultivator would represent himself as a big threat to other families.

Despite the encouragement of the other elders, Xue Fei remained shilly-shally.

Wuhen, the only son of the leader of the Xue family, their future leader, was supposed to be protected, rather than pushed out in a fight. In the end, he remained silent.

“Hey, elder Xue, what’s your final decision? What if the competition is between you and me, will you accept then?” Ye Qingniu rolled his bulging eyes, provokingly urging Xue Fei.

“You...” Ye Qingniu’s resounding sounds silenced Xue Fei once again.

As was known to all, Ye Qingniu was in the second level of the Realm of the Saint, if he integrated with his eighth-grade battle beast, his power would be even mightier. Within the Mars Prefecture, seldom was anyone qualified to challenge his capability in cultivation. Therefore, Xue Fei was sure, that he would be doomed if he accepted this fight.

“Hehe, Xue Fei, I suggest you to choose the first scenario: fight between Wuhen and Qinghan, rather than you and Ye Qingniu.” The great elder of the Hua family instigated excitedly.

Immediately, Yue Ji gave a black look at this great elder, blaming him for his apparent attempt to see the situation plunge into chaos.

Yue Ji then said, “Enough. Brother Qingniu, I’ll make a suggestion: apart from the promised amount of Snow Spirit Dan, add another two thousand bottles, plus a book of Emperor-level Battle Technique Manual. Let’s write off the past conflicts. The Elite Prefecture War is around the corner, we must unite together in order to unleash our concerted potential to fight against the other two prefectures. Don’t let them laugh at us.”

After a minute of silence, Xue Fei stammered out, “Alas... I admit, it is our Wuhen’s fault, we should take the blame. I agree with what Yue Ji advised.”

“Brother Qingniu!” Being a little bit irritated by Ye Qingniu’s silence, Yue Ji reminded him to give her a proper reply.

“I’ll agree, if I can add one more request on top of what you’ve suggested.” Without waiting for Xue Fei and Yue Ji’s reply, Ye Qingniu continued, “Don’t worry. I won’t ask for more Snow Spirit Dan. I only wish to have the first chance to exchange the credits after the Elite Prefecture War.”

“The first chance to exchange the credits?” People began to whisper to each other, yet no one replied.

“Are you going to exchange the Spirit Immortal Dan with the credits? I’m ok with that, if you’re able accumulate enough credits.” The great elder of the Feng family broke the silence.

“If I remember correctly, then it takes ten thousand credits to exchange for just a single one. If the elite team led by this teenager can hit this number, I’ll also be ok with that.” The great elder of the Hua family quickly followed suit.

“We agree with that as well.” Both Xue Fei and Yue Ji replied.

Although people were craving for having a pill of the Spirit Immortal Dan, the cost, ten thousand credits, scared them all. Also, they had heard that both the Demon Prefecture and the Barbarian Prefecture had dispatched a great number of elites to join the Elite Prefecture War. Given the high risk of sacrificing their own elites, the other four families had considered that the loss would outweigh

the gain eventually.

“Alright, since you all orally consented with my suggestion, let’s sign a written agreement, which should stipulate that any family is not allowed to damage the solidarity of our five families because of this event.”

Following Ye Qingniu’s reply, all the people, including Yue Ji, went into the Three Square Attic, before writing and signing the agreement accordingly. Once the deal was settled, the atmosphere turned relaxed. Ye Qingniu’s solemn face disappeared, instead, he talked smilingly with sparkling eyes. The other elders were also depressurized from the past intense tension, chatting cheerfully with one another.

“Hey, Yue Ji.” The great elder from the Feng family suddenly realized something, and tossed his head towards Yue Ji, “Three days from now, your family will hold the Summer Fire Festival, right? I heard that a peerless, holy virgin will be presented during the festival?”

“Yeah, our Hua Cao came merely for the purpose of seeing this beauty. I have to complain, why didn’t your family allow us to have a view of this beauty in advance? Every time, we have to wait until the Summer Fire Festival! Once she appears, numerous young men will be enchanted.” The great elder from the Hua family nodded with a subtle smile.

“Hehe, not true. Anyone remember Yan’er? She was dumped by Ye Dao, and fell into depression ever since!” Yue Ji looked at Ye Qingniu, and there was hidden bitterness in her eyes.

“Don’t... Don’t look at me, I didn’t dump any girls in your pavilion. I know, Yan’er had developed lovesickness since Ye Dao’s death. Now, since they’re all

dead, I admit, it is a pity, yet one cannot challenge destiny.”

“Come on, Yue Ji, let bygones be bygones. Let’s talk about the new beauty, Qingcheng, I suggest you to give her to Fengzi. I promise, our Feng Zi will treat her well. Given his appearance and capability, our young lord Feng Zi is one of a kind.” The great elder of the Feng family said jokingly.

“Oh, are you joking? Compared with our young lord Hua Cao, Feng Zi looks too rough and bulky. Our Hua Cao is a pretty young man, almost like a flower. Oh, his cultivation level is also something I’m proud of – the Realm of the Marshal! One would instantly lose his life, once sneak attacked by him.”

“Pretty? Fuck, he’s not a woman. Oh, maybe he is... Never mind, to me, he looks neither a woman nor a man. Haha, it always confuses me to tell his gender. As for his capacity, even if he is in the Realm of the Marshal, in front of those from the Barbarian or Demon Prefectures, he simply has no chance to sneak attack them.” The great elder of the Feng family yelled with full, intense eyes.

“Stop insulting our young lord! If Feng Zi was sent to fight with the barbarians, he will...”

“Enough! Forgive me, I’m fed up with your quarrel. Listen, It’s not my choice to decide who will be the final candidate for Qingcheng, it all depends on her own will, understand? Such a quarrel is simply pointless.” Yue Ji couldn’t help but interrupt, as she found both of the two elders showing no sign of giving up.

.....

“The Summer Fire Festival? What kind of festival is that?”

Qinghan was sitting in the room of the Four Square Attic, as he asked Feng Zi in confusion.

“Er!”

On hearing this question, both Feng Zi and Hua Cao looked at each other for a second, before they burst out in laughter.

“Don’t you know anything about the Summer Fire Festival?” Feng Zi straightened his back, showing his strong muscles.

“No, is it famous?” Qinghan winked his baffled eyes.

“Oh, come on... It is the most important festival of the Yue Family.” Feng Zi narrowed his eyes, and smiled to Qinghan wickedly, “The Yue family is famous for what? Beauties! Every year, a new beauty will be presented on the Summer Fire Festival, who will be asked to work in the Yue Pavilion as a Qingguan for a whole year after the festival. No doubt, she will become the most popular woman among the guests. When her service in the Yue Pavilion expires, she will be sold at an auction. At last, the top three bidders will have the chance to carry her home!”

“Three? I thought she should belong to the highest bidder.” Qinghan’s curiosity was fully stirred up by Feng Zi, as he kept asking with great interest.

“No!” Feng Zi shook his head, and sighed, “You know, this the wisest part of the Yue Family. Their girl is allowed to choose from the three candidates, and marry the one she favors most. This is a win-win situation. The bidders, as well as

the girl, are happy with the result. “

“Yeah, I can’t agree more. I mean, this is a wise method indeed. Three days later, who will be the girl to be presented on the festival?” Qinghan inquired closely.

“A beauty, and her charm would be unmatched. You know, you’re so lucky. The Summer Fire Festival of the Tranquil Lake is around the corner, a carnival for all the youngsters of the Mars Prefecture. I’ve been waiting for this day for years. “Feng Zi combed the fringe of his hair with his hands, and his eyes suddenly gleamed with enthusiasm

“Wait? The Summer Fire Festival of the Tranquil Lake? I suppose we’re talking about the Summer Fire Festival of the Yue Family. Oh, now, I’m even more puzzled. Isn’t the Tranquil Lake the place for descendants of the Yue family?”

“Haha, if there is only one girl, the Summer Fire Festival won’t live up to its reputation. The reason this festival is so famous lies in the Tranquil Lake. Every fifteen years, the Yue Family will choose a holy virgin from hundreds of young female descendants. They’ll hold an Adult Ceremony in the Tranquil Lake for these girls, and numerous young lords from other families will be invited to witness this moment. The holy virgin will choose a young lord from the crowd to be her husband. Once one becomes the son-in-law of the Yue family, he will enjoy plenty of privileges in the family... All the young lords are crazy for it.” Feng Zi explained in details.

“I heard, that Ye Dao once rejected a holy virgin.” Following Feng Zi’s hysterical narration, Hua Cao, who had been silent for quite a while, opened his mouth.

“Ye Dao is unique. He chose a Qingguan from the Yue Pavilion, rather than the holy virgin.” Feng Zi retorted.

“That Qingguan must be my mother.” Qinghan thought to himself.

Looking at the bewildered Qinghan, Feng Zi was speechless, “Hey, you should know more about this, as a young lord from the Ye family. Why are you looking so perplexed? Fifteen years ago, Ye Dao was invited to take part in this festival. He wasn’t interested in any of those girls; however, his handsome appearance and gentle demeanor captured the heart and mind of Yan’er, the holy virgin. To others’ great surprise, Ye Dao declined to marry her, because he already fallen in love with the Qingguan, Shui’er, from the Yue Pavilion. In the end, Yan’er died before the age of thirty. Such a tragedy...”

“Humph! I’m confident, that I’ll be the chosen one in this festival!” Abruptly, Hua Cao broke in.

Hearing this, Feng Zi bounced up from the ground in a fury, “You disgusting lady-boy, if you dare to compete with me, I’ll teach you a lesson.”

“ ... ”

Both Feng Zi and Hua Cao started cursing at each other.

“I see... Summer Fire Festival, interesting!” For the first time, Qinghan had learned the touching romance of his parents, and three days later, he would have a look at the legendary beauty – Qingcheng.

Chapter 55 – The Tranquil Lake

As its name suggested, the Tranquil Lake was actually a “lake”, which was located outside the eastern city border. Yet, during these years, the city wall had been through several renovations, and now the lake was encircled within the city walls.

The size of the Tranquil Lake was far from large. Strictly speaking, it could only be called a reservoir. However, people from the Yue Family liked to call it a “lake”, so others just followed suit. Interestingly, the Tranquil Lake was not made of a pool of stagnant water; rather, it was always caught by big, incessant waves, stirred by the blowing wind.

“Is this the Tranquil Lake? Nothing special, huh?”

Under the lead of Yue Niang, Qinghan, as well as the other young lords, arrived in front of the Tranquil Lake. The surrounding beautiful sceneries all reflected on the surface of the limpid water, which made the mountain look even greener, and the trees even more verdant. However, as a holy place to hold the festival, it disappointed the young lords, and they thought that it should’ve been as breath-taking as the beauties...

“Yes, as for the lake, it’s a normal one. Well, do you see the island in the center? It’s where the descendants of the Yue Family live - various types of beauties! Only during the Summer Fire Festival will it be opened. Normally, it’s a forbidden place for men. During these fifteen years, we’re the first group to visit here. I really feel honored about this.” Feng Zi whispered in Qinghan’s ear, while his sword was still hanging on his back.

“Oh? A forbidden place for men?” Qinghan was stunned by this, looking from

afar at the hazy island, he turned to Feng Zi in unbelieve, “Not a single man lives there, right?”

“Absolutely not!” Feng Zi nodded his head affirmatively.

Qinghan felt a little bit creeped out towards this weird island, as though a chilly gust went through his heart.

“What if that bunch of women ferociously swoops over us, how will we escape once we’ve set foot on that island? After all, they haven’t seen a single man for fifteen years!” Qinghan murmured to himself anxiously.

“Young lords, please get on the boat!”

In the middle of Qinghan’s wild imagination, Yue Niang made a soft gesture, showing them in the direction of a boat, which was paddling towards them.

“Qinghan, after you.” Feng Zi shivered his chest muscle, and let Qinghan step on the boat first.

“Ah? Is it time to climb on their bed? Oh, sorry, it’s a boat!” Qinghan mumbled an illogic sentence, and grabbed the corner of Feng Zi’s clothing, “Feng Zi, you first. I... I’m incompetent in that regard. I mean... physically...”

“Oh, since you two are so reluctant to go, I’ll step on the boat first.” Wuhen waved his folding fan, and slipped onto the boat.

The beautiful-looking Hua Cao closely followed behind Wuhen. Finally, Feng Zi

and Qinghan also climbed on the boat, which was decorated with a silky curtain on each side. Through the filmy curtain, the surrounding sceneries could be clearly seen.

The middle of the boat was like a small parlor, where two lines of chairs were arranged on each side. Yue Niang bowed to the young lords, and filled the cups on the desk with tea. Soon, she retreated, standing in front of the boat.

“Wow, look at the paddler her body...” Feng Zi looked around the boat, as his eyes finally landed on the woman on the back of the boat. Looking through the transparent curtain, a slim, feminine body was paddling slowly. She wore a green imperial dress, and her face was veiled by a piece of white silk. The curving body, as well as the special aroma, already tempted Feng Zi, though he had no idea about her real appearance.

Following Feng Zi, several other young lords jerked their head towards the paddler, staring at her while drool was uncontrollably escaping from their mouth. Quite to the contrary, Wuhen waved his folding fan up and down, pretending to be calm, yet the rapacious light in his dual pupils betrayed himself. As for Qinghan, he only threw a glimpse at the paddler, before he turned back around. He felt so disgusted by Wuhen’s hypocrisy. For one thing he was really not in the mood to appreciate a woman; for the other, he was so afraid to see a crowd of hungry women, who might be running towards them for hugs or kisses...

Sitting several seats away from Wuhen, Qinghan was so tempted to go and punch him to death. Nevertheless, remembering what Ye Qingniu had told him three days ago, he pulled back his fist, and grabbed a cup of tea to mollify his mixed feelings.

Three days ago, when they were at the Yue Pavilion, Qinghan was determined

to kill Wuhen. To his surprise, Ye Qingniu instructed him to withhold his fury. On Qinghan's bedside, Ye Qingniu had a secret conversation with him. At that night, Ye Qingniu told Qinghan all the details about the agreement he had signed with other families, and how he would plan to use the enormous amount of treasure compensated by the Xue Family, to buy a pill of the Spirit Immortal Dan. In the end, Ye Qingniu burst out an evil, yet subtle smile, and said, that once they received the treasure from the Xue Family, it would be up to Qinghan whether to kill Wuhen or not. However, Qinghan had to do it smartly, at least leaving no trace for others to follow.

After the Summer Fire Festival, all of them would go to join the Elite Prefecture War. Qinghan figured it would be better to kill Wuhen at that time. Fortunately, he had released some of his fury on the stupid Shuiliu, otherwise, it was hard to say whether he could control himself so well.

“Yue Niang, when will we set off?”

After appreciating the gracefulness of the female paddler, their interest in entering the island grew. Some of them just couldn't wait to have a view of the beauties there.

“Young lords, please wait a minute. There is still one person... Oh, he's coming!” Yue Niang replied politely, and the other people turned around in surprise, wondering who that last person would be. Through the vague view from the curtain, a handsome face with curly hair came into view. When that person got closer, they all smiled.

“You're all so early. Sorry, I'm late.” Shuiliu stepped on the boat, with his face glowing with radiance, quite different from three days ago.

“Hey, Shuiliu, welcome!” Wuhen pointed his folding fan to an empty seat, and pushed a cup of tea in front of Shuiliu.

Meanwhile, Qinghan sipped his cup of tea, and sneered, “What a brazen face!”

“What were you guys talking about just now?” Shuiliu asked.

“We’re marveling at the slender body of this paddler. Even the woman paddling the boat is so enchanting, let alone those on the island.” Feng Zi replied friendly. It was said, that he was a man of bad temper, who would be easily irritated like a crazy ox. However, judging from his behavior these days, Feng Zi was a slick man, who was capable of dealing with all kinds of people. He was certainly not the “all brawn, no brains” type.

“Oh?” Shuiliu intentionally looked backwards, and smiled viciously, “Wow, with the first glimpse, I’m already obsessed with this woman. It’s a pity that she conceals her true appearance behind a veil.”

“No, that’s not true! Disguising her beauty under a veil has only made her more attractive. You know, the mysterious element adds to her charm.” Disregarding the occasionally glares received from Qinghan, Wuhen expressed his view on beauty.

“Wuhen, you have the potential to become a poet.” Hua Cao let out a soft sigh.

“Haha, I agree with you, Wuhen. It’s said that when a woman takes a shower, or strips her clothing off, that would be the most charming moments. However, I have to say, the curiosity that is aroused in us to unfold her beauty, is all due to

her wearing that veil.” Feng Zi cut in with great enthusiasm.

“Right! You’re all intelligent people, who can describe women in the most beautiful way. Well, in my opinion, a woman with a veil should fall into two scenarios: she is either a beauty or a disfigured monster. However, I believe, that in this case, she is a beauty.” Shuiliu added.

Meanwhile, Qinghan remained silent, sniffing at their hypocrisy.

“Hey, Qinghan, do you have any opinions to share with us?” Feng Zi noticed the uninterested Qinghan, and asked in curiosity.

“No comment on that. I suggest we should set off right now, otherwise we might miss lunch.” Qinghan replied indifferently. The flattering, nasty conversation among these young lords made him want to vomit, especially the pretentious Wuhen, and the brazen Shuiliu. Right now, he was more concerned about his sister back in Grey City.

“Ah, alright. Niuniu, let’s go!” Yue Niang had been standing there for a while, but now she urged the veil-covered paddler to set off.

The paddler replied with a soft “Yes”, which, once again, grabbed the young men’s attention. They were almost out of their mind by hearing this crisp sound, which very much resembled a cuckoo.

The boat floated slowly on the lake, since there was still some distance from the island, Yue Niang patted on the paddler’s shoulder, and said, “Niuniu, why not sing a song for these young lords? They’ll feel relieved and soothed by your

voice.” She then turned to the young lords, “Hey, guys, would you mind to hear a couple of songs from her?”

“Yeah! We can’t wait to hear it.” Shuiliu urged.

“We’re all ears!” Wuhen added, and both Feng Zi and Hua Cao replied with a smile, only Qinghan reluctantly nodded his head.

After a long while, the veil-covered paddler began to sing, “The sunset rays pour on the wall of the red mansion, and cast a shadow under the jade tree. Inside the silver decorated room, a woman with heavy makeup is tearing a piece of gold clothing with a pair of scissors. Embroidery decorations spread all over her bed. She let the pigeon carry a letter to her lover...”

Without any musical instrument, or any luminous lights, her performance already captured the young lords’ mind. Niuniu was really a vocal talent, because simply the quality of her voice made the young lords intoxicated in such an illusion: they now felt as if they were in a heavenly palace, surrounded by numerous beauties...

“Fabulous! Only the immortals in the heaven would have a chance to hear it. Barely anyone can convey such a beautiful voice in this nasty, mortal world. Niuniu, I’m your fan from now on! You know, my heartbeat has accelerated after hearing your song. Oh...” Shuiliu laughed out loudly, while he kept his eyes on Niuniu’s curved body.

- Pia! -

Wuhen folded his fan, and stood up, “I heard that mandarin ducks always

appear in pairs, they're famous for their solid affection for their loved ones. Niuniu, I hope you'll soon find your Mr. Right. Based on your beautiful outlook and vocal talent, you aren't supposed to be left alone. You know, we already have a crush on you..."

"Awesome! Although I know nothing about music, I believe this is an amazing song!" Feng Zi also flattered.

"Yeah, I agree." Hua Cao followed.

Only Qinghan, holding a cup of tea, looked into the distance with blank eyes. No one knew what was really on his mind.

"Young lord Qinghan, don't you like this song?" Yue Niang couldn't retain her curiosity, and walked towards Qinghan.

Following her question, the other young lords also fixed their eyes on Qinghan, waiting for his response. They couldn't understand Qinghan's silence, after all, compared with their passion, Qinghan seemed so weird.

Under the gazes of all the people, Qinghan didn't make a sound until he finished his cup of tea, "I like it, the melody as well as the lines. This is the most beautiful song I've ever heard. However... the artistic atmosphere created by this song was unfortunately ruined by some nasty morons! What a pity..."

"What? What does that mean?"

"Who are the morons he refers to?"

Feng Zi and Hua Cao were totally baffled; Shuiliu and Wuhen suddenly wore a surly face, as they knew what Qinghan meant; and Yue Niang managed an awkward smile, with the corner of her mouth slightly lifted...

On the other side of the boat, the mysterious paddler unexpectedly turned around, revealing a pair of piercing black eyes above her veil. She quickly stole a glance at Qinghan, as if she was rather interested in this young lord...

Chapter 56 – Yue Qingcheng

“I didn’t catch what you said, could you please explain it to me?” Feng Zi stood between Qinghan and Wuhen, because he sensed there was something wrong between them.

“Yeah, I’m also quite interested in different ideas.” Hua Cao urged.

“Their comments on the song are all cliché!” Qinghan took a breath, and continued, “Did you even know the underlying meaning of these lyrics? It is a song describing the lapse of youth, and the protagonist’s helpless wish to linger on in the good old days. Who said his heartbeat accelerated after hearing this song? How can anyone with common sense feel so excited in front of such a tragic song?”

“Alright, then what is your opinion about this song?” Wuhen challenged Qinghan while he quickly waved his folding fan, as though he was putting out the angry flames inside of him.

“I’m all ears to your ‘enlightening’ explanation!” Shuiliu also spat out in a sarcastic tone.

“Yo, Qinghan, are you also an expert on well versed poetry? The lyric seems like a poem.” Feng Zi’s eyes lit up with excitement. In the Flame Dragon Continent, only a few people knew something about literature, because most of them were focused on cultivation.

“Although I’m only a layman in literature, I do agree with what Qinghan just said. I mean, that song contains such a tragic story in the lyrics.” Hua Cao

scratched his hair, and frowned at the others.

Despite the hot discussion, both Yue Niang and Niuniu remained silent. However, they did look at Qinghan appreciatively when he described the song.

“Excuse me, Niuniu. I have a question for you.” Qinghan suddenly turned around, staring at Niuniu’s sparkling eyes.

“Young lord Qinghan, please go ahead.” The beautiful paddler slightly twisted her waist, and bowed to Qinghan.

“If I didn’t guess it wrong, it should be a song written by Yue Yan’er, isn’t it?”

Qinghan’s question made both Niuniu and Yue Niang dumbfounded, for it was the first time Niuniu had performed this song in public.

“Yes, you’re right. It was written by the former holy virgin – Ye Yan’er. Have you heard about this song before?”

“No, never!” Qinghan slowly turned around, and leaned his back against the chair, looking attentively at the beautiful sceneries in the distance, “This poem can be divided into four parts: the first part deals with the girl’s upsetting feelings when she loves someone secretly. The sceneries in the march, and the embroideries she makes are all used to convey her loneliness; the second part reviews the girl’s solitude and helplessness towards life itself, rather than her missing of a man.”

Like a romanticist, who was let down by the mundane world, Qinghan bombarded a series of explanations. He even blamed Wuhen for wrongly

explaining this beautiful song.

“The third part is about the girl’s disappointment at her impressive, yet short romance with the man. She longs for a more robust life and blessed love. I guess, according to what had happened to Yan’er, she was heartbroken when she wrote this song. So she expected some change in her life... Well, the fourth part encompasses her self-reflection based on her past experience in both social life and romance. “

“In general, this song is mainly about Ye Yan’er’s life. She resisted following the path arranged by her family, and decided to have a say in her own life. After she met Ye Dao at the Summer Fire Festival, she fell in love with this handsome man. However, destiny will always play tricks on us, Ye Dao had already established a romantic relationship with another woman. After knowing that, Yan’er cried her heart out, and lost confidence in love. In the end, Ye Dao died, and Yan’er’s beautiful appearance wilted as time passed. However, until the last minute of her life, she kept loving Ye Dao... Miss Yue Qingcheng, am I right?”

Wuhen and Shuiliu were waiting for the disapproval of Qinghan’s opinion; however, their lack of artistic sensitiveness pulled them back. They were accustomed to fight with fists, rather than this abstract literacy.

“Yue Qingcheng is the holy virgin of this festival. Oh, my god, is the paddler girl over there Yue Qingcheng?” Some of the young lords began whispering to each other, as they stared at her, waiting for her response.

The paddler girl put the paddler aside, pushed the curtain, and slowly walked towards the group of young men. She bowed to them all, and said in a tender voice, “I’m Yue Qingcheng. Nice to meet you guys here.”

“Ohhh!”

Like hit by a thunderbolt, all these pretentious young lords were greatly embarrassed by their previous nasty behavior. None of them had realized that Yue Qingcheng would reveal her identity out of blue. Originally, every young lord had prepared some performance, in order to show off in front of Qingcheng at the evening party during the Summer Fire Festival. However, right now, the only thing that had impressed Qingcheng, was their lust for women. They tried to weep, but failed to shed a tear.

“What’s going on?”

“It’s so unpredictable.”

“ ... ”

The only two people who remained composed were Yue Niang and Qinghan. Yue Niang walked towards the other side of the boat, and began to shake the paddler. While Qinghan took the initiative, and bowed to Qingcheng, “I’m Ye Qinghan. It’s a great honor to meet you here, Miss Qingcheng.”

“Nice to meet you, Miss Qingcheng.” The rest of the young lords immediately did likewise. They tried their best to regain their gentle and cultivated manner.

“Please be seated, all of you.” Qingcheng slightly nodded her head, and sat on a chair.

“Young lord Qinghan, your understanding of this song has really impressed me. Every word you used is a gem. Honestly, I admire your talent in literacy... Are you

the son of Ye Dao?” Qingcheng looked at Qinghan engrossingly under her long, curled eyelashes.

“Er?”

Following Qingcheng’s eyes, the rest of the young lords all stared at Qinghan. None of them expected Qingcheng to think so highly of Qinghan. The strangest part was, that Qingcheng had recognized Qinghan almost immediately. To their astonishment, Qinghan was the son of the famous Ye Dao!

Qinghan’s cultivation level had only improved in recent months, and only several people of the other families knew about this. In their view, Ye Dao’s son was still a piece of garbage. As for Qinghan, they thought he was only a specially-trained descendant of the Ye family.

“A piece of garbage?” Wuhen smiled bitterly. Several months ago, he had had the same misunderstanding, however, by now he knew how wrong he was.

“Yes, I am! I very much appreciate Yan’er’s love for my father, and felt sorrow for her death. Although I didn’t know the details about their relationship, I do feel some kind of guilt for Yan’er.” Qinghan stood up, and bowed to Qingcheng once again, to emphasize his apologetic manner.

However, deep inside, Qinghan complained, “Oh, daddy, because of your casual and unrestrained bearing in dealing with love affairs, your son has to clean up your mess!”

“That’s ok. Before she died, Yan’er said she never regretted falling in love with your father. You know, it isn’t your father’s fault. I remember, she said

something like this: ‘In this world, only Ye Dao is a true man... and I never regret a bit about my choice, though it is in vain.’ Qingcheng finished these words with a soft sigh, and her eyes blurred as she began to reminisce the past.

“Ohhh! Young lord Qinghan, haha. Why don’t you tell us, that you’re the son of Ye Dao? You are being dishonest.” Feng Zi threw a flirtatious glance at Qinghan.

Like any normal man, Qinghan couldn’t stand being “flirted with” by a muscle-laden man like Feng Zi... Therefore, he escaped Feng Zi’s eye contact, and answered, “You didn’t even ask me about it. I won’t tell people I’m the son of Ye Dao every time I meet a person. I figured, that all of you already knew.”

“Yeah, no one will do that. Feng Zi, will you yell at everyone, ‘I’m Feng Zi. Feng Zi is here!?’” Hua Cao interrupted with a smile.

“Hahahaha...”

The crowd suddenly burst out into laughter, which alleviated the awkward atmosphere. Looking at the smiling Qingcheng, the young lords were so itchy to show off their prepared performance in advance, in the hope to make up for the previous impression they had left on Qingcheng.

However... when they were about to perform, the boat arrived at its destination – the island of the Tranquil Lake.

Yue Qingcheng said goodbye to them all, and left with elegant footsteps.

Looking at Qingcheng's graceful figure from behind, as well as the breathtaking sceneries on the island, everyone was caught by a mixed feeling...

Chapter 57 – Give up the Chance

Looking at the color of Qingcheng's dress, who was fading away down the path on the island, the young lords just stood there, reluctant to take their eyes off of her. Before Qingcheng had disclosed her identity, they were already marveled by her graceful body, as well as her extremely refined feminine temperament. When she had walked towards them from the other side of the boat, and had revealed her pair of charming, black pearlescent eyes, their interest in her had instantly doubled. The moment they had realized that she was the next holy virgin of the festival, they couldn't help but fall in love with her. Even the fragrance emitted from her body could dazzle their minds, let alone her piercing eye contact.

"Enough, she's gone. Can't you guys wait until tonight to have a good view of her?" Qinghan reminded them all with a faint smile.

After hearing what Qinghan said, the other young lords turned around, as they came back to themselves.

"Qinghan, we never knew that you're so good at literature. But... how did you know that she is Yue Qingcheng?" Feng Zi threw his hands on Qinghan's shoulder, and laughed from ear to ear.

"Yeah, tell us! It's said that the holy virgin isn't allowed to leave the Tranquil Lake before the Summer Fire Festival. If that is true, you couldn't have met her before. Can it be, that you've sneaked in this place before?" Hua Cao interrupted with great curiosity. As a descendant of the stab immortals, he had mastered excellent lurking skills; however, even he wasn't capable to enter this place before the festival.

The other young lords, including Wuhen and Shuiliu, all moved closer to

Qinghan, with their ears pricked up.

“Hehe, it’s simple. You just didn’t pay attention to the details.” Qinghan wasn’t accustomed to their passion. So, after he shrugged his shoulders, he continued, “First of all, we all know that the Yue family is famous for its beauties, but a beauty of this level is rare. If all the women in the world are like her, then beauty would be too common to cherish. Secondly, how could a normal paddler have such a refined temperament? Thirdly, the silk veil, that covered half of her face, was the biggest hint. I remembered that young lord Shuiliu said, that a woman with a veil would be one of two possibilities: either she is a beauty or she is an ugly woman. Considering we’re at the Yue family, there won’t be any ugly woman here. So I confidently predicted that she must be a beauty. But why would she have to use a veil? Have you guys thought about that? She used it, not to hide her ugliness, but her extraordinary beauty! Alas, she tried to conceal her identity with the help of the veil, but ended up revealing her identity because of it. And the song she sang was the last clue. Remember? This song is made by the previous holy virgin, Ye Yan’er. Qingcheng had put herself into the shoes of Yan’er, that was what made her seem so depressed while she sang. I guess, that she was afraid to have a similar destiny as Yan’er. Anyway, my careless guess finally proved to be true.”

“Ohhh! All of us admire you. The facts were hidden in the details! Thank you buddy, you’ve enlightened us all.” Feng Zi nodded his head approvingly, and suddenly frowned, “Wait... Qinghan, since you’re younger than us, I bet you won’t compete with us for Qingcheng, right? Frankly, I’ll just fight with you if you dare to do so.”

Back in the boat, Qinghan had left a deep impression on Qingcheng. Plus, he was good-looking, and capable in cultivation. If he decided to win her heart, then the chance for the other young lords to win would become exceedingly slim.

“Young lord Qinghan! I believe you’re only sixteen years old, younger than

Qingcheng. Do you expect any romantic relationship with a girl older than you?" The female-looking Hua Cao enthusiasm was also triggered by this topic, for he was ordered by his family to gain this opportunity to become the son-in-law of the Yue family. And after seeing Qingcheng, he was even more determined to fulfill this task.

As the young lords from the most influential families in the Mars Prefecture, these young lords had the biggest chance to win Qingcheng's heart at the festival. However, if Qinghan, who Qingcheng had showed some interest in, joined this competition, then they would all have lost their opportunity.

Among them, Wuhen and Shuiliu remained silent. As for Shuiliu, who had been attacked a couple of days ago, he felt inferior in front of Qinghan, and didn't dare to cut in. As for Wuhen, he carefully moved himself into a more comfortable position on the chair, and only listened, only seldom sharing his own opinion. He remained on alert, losing his usual imposing manner.

"Why not? A graceful young lady is the dream lover of all men. To my knowledge, she is only several months older than me. No big deal." Qinghan replied jokingly, which surprised the rest of the crowd, after which everyone slipped into a gloomy mood.

Several minutes later, Qinghan tilted his head again, and added, "However... I'll give up on my chance to pursuit Yue Qingcheng on one condition."

"Oh, Really? Say it! As long as you don't ask me to kill my daddy, I'll say yes!" Feng Zi burst into a cheerful smile, and patted Qinghan on his back. Although he didn't have a clue what this condition would be, he already gave a positive yes to Qinghan in advance.

“Yes, just say it. We’ll promise you anything.” Hua Cao also declared, while his eyes suddenly gleamed with a mixture of hope and joy.

“I’m ok with anything within my ability.” Wuhen replied in a restrained manner.

“Young lord Qinghan, since we’ll all agree to your proposal, please just let us know your condition.” Shuiliu also joined in.

“Hehehe!” Qinghan was quite satisfied with their response. As for Yue Qingcheng, on one hand, even though he did admire her beauty as much as the other young lords, he thought she was too aloof. As a male chauvinism, Qinghan couldn’t stand being around a woman like a puppy. It would make him feel sick.

On the other hand, as the son of Ye Dao, who was known for rejecting a former holy virgin, Qinghan predicted that Qingcheng would find him obnoxious. Nevertheless, the most important reason was his sister, who had been lying on bed, and whose life was hanging by a mere thread. He really wasn’t in the mood to start another relationship with other girls, no matter how charming she was.

“In the Elite Prefecture War, I need you guys to do me a favor – to collect as much credits as possible. At the very least, you should keep up with my pace.” Qinghan made a trade out of their passion for Qingcheng.

“Is that all?” After waiting for several minutes, Feng Zi was actually expecting something more challenging, so he shouted unbelievably.

“Yes, that’s it! Do you agree with that?” Qinghan confirmed with him. Right now, nothing was more important than his sister. If the young lords from other

families would help him to gather credits, his chance of getting a pill of Spirit Immortal Dan would soar.

“Yeah, I totally agree! I agree 200% with you!” Feng Zi answered promptly.

“I agree!”

“No problem!”

The other young lords all said yes to Qinghan’s proposal. After all, this trade didn’t cost them anything, yet their chances of getting Qingcheng would steeply increase. They were all happy to get rid of the candidate with the highest potential to win, before the start of the festival.

“Hey, guys, let’s go! Yue Niang is waiting for us. Today, I’ll drink some buckets of wine with Qinghan, haha, he’s a trustworthy younger brother!” Feng Zi threw one of his arms around Qinghan’s shoulder, before they walked down the path on the island.

At the same time, Hua Cao grinned hysterically, as his pair of beautiful eyes were narrowed into two slits, “Young lord Qinghan, now, we’re good friends!”

Wuhen and Shuiliu looked at each other inquisitively, as they racked their brain, but they failed to figure out why Qinghan had given up on such a good chance to become a son-in-law of the Yue family. Eventually, they followed the crowd and disappeared in the distance.

As soon as all of the young lords had left, a shadow appeared in the nearby thriving bushes – a girl with a white silk veil, stood up with her brows slightly

gathered together. Inside her beautiful eyes, which were like a pair of black pearls, a gleam of a mischievous, playful and curious touch could be seen...

Chapter 58 - Grapes

There were many intriguing things in this world, for instance, friendship.

The moment Qinghan vowed not to join their competition in chasing Qingcheng, both Feng Zi and Hua Cao had begun to call him brother, and good friend. As for Shuiliu and Wuhen, though they didn't make any intimate exchange with Qinghan, they had managed a pretentious smile whenever Qinghan glanced at them. If it wasn't for the campfire party in the evening, they wouldn't waste their passion in order to ingratiate Qinghan, in case he played a trick on them.

The island of the Tranquil Lake boasted not only breath-taking sceneries, and fresh air, but also exotic architectures. However, compared with other prominent families, the total number of buildings on the island wasn't worth mentioning. Actually, the whole island was divided into three main sections: the eastern yard, the western yard and the northern yard. The houses located in the eastern yard were mainly used as guest rooms, for most of the time, they were vacant; the western yard was built for the young descendants of the Yue family, so the number of houses here were comparatively larger, than those in the eastern yard; and the northern yard was where the seniors of the Yue family lived. Usually, people could only overlook this place from afar, as ordinary people weren't allowed to visit here.

Unlike the Ye Castle, or any other family, which encompassed thousands of buildings, the size of this island was almost pathetic. There were, in total, eight hundred houses throughout this island. Nevertheless, the design of these houses here had a style of their own – they were all made from bamboo, all of them. In the center of the island, there stood numerous giant trees, and in between these trees, the bamboo houses would come into view, which made this place quite unique. Some of the houses were plainly-decorated, some were flowing with a

soothing aroma, and others looked rather user-friendly. No wonder, that the girls from the Yue family could all become beauties. When they grew up, the fresh air and pleasant environment contributed a lot to their delicateness.

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The crowd of young lords was arranged to rest in a small yard, named the Emerald Green Garden, where there were six to seven houses and a large hall. Right now, they were all sitting in the large hall.

“Young lords, please take a rest here. In the evening, I’ll lead you to the campfire party!” Yue Niang said discreetly, as she held a tray that displayed a kettle of tea, and some delicious snacks.

After filling the cups in front of each young lord with tea, she gave out a mysterious smile. As soon as she clapped her hands, several beautiful girls in red clothing walked seductively into the hall in succession. In front of all the young lords, these beauties bowed to them all by softly bending their knees and waist.

“You know, the campfire party will be held in the evening, so I called these girls to accompany you to kill the time. Make yourself at home. I’ll go now, see you later!” Yue Niang explained, before she left.

“Oh! Make ourselves at home?”

The young lords began to whisper with each other, trying to figure out what this meant. On second thought, they all smiled viciously. Obviously, these girls were taken here to entertain them. Most importantly, they could play with these girls in whatever way they liked!

The girls were all gorgeous, for the Yue family wouldn't ask normal-looking girls to entertain the young lords from the other prominent families. Looking closer, the girls were all wrapped in long-sleeved dresses, and their faces were as delicate as jade. It was the combination of their shyness and seductiveness, that would probably make any honest man take his pants off.

Apparently, these girls were lineal descendants of the Yue family, and their enchantment skill had reached such a level, that even by standing there still, they would be able to make the man who looked at them arouse his evil desires, which would spiral their androgen in the process.

[Note: androgen is a male sex hormone.]

"Oh, My gush!"

Shuiliu was the first one who had some "responses" - he swallowed a mouthful of saliva, as one could see his Adam's apple slightly wriggling. Interestingly, in order to conceal his awkwardness, he immediately picked his cup of tea up, and forced a coughing fit.

As a regular guest of the Yue Pavilion, Shuiliu knew these girls well, and he was desperate to have an unscrupulous night with them. He could feel, the thing inside his white robe was slightly rising up.

However... he had to control himself and calm down, like the other the young lords did. All of them had to restrain themselves from any physical responses.

Why have these young lords come to the Summer Fire Festival? For the holy

virgin! Right now, for them, patience was virtue! Before they won the bid for taking away Qingcheng, they had to behave themselves.

The only one who wore a natural, relaxed expression was Qinghan. Since he had given up his chance to chase Qingcheng, he had nothing to worry about. Blatantly, he smiled at the girls with narrowed eyes, clicking his tongue in admiration.

“Hey, beauties, each one of you, please find a young lord and take a seat.” Qinghan instructed the girls in a playful tone, as he glanced at the rest of the young lords.

Actually, this scene reminded Qinghan of his previous life, when he was in a nightclub, where rows of women would step into a private room, call the guest big boss, and stand in front of him to be chosen. Obviously, however, the girls here on this island were much more superior to those who worked in a nightclub.

“No, just stand where you are!”

Almost at once, the other young lords screamed out, in a repressive, bitter tone.

“Qinghan, help yourself if you’re interested in any of these girls. As for me, I’m a little bit tired now.” Feng Zi winked at Qinghan, hinting that he understood Qinghan’s urge as a man.

At the same time, Hua Cao also replied with a blushed face, “Qinghan, please

enjoy them. But, you know, I'm not used to this kind of situation."

"Yeah, I agree with both Feng Zi and Hua Cao." Shuiliu nodded like a woodpecker, while Wuhen lowered his head in silence.

"Oh! I see..." Qinghan tasted his cup of his tea, before he laughingly said, "Since you guys are all exhausted, I suggest the girls to perform some dirty dances, to cheer our young lords up!"

"Errr!"

The other young lords glared at Qinghan with their lips parted, as they had never thought that Qinghan could be so shameless.

Disregarding the discontent from the other young lords, Qinghan fiddled with the leaves of his tea...

The girls immediately bowed to them all and left. When they came back once again, their clothing was still red, however... much less than before – They were all wrapped in a piece of see-through dress, revealing their bras, and extremely short lace skirts. Soon, inside the lobby, they began to dance.

The dance was excellent. However, the dancing girls, due to their clothing, were even more attractive than the dance itself! Their bodies kept shaking back and forth, making the hall filled with hotness. The sound of swallowing saliva, the shivering of the Adam's apple, and the noise of heavy breathing, together with Qinghan's clicks of his tongue, echoed over and over again throughout the hall.

“Enough! I appreciate your performance, girls. But, please just go away.” After finishing his fourth cup of tea, Wuhen felt that his body was uncontrollably hot, so he yelled at the girls.

“I agree. I... I don’t feel relaxed at all!” Feng Zi also quickly finished his cup of tea to calm himself down, before he panted these words.

“Right, stop it!” Shuiliu cried out.

As for Hua Cao, without making a sound, he lowered his head, refraining himself from seeing these beauties in front of him, as though these girls were poisonous.

“Hey, come on guys, don’t be such a killjoy.” Qinghan picked a grape from the nearby table, and put it into his mouth, “Hmm, I have to say, we have to cherish this opportunity to enjoy such treatment from the Yue family. Don’t you think the girls are fabulous?”

“The dance isn’t bad, actually. ” Feng Zi was mad at Qinghan’s intentional spoof, but he had to behave politely anyway, “Nice as it is, we aren’t used to such a form of dancing. If you like it, Qinghan, we all agree to let all these girls serve you.”

“Right! Qinghan, they’re all yours!” Hua Cao raised his head, and said sincerely.

After exchanging a look with each other, both Wuhen and Shuiliu spoke almost simultaneously, “Agree. We’re also not used to these girls. Please have a great time with them, if you want, Qinghan.”

“Oh! I never knew you guys would be so generous!” Qinghan laughed out.

“Son of bitches! If it isn’t for the upcoming Summer Fire Festival, each of you would certainly take a girl away.” Qinghan thought to himself. However, in order to be in line with their hypocrisy, he replied, “I’ll feel indebted to you all, if I take all of the girls.”

“You’re welcome. There are bedrooms over there!” Feng Zi stood up, enthusiastically showing Qinghan where the rooms were by stretching out his muscled arm.

“Haha, I think it would be disrespectful to decline your good intention!” Qinghan stretched himself lazily, trying to pull himself together after sitting on the chair for such a long time. Soon afterwards, he walked directly towards the girls, “Since the other guys failed to appreciate your beauty, girls, please come with me and let us have a study of the body. How’s that?”

The girls responded with shy smiles, as they followed after Qinghan.

“Hey, guys, I’ll have a good rest now. I’m looking forward to your performance at the evening party!”

As Qinghan left the hall, he shouted over his shoulder, as he giggled.

“Son of a bitch! Qinghan is such a lousy guy. He is so bold-faced.” Looking at the back of Qinghan, Feng Zi clenched his fist.

“I hate those who place romance above friendship. In the future, if I’m coming out with Qinghan, I’ll refuse to admit he’s my friend...” Hua Cao spit out, as his

eyes kept lingering in the direction of the room Qinghan and the girls had entered.

“Ye Qinghan really has the effrontery to do such disgusting things!” Wuhen swiftly waved his folding fan, as he vented his anger.

Only Shuiliu sat there, not saying a word, as he was holding several grapes between his fingers, pinching them hard...

Chapter 59 – The Melody of the Spring Song is as Beautiful as the Mountain Flowers

The northern yard of the Island of the Tranquil Lake.

In a plainly decorated bamboo house, a veiled girl was sitting in front of a window, staring into a bamboo grove.

“Miss Qingcheng!”

Several minutes later, a girl in red clothing entered the room, and bowed to her master.

“What’s going on in the Emerald Green Garden?” Yue Qingcheng turned around with a heavy sigh, as her pearly eyes were flickering with light.

“As you predicted, the young lords all behaved themselves after Yue Qi and several other girls were invited into the hall. However... young lord Qinghan asked them to perform... a dirty dance! Later, young lord Wuhen stopped it. Afterwards, young lord Qingan took all the girls to a bedroom...” The girl in red clothing replied objectively, for she was afraid that her personal view would affect Qingcheng’s judgment.

Without showing any change of expression on her face, Qingcheng kept looking through the window. However, there was something subtle that flashed through her eyes, when she was told that Qinghan had brought all the girls with him to a bedroom. Out of curiosity, she asked, “What did they do in the bedroom?”

“What did they do?” The girl in red clothing repeated the question with baffled eyes. What would happen between a man and a woman when they were in a bedroom together? After a second, she replied with a blushed face, “Based on our scouts’ information, they heard some groaning sounds... coming from that bedroom!”

“Humph! I don’t believe that Ye Dao’s son is so lousy! Go and tell the Scout Team, to activate the stalking facilities... I need to know what has really happened in there.” A slight touch of shyness and fury emerged on Qingcheng’s face. She couldn’t convince herself, that Qinghan, whose eyes had been gleaming with wisdom on the boat, could be a lecher. Plus, Ye Dao, who didn’t even care about the holy virgin, should have a son with a similar personality, rather than the opposite. Given her matchless beauty, Qingcheng was confident that Qinghan would finally throw himself at her feet.

The Yue Family’s Scout Team was rather efficient. Within a quarter of an hour, the girl in red clothing hurried to Qingcheng’s room, and replied before she had even regained her breath, “Miss... Miss Qingcheng, thank goodness, they didn’t do nasty things in the bedroom. Yue Qi was asked by young lord Qinghan, to make loud, groaning sounds, and the rest of the girls were massaging the young lord, who had already fallen asleep at that point!”

Although the news was in Qingcheng’s favor, she didn’t feel happy at all. Instead, she replied resentfully, “Like father like son. To Qinghan, I’m certainly not the only fish in the sea... He really doesn’t care about the holy virgin.”

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It was noon and the sunlight was soothingly warm in the early summer. The

fresh breeze from the lake drove away all the drowsiness, as the people quickly sobered up.

Inside the Emerald Green Garden, the four young lords had just finished several kettles of tea, and some buckets of wine, as well as dozens of trays of snacks. They had been awkwardly sitting there for two hours. The dissolute groaning, or what they had nicknamed as the “spring song”, from the nearby bedroom, made them feel so restless, as if they had ants in their pants.

- Creak! -

After a long time, the door of the bedroom was pushed open, and Qinghan walked out with a refreshed spirit. He rubbed the saliva on the corner of his mouth, and stretched his arms out lazily, before he walked to the hall.

Disregarding the other young lords’ envious eyes, Qinghan took a seat, grabbed a bunch of grapes, and ate it with relish, “The grapes in the Yue family are so special, so... sweet! Hey, guys, don’t look at me, eat the grapes!”

“Phew!” On hearing this, Feng Zi sprinkled the wine out of his mouth, and replied indignantly, “Qinghan! Stop showing off, or I’ll deny my friendship with you.”

The other young lords all threw spiteful glares at Qinghan, as they were all outraged by his shamelessness. Since Qinghan had left the hall with the beauties, they had been left listening to the seductive “spring song” coming from his bedroom for almost two hours!

“Calm down, buddy. I just said something about the grapes, not the girls. I bet

you guys regret giving up on this chance, and letting me alone enjoy them all. Anyway, if you're still mad, I'll ask Yue Niang to arrange some extra beauties for you." Qinghan turned to Feng Zi, as he chuckled.

"No, thanks! Alright, forget about it." Feng Zi reluctantly bowed to Qinghan, wearing a long face.

Following that, the rest of the young lords kept silent. They didn't dare to offend Qinghan any further, in case he broke his promise and made a mess at the evening festival.

"Hey guys, did you have a good rest here?"

Yue Niang came in with a big smile hanging on her face, but when her eyes landed on Qinghan, her smile abruptly disappeared.

"Yeah, we had a good rest, especially young lord Qinghan." Feng Zi forced a smile.

"Yeah, Qinghan had the best rest!" Shuiliu stood up, as he was good at adding insult to injury.

"Yue Niang, Qinghan was quite satisfied with the girls you arranged." Hua Cao replied coldly.

"Yeah, Qinghan enjoyed it very much." Wuhen waved his folding fan, as though he was never tired of doing so.

“Quite a treat! I appreciate Yue Niang’s considerate arrangement. What about the other young lords, do you need any more girls?” Qinghan stood up, superstitiously looking around to see the other young lords’ reactions.

“Er? Do you need me to invite more girls here?” Yue Niang’s body was glowing with the sunlight reflecting from the window, which made her look much younger than usual.

“No, thank you!” Except Qinghan, the other young lords declined almost at once. They were fed up with the groaning sounds, and would probably go crazy if they heard any more of it.

Yue Niang first stared at Qinghan, then looked at the other young lords, and found the unsounded implores in their eyes, “Since you aren’t interested, then I won’t bring them here.”

“Hehe! I’ll take you guys to have lunch, after which I’ll show you around the island of the Tranquil Lake!” Yue Niang added as she smiled to them.

“That’s great!” Feng Zi Yue Niang responded. The rest of the young lords all sighed with relief, and all followed after Yue Niang, out of the Emerald Green Garden. Meanwhile, Qinghan also jumped to his feet, catching up to the crowd.

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The lunch was arranged in the Elegant Pavilion. Despite the inviting dishes, most of young lords didn’t have much appetite. However, Qinghan’s gluttony surprised them all.

As an undervalued young lord in the Ye family, Qinghan hadn't had any chance to enjoy such a rich meal. In his childhood, he seldom got himself fully stuffed; when he was in Wild City, he only fed himself on a tiny budget; when he had returned to the Ye Castle and had stirred up some chaos, he was left in the rear hill unconsciously. During the previous days, seldom had Qinghan received a hearty meal.

Now, he was in the Yue family, and he couldn't help himself in front of such a sumptuous feast. Words failed to describe his savage way of eating – he grabbed the drumsticks with bare hands, and directly tucked them into his mouth. The other young lords dropped their chopsticks, gawking at Qinghan. Originally, Feng Zi planned to fuddle Qinghan at the lunch table, but now it seemed this was infeasible.

“No wonder Ye Qingniu had insisted on the large amount of compensation from the Xue family, the Ye family might've been running out of rice!” Yue Niang, who sat nearby, was also stunned by Qinghan.

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After lunch, Yue Niang led them to walk around the island. However, she didn't take them to the western yard and the northern yard. Soon, the young lords were tired of the ordinary scenery around them, as they all said goodbye to Yue Niang and went back to have a rest.

Since Qinghan had slept for almost two hours in the bedroom, and enjoyed a grand feast, he was full of vigor. He walked along the bank of the lake by himself.

“Little Black, come out and play with me!” Seeing that nobody was around,

Qinghan decided to walk his battle beast. Aside from the occasional talking with Little Black, Qinghan seldom took it out during these days. Now, he missed this naughty “puppy” so much.

“Boss! Finally, you let me out!”

Now, Little Black was in its maturing period, all it had to do was to inhale the Battle Qi inside Qinghan’s body. However, if Qinghan kept it in his body at all times, it would eventually get sluggish. The moment it jumped out of Qinghan’s chest, it ran from here to there and back, like an unbridled horse.

“Little Black, don’t run away! Wait, can you swim?”

With a splash of the water, Little Black jumped into the lake. Qinghan chased after him anxiously, until he saw that Little Black was nimbly paddling with its claws in the water.

“Don’t belittle me. After all, I’m at least a holy-grade battle beast, how can swimming be a challenge for me. I’ll find some fish to eat. “Soon, Little Black dived into the deep water.

“Hmm, soul-eating battle beast... Your human language has improved a lot!” Qinghan chuckled to himself, and couldn’t help himself admiring his own beast.

- Pu! Pu! -

After a short while, the fish were thrown onto the ground, and piled up high. Looking at the underwater Little Black, who was diving like a mud fish, Qinghan burst out peals of laughter.

“Hey, Ye Qinghan, what kind of secret technique is this? How do you get all the fish jump out of the water by themselves?” This weird scene stupefied a passerby, as a soft, confused voice raised up from the near distance.

When Qinghan turned around, he found a veiled girl in a luxurious dress slowly walking towards him. Her black eyes kept staring at Qinghan, while they were filled with curiosity.

“Hello, Miss Qingcheng. Tonight is your big moment. How do you have the time to wander around and run into me?” Qinghan smiled at the girl.

“No, it’s not a coincidence. I came here especially for you.” As she replied, a faint smile appeared fluttered over Qingcheng’s face.

Chapter 60 – Please, be our master!

“Really? Especially for me?” Qinghan lifted his eyebrows in confusion, “Miss Qingcheng, I believe this is our second time meeting each other. Why would you bother to come to see me?”

Qingcheng didn’t immediately respond; instead, she just slightly turned away, looking at the Tranquil Lake. After a while, she replied with sorrow-filled eyes, “Yes, it is only our second time meeting each other, and you don’t even know me well. So, why do you hate me so much? Am I doing something wrong?”

“Hate? Er... since when?” Qinghan was left bewildered, at the same time, he conveyed his voice to Little Black, asking it to continue playing outside the vicinity, for Little Black was his ace in the hole, he wouldn’t reveal it until the last minute.

Out of anger, Qingcheng rolled her eyes, and threw a complaining look at Qinghan, hoping to get his attention. Despite her pouted mouth, and slightly outraged expression, Qingcheng’s beauty didn’t abate at all; on the contrary, when her anger mingled with her naughty and pureness, she looked even more adorable.

Actually, as a girl, Qingcheng was rather embarrassed to speak like this. However... the conversation she had overheard when Qinghan had made that promise to give up the chance of pursuing her, and the abnormal behavior of Qinghan in the Emerald Green Garden, had all successfully ignited her competitive spirit.

Throughout history, men in the continent had been crazy for the holy virgins. However, the previous Yan'er was rejected by Ye Dao, which was taken by the Yue family as an insult. Now, the son of Ye Dao – Qinghan, would most likely copy his father's behavior in this regard. How could Qingcheng be willing to leave this matter as it was? So, she had decided to do something about it herself. Therefore, when she had heard that Qinghan was walking alone along the lake, she had dashed here without a second thought.

Nevertheless, Qingcheng became nervous in front of the man she had a feeling for. After a little hesitation, she slowly came up with these words, "Young lord Qinghan, to tell you the truth, I have eavesdropped your conversation when you landed on the island. Also, I know what you have done back at the Emerald Green Garden... Aren't these apparent evidence for your disliking of me?"

"Err!" Qinghan was taken aback, and thought to himself, "It seems that the Yue family is still mad at my father. Now, this girl desires to regain their face from me? No way!"

"Miss Qingcheng, I would like to explain it a little bit." Finally, Qinghan managed an exaggerated smile, as he had just come up with a new strategy.

"I'd love to know the details!" Qingcheng stepped closer to him, with her ears pricked up.

"Hehe! Miss Qingcheng, you misunderstood me. Actually... it's a conspiracy!" Qinghan chuckled proudly. Knowing that this explosive piece of information had successfully grabbed Qingcheng's attention. He continued, "Indeed, my admiration for you is like the moon hung up in the sky, like the turbulent torrents in the river, like... To put it simply, I love you until the seas run dry and the rocks crumble, until the earth trembles and the mountain sways, until heaven's falling down and earth's opening up... Despite all of that, I've lost my confidence in

front of so many wooers, like the feminine-looking Hua Cao, the handsome Shuiliu, the hypocrite Wuhen, and the muscular Feng Zi... Alas, neither in appearance nor in capabilities am I qualified to compete against them.”

“So I have racked my brain to think out a way to distinguish myself from the others. Finally, I thought out a brilliant method “let the enemy off in order to catch him later!” Look, I’ve succeeded, you’re coming for me! My beautiful lady, you have to believe that my love for you is real...”

In the beginning, Qingcheng was touched by Qinghan’s passionate confession, however, the more she listened, the weirder it became. Inside her black pearl-like eyes, the light of excitement gradually turned dim. Even an idiot knew, this sudden, hysterical expression of love was just a hoax. Qinghan was making fun of her! After standing there silently for a while, Qingcheng sighed with grief, “Young lord Qinghan, if you don’t like me, please just say it. You don’t have to amuse me in such a nasty way. Sorry to disturb you, I have to go now...”

Any normal girl, who had received such a “sincere” expression of love, would laugh out with their eyebrows curved into the shape of a crescent. But Ye Qingcheng was different – she was not only beautiful, but also intelligent. How could she fail to notice the undertone in Qinghan’s seemingly “sincere” speech?

As the slender figure of Qingcheng disappeared in the verdant forest, Qinghan touched his chin, and pondered, “Am I going too far? Why am I feeling sorry for her...”

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As darkness fell, the moon was rising from the western sky, like a shimmering, silvery plate, pouring soft rays of white light on the island of the Tranquil Lake.

People swarmed in and out of the gates, bustling about for the preparation of the Summer Fire Festival. Every fifteen years, the Yue family would have a grand celebration for this festival. The lawns in front of the three yards were already decorated with ceremonious accessories, showcasing the grandiose of this festival.

Owing to the concerted efforts of numerous people from the Yue family, the lawns were trimmed in an apple-pie order. And in the center of the lawn, an outdoor camp was set up. Rows of campfires were ignited, and lines of wooden tables were put on the brocade-covered ground. Piles of fruits, and kettles of wine were displayed on the surface of the tables. Now, people began to roast suckling pigs and lambs on the fire, making clicking sound all over the place.

The five young lords arrived timely. Apart from Qinghan, who was dressed in black clothing, the other four young lords were dressed up luxuriously. They each wore a tailored banquet robe, and their hair was combed backwards. An ingratiating smile was plastered on each of their faces, revealing their pretentious noble temperament. They stood out like arrogant fighting cocks, leaving Qinghan behind like an escort.

On the campground, groups of young lords from the Mars Prefecture scattered here and there. Since their families weren't as influential as the five prominent ones, they weren't allowed to come until the evening party began. At the same time, countless young women of the Yue family also came out to the camp, it was their presence that made this party so bustling.

Most of these relatively low-status young lords were from families affiliated to the five prominent families, therefore, they immediately stood up, and greeted the five young lords with warm welcome.

“Hello, young leader Wuhen, I’m Liu Shao. Wow, you look like a million dollars! I bet you’ll be the lucky man tonight!”

“Oh, brother Feng Zi, I’m Cao Pei. Good luck! I hope that you’ll finally bring Qingcheng home...”

“Hey, young lord Hua Cao. I’m a cousin of your Uncle’s nephew. It’s a great honor to meet you here!”

“Young lord Shuiliu! Haha, I have long known your reputation. Today, I finally meet you face to face. I’m so excited...”

The four young lords responded with big shining smiles, for they were quite satisfied by this flattery. Meanwhile, they all looked at Qinghan with the corner of their eyes, as if they were showing off their status and reputation.

Why did they look so overbearing? Because all the people ran for them, and paid their due respects. Not a single person had noticed Qinghan, who was only several steps away from the four young lords!

Since they were in the Yue family, Qinghan had been mocking them the entire time. But now, they had the upper hand, teasing Qinghan as much as they could. Usually, they wouldn’t pay much heed to these lackeys; however, in order to flaunt their popularity in front of Qinghan, they replied to them with great zeal.

Disregarding their efforts to humiliate him, Qinghan stopped in front of a table, and poured himself a cup of tea.

“Excuse me?”

At this moment, five strange young lords appeared in front of Qinghan, and respectfully bowed to him. It seemed as if they were a little bit nervous.

“What?” Qinghan raised his head in confusion. After looking these five men up and down, he even arched his brows.

These young lords bended their knees a little bit, and said cordially, “Are you the young lord who ruined Ye Qingkuang’s cultivation, killed Ye Ron, and imprisoned Ye Jian... I mean, are you young lord Ye Qinghan?”

“Ahhh!”

As soon as they had asked their question, the whole camp was immersed in a deathly silence.

The other four young lords, Feng Zi, Hua Cao, Wuhen and Shuiliu, all stopped their conversations mid-sentence, as they were trembling with wide open mouths. A couple of days ago, they had received the news that the Ye family had gone through some radical changes: Ye Jian was imprisoned, Ye Qingkuang was ruined in cultivation, and one of the elders in the Ye family, Ye Ron, was killed. But they had no clue who had done all these incredible things. Now, it seemed as if it was all done by Qinghan! However, on second thought, they reckoned that this might be a joke, for the authenticity of this news was still yet to be proven. Therefore, they threw a dubious glance at Qinghan, waiting for his response.

As for the other guests at the party, they all jerked their heads towards Qinghan, who they had previously thought was only an escort.

“He is a man full of stories!”

“Yeah, although we aren’t sure whether or not it was he, who has done all those brave deeds, he has come here on behalf of the Ye family, which should be an indirect proof that he is respected and valued by his family.”

Even the beautiful girls of the Yue family all saluted Qinghan with their eyes. Based on the hearsays, they had already known something about this special young lord, who was the new favorite of the Ye family. And unlike other young lords, he didn’t show any interest in the holy virgin – Ye Qingcheng. Right now, they had all fixed their captivating eyes on Qinghan in great admiration.

As Ye Jian, Ye Ron, and Ye Qingkuang were all famous celebrities in the Mars Prefecture, hence the news about their recent misfortune had spread quickly within the region. Now, it stunned them all, that Qinghan, a normal-looking teenager, had been the main person responsible for these events.

“Watch your mouths! Don’t spread rumors! Yes, I am Ye Qinghan, what can I do for you?” Qinghan responded furiously, and threw a reproaching glance at these five idiots. In Qinghan’s opinion, this news was supposed to be a family secret, how did these idiots dare to blatantly ask such a question in front of so many people?

“We’re Dongfang Dao, Nangon Qiang, Sima Fu, Xiahou Gao and Dugu Jian. Please, be our master!” The five young lords all kneeled down, with tears in their eyes.

“What’s wrong with all of you? Please stand up! Would anyone of you give me a proper explanation?” Qinghan frowned, as he was unable to figure out their

motivation.

“Ohhh!”

“Oh, he has stolen the limelight from us!”

“But, honestly, this isn’t like a show.”

The crowd burst into a clamor. All of them were quietly discussing the current unfolding of events.

As for the five young lords, who remained kneeled down in front of Qinghan, they were well-known advanced cultivators in the Mars Prefecture, whose intelligence, talent and skill were among the top. Now, to everyone’s surprise, they asked Qinghan to become their master, and they were willing to follow him for the rest of their lives!

Chapter 61 – People from Immortal City

The five young lords stood up as Qinghan had ordered, and the young man in the middle, who was named Dongfang Dao stepped closer to Qinghan, and said respectfully.

“Young master, have you ever heard of the Five Bloody Soldiers? We... we’re the offspring of these five heroes. Unfortunately, our ancestors have all been killed, and we were suppressed by Ye Jian ever since. During these years, the leader of the Ye family has been in seclusion, and the young master hadn’t shown his talent yet, so we refrained ourselves from taking any rash actions. Now, young master, you have gained the trust of the family. Er, and the leader, Ye Tianlong, has come out of seclusion. Frankly, we’ve got the approval from the leader to serve you from now on!”

“What? The Five Bloody Soldiers?” Suddenly, Qinghan remembered that his father, Ye Dao, had enrolled five strong men. However, they were all killed following his father’s death. Now, the five young men standing in front of him, declared themselves as their descendants. At first, he was a little bit suspicious, but since they mentioned Ye Tianlong, he chose to believe them.

“Alright, please take a seat, and we will have a more in-depth talk later.” Qinghan nodded his head, and instructed them to sit down beside him.

As ordered, the five men submissively took a seat, and kept silent. While at the same time, Qinghan slipped back into his chair, and grabbed his cup of tea. He intentionally kept some distance from these five new friends. For one thing, their identification was yet to be verified; for the other, even if they were the descendants of the Five Bloody Soldiers, he had to test their capability as well as moral quality, before he decided to accept them as his subordinates. As the Elite

Prefecture War was around the corner, which was exceedingly important to Qinghan, he had to be careful in choosing his followers, for if he let five useless men, or even worse, five spies into his team, they might bring unexpected troubles.

As the greetings were finished, most of the guests had been seated. The Yue family had arranged the square tables into the shape of the character “冂” (Meng = door). The seniors of the Yue family sat in the upper section of the Meng, and the young lords were arranged to take the first rows on either side. For people from less influential families, they took the seats in the rear.

“Congratulations, young lord Qinghan! Your team is reinforced by another five strong men!” Feng Zi, who sat next to Qinghan, held a cup of wine up, and the other young lords quickly did likewise, proposing a toast.

Although Qinghan had promised them to give up the chance for chasing after Qingcheng, they never knew whether this sly young lord would rock the boat or not.

“Thank you guys!” Qinghan kept nodding his head.

.....

In the middle of their casual chat, the gate of the northern yard was opened, and a middle-aged beautiful woman came out. She still possessed a graceful, slender figure, and her face was as blush as a girl's, only the wrinkles at the corner of her eyes betrayed her age. Following this woman, a giant man in green clothing came out, and his prominent eyes were so frighteningly sticking out, that it was as if they were about to pop out at any second. At the end of the crowd, were three grey-haired elders. They all went towards the camp in friendly

smiles, and each and every one of them took a seat in the front row.

“Your highness, the five great elders!”

Suddenly, all of the people stood up, and bowed to the five elders, who had just walked in. Actually, it was a well accepted rule, that on the Summer Fire Festival, each of the prominent families would select an elder to participate in the game as a judge.

Meanwhile, Qinghan just perfunctorily cupped one of his hand before the other, while his eyes were staring directly at Ye Qingniu, who was among the five great elders, as though he was asking silently, “Who are the five men behind me?”

“Hey, Qinghan, don’t stare at me. It’s all your grandfather’s arrangement. They’re actually true descendants of the Five Bloody Soldiers. I guarantee that they’re all reliable people. You should believe in their integrity, and use them properly.” Ye Qingniu narrowed his eyes as he smiled, while conveying his voice secretly to Qinghan.

“Alright!” Based on Ye Qingniu’s assurance, Qinghan relaxed his vigilance, but still decided to test them in the following few days.

“Young lords, you’re all the new-generation elites in the Mars Prefecture. Today, I’m so honored to participate in the Summer Fire Festival on behalf of the Yue family. Your gracious presence has added glitter to our humble island. Now, I’ll announce the beginning of the Summer Fire Festival!”

Yue Ji stood up, before giving a concise speech. The young lords below responded with heartfelt smiles, as they appreciated her for not using a lengthy, boring formulae.

Suddenly, Yue Ji's radiant face turned solemn, with her hands lifted in the middle of the air. She was gazing in the northern direction, petrified. Meanwhile, Ye Qingniu and Xue Fei also stopped in the middle of their whispers, turning their eyes to north.

Out of curiosity, Qinghan followed their eyes, but couldn't discern anything in the north. However... several minutes later, an earth-breaking howl broke through the northern sky. Gradually, a black dot from afar quickly enlarged into the shape of a beast.

“It's the seventh-grade demonic beast – Pterosaur!”

Only after one of the elders cried out the name of the beast, did the young lords know what it was. They were excited and astounded at the same time!

Throughout history, the wild demonic beasts had never intruded the territory of the three prefectures. Therefore, they had quickly eliminated the possibility of a wild demonic beast. The only calculation could be, that this seventh-grade Pterosaur was a domesticated one. As a powerful beast, only some mighty people would be qualified to tame it. Across the continent, only those in Immortal City had the chance to rear a Pterosaur.

Now, this Pterosaur was flying in the direction of the island, which meant, that people from Immortal City were coming here!

Immortal City!

What did Immortal City stand for? If the Tranquil Lake was the paradise for men, then Immortal City would be the paradise for all cultivation pursuers.

Five thousand years ago, the three prefectures originally boasted their own unique culture and ethnicities. Conflicts among the three parties were a direct product of racial, and cultural differences. During those turbulent years, enormous numbers of soldiers and civilians had lost their lives in the wars. This kind of dire situation didn't end until the arrival of a mysterious man – “Tu”. No one knew who Tu's mother was, as if he was born out of nowhere. Owing to his heavenly power, Tu had stopped the war, and had stipulated rules for every prefecture to follow. On the very mountain, where the tri-party war had taken place, he had eventually established Immortal City.

Since that day, Immortal City had become the symbol for the highest cultivation. The glory left by Tu, was like the stars in the night sky, as it still shone brightly on the people in the continent. People were full of gratitude towards Tu, for he had brought them peace ever since.

According to the rules set up by Tu, those who were interested in combat could join the Prefecture War, and the more they killed, the more credits they would obtain; for those peace-lovers, they could just stay at home, without having to worry about being caught up in some war.

Aside from these rules, Tu would seldom get himself involved in other matters in the other prefectures. He usually remained in Immortal City, like a saint, laughing away the ups and downs of life.

However, as time went on, some conceited cultivators had thought that

Immortal City suppressed the other prefectures, and had decided to gather other activists to topple it down. Nevertheless... as always, the outcome was unbelievably the same: never did any invaders come out of Immortal City, once they had stepped in.

Because of this, Immortal City became a holy place, where seldom anyone dared to go alone!

Today, on the Summer Fire Festival, a special guest from the Immortal City joined them all. How could they not be stunned, and excited?

Looking at the approaching Pterosaur, as well as the young man riding on its back, Qinghan narrowed his eyes with rapt attention. However, he bore no good feelings for Immortal City, for he always subconsciously believed that Immortal City was like a giant mountain, that suppressed all inspiring young people. Now, they had sent a young man to the Tranquil Lake, Qinghan was suspicious of their true intention.

Yue Ji put her hand down, and smiled at the young man in the air. Since Immortal City had sent a handsome young man, rather than an old person, she believed their motivation was self-obvious – to carry a beauty home. At least, this wasn't a bad thing. As long as he wasn't coming to wage war, he deserved a warm welcome.

At the same time, Ye Qingniu remained anxious, for he had never seen this young man before. Actually, Ye Qingniu was occasionally invited to Immortal City, and had had a couple of conversations with the elders there. But for this young man, he failed to recognize him. Moreover, he was irritated by the bravado created by this young man. Even if he was from Immortal City, he had to obey the rules and compete with other young lords. He couldn't just snatch a beauty and run away.

As for Feng Zi, Hua Cao, and the other aspiring young lords, their mood was also negatively affected by this new arrival, especially when this man looked more handsome than them. Only Wuhen behaved abnormally, as a slight trace of joyfulness flashed in his eyes... And Qinghan, as always, didn't care much about anything that happened around him, he simply kept drinking from his cup of wine. Since he had already announced himself as a quitter in this competition, he had nothing to lose anyway. The only thing he was expecting, was to watch the upcoming "drama" for free!

- Boom! -

The Pterosaur landed on the island with a thud, before a white figure slipped off the beast's back, gracefully put his feet on the ground. Initially, this young man was enveloped in glaring golden rays, but seconds later, the light faded away. He stepped forward, and bowed politely to each of the five great elders.

"I'm Tu Qianjun, it's an honor to meet you all. I have long heard about the matchless beauty of Miss Qingcheng, today I came here especially for her... Oh, I also heard that the young elites from this prefecture are all here. I'd love to make friends with them."

Chapter 62 – Qingcheng’s Beauty, Like the Peach Flower, was Toxic

“Making friends with others? Who would believe that?” The remark of Tu Qianjun aroused a creeping suspicion among the elders.

The moment this young man had slipped off his beast, the golden glow around his body, also known as the Pseudo Saint’s Domain, had revealed his cultivation level – the Realm of the Prince. Also, according to the circumference in which his golden light had radiated, which was about one meter, he was only in the first level of the Realm of the Prince.

Despite his inferiority compared with the elders, who were all in the Realm of the Saint, he was behaving uncomfortably supercilious. His gliding in the air, and his high-profiled beast, were all something he had intended to show off with, and by doing so, he could embarrass the other young lords! However, his overweening manner had already outraged the elders, who were, of course, the judges of this festival. Therefore, his chance of winning Ye Qingcheng’s hand would be slim.

Among the elders, only Yue Ji had managed to keep her sweet smile. Because, for her, it was a great honor that people from Immortal City were interested in Qingcheng. Compared with the previous holy virgins, Qingcheng was chosen from the best of the best, and she really deserved this kind of popularity.

“Young lord Qianjun, I guess you’re the son of the immortal guard – Tu Long, aren’t you? Ah, Like father like son. You’re as handsome as him. Please... take a seat!” Yue Ji talked to Qianjun with extreme zeal.

“Elder Yue Ji, before I left, my father has asked me to send his greetings to you! Ah, I have a friend here. I’ll sit beside him.” Tu Qianjun smiled, and quickly swept

his eyes over all the young lords. Finally, his glance landed on Wuhen.

“Hey, buddy. Long time no see! Please, have a seat here!” Wuhen waved his hands hysterically, trying to show his hospitality as much as possible.

“Hey!” Qianjun nodded his head slightly, before he walked over to Wuhen, and sat beside him. Under the glances of the others, he smoothed his clothing, and raised his head up, “What’s wrong with you guys? Don’t look at me. Help yourself to this delicious food.”

The curious people quickly lowered their heads in a flurry. Some grabbed their cup of wine, some sipped their cup of tea, and others began eating the watery fruits with relish. However, in the presence of this special guest, their hands on the handle of the cup trembled, spilling the wine or tea; some even accidentally swallowed the stems together with the fruits. Their awkward and flustered behavior disclosed their nervousness.

Feng Zi and Hua Cao looked at each other, as their eyes were full of anxiety and shock. As advanced cultivators, both of them were in the third level of the Realm of the General, and if they added their special technique, their power would be equivalent to those in the first or second level of the Realm of the Marshal. As young lords at the age of twenty four, their achievements were quite impressive. However, Tu Qianjun, who was already in the terrifying Realm of the Prince, had easily overshadowed both of them. As a descendant of Immortal City, he was born with glory. Now, in front of all these young lords, he was like a superstar.

As for Shuiliu, he quietly drank his liquor; and once in awhile, he would toss his head towards Wuhen and Qianjun, to listen to what they were talking about. He was envious of Wuhen for being a friend of Qianjun. However, after being snubbed for a long while, he began to curse at their relationship as if it was a sour grape.

Qianjun, who had descended onto this island like a celestial being, had been put under the limelight of the whole camp. His background, as well as his shocking cultivation level, all added up to his momentum, which was badly needed during a fight.

At the same time, Qinghan sat there expressionless, however, he was pissed off by Qianjun's imposing manner, which he believed was wilder than Qingkuang's. However, unlike the others, he had no intention of bringing Qingcheng to his bed, so he didn't consider him as a rival in love. The more disgusting thing he witnessed, other than Qianjun's manner, was Wuhen's brazen flattery. Usually, Wuhen pretended to behave like a high-esteemed young lord, but now, he was like a dog, wagging his tail in order to cater his master!

- Pia! Pia! -

Realizing that most people had finally calmed down a little bit, Yue Ji clapped her hands, and the servants brought in plates of appetizers, which they put on each table.

The gate of the western yard opened; from here, twelve young girls in red clothing emerged. Coincidentally, their dressing style was similar to those who had danced in the Emerald Green Garden: on their chest they wore thin bras, which covered half of their bosoms, revealing the other half outside; under their waist, their hips were wrapped by short lace skirts, below which their slender, white legs were vividly displayed; also, the long leather boots they wore, reached all the way up to their knees. The only slight difference lay in their bellies, where each of them had a purple mini-bell piercing. The snow-white complexion, the scarlet red clothing, as well as the purple bell, formed a blending of color that rendered enchantment.

These dancing girls were now busy shaking their bellies, and the crisp sound made by the bell attached to each of them added a special flavor to this dance. Despite the aesthetic beauty of the dance itself, the young lords protruded their head, strained their eyes towards the girl's wriggling bodies, as well as the two balls wobbling up and down on their chests, hoping that their lance skirts would be blown away by the wind. Only Qinghan and the elders, whose status wouldn't allow them to behave inappropriately, sat still in their seats. As for the others, their eyes were now as big as Ye Qingniu's, or even bigger.

Soon after, the belly dancing finished, and the girls quickly left. However, the young lords were reluctant to let them go, as some were already planning to take one away after the festival if possible. Originally, the Summer Fire Festival was created for the holy virgin to choose her favorite man. Nevertheless, almost every time, the Yue family would end up sending out twelve girls to some of the young lords.

For each and every girl taken by the young lords, they would require an enormous amount of treasures and resources as exchange. As long as the young lord found their cup of tea, they wouldn't care much about these things, and their family would also support them.

Apart from their beautiful appearance, the reason why the girls on the island of the Tranquil Lake were so popular, had something to do with the possibility of forging an alliance with the Yue family. Once a young lord married a girl of the Yue family, not only would he enjoy sensual and spiritual satisfaction, but he would also enhance his family's relationship with the Yue family. Based on this relationship, they would be privileged to get exclusive resources from the Yue family, until the death of his wife. It was fair to say, that the Yue family also relied on these alliances with other families to survive. In other words, this marriage union policy played a vital role in the prosperity of the Yue family.

“Oh! To think of such a win-win policy, the person behind it must be a genius!”

Qinghan whispered in excitement, as he chatted with Feng Zi about the history of this festival.

Feng Zi also nodded his head approvingly, and continued, “The founder of the Yue family is Yue Hou! She was a legendary woman. You know, the ancestors from the other four families all fell in love with her, but she declined all of their proposals. Instead, she cultivated diligently until she had reached the peak level of the Realm of the Saint, and she was already halfway towards becoming an immortal! According to the historical records, in the end, she had occupied Silvermoon City and became a leader, rather than a wife of any of the ancestors.”

“I guess another dish is about to arrive. We’d better stop talking and enjoy. Oh, I’ll certainly cheer for you later!” Qinghan threw his arm around Feng Zi’s back, and nudged him to the direction behind where Yue Ji sat, who had just clapped her hands again.

Feng Zi straightened his back, and looked forward in a solemn expression.

Following the clapping sound of Yue Ji’s hands, a melodious sound broke through the air. It came from the western yard, and the song performed was almost an unknown one, because seldom was anyone present to hear it. At the beginning, the sound was as soft as the whispers among girls, as it was very refreshing and gentle; later, the rhythm abruptly turned fast, like a thunderstorm in the summer. Now the sound was like the beating of the raindrops, or the torrents in the river. Eventually, it turned out to be some sabers-rattling sound, full of passion and aspiration... Even the uneducated young lords were touched by this mind boggling music, played by the stringed instrument. The peaceful, surreal, and inspiring feelings overwhelmed all the young lords.

- Buzz... -

The music stopped in the middle. When the young lords jerked their heads towards the western yard, a figure in a pinkish color appeared. This figure was a girl, dressed in pinkish luxurious clothing, veiled by a pinkish piece of silk, and wore a bouquet of a dewy peach flower on her hair. While on her left hand, there was a sharpened sword; and in her right hand, there was a small-sized stringed instrument. Suddenly, she bounced up high into the air, flying with her dress fluttering in the wind.

No one knew whether it was because of the gust of wind, or because of her deliberate intention, but the pinkish veil fell off from her face, revealing her true identity – Ye Qingcheng. Her black pearlescent eyes were gleaming with a mixture of a mischievous and coquettish touch; her prominent nose was delicately displayed on her face; her red lips were parted slightly; and her snow-white neck was partially exposed... Each part of her body added radiance and beauty to her already complete beauty, rapturing the minds and souls of the people staring at her.

For the young lords, Qingcheng was like a fairy who had come from Wonderland. They were awed by her holy charm, while at the same time, they were itchy to push her down. This self-contradictory feeling made these young lords greatly suffer.

Usually, the pink color was regarded as a vulgar one, seldom did anyone have the courage to wear a pink dress. But today, Qingcheng had broken this stereotype about the pink color, as she even wore a pinkish peach flower on her head.

From now on, the pink color would become popular among other girls as well, at least for a long time. To Qingcheng, the pink dress wrapped on her slender

body was a perfect match with her delicate, blush cheeks. Her beauty was so seductive, so unforgettable, so lethal!

Qingcheng's beauty, like the peach flower, was toxic – it could topple a city, or even a nation, let alone kill countless amounts of people.

Chapter 63 – Swordsmanship, Invisible Technique, and Figure Replication Technique

Qingcheng stood there silently, with the corner of her mouth slightly raised. She put her slim fingers on the strings of the instrument, and a series of clang sounds broke the silence. While her left hand she pulled her sword out from its sheath, before she waved it gracefully in the air. The song she played was a military one, one with a lively rhythm. The melody echoed throughout the camp.

In accordance to the rhythm, sometimes, Qingcheng would wave the sword effortlessly, and other times she would wave it with great exertion. The young lords sitting below were no layman. They all knew, that the skill displayed in Qingcheng's sword dancing was absolutely not something an average swordsman could accomplish. Definitely, unlike a superficial beauty, who was good at nothing but showing off her appearance, Qingcheng was an intelligent beauty.

The sword was a stiff weapon, representing Yang; while Qingcheng was a girl as soft as water, representing Yin. Now, the perfect combination of Yang and Yin, accompanied by this perfect melody, created such an image in the young lords' mind: they found themselves in a corpse-laden battlefield, in which a beautiful girl was waving her sword gracefully, while tears streamed out of her eyes, for she had just lost her beloved one...

After a long while, the sword dance was over, as well as the song.

However, the young lords were still immersed in that imagery picture, as if they were in a wild dream. Only after Qingcheng bowed to them, and seated herself, did they wake up from the intoxicated state. Immediately, Qingcheng received an explosive ovation.

“Miss Qingcheng, I came here from the faraway Immortal City, but I’ll never regret this journey, because of you...” Tu Qianjun spoke with flicking eyes, as he raised a mug of wine to propose a toast. Without waiting for Qingcheng’s response, he took a large gulp from the wine. His unrestrained and straightforward manner revealed itself in all of his gestures and expressions.

While Qingcheng replied to him with a faint smile, no word came from her mouth.

“Miss Qingcheng, I’m impressed with your sword dancing skill. I bet, that we wouldn’t be able to find a second girl in this continent, to perform as well as you did.” Being afraid to be outdone by Qianjun, Feng Zi hurriedly stood up, and quickly gulped down an entire kettle of wine, not taking a single breath in between.

Looking at Feng Zi, who remained sober after finishing that kettle of wine, Hua Cao and Shuili held their small cup in the middle, totally stunned.

“Feng Zi is crazy. Well, his capacity for wine is apparently better than ours. We have to finish two kettles in order to beat him...”

“Oh, no, forget about it.”

Eventually, they just toasted with a cup of tea instead, and expressed their admiration for Qingcheng.

Later, the other young lords all gave an extravagantly colorful description of Qingcheng, as if she was something peerless in this mortal world. Although, each

of them used different expressions, the major theme was the same – “I appreciate you. Please marry me, I’ll treat you as a treasure. Consider me, please!”

Out of politeness, Qingcheng smiled at each of them respectively. Finally, her eyes fixed on Qinghan, who was right now, eating the suckling pig he had personally roasted on the campfire. After a minute of silence, she raised her chin, and said coldly, “Young lord Qinghan, why don’t you express your views on me? Is it because, in your opinion, my performance isn’t worth talking about?”

Admittedly, Qingcheng’s breath-taking beauty, as well as her stunning performance, had stirred Qinghan’s heart a little bit. However, he had already promised to step out of this competition, so he had to refrain his desires, in case Feng Zi, and the other young lords would take him as a liar. If they would see Qinghan go back on his words, they would definitely bring him trouble in the Elite Prefecture War, rather than helping him accumulate credits. Right now, Qinghan’s top priority was to save his sister, for other things, such as Qingcheng, he chose to ignore them. In order to find some distraction for his mind from Qingcheng, he had even turned away to roast a suckling pig.

“Errr, not bad!”

Under the cold gaze of Qingcheng, and the other young lords’ malicious looks, Qinghan slightly raised his head, and replied simply, before he concentrated himself again on the suckling pig, as if it was much tastier than Qingcheng.

“What? Not bad? Is he kidding?”

The crowd of young lords whispered to each other in confusion. While at the

same time, Qingcheng was embarrassed, as well as irritated by Qinghan's perfunctory manner. After all, she had never spoken to any of these young lords, except for Qinghan! If it had happened to any other young lord, they would've felt extremely flattered.

Given the beauty of Qingcheng, her skilled sword dancing, and her identity as a holy virgin of the Yue family, Qinghan was supposed to make a few casual remarks to show his respect for her. To everyone's surprise, however, he had acted so boldly, like an untamed wild horse.

However, Qinghan's disciples, Dongfang Dao, and other four young men, all stretched their hand with a thumb-up gesture! While Feng Zi and Hua Cao both raised their cup of wine towards Qinghan, smiling like a flower, for they knew why he behaved so indifferently towards Qingcheng. They even praised Qinghan for being a trustworthy younger brother.

Qianjun discussed something with Wuhen in a low voice, while he simultaneously glanced at Qinghan. He seemed to be rather interested in Qinghan's personality.

Disregarding the stares from the other young lords, or Ye Qingniu's warning glance, Qinghan turned to the nearby Feng Zi, and jokingly said, "Hey, buddy, hurry up, take the initiative. You should forestall your opponents by showing your strength."

"Thanks a lot, buddy!" Feng Zi patted his own forehead, and stood up with a fit of pretended coughing, as he tried to grab the others' attention.

As he straightened his spine, giving an emphasis to his muscular chest, he

confidently declared, “Today is Miss Qingcheng’s coming-of-age ceremony, I’ll show some of my swordsmanship, in order to celebrate for Qingcheng!”

However, there was not even a single sword in Feng Zi’s hands, which puzzled the others. Suddenly, Feng Zi made a strange gesture – he stretched out his index finger and middle finger with great exertion. With a shrieking sound, the sword that laid in the sheath on his back, flew out in the air, leaving a glittering silver light behind.

As he had successfully intrigued the others’ curiosity, he then moved his fingers a little bit. Following that, amazingly, the sword automatically moved in circles, and abruptly, it turned around and dove towards the ground of the camp. Hardly had the sword reached the ground, or Feng Zi moved his finger once again, the sword leapt here and there, until it stabbed into a suckling lamb. Unbelievably, the sword carried the suckling lamb in the air and brought it to Qingcheng’s table, where the sword cut it into small pieces on the jade plate!

In the end, Feng Zi put his sword back into its sheath, and smiled with satisfaction. “My apologies for showing myself up. Miss Qingcheng, please enjoy the plate of suckling lamb.”

“Young lord Feng Zi, I really appreciate it.” Qingcheng nodded to him with a sweet smile.

However, the other young lords all gave Feng Zi the middle finger, as they were outraged by his skillful performance.

“Son of a bitch!”

“Why does he show off his peerless swordsmanship at such an early stage of the festival. Everything we do will be overshadowed!”

“Elder Feng, congratulations! I bet this young man has entered the sixth level of swordsmanship.” Ye Qingniu stroked his beard, as he flattered Elder Feng.

“I remember, Feng Zi is already in the third level of the Realm of the General, right? Now he has even mastered the skill of swordsmanship, which allows one to control his sword within a small range. Hmm, in general, his power should be the same as that of those at the first level of the Realm of the Marshal. In my opinion, he is the best among all your other descendants. The future ahead of him is boundless.” Yue Ji also praised Feng Zi.

“No, no, there is still a long way to go for him, before he can catch up with the young lords from the other families.” Elder Feng replied as humble as he could, although he was already chuckling unstoppably.

“Look! Our Hua Cao is taking action. Let’s look forward to his performance.” Elder Hua suddenly broke in, redirecting their attention to Hua Cao.

Although Hua Cao was still mad at Feng Zi, he nervously stood up, and turned to Qingcheng with slightly bended knees, “Let me join in the fun. I’ll present Miss Qingcheng a mysterious gift.”

As he finished his announcement, he moved smoothly towards the center of the camp, step by step, his figure became ambiguous, blurred... until, it eventually disappeared!

“Invisible Technique?”

The crowd was all dumbfounded. Although they'd already learned from rumors, that the Invisible Technique was one of a kind, they had never expected Hua Cao to be able to disappear in such a short amount of time! If Hua Cao lurked among them, anyone would be at risk of being killed out of the blue. The only calm faces in the crowd were Shuiliu and Qianjun. As for Shuiliu, he had witnessed this technique many years ago, so it was no stranger to him; while for Qianjun, he just sniffed at Hua Cao's small tricks.

The elders sitting in the front rows, also remained composed. As cultivators in the Realm of the Saint, they could roughly see through Hua Cao, despite his Invisible Technique.

Now everyone was looking around, trying to find any trace of Hua Cao. To their astonishment, Hua Cao suddenly appeared at the doorway of the yard, walking elegantly towards Qingcheng, with a bouquet of violet roses in his hands. However, the atmosphere was rather weird, or even scary, for if one looked closely, there were several ghost-like shadows following behind Hua Cao. Looking from afar, there were actually a line of Hua Cao's figures holding the flowers, all smiling towards Qingcheng! As he moved closer, the lingering figures gradually faded away.

Eventually, Hua Cao stood in front of Qingcheng, bowed to her, "Miss Qingcheng, I wish your beauty will never wilt, very much like this bouquet of roses!"

"Thanks so much, young lord Hua Cao!" Qingcheng took the roses, as she was brightly grinning.

"He demonstrated his best skill – Replication of Figures, in order to get a hot

girl. Fuck that ladyboy!”

The majority of the young lords, especially those from the less influential families, were disheartened. They didn't intend to continue their performance, in case they would be making fun of themselves. In simpler terms, they gave up on the chance to win Qingcheng's heart, who they believed would finally fall into the hands of the five prominent young lords or Tu Qianjun. But they did have an alternative, the twelve dancing girls... They were determined to save their energy to compete for these girls instead.

Chapter 64 – A Slap in the Face

After watching the grotesque performance of Hua Cao, everyone was stunned and silent. The other young lords had dreamed to show off in front of Qingcheng, with their unique skills, which would hopefully help them to eventually win her heart. However, compared with Feng Zi and Hua Cao's mind boggling techniques, they woke up from their unrealistic hallucination, as though they were poured by a bowl of cold water.

The only one who wasn't thwarted by Hua Cao's excellent performance was Shuiliu. Unlike the other guys, whose confidence had already dropped to zero, he was determined to give it a try. Soon, a ball of Battle Qi was unleashed from within his body, and formed into the shape of a palm. In this palm of Battle Qi, there sat a bottle of top-grade perfume named "Poison". To everyone's surprise, this palm went straight in the direction of Qingcheng. It was rare for a cultivator at his level, to substantiate the unleashed Battle Qi into a visible palm. If it was on the battlefield, the force of this palm, which was said to be equivalent to those in the Realm of the Emperor, could be lethal.

Actually, what Shuiliu exhibited was the technique 'Capturing Dragon Palm', which he had learned from his uncle, the leader of the Dragon Major Mansion. If this technique was grasped by a cultivator in the Realm of the Saint, he would be able to capture an eighth-grade demonic beast, like the Tyrannosaurus, and throw it effortlessly away, very much like a broken tin can.

Given Shuiliu's current achievement, the second level of the Realm of the General, it was a piece of cake for him to extract his Battle Qi out. However, it had already reached his limits to substantiate the Battle Qi into a visible palm. To also stand the weight of a bottle of perfume, and finally carry it over a length of more than twenty meters... As everyone could see, the palm of his Battle Qi jolted like a carriage on a rocky road. In the middle of its flight, the bottle of

perfume nearly dropped down. When the perfume had successfully reached its destination, and was handed over to Qingcheng, Shuiliu's clothing was wet with cold perspiration. He was terrified of becoming the laughingstock of all the other young lords.

Following Shuiliu's awkward, yet brave performance, the other young lords were greatly encouraged. Their hope of winning Qingcheng's love was rekindled, and they stood up, one after the other, to show off their performance. The camp was soon filled with boisterous noises, and an occasional ovation. However, three young lords still had yet to perform, namely Qianjun, the brilliant young lord from Immortal City; Wuhen, who sat cautiously beside Qianjun; and Qinghan, who was busy eating the fruits on his table, after having finished the suckling pig.

As for Qianjun, he was determined to be the final young lord to show off at this session, as he believed that one should save the best for last. While for Wuhen, who was sitting beside Qianjun like a submissive lackey, he had no intention to join the competition. The last one, Qinghan, showed absolutely no interest in Qingcheng, instead, he found the plates of fruits to be more delicious than the holy virgin.

The ongoing performance was indeed boring, and didn't receive much applause. It occurred to the rest of the young lords, that their self-praised skills were nothing in front of the five prominent families, as well as the young lord from Immortal City. Rather, their skills turned nasty and naïve in comparison with the excellence of the others'. Some timid young lords just lowered their heads once again, refusing to make fun of themselves.

"Wuhen, come on, it's your turn!" After glancing at the gluttonous Qinghan, Qianjun was sure there were no more candidates, so he arched his brow and asked Wuhen tentatively.

“No, it’s your turn. You’re the best, and you ought to represent us all.” Wuhen shook his head, and replied in a cordial, flattering, and humble tone.

With a long and loud laughter, Qianjun suddenly stood up, overlooking the other young lords, full of conceitedness. To Qianjun, right now, he was like an Emperor, standing high above the masses. A moment later, he spoke out coldly, “Haha... Definitely, you’re all making fun of yourselves. I’ll let Qingcheng know what a real performance looks like, rather than these casual performances.”

“Errr!”

The overbearing remarks embarrassed all the other young lords.

“Shit, I feel like I was slapped on my cheeks by him.”

“Making fun of ourselves? He’s so arrogant!”

Even the great elders, who were sitting in the front row, were outraged by Qianjun, who had made them lose face. Despite his background, and stunning skills, Qianjun’s attitude annoyed almost everyone, except for Yue Qingcheng, and Qinghan.

Qingcheng remained as calm as before, only occasionally stealing a glance at Qinghan, who, right now, was holding a string of grapes in front of his mouth. In response to Qianjun, she showed a sweet smile, and said in an extremely soft

voice, “Young lord Qianjun, Please, go ahead. I’m looking forward to it.”

Feng Zi, Hua Cao, and Shuiliu, whose faces were radiant with confidence, suddenly turned tallow-faced.

Today was the Summer Fire Festival, a gala for all men to compete with each other for winning Qingcheng’s love. And the most important thing was Qingcheng’s own decision, rather than the cultivation level or performance... The determinant factor lay in Qingcheng’s hands. Qingcheng had kept a refrained emotion throughout the previous performances, this time, however, she unexpectedly said she was looking forward to it. What did that mean? The young lords were afraid, that she favored Qianjun more than the others.

“Haha... Since Miss Qingcheng is looking forward to my performance. Then I’ll have to show some acrobatics for you.” Looking at the pissed-off expression of the other young lords, Qianjun grew even more excited.

As soon as Qianjun’s voice faded away, except for Xue Fei, the other great elders felt humiliated by his remark. The reputation of the five prominent families were bonded together, they couldn’t stand anyone challenging their high status, even if this person was from Immortal City.

“Humph! We’re also expecting your performance, young lord Tu Qianjun!” Elder Feng flared up.

“Hehe, Calm down, Elder Feng. I didn’t show suspicion towards the technique itself, I just doubted that the young lord your family sent out didn’t meet the expectations. Luckily, I have also learned some swordsmanship, you may make a comparison yourself!”

Disregarding the distorted face of Feng Zi, who was so indignant that all his muscles were protruded in an explosive state, Qianjun smiled and made a similar gesture as Feng Zi had previously done.

As Qianjun moved his fingers, the cleaver on the table began to quiver unstably, which left all the other people dumbfounded. Suddenly, the cleaver rose up from the table, and flew to a suckling pig, stabbing into its flesh, before carrying it in the direction of Qingcheng. Barely had the pig fell in front of Qingcheng, or Qianjun maneuvered the cleaver shuttle back and forth through the pig, until it landed on the table with the cleaver stabbed in the body of the pig.

“What the fuck?”

“Since he had criticized Feng Zi’s skill, he should present us something more impressive. Well, look at him, he didn’t even have the ability to cut the suckling pig into pieces, as the pig was left intact.”

Looking at the whole suckling pig on the table, the young lords whispered to each other. Although they were taken aback by the fact that Qianjun had also grasped swordsmanship, which was supposed to be a secret technique of the Feng family, they raised their doubts about Qianjun’s true capability.

“Young lord Qianjun, I’m impressed with your swordsmanship. I candidly admit defeat.” To other people’s befuddlement, Feng Zi stood up and praised Qianjun’s skill.

- Pai! -

Hardly had Feng Zi finished his words, or the suckling pig suddenly cracked into several pieces, like a blossom. The sliced meat was evenly displayed on the plate!

“Young lord Qianjun, I admire your swordsmanship!” Wuhen also stood up, cupped one of his hands over the other, and his dual pupils were flickering with sincerity.

After a short while of silence, all the other young lords looked at each other in utter disbelief, as they were now completely convinced by Qianjun abilities!

However, after being embarrassed so many times, the other young lords' confidence was gradually eroded. They were all caught by depression and an inferiority complex. Their performance did seem to be naïve and hilarious after seeing Qianjun's. As they concentrated all their minds on soothing their thwarted hearts, they didn't even notice the disappearance of Qianjun.

Among them, only Feng Zi, Hua Cao and Qinghan noticed the change, and looked at each other with expressions of disbelief.

“What was going on just now? Qianjun can also become invisible all of a sudden?”

“Isn't this the Invisible Technique specially owned by the Hua family? Where did he learn this skill?”

“Oh, shit. Since when did the secret technique of the five prominent families become common property?”

The crowd burst into a clamor, and young lord Qianjun became the topic of

everyone's conversation.

"Hmm, is it because the descendants of Immortal City have inherited the blood from all five ancestors, who had founded the five prominent families?" As he failed to figure out the reason, Qinghan turned to Ye Qingniu for help by silently conveying his voice. At the same time, the other young lords also jerked their heads to the great elders, desperate to find a proper explanation.

"Don't panic. People from Immortal City are also descendants of the ancient ancestors. We'll explain to you in detail on another occasion, but not today. Yet, the one thing you need to know right now is, that their skills are but mere imitations of ours, as they aren't authentic at all. At first glance, you may fail to distinguish these mimicked skills from the original one, however, later on, the strength and destructive power will tell you which one is authentic!"

Ye Qingniu, together with the other great elders, used their special sound conveying technique to quickly inform their young lords. Despite the consoling words that they delivered to their young lords, the elders were pissed off by Qianjun's blatant display of their secret techniques. It felt to them, as if Qianjun was slapping their face in front of so many people.

"Ah! Where is young lord Qianjun!"

The other people finally realized the sudden disappearance of Qianjun, as they were looking around the camp in confusion. It was terrifying, to witness an advanced cultivator become invisible right in front their eyes!

Several minutes later, young lord Qianjun appeared with a bouquet of red roses in his hands, several times larger than Hua Cao's violent roses! The same Invisible Technique, the same Figure Replication Technique, however, the line of

replication figures he created were as long as ten meters, which doubled that of Hua Cao's.

"Miss Qingcheng, this is for you! These red roses stand for my love for you!" Qianjun stood in front of Qingcheng, holding a large bouquet of roses, and smiling with overconfidence.

"Thanks young lord Qianjun, I really appreciate it!" Qingcheng took the roses, while she stole another glance at Qinghan, and grinned as happy as she could, leaving the rest of the people's heartbeats accelerated once again.

Qianjun looked around at the thwarted young lords, before he replied to Qingcheng, "Hehe, these are only small tricks. If you like, Miss Qingcheng, I'd like to present to you another gift."

"Small tricks?"

Feng Zi and Hua Cao clenched their fists, but still kept their head down. They found it unacceptable that their secret techniques, which they regarded as their greatest honor, were degraded as small tricks.

Whereas there was a faint trace of a smile on Shuiliu's face, as he felt lucky that Qianjun didn't use his Capturing Dragon Palm to humiliate him. It was very much like those who retreated fifty steps laughing at those who retreated a hundred steps (以五十步笑百步).

Nevertheless, the next moment, when Shuiliu raised his head up, he saw a gigantic palm of Battle Qi hovering in the air... His face immediately turned pale.

The palm of Battle Qi reached out outside the camp, snatched the colossal Pterosaur and threw it on the camp ground.

“The Capturing Dragon Palm!”

It stirred another wave of shocks, when Qianjun displayed the same technique as Shuiliu’s. Although his battle beast wouldn’t act rebellious against its master, it still took unimaginable power to grab the Pterosaur and place it on the ground over such a distance.

Back during Shuiliu’s performance, the bottle of perfume wiggled all the way; while in Qianjun’s performance, he carried a giant Pterosaur effortlessly and stably. The gap of their capability was self-telling.

“This little worm is nothing special, except for taking you on the back and flying it around. Miss Qingcheng, this is for you now. I hope that it’ll entertain you in your leisure time.” Qianjun turned to Qingcheng while crossing his arms, as he didn’t give a damn about the others’ uncomfortable feelings.

Chapter 65 – Hula-Hula

As time went on, the atmosphere on the island of the Tranquil Lake became even more boisterous.

This year's Summer Fire Festival was more intriguing than usual, due to the appearance of one special young lord. This young lord was ranked third on the Immortal Ranking List. Besides, he had the appalling skill to imitate other families' secret techniques, such as the swordsmanship technique of the Feng family, the Invisible Technique and the Figure Replication Technique. Also, the unique technique that only belonged to the Dragon Major Mansion was no stranger to him. Above all of this, he was also liberal with resources. At least, they had never met a candidate as generous as him, who would send out a seventh-grade demonic beast as a gift. The most important thing was, he came from Immortal City!

Immortal City was undeniably a holy place for all the inhabitants in the continent. For thousands of years, Immortal City had played a pivotal role in keeping the stability among the three prefectures, so that civilians could live and work in peace and contentment. Taking this historical factor into account, this city was thought highly of by the people of the Flame Dragon Continent.

Today, a young lord from that city had come to the festival, and presented everyone with his matchless capability. He lived up to the high expectations, both in temperament and in cultivation level. The other young lords, who were arrogant on normal days, turned into submissive slaves. Wuhen was the most exemplary one, as he was currently chasing around this young lord from Immortal City like a puppet.

Indeed, most of the people felt honored to meet this young lord from

Immortal City here today. Some of them were even happy with his imposing manner, which surely challenged the absolute authority of the five prominent families, and they thought that only this young lord deserved to win the love of the holy virgin!

However, staring at this contemptuous young lord, Qingcheng hesitated to receive his gift – a seventh-grade demonic beast. It was a special beast-saddler only for people in Immortal City! If Qingcheng accepted this super valuable gift, it would be equivalent to accepting his love. Originally, irritated by Qinghan's indifference, Qingcheng had planned to upset him by showing interest in this young lord's performance. This was a normal reaction for a moody girl. Nevertheless, never did she expect such a gigantic gift from this young lord. Now, she didn't know how to handle this awkward situation...

“Hehe, young lord Qian, we cannot accept this gigantic gift, for it is beyond our ability to raise up such a beast. If Qingcheng chooses you in the final round, we will consider accepting it then!” Yue Ji read Qingcheng's embarrassment, and helped her out. To Qingcheng's relief, it worked. Qianjun agreed by nodding his head, put aside his Pterosaur, and continued to chat with Wuhen merrily...

Meanwhile, some people in the camp just couldn't share Qianjun's happiness. Feng Zi posed a long face; Hua Cao was barely able to keep his anger silent; Shuiliu's handsome appearance had disfigured a little bit due to indignation. Whereas Qinghan was still eating fruits, showing no interest whatsoever in what was happening around him.

“Brother Qingniu, I know how we can regain our face...”

Despite the smiling face he pretended, Elder Feng whispered to Ye Qingniu,

trying to find a way to teach Qianjun a lesson.

“Brother Qingniu, where’s the young lord of your family? I’ve recently heard that he is really something! Come on, let him perform. If he is lucky enough, Qingcheng will definitely fall for him. Have a try!” Elder Hua also persuaded Ye Qingniu.

Without any words, Ye Qingniu silently drank his cup of tea, and glanced at the two elders with his large eyes. In the beginning, he was worried that Qinghan would probably be left behind. But now, he thought that Qinghan was rather smart, because he had avoided being humiliated by simply not showing up. It was clear, that both Elder Feng and Elder Hua harbored malicious intentions, as they were obviously trying to drag Qinghan into the chaos. Fortunately, Ye Qingniu was no fool, and he would never be convinced into doing such a stupid thing.

“Young lord Qinghan, we have lost face all together! We have to do something!” Feng Zi turned to Qinghan, and whispered into his ears.

At the same time, Hua Cao’s ears joggled a little bit, and tossed his head towards Qinghan, “Yeah, buddy, you’re quick-witted. Come on, do something and gain our face back. After all, us five prominent families are always in the same boat.”

Despite their anxiety, Qinghan continued eating another watermelon, spitting out the seeds. The moment when Feng Zi and Hua Cao decided to implore him, and tried to explain him the severity of this event, Qinghan suddenly turned around, “It’s none of my business! Oh, count Wuhen in, he’s also one of the young lords from the five prominent families.”

“Fuck that bastard! I must’ve been blind to acquaint myself to such a traitor!” Looking at Wuhen, who was laughing and talking with Qianjun, Hua Cao’s expression turned even worse.

“From our generation onwards, we’ll only admit the presence of the four prominent families. Look at him, he acts like an obedient dog in front of Qianjun.” Following Feng Zi’s criticism, Hua Cao also replied coldly, as if he was heartbroken by Wuhen’s behavior.

“Oh?” Qinghan was also confused by Wuhen’s abnormal behavior, which had placed himself in a bad position towards the other four prominent families. The strangest part was, as an elder of the Xue family, Xue Fei seemed to silently agree with what his young lord was doing.

However, since Wuhen was the organizer of the kidnapping-scheme of his sister, Qinghan had already placed him on the top of his killing list. Therefore, he was glad that both Feng Zi and Hua Cao were antagonized against Wuhen. The more outraged they were, the happier Qinghan would become.

“Don’t forget, I’ve already given up the chance to compete for Qingcheng. I always keep my promise.” Qinghan shook his head helplessly.

“Errr...” Both Feng Zi and Hua Cao gathered their brows, and replied as sincere as they could, “Surely, we know that you’re a man of your word. But... right now, we have to regain our face. We beg you to stand up and outperform that bastard.”

“Hehe, remember, you four guys also promised to help me in the upcoming Elite Prefecture War. If I break my promise, will you also do the same?” Qinghan nonchalantly extended his hands, with his palms up. Even though he said these

words, he didn't expect to be backstabbed in the war by this pretended ally.

"We two will absolutely abide by what we have promised, no matter what. And I bet that Shuiliu will agree with us. Well, as for that traitor over there... Humph!" Feng Zi spoke with a deep, and gruff voice, he was uncontrollably agitated by Wuhen.

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Following Qianjun's overwhelming performance, no one dared to stand out to compete with him. As for Qingcheng, however, she wasn't interested in Qianjun at all. As a descendant of one of the five families, she shared the embarrassment with others', and despised the overbearing manner of Qianjun.

In order to warm up the awkward atmosphere, Qingcheng decided to say something. By overlooking the young lords below, she noticed the absent-minded Qinghan, and said in a challenging tone, "Hey, young lord Qinghan. What do you think of young lord Qianjun's performance?"

"Errr..."

Qingcheng directed everyone's attention towards Qinghan. Subsequently, Qianjun threw a cold glance at Qinghan, waiting for his response. While at the same time, Qinghan looked back at Qingcheng over his shoulder, as if he was scolding her for her unexpected question.

"Young lord Qinghan has more talent than Qianjun. He will show off a little bit. But... he's not sure if Wuhen would agree with this." Feng Zi stood up, pouring

oil to the flames.

“Oh? Wuhen, what’s going on?” Qianjun whispered to Wuhen in utter confusion. And Wuhen quickly and quietly explained to him the previous promise he had made with Qinghan.

“Oh, I see. No big deal. Say yes to him! I want to see what mischief he is hatching up!” Qianjun replied coldly.

Qingcheng was fully provoked by Qinghan’s indifference, now she was determined to make fun of Qinghan to embarrass him, “Young lord Wuhen, can you explain to us why Qinghan’s performance requires your agreement?”

“No, they’re just kidding!” After being told what to do by Qianjun, Wuhen stood up, trying to clear up the matter, “Since young lord Qinghan is itchy to have a try. Let’s wait and see!”

“Young lord Qinghan, don’t worry about anything. Just perform what you like. We all support you!” Shuiliu also stood up, showing his temporary support for Qinghan. Right now, it seemed as if he only remembered Qianjun’s slap in his face, and forgot all about the beatdown he had received from Qinghan. But, the truth was, he was killing two birds with one stone – if Qinghan won, Qianjun would receive a good lesson; if Qinghan lost, Qinghan would lose face. Either way, Shuiliu would feel somewhat consoled.

“Qinghan, if you’re confident enough, just go and embarrass that bastard from Immortal City!” Ye Qingniu conveyed his voice to Qinghan.

After a moment of silence, Qinghan scratched his nose, and let out a deep sigh.

He made an exaggerated yawning expression, as if he was too tired to respond.

“In my opinion, the way of selecting a Mr. Right by their performance is unforgivably ridiculous! Imagine when a charming female monkey is in her rutting period, she has to select a male monkey after their performance of hula-hula. The best performer will finally get the approval of climbing into her bed...”

What Qinghan said had stunned everyone, some of them even spit out a mouthful of wine. His analogy not only offended the young lords, but also their goddess, Qingcheng. Even Feng Zi and Hua Cao lowered their head in embarrassment, as they were secretly cursing Qinghan. However, young lord Qianjun still had a happy face, while he was looking at Qinghan intriguingly, as though he was looking at a funny toy. Meanwhile, Miss Qingcheng slightly bit the corner of her lips, as she found Qinghan’s vulgar analogy completely unbearable. How could Qinghan dare to analogize her with a rutting female monkey?

Only Ye Qingniu found Qinghan’s remarks full of wit and humor, because he shared a similar personality with Qinghan back in his youth.

But the other great elders all shook their head disapprovingly; they thought that Ye Dao’s son was even more... dissolute than his father.

Yue Ji actually even started to search for a deeper meaning in the words Qinghan had just spoken.

Disregarding the unkind responses and sarcastic glances, Qinghan took another step forward, and continued,

“Of course, this analogy is not appropriate... Honestly, I think the performance displayed by the previous young lords are less attractive than the monkey’s hula-hula. Normally, there are two ways to compete for a girl among men. One is pure cultivation – an arena will be set up for a knockout match. Isn’t this way more direct? Look at what the young lords did just now; they used their inherited secret technique to try and court a girl. They downplayed the wisdom of their ancestors! The techniques should be used in life-and-death battles, rather than in a romantic event! The second way is to compete for a girl’s heart with an artistic performance. Well... I admit that there is no pure artistic thing existing in this continent... Well, think about the performance just now, what were they trying to show off actually? Their survival skills or their cultivation level? It has nothing to do with your personality other than your self-contented sense of achievement.”

“Therefore, I said, that the monkey’s hula-hula is more natural and feasible to the eyes. Because they’re playing pure arts, rather than some techniques! Well, I’m a straightforward person, please forget my frank expression. As the elites of this prefecture, I believe you’re all generous in mind, and won’t mind my comment. Errr... Today is a special day, the Summer Fire Festival, I’d like to have a casual dance, to liven things up. Also, I hope that my dance will be taken as an apology to those of you, who I’ve offended with my words. Alright, what I am going to perform is the pure hula-hula!”

Chapter 66 - Dance of the Cavalry

“Hmm, I have to say, he is eloquent. But... is he really only in the first level of the Realm of the General? Does he really possess an eighth-grade battle beast? Honestly, to me, these achievements are just so-so.” The young lord Qianjun sneered and shook his head, as he turned to Wuhen.

“Young lord, compared to you, he isn’t worth a fart. However, this dude is good at tricks, I have been on the receiving end already.” Wuhen smiled to him with full respect, which could be heard in his voice and also seen in his gestures.

“Don’t worry. Humph, to me, he’s just a weak flea. No matter how high he could jump, I’ll manage to crash him down. Listen, after the Elite Prefecture War, you’d better follow me to Immortal City.” Looking at the enthusiasm in Wuhen’s dual pupils, Qianjun encouraged him to become his follower.

“Er... Thanks so much, young lord!” Now, Wuhen’s eyes were lit up with an ardent light, and when he was about to kneel down to express his gratitude, Qianjun’s hands fell upon his shoulders and he helped him back up. Therefore, Wuhen felt even more glorified, simply by being allowed to stand behind Qianjun.

At the same time, in the near distance, Qinghan continued his speech full of fervor and assurance. Wuhen raised the corners of his mouth, shooting a scornful glance towards Qinghan, as if he didn’t fear him anymore.

Despite his outward calmness, Wuhen was inwardly thrilled by Qianjun’s acknowledgement. A decade ago, when Qianjun was just a playful kid, he occasionally fled away from Immortal City to some nearby places for fun.

Coincidentally, Wuhen had encountered Qianjun, and had discovered his real identity. Since then, he had intentionally played up to Qianjun's interests, taking him to various entertainments and scenic spots.

Today, all of Wuhen's previous efforts finally paid off. He would, by the time the Elite Prefecture War ended, be invited to Immortal City! How could he not be excited? Although he had to enter into that holy place as a servant, he didn't regret it at all, for he had grasped a top-confidential secret from Qianjun – a secret that could change one's fate. Only if he could get access to Immortal City, could he have a skyrocketing rise, and challenge his destiny.

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"Hey, look, the monkey is going to dance now!"

Qianjun's enthusiastic scream brought Wuhen back from his daydream, as he was also curious at what Qinghan would perform in front of so many people. Wuhen reckoned that Qinghan would probably just summon his beast, and let it do the performance instead.

"Yeah, let's watch!" The rest of the young lords booed, as they jerked their heads towards Qinghan, hoping to make fun out of this big talker.

Qinghan strode to the center of the camp, almost drowsily. To everyone's surprise, he did nothing but raise his head, straighten his spine, and put his hands backwards. The audience was extremely tantalized by his intended delay of his performance. Suddenly, Qinghan's expression turned solemn, and his eyes were filled with melancholy, as if he had changed from a young cultivator to a frustrated middle-aged poet.

The sudden change of temperament stunned, confused, and terrified everyone. Qinghan seemed to perfectly fit in his new “role” as a poet.

“Bring me the wine!” Disregarding other’s negative discussions, Qinghan remained in his poetic gesture, while stretching his hand towards Feng Zi, requesting a cup of wine.

With a subtle smile, Feng Zi placed a kettle of wine on his table, and pushed it forward in the air. The kettle flew towards Qinghan, without leaking a single drop of wine in the process.

Amazingly, Qinghan successfully caught the kettle without turning around, as if he had eyes on his back. He slightly adjusted himself into a challenging gesture by bending his waist backward, and swigged the wine to his heart’s content.

Under the moonlight, the transparent wine reflected a jade-like whiteness. Now, this silvery liquid poured into Qinghan’s mouth, like a waterfall, as some of it even spilled over his face, his clothing, and the lawn. All of a sudden, the strong fragrance of wine filled the air.

“Haha... good wine. Now bring me the sword!”

After having finished the whole kettle of wine, Qinghan let out a long, lasting laughter. An instant later, he threw the kettle back to Feng Zi, and pointed his finger at Dugu Jian, one of his disciples.

Dugu Jian turned to Qinghan with a friendly smile, and lifted his sword, throwing it towards his master. At the speed of lightening, the sword was now right in front of Qinghan’s face.

The tipsy Qinghan walked in drunken steps, looking up into the sky with narrowed eyes, as if he was totally unaware of the approaching sharp sword.

Abruptly, with a timely jerk of his body, Qinghan escaped the sword; and at the same time, he extended one hand and snatched the handle of the sword. Stepping forward, Qinghan held the sword up, and slowly pushed it out of its sheath.

- Clang! -

Inside the luxurious silvery sheath, a glaring sword was revealed, which was two meters in length, and about four fingers in width. In the moonlit night, the surface of the sword was gleaming with a cold light. With the slightest of efforts, Qinghan placed the tip of the sword deep into the earth. By touching the sharp edges of the sword, Qinghan stared at it with rapture, as though he was appreciating a beloved woman.

The atmosphere in the camp was directed by Qinghan, to a rare, but fantastic artistic world. As was known to all, the Flame Dragon Continent was dominated by the power of cultivation; seldom did anyone pay much attention to art. In other words, art was underdeveloped in this continent. However, Qinghan's warm-up performance had made up for their scarcity of access to art. For the first time, they felt as if they were in a dreamlike state. Out of curiosity and excitement, they all craned their heads over each other's shoulders, lest they missed something of the performance.

Without noticing the expectant eyes, Qinghan held the sword, once again, in the air. In his intense stare, he cared about nothing in this world but the sword. Several seconds later, he pushed his sword forward into the air, waving it in the

shape of a flower. At the same time, his body leaned forward in accordance, and chanted, “At night, I stirred the wick of the candle, in order to have a look at my cherished sword...”

As soon as he finished this chant, he extended his arm out, and waved his sword here and there in graceful, continuous movements. Meanwhile, he softly sang, “So many times, in my dreams, I was sent back to the battlefield, where the sound of the warhorn rang out in the air (醉里挑灯看剑, 梦回吹角连营).”

“The troopers wolf down their barbequed beef bless’d;

with sounds of string music in the wilderness.

Parading my troops, I stand with eagerness

(八百里分麾下炙, 五十弦翻塞外声, 沙场秋点兵。).”

Gradually, the speed of the dancing sword slowed down. However, to the audience, the radiant reflection of the sword had already blurred their vision, for they couldn’t tell exactly where the sword was.

As time went on, the weather on the island of the Tranquil Lake turned to be extremely windy. In the howling of the gusts, the young lords’ robes were fluttering with rustling noises. Nevertheless, no one was distracted by the wind, as they were completely absorbed by Qinghan’s innovative, poetic performance.

There were exceptions, like the great elders in the front row, because they all watched this performance with an anxious expression, as if they had observed something bizarre...

“Our war horses charge forth, as if they were flying;

All drawn bows release their arrows, thundering.

Now, fulfilling the sovereign-granted mission fine;

For prosperity, the great fame shall be mine.

O! A pitiable white haired guy!”

(马作的卢飞快，弓如霹雳弦惊。了却君王天下事，赢得生前身后名，可怜白发生。)

As Qinghan slowly chanted his song, the wind became even louder and more intense. No one noticed that the atmosphere on the island of the Tranquil Lake was turning into a horrible state – the density of the spirit essence between heaven and earth was quickly surging to its ceiling point... After a long time, Qinghan stopped his performance, holding his sword in one hand, with upward face, and closed eyes. To everyone’s astonishment, the blast of wind also disappeared following Qinghan’s closure of his performance.

The end of the performance didn’t receive an ovation, but sheer silence, as even the sound of a needle falling on the ground could be heard. Looking at the solitary teenager, Qinghan, standing in the middle of the camp, people were still enjoying the poetic moments, for the songs Qinghan had chanted remained lingering in their heads. In addition, the weird gusts had come from nowhere. They were still thinking hard where it had come from, and if it had a direct relation with Qinghan’s performance.

Inspired by Qinghan’s performance, people imagined themselves standing on an ancient battlefield, as a warrior, slaying enemies with their sword. In the end, they felt as if they were left all alone on the battlefield, for their comrades had long died...

.....

Yue Ji widened her eyes, glancing around with a solemn expression, trying to identify any difference in the surroundings. The other great elders also turned to each other, with a slight trace of shock on their faces.

As for the young lords... Qianjun was looking up at the sky with blank eyes; Wuhen narrowed his eyes pondering; Feng Zi and Hua Cao opened their mouths in utter disbelief; and Shuiliu confusingly licked his lips.

The five disciples of Qinghan were thrilled by their master's marvelous performance, which could be implied by their flushed faces and ardent eyes.

Qingcheng's face was also gleaming with excitement, and her eyes were already wet with tears.

"At night, I stirred the wick of the candle, in order to have a look at my cherished sword.

So many times, in my dreams, was I sent back to the battlefield, where the sound of the warhorn rang out in the air."

An imaginary vision caught people's mind - a young teenager, holding a sword in his hand, slept in drunkenness. Later, he was awakened in his dream, by the imposing sound of the warhorn.

"The troopers wolf down their barbequed beef bless'd;
with sounds of string music in the wilderness.
Parading my troops, I stand with eagerness."

People felt as if they were in a military camp, where axes and bows were strewn all over the place. The fluttering army flag, the glistening armors, all these things emerged in their mind, as if they were one of the numerous warriors on the battlefield, ready for a ferocious fight. Qinghan's sword dance had enacted the hidden passion inside everyone's hearts.

“Our war horses charge forth as if they were flying;
All drawn bows release their arrows, thundering.
Now, fulfilling the sovereign-granted mission fine;
For prosperity, the great fame shall be mine.”

The later part of Qinghan's performance brought the audience to the climax of their imaginary battle. They felt as if they were bravely running towards the enemies, leaving behind only their immortal reputation after death. The patriotic sentiment and the aspiring hopes for triumph, could also be identified in Qinghan's song.

“O! A pitiable white haired guy!” The abrupt change of the theme led people's emotions to drop from a cliff. The lofty ideals were infinite; while one's lift was limited. The contradiction between ideal and reality was vividly expressed. The song had ended with a touch of tragedy. The narrative of the feelings of reality, and the idealized dreams he had, revealed the indignation of an aspiring young man.

.....

This type of sword dancing was completely new, and the songs Qinghan had chanted were never heard of before. Although some people did get the gist of the song, they were still soothed, or even baptized by this extraordinary performance. Without knowing why, they'd lost themselves in their hallucinations.

A long time had passed by...

One man in the crowd slowly started to clap his hands, and broke the silence. Following his applause, a torrent of applause came over Qinghan.

They never knew, that a sword dance could be played by a man in such a way. The resonance in their hearts had greatly satisfied them. Even young lord Qianjun nodded his head, and slightly slapped himself in his own face. In his arrogant, shrewd eyes, a sense of admiration was revealed.

However, Yue Ji didn't join the applause, she just sighed and pondered, before she finally stepped towards Qinghan, and bowed to him, "Young lord Qinghan, you're absolutely a peerless talent in dancing. I've been dancing for as many as twenty years. But today, I find myself to be a mere frog in a well. I feel ashamed of myself... I hope... I hope that you can be my Sifu in this regard. I'll accompany you wherever you go."

Chapter 67 – Ye Qingcheng’s Choice

Out of utter bewilderment, Qinghan stood in front of this middle-aged beauty, and met with her sincere, wishful eyes. Yue Ji’s abnormal response was really beyond his comprehension.

Previously, while other young lords were performing, he had just kept to himself, drinking and eating. Actually, he had turned his nose up at their performance, which he considered no different from the dance of some monkeys. However, the appearance of Qianjun, who had slapped in the “faces” of the five prominent families, made Qinghan outraged. In order to save their collective face, Qinghan had demonstrated the famous Dance of the Cavalry that he had learned in his previous life.

The serene landscape on the island of the Tranquil Lake had made Qinghan quite nostalgic of his previous life. But at the same time, he had been overwrought by his sister’s health condition. Therefore, he had quickly finished a kettle of wine, hoping to get rid of his sadness. He never knew, that in his drunken state, he had danced and chanted with rich emotions, which had touched the hearts of most of the audience. Even at the end of his performance, the audience, as well as himself, were intoxicated in a fantasy dream. It were the earnest words of Yue Ji, that had woken him up eventually.

Given Yue Ji’s age, she could indeed be Qinghan’s grandmother. She was the great elder of the Yue family, and one of the two Saint Realm cultivators of their family. How could a woman of such high cultivation and social status be willing to be his disciple? What for? Just because the song, or the dance? She was on equal footing with Ye Qingniu!

.....

Meanwhile Ye Qingniu was sharing the same confusion with Qinghan, as he was staring at Yue Ji with widened mouth. Considering Yue Ji's sincerity, she was obviously not joking.

The elders were all caught up in deep meditation. During Qinghan's dance, there had appeared a sudden gust of wind that had come from nowhere, and had miraculously disappeared at the moment Qinghan had stopped. Some of them began to raise suspicion on this point.

As for Qianjun, he kept rolling his eyes, in an effort to find a proper answer for the changes he had sensed on the island. The essence between heaven and earth had been unknowingly thickened in the air. Also, the weird gust of wind had led him to a certain guess... He started to look around the camp, to make sure if there were even more changes going on.

As for the rest of the young lords, such as Feng Zi and Hua Cao, they were also trying to understand the reason why Qinghan was suddenly admired by an elder! Despite the fact that the song and dance Qinghan had performed was rather fabulous, it shouldn't be the reason for an elder to become a disciple of him!

The protagonist of this festival, Yue Qingcheng, was stunned in sheer silence. Soon, she was told something by a secretly conveyed voice, and her eyes suddenly lit up with enthusiasm. She smiled with relief, and stood up, "Everybody, listen, hereby I announce the end of this Summer Fire Festival. I have chosen my man, only one. He is... Ye Qinghan!"

.....

Hearing the crisp, but resolute announcement of Qingcheng, the crowd of

young lords was, once again, confused. They couldn't figure out why they were given a "death penalty", and be deprived of their chance to continue the competition.

Each and every fifteen years, the Summer Fire Festival, which was held on the island of the Tranquil Lake, had proceeded through cautious-designed procedures. The holy virgin was supposed to select several candidates, and observe them for as long as three years. However, early in the last festival, Yue Yan'er was the first to break this ancient rule, and only singled out Ye Dao. Sadly, Ye Dao didn't become a son-in-law of the Yue family, but married a Qingguan of the Yue Pavilion, named Yue Shui'er. The rejection of Ye Dao had disheartened Yan'er's pursuit of love, and in the end, she had led a secluded life.

Now, Yue Qingcheng had followed suit and broke the rule once again. Not only did she end this festival in advance, but she also finalized her decision and selected only one man, Qinghan! How could the other young lords not be shocked?

Although Qinghan was an acknowledged lineal descendant of the Ye family, so far, he was far from the best among his peers. Some of the young lords boasted even higher reputation, and capability than him. The most notable example was young lord Qianjun, a descendant from Immortal City. Qianjun was more excellent than Qinghan, in almost every single aspect!

In a few words, Qinghan had suddenly become the unexpected winner. The choice of Qingchen had dampened the last gleam of hope of the other young lords, who were infatuated by her beauty head over heels.

Now, this toxic peach flower was in full blossom in advance, only for Qinghan!

“Why? Just because of that relatively innovative dance?”

“Oh, gush. I’m totally not convinced.”

Observing Qianjun’s surly face with great caution, Wuhen stood up, in an attempt to defend his future master, “Miss Qingcheng, don’t you think your decision is a bit too rash? In my opinion, you’d better reconsider, and make a better-calculated one, for your own good.”

“Hehe!”

The pink-dressed Miss Qingcheng had already predicted what would happen after her announcement. But to her surprise, Wuhen, who had kept a low-profile all night, jumped on this topic and blamed her decision, not for himself, but for young lord Qianjun, who was sitting beside him. After throwing Wuhen a spiteful glance, Qingcheng replied coldly, “Young lord Wuhen, are you scolding me?”

Based on the previous politeness of Qingcheng’s replies, Wuhen had expected Qingcheng to be kind to him. Nevertheless, he received a threatening question in return. Even great elder Xue Fei’s face turned pale. Moreover, as the elder of the host family, Yue Ji, who was supposed to be the mediator in any conflicts, she turned her eyes away from Wuhen, pretending to not have heard it. Wuhen finally forced a pretentious smile, and explained, “Of course not. How would I dare to scold you, Miss Qingcheng. I just think, that it would be better to discuss with the elders, before you make such an important decision.”

“Well, believe it or not, to me, it’s the most cautious decision I’ve ever made!” Qingcheng quickly replied, but after a little while of awkward silence, she

continued, “As for the elder’s opinions, honestly, I have received a conveyed voice, which has made my decision making process easier. The one who spoke to me is the great elder of the Yue family, Yue Ji. Are you satisfied with my explanation, young lord?”

Like throwing a bomb in the lake, the crowd burst into a clamor. As a respected elder of the Yue family, Yue Ji was well-known by her anti-aging beauty, as well as her absolute capability in enchantment skills. No doubt, she had been a celebrity across the Mars Prefecture. For such a heavyweight figure, no one would be suspicious about her decisions.

“Yes, as a great elder of my family, I admit that I have conveyed my message to Qingcheng, to help her make the best decision. And I respect her choice! For those, who haven’t been chosen, we express our gratitude for your participation!” Eventually, Yue Ji suddenly cut in, in an apologizing tone, while speaking to the other young lords.

“Humph! Such being the case, I’ll take my leave immediately!”

Qianjun had kept silent since the discouraging announcement, but he couldn’t refrain himself any longer after Yue Ji’s confirmation. His eyes were full of envy and hatred, as he glared at Qinghan. Hardly had he finished his words, or he bounced up from his chair, and straddled over to his Pterosaur. He then flew in the sky, sneered, and looked at Qingcheng over his shoulder, trying to remember her beauty.

“Yue Niang, please arrange some rooms for the young lords, and the elders. They need some rest.” Yue Ji ordered, and prepared to lead everyone off the island of the Tranquil Lake. As usual, once the festival was over, no one was allowed to linger on the island, except for the selected man.

“Alas!”

People looked at Qinghan, who was standing in the center of the camp, with mixed feelings – envy, resentment, and confusion. Since the holy virgin had announced her preference, there was no need to struggle for her, because there were still another twelve girls for them to choose from.

“Congratulations, young lord Qinghan! You did a good job! Although I envy you to death, I’m happy it isn’t Qianjun who takes Qingcheng away!” Feng Zi stood in front of Qinghan, holding a cup of wine in his hand. However, the disheartened expression on his face betrayed him.

Surprisingly, Qinghan shook his head, and pushed Feng Zi away, before he directly stepped toward Yue Ji, “Elder Yue Ji, I’m afraid there’s something missing in this whole process... You forgot to ask a question. Have you ever asked my opinion on this matter? Who said that I’m willing to become a son-in-law of your family?”

Chapter 68 – The Proposal Presented by the Yue Family

“What?!”

All the people, who had been preparing to leave, unbelievably turned around, looking at Qinghan, as if they had bumped into a ghost in broad daylight. Some of them even rubbed their eyes, to make sure whether Qinghan was sober right now. Was he just drunkenly babbling, or did he really mean it?

“Bastard, what are you talking about?” Ye Qingniu had a good laugh the moment he had heard the final result. Just now, he was flattered by the other envious elders surrounding him. Qinghan’s abrupt response, however, had extinguished his mirth, and he flared out, with his eyes wide open.

“You...” Being embarrassed, or even humiliated by Qinghan’s bold rejection, Qingcheng’s face turned into a bashful blush. Qinghan’s previous indifference, together with his stunning performance in the end, led Qingcheng to such a prediction: Qinghan was playing the hard-to-get trick. In Qingcheng’s opinion, the further he kept away from her, the more intense his love would be. Therefore, after hearing the affirmative message from Yue Ji, Qinghan had made the announcement. How could she know, that in the end, Qinghan would replicate his father. Nothing could console Qingcheng at this moment...

“Ohhh...” Qinghan’s words also reminded Yue Ji of Ye Dao, who had done the same shit fifteen years ago to Yue Yan’er! She couldn’t help but believe that it might be a hoax played by the heavens. After a serious analysis, she sighed, “Well, you’re right, young lord. But, if you don’t mind, would you please let us know your reason? Is it because our Qingcheng isn’t good enough for you?”

“Wow, Elder Yue Ji, this is a pretty personal question. I hope you won’t interfere in the personal affairs of us teenagers.” Qinghan bowed to Yue Ji with due respect, before he peered at Qingcheng, an expression full of guilt covering his face, “Honestly, I have no intention to offend the Yue family by doing so. Plus, Miss Qingcheng is a perfect girl, both physically and intelligently. However... I have a fiancée back home! That’s why I’ve declined Qingcheng.”

With a deep sigh, Qinghan tossed his head upward, staring into the starry sky. He missed his sister so much right now.

“Bastard... Since when have you had a fiancée? I’ve never heard about that. Bullshit!” Glaring at Qinghan with his big eyes, Ye Qingniu exclaimed, but when he found the desperate expression on Qinghan’s face, he paused for a little while, and scratched his hair, “Alright, even if you are engaged, you can still marry Qingcheng... No big deal.”

At the same time, Feng Zi and Hua Cao glanced at Qinghan with the corner of their eyes, showing their disdain. Throughout the Flame Dragon Continent, even an ordinary man would marry several wives, as long as they were financially affordable. For people like these young lords, it was rare to only adhere to one woman. In other words, they believed that his excuse was totally untenable.

“Fiancée? Is this the only reason?” In order to be assured, Yue Ji repeated his answer. She considered it to be not a problem at all, because men in the continent were all allowed to marry more than one wife. So she immediately added, “That’s ok. Qingcheng won’t mind being your second wife. Don’t forget, if you marry our Qingcheng, you’ll automatically enjoy the privilege as a son-in-law of my family, which I’m sure will greatly assist you in your cultivation. I guess your fiancée will agree with your second marriage as well. Am I right, Elder Qingniu?”

Qingcheng was outraged towards Qinghan, but after knowing the truth, her anger had quickly and quietly vanished. On the contrary, Qinghan's melancholy expression touched the string of her heart. Her black pearlescent eyes still gleamed with hope, and her cherry-colored lips slightly parted.

Receiving the fierce, or even hostile glances from others, Qinghan came to the realization, that he wouldn't be able to get off of the island today if he failed to give them a convincing answer. He began to wonder, how his father had gotten himself out of this kind of trouble when he had rejected Yan'er.

After some pondering, Qinghan rubbed his nose before he raised his head, staring at both Yue Ji and Qingcheng.

"Elder Yue Ji, Miss Qingcheng, I really don't want to explain it in details... Let me put it this way, my fiancée was in an inch-away-from-death situation, and currently is still in a vegetative state. You know what? She has even sacrificed her soul in order to save me! Now, I have to obtain a rare pill to save her. Oh, my beloved girl, I'm not sure if she can even be saved, despite all of my efforts... Given all this, do you still think, that I'm in the mood to marry another girl? Besides, I haven't even been acquainted with Miss Qingcheng yet, as we know very little about each other. I mean, we don't have true love. If you guys hurried us into a marriage, we won't be blessed. It's absurd, and unfair, to both of us!"

After hearing this revealing of true love, Ye Qingniu lowered his head, and let out a sigh. As for the other young lords, though they were convinced about the fiancée issue, they were so tempted to show Qinghan the middle finger.

"True love? Do we have such a thing in the Flame Dragon Continent? We never have to acquaint a beauty for a long time, before we establish a relationship with

her. The bed is the best catalyst for love. For such a stunner like Qingcheng, I'm willing to sleep with her at first sight. It just takes one night's pleasant company to turn a stranger into a lover."

However, as for Yue Ji and Qingcheng, they had received a different feeling out of this. Qinghan's loyalty to his fiancée had touched them. Qingcheng even appreciated Qinghan's attitude toward true love.

The fact that Qinghan had rejected the most popular beauty, simply because of a beloved girl, had touched Yue Ji a great deal. However, she wasn't discouraged. As long as Qingcheng could marry him, Qinghan would gradually kneel down under her skirt, given Qingcheng's advanced enchantment skill. In her opinion, it was just a matter of time.

"Well...I don't think it's a problem! Hey, I have an alternative proposal for you." Yue Ji was determined to persuade Qinghan into agreeing to this marriage, "We'll support you, with all of our possible efforts, to save your fiancée. How about that? If you agree, don't worry, we won't force you into marrying Qingcheng. Instead, Qingcheng will accompany you for a period of time, to help you decide if you two are suitable for each other. There's ample time for you to make your final decision, whether to marry our Qingcheng or not."

Feng Zi, Hua Cao and Shuiliu, looked at each other in astonishment. They'd heard that only those less influential families had begged for a marriage with the Yue family, never had they heard of the Yue family begging anyone for marrying a holy virgin.

"Since when had the holy virgin of the Yue family become so cheap?"

"Yue Ji even offered to let Qingcheng accompany Qinghan for a period of time,

to test if she's a qualified wife. Haha, if Qinghan finds her user-friendly, he'll keep her; if he finds that her skill in bed sucks, then he'll just return her to the Yue family. Son of a bitch, Qingcheng's not a commodity!"

The young lords whispered in low voices, expressing their dissatisfaction.

"Sister Yue Ji, we appreciate your good intention. But... this little bastard Qinghan... As an elder, I'm responsible for his bad manners. Before I accept your proposal, please accept my apology for his rudeness." Ye Qingniu interrupted with hyper enthusiasm, which annoyed the other elders surrounding him.

"Errr..." Qinghan was embarrassed, as he kept stealing glances at that "peach flower".

"I... I have to say, Elder Yue Ji, your proposal is not fair to Qingcheng. Plus, I've contributed nothing to Qingcheng, or the Yue family, so I don't deserve such a reward."

"Ohhh!"

"I'll throw up if he continues this hypocritical manner."

"When will he say yes? Until everyone from the Yue family kneels down in front of him?"

"I've never seen someone as shameless as him! If it wasn't for the elders, I would've already punched him right in his face!"

Another wave of whispers stirred up among the young lords.

Meanwhile, Ye Qingniu coughed and winked, to remind Qinghan to act properly. However, Qinghan didn't change a bit of his original attitude, leaving Ye Qingniu stomping the ground in fury.

The pure sincerity in Qinghan's eyes convinced Qingcheng, that he wasn't acting out a drama. After all, Qingcheng was brought up and trained in such an environment, that a micro-expression change was nothing strange to her. She believed in her intuition. So she stammered out, with a blushed face, "I... I'm willing to accompany you, no matter what."

"Errr!"

Qinghan lowered his head, as he was forced to make a choice right now. Given all that Qingcheng and Yue Ji had said, if he still ruthlessly rejected her, he would most likely be punched by the other young lords. So, after a little while, he reached his hand to his jaw, and said, "There is one thing I don't quite understand. I know I'm excellent, but... I mean... Why have you singled me out?"

Hearing this, the other young lords booed Qinghan. But an instant later, they calmed down, as they were also curious, since they had the same question lingering in their heads.

"I have to keep the secret. You will know why later!" Yue Ji took the initiative and replied, and after that, she stepped closer to Qinghan, and whispered softly into his ears, "Hey, what do you say about being my Sifu."

“You’re super important to our family!” A bright smile emerged on Qingcheng’s face. Looking at the child-like Yue Ji, whose face was just inches away from Qinghan’s, Qingcheng smiled even more merrily. The peach flower in her hair, looked even more dazzlingly beautiful, accompanied with her giggling.

Chapter 69 – Soul Tranquilization

The moon hung high up in the sky, pouring its silvery light all over Enchantment City, where the hustle and bustle never stopped, even at this time of midnight.

In the center of the city, the Yue Pavilion.

The young lords, together with the elders, were led to their respective room to rest. Since the closure of the Summer Fire Festival, all men, both young and old, had been asked to leave. It was a rule established by the founder of the Yue family, and had never been broken.

The Yue Pavilion, which could be divided into three sections, covered a total area of tens of hectares. It was said, that there were, in total, 9,999 rooms! The front yard was used as a place for customer entertainment; the middle yard, which included nine different-sized attics, was catered for treating the special guests; and the back yard was where the management personnel of the Yue Pavilion lived.

Indeed, the Yue Pavilion was the top-grade entertainment center of the Mars Prefecture. The front yard accounted for two thirds of the ten-plus hectares, with three stories, and 9,000 rooms. Every day, thousands of customers fluxed into the pavilion from different places. They spent both their sperm and crystal coins here, which contributed to the wealth of the Yue Family. Needless to say, in economic terms, the Yue family was, by far, the most affluent among the prominent families.

In the First Square Attic, Qinghan quietly sat, while the manager of the Yue Pavilion was introducing him to the general structure of the building. This

manager managed to look rather calm, but she was extremely curious about Qinghan's abnormal behavior – Qinghan was supposed to be with Qingcheng tonight, but he had followed the other young lords off the island. As a man with a healthy body, Qinghan was afraid that he wouldn't be able to resist the beauty of Qingcheng, when he was laying beside her on her bed. Back in Wild City, he had experienced the taste of woman, which he considered toxic and addictive. So this time, in order not to be enchanted by Qingcheng, he chose to keep a distance from her. Most importantly, the main purpose of his trip was to save his sister, if he found himself waking up in Qingcheng's bed, he would be feeling rather guilty. Also, given the enchantment skill Qingcheng possessed, Qinghan predicted that he would never get rid of the sensual pleasure, and cling to Qingcheng once he had climbed onto her bed. So eventually, he reckoned, that the Yue Pavilion would be a safer place for him.

The Yue family treated Qinghan with the highest respect, as was evident by the room he was given to rest in – the First Square Attic, which was supposed to be reserved for the most important customer. The walls and pieces of furniture were all decorated extravagantly, and even the chamber pot [1], which lay behind the decorative folding screen, was made of jade! Moreover, Yue Niang had accompanied him since he stepped into the pavilion, introducing him to this pavilion as well as the Yue family.

“Young lord, please rest in this room! If you're in need of anything, please tell the maids outside the door.” Yue Niang explained to Qinghan with cautious respect. After all, she had to be respectful to him, because her family obviously thought very highly of this young man.

“Ok, thank you, Yue Niang. I think I'd better let you go now. I appreciate your hospitality.” Qinghan smiled, showing his satisfaction.

Yue Niang bowed to Qinghan, before she left.

Inside the quiet room, Qinghan scratched his head, walked to the table, and poured two cups of tea. After that, he jerked his head towards the folding screen and said, "Elder Qingniu, since you've already sneaked into my room, why don't you come out and have a cup of tea?"

"Haha!"

Behind the folding screen a large figure appeared, Ye Qingniu! He looked around at the luxurious decorations of the room, while he walked towards Qinghan. Without any embarrassment, he sat down in front of Qinghan, and took the cup of tea.

"Good tea! Good tea! This is called Dragon Saliva Tea. To tell you the truth, only the Yue family could afford such extravagant tea. Seldom have I had a chance to drink it. You know what this means? The Yue family treats you as an extremely important person."

"Come on, you're lying. Based on your social status, you can obtain access to any kind of famous tea." Qinghan rolled his eyes, as he was mad at Ye Qingniu's arrangements. The main purpose of their trip was to save Qingyu by taking part in the Elite Prefecture War. Qinghan had never expected, before he had left the Ye Castle, that the elders would arrange such a meaningless festival.

"I admit, it's my fault. I should've informed you about the Summer Fire Festival at an earlier time. Well, anyway, if you get the support of the Yue family, the odds of waking up your sister will be greatly increased. And, with their help. your future cultivation will also gain bigger improvements." Ye Qingniu chuckled, as if he was proud of his wisdom.

“Why were you so sure that I would be selected in the end?” Qinghan took a sip of his tea, and glanced at Ye Qingniu lopsidedly.

Hearing this question, Ye Qingniu couldn't help but laugh. He was so happy, that his wrinkle-ridden face was suddenly gleaming with the light of youth.

“Haha! In the beginning, I thought you would have a reasonable chance to be chosen; however, when Tu Qianjun came, I guessed that the possibility of you being chosen had turned to zero! No one knew, however... that you had a card up your sleeve. Good job! As long as you become a son-in-law of the Yue family, you'll benefit a lot from it. Your father is a moron, had he chosen the holy virgin, Yan'er, he wouldn't have been killed in the Luo Shen Mountain.”

“Bullshit, if my father had chosen Yue Yan'er at that time, then I wouldn't exist in this world...” Qinghan glared at Ye Qingniu, but later, he asked in a low voice, “Tell me, why did the Yue family choose me, rather than any of the other young lords? I don't think my dance was all that powerful... I really wish to know the reason.”

“Errr!” Looking at the serious expression on Qinghan's face, Ye Qingniu stopped laughing, and pondered with arched brows, “I don't know the specific reason either. However, one thing I can tell you is, that when you were dancing, you stirred up the essence hidden between heaven and earth. Do you remember the sudden gust of wind?”

“I was so immersed in my dancing, I had no idea about my surroundings. But I do know, that this was the best spiritual state I have ever experienced, so peaceful, so relaxing, and so soothing...” Qinghan closed his eyes, in an attempt to relive that moment.

“Ha!” Ye Qingniu tapped his forehead, and started to smile again, “You lucky bastard! This is the Soul Tranquilization state that every aspiring cultivator dreams of. So far, your cultivation has been all about physical improvement. Now, however, you’ve reached the point of soul cultivation. Based on your current level, your soul is too weak, and you need to absorb more Battle Qi in order to further refine your soul. However, once you enter into the Realm of the Emperor, you have to cultivate your soul without the assistance of Battle Qi, which would be unimaginably difficult.”

“Your full mental concentration on your sword dancing led to the rising up of the essence of heaven and earth. This is a hard-acquired state, which we call Soul Tranquilization. Once you enter this stage, your cultivation will improve by leaps and bounds. Most importantly, your soul, during this state, will be cultivated in a speed ten times faster than usual. You know, the Yue family is famous for their soul cultivation. Almost all their techniques, including the enchantment skill, are based on their soul. That’s why they chose you, I guess.”

“Soul cultivation?” Qinghan murmured, for he was bewildered by this newly-learned skill.

“The Yue family is excellent at spiritual attacks, and Fairyland Attack is the most famous one. Yue Hou once used this skill and successfully induced a Saint-Realm cultivator to commit suicide! As for the enchantment skill, hehe, it is created by the descendants of Yue Hou, to maintain their lucrative business. Remember, Qinghan, you’d better try to imbed that peaceful feeling in your mind. Later on, you’ll realize how truly powerful it is. Practice from time to time, so that you might stabilize that state. If you totally control the Soul Tranquilization state, you’ll be able to compete with Yue Hou, and perhaps, even surpass her.” Ye Qingniu stood up, looking at Qinghan with passionate eyes.

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In the northern yard, the island of the Tranquil Lake.

In a plain room, Qingcheng was standing in front a white figure, with eyes full of respect and admiration.

“Qingcheng, tell me, will you blame me for making this decision?” The white figure didn’t turn around, and her voice was cold and crisp.

“No, master. I wasn’t forced into choosing him. Actually, I had a special feeling for Qinghan. Well, honestly, I’m quite satisfied with this result.” Qingcheng kept her head low, but when she mentioned Qinghan her eyes lit up, and the corners of her lips rose up.

“That’s great! As far as I know, Qinghan is the second cultivator in this continent, who has achieved the Soul Tranquilization state. Our ancestor, Yue Hou, acquired this state in her thirties. But look at Qinghan, he is only a teenager. Wow, I have to say, he has limitless potential in this regard. In my opinion, he will probably become the first man to walk out of the Flame Dragon Continent. Therefore, we have to seize this opportunity, and establish a good relationship with him. Since you like him, that won’t be a problem, right? Tomorrow, they will go to Dragon City. Qingcheng, go with your future husband, and try to enchant him.” The white figure replied excitedly.

“Yes! I will.” Qingcheng nodded her head, as the light that flashed in her eyes was even brighter than a star.

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In the Four Square Attic, the Yue Pavilion.

Xue Fei sat on a wooden chair, staring at Wuhen, who was standing in front of him. After a long while, he broke the silence, “What you have done is too radical. Our family will be isolated by the other families! Forget it... it has happened already. Since you plan to cling to Tu Qianjun, just go and follow him. I hope you won’t regret it!”

“I don’t think I did anything wrong. Look, only with the support of Immortal City can I walk out of this continent. As for the other four families, I’ll be able to annihilate them all once I reach that stage. Believe me, second grandpa.” Wuhen replied with wild conceitedness.

“Alright, let’s forget it.” Xue Fei sighed.

Suddenly, Xue Fei whispered, “I guess Ye Qinghan is determined to kill you. Well, we’d better think ahead of him, and assassinate him instead!”

“Yes!” Wuhen’s eyes flickered with murderous cold light, as he replied with a firm nod.

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[1] : A chamber pot is a bowl-shaped container with a handle, and often a lid, used as a portable toilet, especially in the bedroom at night.

Chapter 70 – Set off for Dragon City

The next morning, outside the gate of the Yue Pavilion, a line of luxurious carriages marched off. The pedestrians all looked over their shoulders, marveled at its grandiose. In Enchantment City, rich people were everywhere; however, rarely had they seen such a great number of luxurious carriages on the streets. The carriages were driving in the direction of Dragon City, with family flags fluttering in the air.

Shisan and Shiqi kept smiling along the way, for they felt so relaxed after these joyful days in the Yue Pavilion – the paradise for men. Most importantly, the Ye Family had paid for all of their expenses. No one would complain about such a golden opportunity.

Therefore, when they saw Qinghan, a touch of flattery was added in their smile. Overlooking the vanishing Yue Pavilion, they were so reluctant to say goodbye to the beauties they had enjoyed. But, when thinking of what Qinghan had promised them, they felt refreshed and were in high spirits.

“As long as you can survive the Elite Prefecture War, I promise, that I’ll allow you to stay at the Yue Pavilion for a whole month! Remember, this is a privilege that can only be enjoyed by those who contribute the most in the war. Now... Let’s go and kill!”

One entire month in the Yue Pavilion! The super-grade service! Ever since Shisan and Shiqi had heard this, their passion had been in an upsurge. The first-grade service they’d enjoyed these days had already made their heads spin in sensual satisfaction. Now, they were told that they would be enjoying an even more exciting service, for as long as one whole month! Qinghan had gone to great lengths to stimulate their morale. Actually, it was rather risky living in the

Yue Pavilion for such a long time, as they could meet with an early demise due to over exhaustion. Anyway, this was still a quite feasible and encouraging method

The other members of the Death Squad, who were sitting in the rear carriages, extended their heads out from the curtain, trying to listen to what Shiqi and Shisan were talking about. Although, they had all been barred from stepping onto the island of the Tranquil Lake, the story of their master had still found its way into their ears, which had only increased their appreciation for Qinghan.

“Our young lord has surpassed his father in this regard. When Ye Dao rejected Yan’er and left, the Yue family did nothing to dissuade him.”

“Yeah, but now, the Yue family are hunkering down, in order to cater our young lord. They are begging him to marry Qingcheng. How funny!”

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Dragon City wasn’t far away from Enchantment City, and the journey wouldn’t take more than five or six days. On the spacious streets, the carriages of the five families marched in a formidable array. The young lords, owing to yesterday’s festival, were all exhausted and slept inside their respective carriage, while meals were placed on the tables inside their carriages.

On the second day of the journey, after a whole day’s rest, the young lords began to leave their respective carriage, to refresh themselves. The negative mood from the festival was all swept away after one night’s sound sleep. Feng Zi, Hua Cao, and Shuiliu were now sitting around a plain table, enjoying wine and barbecue, while chatting cheerfully with each other.

In the middle of their casual conversation, a figure appeared. Feng Zi raised his head, and smiled, “Hey, where’s your master? Is he too busy to come over? Go and invite your master to join us.”

The figure was Dongfang Dao. He and his four fellow brothers had been accompanying Qinghan since they had left the island of the Tranquil Lake. However, compared with Shisan, they were less welcomed by their master. But Dongfang Dao didn’t care about this at all, because he believed that Qinghan would find their value as time passed by.

Now, he was stopped by Feng Zi, and was asked to invite Qinghan.

A minute later, he returned.

“Young lord Feng Zi, young lord Hua Cao, and young lord Shuiliu. Our master said he will remain in his carriage to cultivate. But when he comes out, he’ll drink an urn of wine with the three of you, as an apology.” Dongfang Dao, who was supposed to be a young lord, had changed his identity to a subordinate, and he felt quite natural in doing so.

“Dongfang, I know you’re a rare talent. Are you really determined to become a subordinate of Qinghan?” Feng Zi stared at Dongfang in sheer curiosity. According to the intelligence he had received from his family, Dongfang Dao and other four guys, who were all amazingly in the third level of the Realm of the General, had kept a low-profile all these years. Their combination of young age and advanced cultivation met the criteria as rare talents. They were able to rule a small region... They were able to be an actual leader! However, in front of Qinghan, they behaved so heartily submissive, which was beyond the understanding of most others.

“Yes! Dongfang, you five guys are all rare talents, like the glaring stars in the sky. If you five follow me, I promise that I’ll treat you as my elder brothers! To be frank, you look like a servant in front of Qinghan. I guess he doesn’t truly appreciate you guys.” Shuiliu broke in with a chuckle, in an attempt to lure Dongfang away from Qinghan.

“Thanks for your kind words. However, young lord Shuiliu, I have to make it clear that we’ve volunteered to become our master’s servants. Decades ago, Ye Dao saved the lives of our fathers, we owe him more than our lives, and so we vowed to be his family’s servants. We all agree, all five of us, that we’re blessed to become our young lord’s subordinate.” Dongfang retorted in a composed manner, before he bowed to them all, and left to join Nangong, with whom he silently ate.

“Ahh!”

Shuiliu was choked by Dongfang’s response. Out of helplessness, he rubbed his nose, and grabbed a cup of wine.

“Haha, buddy. If I were you, I wouldn’t say such things. I guess you don’t know Qinghan well, but he’s really a masterpiece. Qinghan’s extraordinary speed in cultivation, in my opinion, is the main reason why they’ve decided to follow him.” With a faint smile, Feng Zi jerked his head towards Shuiliu.

“I agree with Feng Zi. It would also be in our best interest to be on friendly terms with him. In my opinion, offending him is the most stupid thing you can do!” Hua Cao joined the conversation.

Unlike Feng Zi and Hua Cao, Shuiliu was just a nephew of the leader of the

Dragon Major Mansion. So he didn't have access to any confidential information, such as Qinghan's background. Therefore, he frowned, and asked, "How come? Why are they all afraid of him?"

Enjoying a sip of wine, Feng Zi looked around, and tossed his head to Shuiliu, whispering, "Can you believe it? Several months ago, Qinghan was merely a piece of garbage. He was stuck in the Realm of the Elite and he hadn't even managed to summon a battle beast. Astonishingly, within just a few months, he rose several realms, which has refreshed everyone's concept of cultivation. Initially, in Wild City, at the first level of the Realm of the Commander, he successfully killed five subordinates sent by Wuhen, one of whom was an advanced cultivator in the Realm of the General; Later, when he returned to the Ye family from Wild City, he killed a key descendant of his own family, who was said to be in the Realm of the General. Moreover, he even killed Ye Ron, an elder of the Ye family, who was already in the Realm of the Emperor! Oh, I almost forgot, there were two more victims in that internal strife: one was Ye Qingkuang, whose Dantian was ruined by Qinghan, the other was Ye Jian, who was imprisoned in the rear hill of the Ye Castle. Given all these impressive kills, Ye Tianlong didn't punish Qinghan at all. On the contrary, he imprisoned Ye Jian, and excluded Qingkuang. Ye Qingniu is now treating Qinghan like a precious treasure, which should be sufficient evidence of Qinghan's mind boggling potential."

"Oh..."

At the beginning, Shuiliu had listened with rapture, as he drank his cup of wine. However, out of sheer astonishment, he had spit out a mouthful of wine, the moment he was told that even Ye Ron was killed by Qinghan. He shook his head in disbelief, "That's impossible. How can a teenager kill an elder who's in the Realm of the Emperor? Are you sure that your information is reliable?"

"Yes, the information is definitely true, because that's exactly what our family

received too. Although I don't know any of the details, it is a fact that Qinghan has killed Ye Ron. I believe, that your uncle has already received this information. The elders of my family have already warned me not to offend Qinghan, in case he would decide to kill me! As far as I know, he's able to kill those in the Realm of the Marshal within a second! As for the specific reason... I really have no idea!" Hua Cao explained ahead of Feng Zi.

- Bang! -

The cup in Shuiliu's hand suddenly fell onto the carriage floor, and shattered into several pieces. He was terrified! After all, he and Qinghan were far from friends, so it was definitely possible for Qinghan to do something lethal to him. Because of his ignorance, he had underestimated Qinghan back at the Yue Pavilion, and fought with him. Although he had escaped from that punch, he wasn't sure if he could escape another one.

Since Qinghan was chosen and supported by the Yue family, his influence had now even doubled. It seemed too naïve for Shuiliu to launch a revenge for that previous punch. And now, after knowing the truth, he quickly decided to keep a distance from Qinghan, in order to protect himself from being further harmed.

Despite their hot discussion, Qinghan remained silent inside his carriage. He was cultivating with great concentration.

As they were quickly nearing Dragon City, Qinghan had to seize every moment he had to cultivate. Although he was proud of his current achievement, the first level of the Realm of the General, he was an inexperienced beginner in terms of unleashing his Battle Qi. Thus, he had told Shisan that, from the second day on, he would focus on cultivating until they arrived at Dragon City. He was confident, that he would be able to grasp this new technique in such a short amount of time.

Chapter 71 – The Unleashing of Battle Qi

The theory of unleashing Battle Qi was quite simple, and it could be mastered by any cultivator. Ye Qinghan was no exception. Moreover, Ye Tianlong had already bestowed him a stack of secret manuals, including the one dealing with the most efficient method of unleashing Battle Qi.

Battle Qi originated from the essence of heaven and earth. Before one cleared his meridians, the Battle Qi could be stored and circulated in one's cells. In a similar way, the Battle Qi could also be led out of one's body through the cells.

However, before one's Dantian was condensed, the circulating speed of Battle Qi was extremely slow. Even if the little amount of Battle Qi was unleashed, it was impossible to form any visible shape, let alone hurt others.

Only when a cultivator's Dantian was condensed, and his other twelve meridians were cleared, could a perfect circulation system be formed between the meridians and the Dantian. A steady flow of Battle Qi, by that time, would be circulating inside one's body, which made it possible for the unleashing of Battle Qi. The required amount of Battle Qi would be condensed into terrifying crystals of power. These crystals of power could be used to directly attack, or to be exploded to cause a disastrous situation for one's opponent.

Inside the commodious carriage, Qinghan crossed his legs on his bedside, while he already was fully concentrated on the circulation of Battle Qi in his meridians and Dantian, despite the clops, and the noises caused by the wheels.

Suddenly, Qinghan pushed a small amount of Battle Qi, from the steady flow inside the circulating system, to the five fingers of his left hand. The complexity of the meridians deterred the accurate flow of Battle Qi; however, the ten

fingers, where most of the meridians existed, were the most efficient part to unleash Battle Qi. In each and every finger, there was a small meridian, which was connected to the meridians in the other fingers. In other words, the palm was a meridian-laden section of the body. Due to this, it was relatively more convenient to unleash the Battle Qi through the fingers. Therefore, without further consideration, Qinghan imitated what the ancestors had written down, and led a specific amount of Battle Qi to his fingers, in a speedy, but controllable manner.

When the small amount of Battle Qi emerged from his five fingers, it would be condensed into a crystal of Battle Qi. Cautiously Qinghan controlled the speed of unleashing, and witnessed the mixing and condensation of the Battle Qi in his palm.

- Buzz! -

All of a sudden, as the unleashed Battle Qi accumulated to a certain amount, Qinghan felt the force in his palm disappear, like a fully blown-up balloon being poked and flattened.

“Damn! I screwed it up! The most difficult part of unleashing Battle Qi would be the controlling of the proper speed.” Qinghan stared at his empty palm, and murmured to himself. Although he had failed on his first try, he was far from thwarted. Actually, there wasn’t much skill involved in this process, it all depended on one’s mind. There were sadly no shortcuts available. The only way to succeed, was to repeat this process of controlling the speed and flow of the Battle Qi, time and time again.

“Again!” Qinghan encouraged himself, as he closed his eyes and concentrated all of his mind on the conveying of Battle Qi.

Two times, three times... fifty times!

One day, two days... four days!

Eventually, on the fifth day, did Qinghan jump out of his carriage. He did some relaxing stretches, in order to activate his almost rotten waist. After releasing a long breath, he turned around, and found Feng Zi and the other young lords, who were sitting around a table.

“Young lord, did you finish your cultivation?”

Shiqi, who had been guarding around the carriage for the last few days, smiled to Qinghan the moment he saw Qinghan emerge from his carriage.

“Yes, I’ve finished. Come with me, and let us enjoy some good wine together!” Qinghan was in high spirits, for he had just successfully mastered the technique of unleashing Battle Qi. With a bright smile, he walked towards the crowd of young lords.

“Hey, young lord Qinghan. You’ve finally come. Take a seat, please!”

“Qinghan, you’re such a diligent cultivator!”

“Hello, young lord!”

Everyone who was nearby, quickly stood up, warmly greeting Qinghan. The members of the Death Squad, as well as his five new disciples, all bowed to

Qinghan with full respect.

“Hey, come on. I’ve already told you guys, please eliminate those unnecessary formalities. Personally, I don’t like it when you guys do that. I’ll go and sit down with the other young lords to have a nice chat with them!” Qinghan waved his hands, and stepped forward, “Feng Zi, Hua Cao, Shuiliu, I’m coming. Save me some wine, please! I’ve promised to drink an entire urn of wine as an apology for not joining you guys the other day.”

“Alright! I like your straightforward personality. Let us have a blast tonight!” Feng Zi tapped on the edge of the table, and told everyone to refill their cups with wine.

“Feng Zi, careful, the table is not made of marble, it’s rather fragile. If you break it, we won’t have such a convenient place to enjoy our meals.” Hua Cao reminded Feng Zi in a joking manner, before he turned his head to Qinghan with a smile.

“Yes, Feng Zi, you should be punished for this and quickly drink an urn of wine empty!” Shuiliu joined in.

“An urn of wine? Humph, to me, that’s a piece of cake!” Feng Zi glared at Shuiliu, and extended his fist. However, when he was about to slam his fist on the table, he remembered Hua Cao’s words, and awkwardly placed his hands on his legs.

“Hehe, would you mind if I join you and drink a cup of wine?” An oriole-like crisp sound came from afar, and the young lords all curiously jerked their heads in that direction. Soon, a girl in a white dress, with a pleasant fragrance, stood in front of them. This girl was Qingcheng.

“Oh? Won’t you let me join you?” Hearing no response, Qingcheng asked curiously. Strangely, she was still wearing that white veil, which only revealed her pearlescent eyes.

“Of course you can join! You’re Qinghan’s wife, we’re honored to have you with us!” Feng Zi laughed loudly, as he quickly emptied a chair for Qingcheng.

“Errr...” Qinghan felt embarrassed, and shot a resentful glare at Feng Zi. But he still acted kindly, in case the lively atmosphere would be ruined.

“Miss Qingcheng, please take a seat.” Qinghan pointed Qingcheng to the emptied chair.

“Yes, our brother Qinghan’s wife, please sit down!” Hua Cao and Shuiliu also replied, despite the envious and gloomy feelings inside their heart.

In contrast with Qinghan’s awkwardness, Qingcheng acted more natural. Disregarding the occasional glances of the others, she sat down, and corrected their callings, “Hey, you guys should call me Qingcheng. I’m not used to that other title. Plus, we aren’t even married yet.”

“Alright, Miss Qingcheng, but I believe that you two will get married in the near future. Oh, your veil... it would be rather inconvenient to enjoy a cup of wine with that on.” Feng Zi smilingly replied.

“Qinghan, you should take her cup of wine instead.” Shuiliu was determined to befuddle Qinghan. Since he had lost the battle on the festival, he wouldn’t lose yet another one on this table.

“Yeah, it really is too inconvenient.” Hua Cao also looked at Qinghan.

“Ok, her cup of wine is shall be drunk by me! Plus an urn of wine, as I’ve promised!” Qinghan didn’t feel threatened at all, as he grabbed the urn and poured the wine into his mouth.

People in the Flame Dragon Continent were brought up as cultivators, so everyone was capable of drinking. As for Qinghan, ever since he had had his first taste of wine in Wild City, he had been clear headed. The wine, to him, was like water. No matter how much he took in, he remained sober.

“Come on, I’m not afraid of anyone!” Feng Zi also grabbed an urn of wine in his hands, ready to compete with Qinghan. Feng Zi, Hua Cao and Shuiliu had formed a kind of alliance in defeating Qinghan, so that their lost face could be somewhat regained after what had happened at the Summer Fire Festival.

A war without smoke or gunpowder was launched. Both Qinghan and Feng Zi quickly finished three urns of wine! Feng Zi was as drunk as a lord, staggering back and forth aimlessly; while Qinghan remained in high spirits. Realizing Qinghan’s terrifying capacity of drinking, Hua Cao hesitated, but soon after found himself drunk as well. Similarly, Shuiliu was finally too drunk to care about his manners, as he stretched his legs out, before falling asleep underneath the table.

At the same time, Qingcheng kept an eye on Qinghan, for she was worried about him. However, after Qinghan had successfully drunk the three young lords under the table, Qingcheng giggled with relief, “Qinghan, has your family got a secret method for remaining sober?”

“Haha, I just happen to be good at drinking wine.” Qinghan touched his swollen up belly, before he stood up with some difficulty. He stumbled forward, while hiccupping along the way.

“Are you ok? Where are you going? Shall I accompany you?” Qingcheng asked anxiously.

“No, no, stay where you are... I’m going to pee. I’ve drunk too much wine!” Qinghan somehow managed to utter these words.

Qingcheng was embarrassed by this unexpected, yet straightforward answer, as her cheeks immediately turned red. Nevertheless, she asked Shisan to follow Qinghan, in case of an emergency. After that, she hastily walked towards her carriage, very much alive and kicking.

Chapter 72 – Dragon City

Dragon City, located in the center of the Mars Prefecture, was said to have existed since the ancient times. Originally, the three races co-inhabited the continent, without being divided into three prefectures. At that time, small conflicts were commonplace, but no large-scale war ever occurred.

Later, there emerged the first Emperor – Long, who united the whole continent and established the Flame Dragon Empire, by leading the three races to a great number of battlefields. Dragon City was set up as the Capital of the empire, and the continent was segmented into three prefectures, with each prefecture being led by a General.

Although there wasn't adequate evidence to support the authenticity of this legend, the prosperity of Dragon City was beyond question. The city wall, which was more than twenty meters in height, and ten meters in depth, surrounded the city in a dumpling shape. Moreover, the city moat, that was also dozens of meters wide, flowed along the city in tempestuous torrents, the depth of which was unfathomable.

“What a magnificent city wall!”

It was Qinghan's first time to come to Dragon City. He was marveled by the grandiose of the city wall, when he pushed the curtain and peeked at the nearby scenery.

The family names printed on the flag of each carriage, allowed them to march into the city without being scrutinized. At least, the authority of the five prominent families wasn't challenged at the city gates. The soldiers stood along both sides of the streets, saluting the array of carriage, with eyes full of envy and

respect.

On a crossroad, the group of carriages diverged into five different teams. Each family went to their respective manor, and planned to assemble tomorrow morning at the city major mansion.

The manor, that belonged to the Ye family, was located in the eastern part of the city. It was a half hour ride from the entrance of the city to the manor. When they arrived at their destination, they saw lines of people standing in front of the bronze gate, greeting them with big smiles.

“Your highness, young lord Qinghan!”

The moment Qinghan stepped out of his carriage, the crowd immediately kneeled down on one leg, as only the middle-aged man in the middle remained unmoved.

“Welcome, I’m Ye Ping. Dear nephew, I hope that you had a pleasant journey!” The middle-aged man, roughly in his forties, broke the silence. He looked like an educated gentleman.

“Nice to meet you, Elder Ye Ping!” Qinghan had been informed about Ye Ping beforehand, and had learned that this guy was from his father’s generation, and had had a good relationship with Ye Dao. As a collateral descendant of the Ye family, as well as a cultivator in the second level of the Realm of the Emperor, Ye Ping was appointed to be in charge of this manor many years ago. Given his capacity, Ye Ping was one of the elders that had real influence within the family. Unlike Ye Gun, who was also a collateral descendant, Ye Ping was one of the family’s top management personnel.

It might be Ye Ping's sincerity, or his influential status, but Qinghan replied to him with equal kindness.

At first, Ye Ping was surprised by Qinghan's courteous bow, and sweet smile, for he had been told that Qinghan was a teenager with an unbridled personality, who even dared to curse at his elders.

"Look at him, he isn't as impolite as the rumor says." Ye Ping thought to himself, and in a hurry, he grabbed Qinghan's hand, "Come with me. I have prepared a banquet for you. This is the reception we arranged in honor of your coming."

"Oh, Elder Ye Ping, you're so kind!" Qinghan followed Ye Ping, and nodded to Shisan and Dongfang over his shoulder, before he entered the house.

After having dined and wined, together with Ye Ping, Qinghan was now satisfactorily enjoying a cup of tea. He sat there quietly, waiting for Ye Ping to tell him something. Previously, the elders of the Ye family had told Qinghan very little about the upcoming war, so he predicted that this task might fall onto Ye Ping's shoulders.

"Tomorrow, you have to go to the city major mansion to collect your badge. The day after tomorrow, you'll be transferred to the island of the Prefecture War through a place in the city major mansion. But before that, let me explain the Elite Prefecture War to you in detail. Also I'll remind you of the do's and don'ts of this war."

Without much formality, Ye Ping cut straight to the point. Although he had participated in the Prefecture War only once, he had drawn experience from the

various Elite Prefecture Wars the family had taken part in. Plus, he had deliberately gone to the city major mansion, the moment he had received this task, and he had thumbed through several books on the subject of the Elite Prefecture War. It was fair to say, that Ye Ping was well prepared to finish this job that was assigned to him by the Ye family. Right now, Qinghan was all ears, craving for more knowledge on the war. The rapt expression on Qinghan's face encouraged Ye Ping to pump out as much information as he possibly could.

“First of all, let me introduce you to the island of the Prefecture War: it is comprised of four small islands. The relatively larger one is in the center, which is surrounded by the three smaller ones. The battlefield of the Elite Prefecture War is on the central island... The central island, which is one-tenth of the size of the Mars Prefecture, is also known as Ghost Island. Later, I'll show you a map. Oh, remember, the Prefecture War is held on Ghost Island, and except for the descendants from the Ye family, you can kill anyone as you like. You have to make sure to trust no one. It happens that people from the Mars Prefecture will sometimes betray their own fellowmen, and kill someone from the same prefecture by assassination or a secretly schemed plot. As long as no evidence is left, no one will be held responsible for the death.”

“As for the Elite Prefecture War, the number of participants accumulates to over 100,000 people. There are fifty elite teams in total, which accounts for 10,000 people. The other 90,000 people are normal soldiers. As per previous wars, in the beginning, the elite teams will fight with each other for months. The massive final battle, which will be the most chaotic, will be held in the final month. The family suggests that you, young lord, should stay away from this massive battle, for it is too risky. Your main task is to go to Ghost Island, and kill the elites from the other two prefectures. This way, you can collect badges, which stands for credits.”

“Oh, I see. But how do they calculate the credits?” Qinghan winked his eyes, and asked inquisitively.

“Before I start to explain the credit issue, let me first tell you the difference between the Demon Prefecture and the Barbarian Prefecture. The inhabitants of the Demon Prefecture are divided into nine ranks – Demonic Soldier, Mighty Demonic Soldier, Demonic Warrior, Mighty Demonic Warrior, Demonic General, Demonic Marshal, Demonic Emperor, Demonic King, and Demonic Saint. Similarly, the Barbarian Prefecture has also categorized their citizens into the following grades: Barbarian Soldier, Mighty Barbarian Soldier, Barbarian Warrior, Mighty Barbarian Warrior, Barbarian General, Barbarian Marshal, Barbarian Emperor, Barbarian King, and Barbarian Saint. Before the age of thirty, almost no one will be able to become a Demonic or Barbarian Emperor. Of course, your father, Ye Dao was an exception. I remember, he obtained the Realm of the Emperor at the age of twenty-eight. But, don’t worry, you won’t encounter such a genius from the other prefectures, because it takes at least hundreds of years to have a cultivator like your father appear. Listen, in the first half year, you’d better focus most of your attention on cultivation, rather than fighting. You aren’t allowed to frequently participate in the war, until you’ve reached the Realm of the Marshal. Because only by then will you be able to escape from those Demonic or Barbarian Emperors. Shiqi and Shisan will inform you the details about this... Ok, let’s get back to the credits. Taking the Demon Prefecture as an example, the Demonic Soldier and Mighty Demonic Soldier are normal soldiers, so you can only get one point for killing them. One Demonic Warrior equals two points, one Mighty Demonic Warrior represents five points, a Demonic General is worth ten points, a Demonic Marshal thirty points, and a Demonic Emperor one hundred points!”

[Editor note: Just so you guys don’t get confused like me, The Demonic and Barbarian Emperors are equal to the human Realm of The Prince. Ye Dao was in the Realm of The Emperor, which is equal to Demonic and Barbarian King]

“Ohhh!”

Qinghan lowered his head, calculating silently. After a short while, he raised his head with a solemn expression, “Do I have to kill at least 100 Demonic Emperors, or more than 300 Demonic Marshals, or 1,000 Demonic Generals, in order to accumulate the 10,000 credits needed to exchange for one Spirit Immortal Dan?”

“Mathematically, you are right.” Ye Ping nodded his head in confirmation, and sighed, “However, the elite teams of each prefecture are led by cultivators in the Realm of the Prince, or by Demonic Emperors, or by Barbarian Emperors. An advanced leader can increase the average power of their whole team. Qinghan, you’re in the Realm of the General, right? But I’m afraid your true ability has already surpassed the first level of the Realm of the Marshal. Hehe, that’s why the family has sent you out. Remember, you must take Shisan and Shiqi’s advice during the war...”

“What a tough task!” Qinghan sighed helplessly.

The Spirit Immortal Dan was a valuable treasure, and it took an enormous amount of effort to get just one pill. Although it was said, that the total number of elites amounted to over 100,000, which should be equivalent to millions of credits, it would take unimaginable effort, or even one’s life, to kill them all. Therefore, even the aim of 10,000 credits was difficult to reach. At least, considering his current level of cultivation, Qinghan found it as an insurmountable mountain, as high as the mountains outside of Wild City!

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The conversation continued until midnight. Qinghan listened with great attention, for it was directly related to his own life, as well as his sister’s life.

Never in his lifetime did he shoulder such a heavy responsibility. The credits were so hard to obtain. Basically, Qinghan had to risk his life in order to obtain these credits.

Later, Ye Ping arranged a room for Qinghan to rest. Looking at the back of Qinghan, who was disappearing in the darkness, Ye Ping stood up and walked into a quiet study, where a figure in green clothing stood waiting. This figure was reading, while drinking a cup of tea.

“Your highness! Great elder Qingniu!” Ye Ping bent his knees, and greeted him with immense courtesy.

“Have you told him everything?” The man in green clothing turned around, staring at Ye Ping with his prominent eyes.

“Yes, your highness, I have told him everything as per your request.” Ye Ping replied cautiously, and frowned with confusion, “Great elder, I still have some doubts about this. Why do we send Qinghan, but not the others, to the Prefecture War? I don’t think he has much of a chance in obtaining the required credits. Plus, the war is too dangerous. I mean, we could possibly sacrifice a potential supreme cultivator in the process...”

“Both the leader and I know it for certain, that he won’t be able to get the 10,000 credits. You know, we have already arranged a secret team of advanced cultivators to secretly gain credits for him. Since he has been selected by the holy virgin, the Yue family is now also definitely on our side. They’ve promised to send out three advanced elite teams, to contribute to the overall credits.” Ye Qingniu explained after seriously pondering for a while.

“As for why we are sending Qinghan to the war, alas... it is caused by that

moron, Ye Jian! If it wasn't for the mess he created, we wouldn't think of this method to save the situation. Previously, Qinghan was determined to leave the Ye Castle once and for all. We had no choice, but to regain his trust by saving his sister. As for the risks... our leader said, it'll good for him to experience this slaughter, because it'll lay the foundation for him to become an even more advanced cultivator. Moreover, our leader has arranged Shisan and Shiqi to guarantee his safety. As long as he isn't a radical fighter, there shouldn't be any problems. You don't have to worry about these things."

"I hope that our young lord will still be safe and sound after the three-year Prefecture War!"

"I hope so too! Later, ask Shisan and Shiqi to come to see me. I have something to tell them."

The sighs made by Qingniu added a touch of melancholy to this summer night...

Chapter 73 – Long Pifu

North of Snow City, there was a famous Green Mountain. At the foot of this mountain, a small city was located, which was named after the mountain – Green Mountain City. Fifty years ago, an eighteen years old teenager, who was born and raised in this area, boasted exceptional cultivation capabilities. One day, he left home, as he was determined to challenge the well-known advanced cultivators. Incredibly, he defeated each and every challenger. Gradually, his reputation spread, and the five prominent families sent invitations to recruit him, which he all declined in the end. Instead, he participated in the chaotic Prefecture War, which was launched thirty years ago, and killed countless Demonic Emperors and Barbarian Kings on his own. Eventually, he accumulated the highest credits ever recorded, with which he exchanged the most-valued treasure at that time. After gaining considerable fame among his contemporaries, out of everyone's surprise, he led a reclusive life. Five years later, he came out once again, and fought with the then-leader of the Mars Prefecture. The fierce fight lasted for a day and a night, before finally ending in a victory for him. Since then, he has been the leader of the Mars Prefecture. His name was Long Pifu.

Standing in front of the palace-like City Major Mansion, Qinghan leaned forward, in order to listen clearly to Shisan's introduction of the leader of the Mars Prefecture. Given the absolute ability of the leader, Qinghan's admiration for him raised his expectations, and he was craving to see the leader as soon as possible. Qinghan had gotten up early this morning, for he knew, that the elite teams would assemble at the square of the City Major Mansion, to receive the leader's inspirational speech. After which, a relevant badge would be given according to one's true capabilities.

On the square, lines of elite teams stood in order, waiting for the leader. People swarmed in from all directions. On the periphery area, there were even numerous onlookers, watching the magnificent military parade.

“Younger brother, Qinghan. You’re so early. We went to your place, but were told that you had already left!”

Feng Zi and Hua Cao, leading their elite teams, walked towards Qinghan.

“Oh, really? I woke up a little bit early today, so I decided to come here in advance.” Qinghan replied. At first, he was surprised that both Feng Zi and Hua Cao, the future leaders of their respective family, were designated to participate in the war personally. But, when he remembered what he was told about the Prefecture War yesterday, he immediately figured it out. As long as they kept themselves to their own camp – the island of Mars, the risks were low. Even if they went out of this safe heaven, as long as they didn’t go into the inner parts of Ghost Island, they, most likely, wouldn’t encounter any life-threatening danger.

“Let’s wait here together. You guys, stand beside the fellow brothers of the Ye Family.” Feng Zi instructed his team to stand in line with those of the Ye Family. Likewise, Hua Cao also waved his hands to his team members, and asked them to stand together with Qinghan’s death squad.

- Hua! -

All of a sudden, a resounding sound pierced through the crowd. Everyone started to look around, trying to find where the sound came from. Out of curiosity, Qinghan also craned his neck over the others’ shoulders, and saw a group of face-covered beauties walking towards the square. The sweet fragrance emitting from their bodies was blowing directly into people’s faces, while they passed through the crowd.

“Young lord Qinghan, your wife is coming!” Feng Zi winked to Qinghan, and straightened his back.

Looking at the approaching girls, especially the one in the middle with her pearlescent eyes, Feng Zi’s heart saddened for a minute, but he soon pulled himself back together.

“Hey, buddy, don’t deride me like this. You know, I’ve tried to refuse this marriage. Sadly, however, I’ve failed.” Qinghan shook his head helplessly.

“Fuck you, you’re just showing off in an ostentatious manner!” Both Feng Zi and Hua Cao showed their middle finger and cursed at Qinghan in muffled voices.

“What are you guys doing?” At this moment, Qingcheng stepped towards them, as she winked her eyes, and said in natural tone, as if these young lords were some of her best friends. Not even the slightest trace of embarrassment could be found in her expression.

“Hello, Miss Qingcheng. We’re talking about when the leader will show up.” Feng Zi quickly changed the topic.

“Look! He’s coming.” Qingcheng turned around smilingly.

Following Qingcheng’s eyes, all the people jerked their heads towards the opening gate of the mansion, from where a shorty emerged. The crowd immediately closed their mouths, standing silently on the square.

“Is he really Long Pifu?” Looking at the approaching dwarf figure, Qinghan doubtfully asked. He had heard of Long Pifu since he was a child. In his imagination, Long Pifu should boast a sturdy, tall figure, and perhaps even have superhuman powers. However, the image of his idol was instantly shattered the moment Qinghan saw this small fellow, who very much resembled those old sanitation workers in the streets.

“Leader of Dragon City! Leader of Dragon City!”

Despite Qinghan’s disillusion, the crowd burst out into an ear-piercing shouting. As the leader walked out with an amicable smile, the resounding sounds grew louder and louder, as more people joined in. Out of sheer respect, numerous cultivators waved their arms in the air, screaming their lungs out, in order to welcome the number one cultivator of the Mars Prefecture.

An affable smile was plastered on Long Pifu’s face, just like an ordinary grandfather. Without any bodyguards, he silently stood in front of the gate. Despite his short figure, people found that he looked like an insurmountable mountain. When the yelling faded away, his body slowly rose up into the air, as if there was a mysterious power underneath his feet that propelled him up. The crowd widened their eyes in utter disbelief.

As was known to all, either a cultivator in the Realm of the Emperor, or a cultivator in the Realm of the Saint, would be able to fly with the help of Battle Qi. Long Pifu, however, flew up without showing any trace of unleashed Battle Qi. Indeed, in the square, there were many cultivators in the Realm of the Prince, and even they failed to sense any Battle Qi around Long Pifu.

“Leader of Dragon City!”

Once again, a wave of exclamations exploded forth. Looking up at the leader, people called out his title with great enthusiasm. With a slight nod, Long Pifu held his palms down, as a sign to stop the yelling.

“Hello, everyone, I’m Long Pifu! Tomorrow, the Elite Prefecture War will be launched. I don’t have very much to say to you, but may I ask one thing: Are you ready?” Long Pifu spoke in a soft tone, but it could be clearly heard.

“We are ready!” The response made by millions of people sounded like the waves of a tsunami, which almost drowned the square. Qinghan was astounded by the popularity of this leader.

“Very good! But don’t forget, the demons in the west, and the barbarians in the east, are also fully prepared for this war. Young fellows, sharpen your weapons and fight! Thirty years ago, we used our weapons to bring down those bastards from the other two prefectures. Now, it’s your turn. Please bear in mind, you’re supposed to fight until the last minute to safeguard the glory of our prefecture! I’ll wait for your return, on this square, in three years from now!” Long Pifu continued, in a composed, amicable, but confident voice.

“We’re going to war!”

“We’ll fight until the last minute!”

The passion of the crowd was fully kindled by Long Pifu’s stimulating speech. Countless people began to wave their weapons in the air, as they were roaring like ambitious lions. However, in the middle of their excitement, Long Pifu turned around, and only his shadow could be seen, as he had already vanished.

Soon after, a group of cultivators in white robes walked out of the mansion, with each of them holding a white crystal bar in their hands.

Unexpectedly, three white-robed cultivators rose up in the air, one of whom flew forward to the crowd, and said, “In front of you, there are one hundred crystal bars that are used to test your true capabilities. You just need to stand in front a bar, and exert your Battle Qi, which will be automatically clung to the crystal bar. This way, we can tell exactly how strong you are. As per your strength, we will give each of you a badge, which needs your blood to be activated. Now, please line up.”

Feng Zi took the initiative, and walked directly towards one crystal bar. By holding his left hand, he exerted the Battle Qi inside his palm, and then applied it to the bar. Immediately, the white bar turned dark yellow.

“The third level of the Realm of the General. Dark yellow badge. Please drop your blood to activate your badge.” The man standing beside the bar said coldly, as he handed a dark yellow ring to Feng Zi.

Accordingly, Feng Zi squeezed a drop of blood out of his finger, and dripped it onto the ring. Incredibly, the ring instantly lit up, as a vague character of “war” emerged on its surface.

Chapter 74 – The Island of the Prefecture War

The white-robed man, after he raised up his head finding the perplexed expressions of the crowd, explained, “The color of the ring matches with your own true capacity. Once the ring is activated, it will cling to your finger until you die. However, you can still find ways to take it off, either by cutting your finger off, or by going to Immortal City at the end of the Prefecture War.”

Following the crowd, Qinghan also collected his ring, and figured out the rules behind it after some careful observation. Based on the exerted Battle Qi, the white crystal bar could identify the ranks of the cultivators: white rings were for normal soldiers, red rings for cultivators in the Realm of the Elite, orange rings for cultivators in the Realm of the Commander, yellow rings for cultivators in the Realm of the General, green rings for cultivators in the Realm of the Marshal, and cyan rings for cultivators in the Realm of the Prince.

As for the cultivators in the same realm, the shade of the color differed as per their level. Those at the first level of the Realm of the General, for instance, had their ring turn light-yellow; while the color of the ring of those in the second level was shallow-yellow, and the final level was marked by a dark-yellow color.

Theoretically, as a cultivator in the first level of the Realm of the General, Qinghan should obtain a light-yellow ring. And if his integration power was included, he was even qualified to get the dark-green ring.

Actually, in the Elite Prefecture War, only cultivators in the same realm were allowed to fight with each other. Therefore, some cultivators cheated in the test, in order to conceal their true abilities, so that their risk of being killed would be somewhat minimized.

Feng Zi, for example, was tested as a cultivator in the third level of the Realm of the General. However, with his special swordsmanship, his power could be improved to the Realm of the Marshal. Hu Cao, who was at the same cultivation level as Feng Zi, with the help of his Invisible Technique, could easily stab those in the first level of the Realm of the Marshal to death. However, the concealment of power wasn't only an advantage to those from the Mars Prefecture. Some demons and barbarians also intentionally disguised their true abilities. Thus, the rings, sometimes, didn't tell the whole story of one's cultivation.

Four hours later, everyone had received a ring as their badge. Qinghan's ring was shallow-yellow, which was within his expectation. What surprised him was, that Qingcheng had actually collected a dark-yellow ring, indicating her true ability – the third level of the Realm of the General. No one was sure how much she could improve, if she used the special soul-based technique of the Yue family.

Out of sheer curiosity, Qinghan fixed his eyes on Qingcheng's ring for a little while. When Qingcheng realized Qinghan's interest in her ring, she tossed her head towards him, "Hehe, you know, I'm able to kill those in the second level of the Realm of the Marshal, as long as their soul isn't extremely tough. Ye Qinghan, never underestimate a woman! At least, unlike others, I'm not as weak as a flower vase."

"Oh my goodness!" Staring at her intelligent eyes, Qinghan was shocked. He realized, that even a woman in the five prominent families, could obtain such a terrifying cultivation level... At the same time, the fragrance in the air slightly touched Qinghan's heart string.

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The Ye Family's Manor, Dragon City.

In one of the small lobbies, Qinghan summoned his newly-recruited disciples. Because of the loyalty these five people had expressed, Qinghan had found them to be trustworthy. Moreover, they were the descendants of those saved by his father, hence Qinghan found it inappropriate to snub them.

“Young master!”

In public, they called Qinghan young lord, while in private, they called him young master. Nevertheless, Qinghan wasn't interested in this title at all.

“Tomorrow, we'll go to the island of the Prefecture War. You know how dangerous it will be, don't you? I bet you also know our main purpose for this war. Well, if you drop out at this moment, I won't blame you guys. Also, I'll ask our family to assign you better jobs.” Qinghan said sincerely, because he thought that it would be a pity for these talented young guys to sacrifice themselves for him.

The five disciples looked at each other, and found the ironclad determination in each other's eyes.

“If it wasn't for your father, we wouldn't be where we are today. You know? We five have made an oath, in front of our deceased elders, to follow Ye Dao's descendants throughout our lives!” Dongfang stood up and said with great determination.

After some serious pondering, Qinghan nodded his head, and passed them five manuals, “These are king-level Secret Techniques. I will enroll you in my Death Squad. You should regard cultivation as your main responsibility during this period of war. Since I have Shisan and Shiqi to ensure my safety, it'll be better for

you guys to join the Death Squad, and protect yourselves instead.”

“Yes, young master!” A little bit embarrassed by Qinghan’s straightforwardness, the five disciples took the five manuals, each of which had their respective name written on the surface. As cultivators in the third level of the Realm of the General, they were regarded as talents in the Mars Prefecture. However, when compared with their master, Qinghan, whose cultivating speed was one of a kind, their power was apparently overshadowed. It was hard to say, whether they were protecting Qinghan or vice versa. Thus, they were determined to increase the speed of their cultivation, to catch up with Qinghan’s speed. Otherwise, they wouldn’t live up to their name as the Five Bloody Soldiers.

After the five disciples left, Qinghan took out a mysterious wooden box, in which he believed a valuable treasure would be. Since the manual and the box were all handed over by Elder Ye Ping, there was no doubt that these were all valuable items.

On the wooden box, there was no lock, but only a simple switch. By pushing the switch to one side, the box opened, and three items were revealed: a cyan-colored dagger, a set of black soft armor, and a manual.

The first item Qinghan took out was the cyan dagger, which was about 33 centimeters long, and twice the weight of his previous one. However, as a cultivator in the first level of the Realm of the General, Qinghan lifted it up almost effortlessly. He extended the dagger, and stabbed it into the air. With great satisfaction, Qinghan replaced his old dagger with this new one.

After that, Qinghan took out the set of black soft armor, which was made of an unknown material. Out of curiosity, Qinghan used his new dagger, and scratched the surface of the armor with it. Amazingly, not the slightest mark could be

found. He tripled his strength, therefore, and scratched it once again. This time, a vague white mark stood on the surface, but disappeared when Qinghan smoothed over it with his hands.

Since the armor was of such supreme quality, Qinghan decided to test his dagger. He took it from his waist, and cut into his previous one.

- Ka Ca! -

His old dagger was immediately broke into two halves.

“It seems, both the armor and the dagger are precious items.” Qinghan laughed out cheerfully.

Usually, the items were divided into four ranks: human-level, spirit-level, treasure-level, and holy-level. Obviously, these two newly-gained objects in Qinghan’s hands were most like treasure-level items. As for the holy-level items, there were only two in the Ye Family, one was possessed by Ye Tianlong, and the other one was on Qinghan’s finger. After all, his grandfather wouldn’t hand him the other holy-level item quite yet.

Eventually, Qinghan picked up the manual, inside which he found a piece of paper. After reading it with great caution, Qinghan realized that this sheet of paper was related to the introduction of these two items. He learned that the dagger was named the Cyan Dragon Dagger, an inferior treasure-level item. Although it couldn’t chop through iron as easily as chopping mud, it was still a lethal weapon for killing people. The soft armor, also known as the Black Tortoise Armor, was also an inferior treasure-level item. By wearing this armor, one could shield himself away from the stabs from any inferior treasure-level items. Theoretically, it could resist the power exerted by a cultivator in the third level of

the Realm of the Marshal.

“Ha, treasure-level items! Although they’re all of the inferior type, I’m still satisfied with both of them. Wait, since items are categorized as inferior and superior in the same level, what about my bronze ring? Is it an inferior one or a superior one?” However, thinking of the magical healing function, Qinghan vowed that he wouldn’t change his ring for anything, even if someone gave him several holy-level items in exchange!”

After some self-mockingly laughter, Qinghan grabbed the manual. On the cover, there were three characters, Mysterious Trace Steps, written in elegant calligraphy. When Qinghan placed his eyes on the corner of the cover, his lips slightly parted, as his fingers trembled.

“Holy-level Secret Technique, written by Ye Ruoshui.”

Taking a deep breath, Qinghan managed to calm himself down from his excitement. He had never expected, that his grandfather would treat him with such generosity. Despite the countless resources of the Ye family, the Holy-level Secret Technique was still hard to obtain, because it was created by his most famous ancestor, Ye Ruoshui, whose power was comparable to Ye Huang, the founder of the Ye family!

However, on second thought, Qinghan reckoned he should take it for granted, since his family owed him a lot. He couldn’t help but read through the content.

“As the name of this technique suggests, Mysterious Trace Steps is a method of pacing, used to avoid attacks from one’s enemies. It involves three levels... The first level requires the cultivator to be in the Realm of the General. For those below this realm, it’s simply impossible to truly grasp it.”

“Haha, with this technique, I can go anywhere I want to go!” Qinghan whispered, as if he saw his ancestor, Ye Ruoshui, standing there with expectant eyes. Although it was a defensive skill, Qinghan found it was a most-needed one at his current stage.

The integration technique Qinghan had obtained, could now kill those in the Realm of the Marshal at a short distance. He had nothing to worry about in terms of attack power, since he had acquired the Soul Blackout technique. What he really lacked was a good defensive technique, with which he could escape any possible attacks during the war. After all, this wasn't going to be a one-on-one battle.

When hundreds of people mingled together in the war, Qinghan could kill any of them within a second. The problem was, however, that he could also be attacked by anyone in such a chaotic situation. A Life-saving technique would be super important! Thankfully, Ye Tianlong had taken Qinghan's safety as a priority, and bestowed upon him this precious Holy-level Secret Technique for free.

Thumbing through the manual quickly, Qinghan couldn't resist the temptation to start cultivating it as soon as possible. The earlier he learned this technique, the more advanced he would become.

The first level of this technique seemed simple enough, but turned out to be complicated in practice. First, he had to unleash his Battle Qi from his feet, in order to propel the speed of his steps. Following that, he had to practice eighteen difficult pacing gestures continuously. Given that he had already learned the skill of unleashing Battle Qi, it would pose no challenge for the current Qinghan. For the eighteen weird pacing gestures, however, it took time and effort to practice unceasingly, until he managed to make this skill become

part of his instinctive reaction.

According to the instructions described in the manual, Qinghan embarked on his boring journey of practice.

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The next morning, Qinghan opened his eyes when the first rays of the sun crept through his window. Actually, he had been awake, as he had been cultivating the whole night, which made him look like a sagging balloon because of fatigue. However, he managed to pull himself back together, and stood up, to wash himself and have a filling breakfast.

When Qinghan walked through the gates of the manor, Shisan was already quietly here, waiting for him. Qinghan turned to him with a smile, and waved his hands, as a sign of setting off.

After he jumped into the carriage, Qinghan went to the square. The three colossal teleportation spots, a couple of days ago, had been guarded by soldiers, whose responsibility it was to prevent others from getting closer. Now, the three spots were crowded with people, who were waiting to be sent to the island of the Prefecture War.

A dozen of men in white robes were activating the teleportation spots, and arranged people to take their turn in a proper sequence.

“Young lord, I saw young lord Feng Zi over there. I guess he’s waiting for you.” Shisan rolled his shrewd eyes, and found Feng Zi and Hua Cao, who, together

with Qingcheng, were looking around, as though they were looking for someone.

“Alright, let’s go!” Qinghan jumped out of his carriage, and asked his team to do likewise. He also instructed the servants of the Ye family to send the carriages back to the manor, before he walked towards Feng Zi.

“Young lord Qinghan, why are you so late? I guess you’ve done ‘bad things’ last night.” Feng Zi made fun of Qinghan, and threw a subtle glance at Qingcheng.

“Fuck you. I’ve been cultivating the whole night. By the way, why aren’t there as much people next to this teleportation spot, like at the other two?” Qinghan first cursed at Feng Zi for his nasty joke, after which he curiously asked about the teleportation spot.

With a sweet smile, Qingcheng broke in, and explained, “This spot is specially designed for people from the five families. Only after all of us have teleported, can others use it.”

“So... Shall we go right now? Or are you guys still waiting for somebody?” Qinghan slightly nodded to Qingcheng, greeting her, before he turned back to Hua Cao.

“I think we can go now. Wuhen... the traitor, has already gone. I also heard that Shuiliu has gone with Long Sainan. Errr... Sainan is his female cousin.” Hua Cao said in a scornful tone, as he was still upset about Wuhen’s betrayal.

“Let’s go!” Qinghan shouted, as he stretched his arms forward, in front of Qingcheng, as if he was saying “Ladies first.”

Without saying anything, Qingcheng led her pink-dressed elite team to the teleportation spot. The white-robed men reminded them about something, before they placed several white crystals into the corners of the spot. All of a sudden, everyone covered their eyes with their hands, to avoid the dazzling beam that emerged from the spot. When they removed their hands, Qingcheng, as well as her elite team, had already disappeared!

“The process is quite simple. But what on earth is the theory behind it? What kind of crystal do they hold in their hands?” Qinghan stared at the teleportation spot, without blinking his eyes. He was amazed by such a heavenly technique, which could teleport anyone from one place to another.

“I’ll go now. See you later!” Feng Zi led his team to the spot, and also quickly disappeared.

Hua Cao followed immediately after Feng Zi, and disappeared with his team.

At last, Qinghan, together with his elite team, stood on the teleportation spot, nervously. The white-robed men eventually even asked him to calm down.

“Don’t worry, everything will be fine.” One of the white-robed men said, after which he activated the teleportation spot.

As the glaring beam emerged, Qinghan closed his eyes, feeling as if he was being sucked in by a giant force. He had some symptoms in the process of teleportation, such as a slight blood congestion in his brain, and raucous ringing in his ears. Thank goodness, it only lasted for a few seconds, and when he opened his eyes, he found himself in a picturesque place.

“Welcome to the island of the Prefecture War. Here, you’ll enjoy a grand feast of slaughter, for three whole year!” Unexpectedly, a resounding voice sounded in the air.

Chapter 75 – Secret Team

Out of curiosity, Qinghan turned around, and found an elder standing alongside his Death Squad. The silver-haired elder, who was in a grey robe, was smiling at them.

“As far as I know, only those cultivators below the age of the thirty are allowed to participate in the Elite Prefecture War. Why is there an elder here?” Qinghan raised his vigilance, ready for an emergency.

However, Shisan tapped Qinghan’s arm, and whispered in his ear, “Take it easy, young lord. He is responsible for safeguarding this island. Of course, the elders aren’t planning on entering Ghost Island.”

Both Shisan and Shiqi cupped one of their hands upon the other, and shouted, “Your highness, guardian elder of the island!”

“Nice to meet you, respected elder!” Qinghan, together with his Death Squad team, followed suit, and bowed to the elder.

“Glad to meet you here! I guess you’re the descendant of the Ye family, aren’t you? Well, we’ve reserved the southern yard for your team. Please, walk along this road, and there are servants waiting at your rooms for your arrival.” The grey-robed elder suddenly disappeared, after he had finished saying these words.

“Teleportation?” Qinghan turned to Shisan for help, as he was terrified by witnessing such a technique, which had allowed the elder to vanish within a second.

“I don’t think so!” Shisan said, as his eyes were still flashing with the awe he had for the elder. He pondered for a while, before he explained, “This elder should at least be in the Realm of the Saint. Based on the Law of Heaven and Earth, he studies its special rules. It’s his fast speed, that makes him disappear almost instantly.”

“That’s quite impressive!” Qinghan kept silent after learning this information. Originally, owing to his terrifying speed in cultivation, he had grown a little bit self-conceited about his ability. In other words, he wasn’t as diligent as he used to be. Now, after seeing this incredible technique, however, he regretted his ignorance, and was determined to unswervingly continue his cultivation. Because currently, he had only just stepped over the threshold of the vast cultivation world, and there was still a long way to go. Otherwise, he could be killed by those more advanced cultivators, who accounted for a large number of the people in this world.

The elder, by showing off in front of Qinghan and his team, warned them to refrain themselves from arrogance, and to stay alert. However strong you were, there was always someone stronger out there! At the beginning of the war, the first and foremost thing for them was to adjust their mindset, so that others wouldn’t be able to abuse it.

“Go!”

After realizing the true purpose of this elder, Qinghan sighed with relief, and instructed his team to move forward.

The island wasn’t as large as it was supposed to be, because people could see its entirety with a single glance. The whole island was filled with countless yards,

and in the near distance, there was a boundless ocean.

Since the island was protected by elders in the Realm of the Saint, it was supposed to be rather safe here. The yards, made of cyan bricks and black tiles, were neatly arranged here.

When Qinghan and his team arrived at the southern yard, he didn't find Feng Zi and Hua Cao, who were probably busy settling in themselves. As he was being led by two guardian elders, who were in symbolic grey robes, Qinghan walked to the small yard specially prepared for the members of the Ye family. Qinghan asked Shisan to arrange the Death Squad, as he and Shiqi entered the lobby.

Inside the lobby, various people had clustered together, among which, a familiar face fell into Qinghan's vision.

"Ye Qingwu! Why are you here?" Since they'd went separate paths two months ago, Qinghan was stunned to encounter her here. As always, Qingwu was in a scarlet-red tight, leather short, and a pair of ankle boots. Her feminine shape, as well as her pure, innocent face, distinguished herself.

"Haha, you can come here, so why can't I? Remember, I'm listed as the number six on the Mortal Ranking List. I'm qualified to be here!" Qingwu stood up from her chair, as her two straight, slim legs grabbed everyone's attention, dazzling their hearts and minds.

"Nice to meet you, young lord Qinghan." The other four people, who were sitting beside Qingwu, also stood up and cordially bowed to Qinghan.

"Forget these formalities. Shiqi knows that I'm not fond of formal rules."

Qinghan slightly nodded his head, and glanced at Qingwu, with a smile, “Miss Qingwu, would you please explain a few things to me?”

“Hey, Qinghan, don’t call me Miss Qingwu. It feels distant. Our family may not treat you well, but I’ve always been friendly to you. Remember, we’ll probably risk our lives in this war in order to help you earn more credits. How can you treat me like a stranger?” Qingwu said, as she was dissatisfied by the title ‘Miss Qingwu’.

Looking at Qingwu’s pouted lips, Qinghan actually found her quite adorable. He also remembered what she had done for him: When he was still a piece of garbage, Qingwu had helped him out at the School for Battle Beasts. And in the recent rebellious family attacks, when he was on the verge of death, Qingwu had called her grandfather, and saved him. Aside from this, Qingwu was the kind of girl who you would never forget after a first glance. Plus, her terrifying ability in cultivation was another plus. At the age of twenty, she had already entered the first level of the Realm of the Marshal. If she integrated with her seventh-grade battle beast, Snow Fox, she would most likely reach the third level of the Realm of the Marshal. On the other hand, since Ye Qingniu had approved of her participation in the war, he must’ve left her with some life-saving treasure.

“Haha, alright, how about ‘sister Qingwu’? But seriously, you said you’re coming here to help me?”

“Yeah, exactly. Let me introduce these guys to you: Ye Yi, Ye San, Ye Jiu, and Ye Shiyi. They’re all in the Realm of the Commander. You know, our family has dispatched two additional teams to fight in the war. Almost all the qualified young advanced cultivators of the Ye family have been asked to be on this island. Our leader is resolute to help you obtain that Spirit Immortal Dan. However, we aren’t officially registered war participants.”

“Really? Oh, I’m so grateful for your help... Shall we fight together, or separately?” Qinghan nodded to each and every of the Death Warriors Qingwu had introduced to him. He began to appreciate his grandfather’s efforts to save his sister, and ensure his own safety. As Qingwu had just told him, his grandfather, Ye Tianlong, had already arranged secret forces to win the Spirit Immortal Dan, leaving him somewhat depressurized.

“I’m with you! Our leader wants me to keep an eye on you, though I know, that Shisan and Shiqi are enough to ensure your safety. Ye Yi, and his fellow men will be divided into two groups, as they’ll be secretly fighting for credits.” Qingwu threw a subtle smile towards Qinghan, as she showed an imposing expression of a “supervisor”.

“O... ok!”

Qinghan nodded mechanically, as if he was lost in a fog. Previously, he thought that he was different from the other young lords, who were just playing around in the war, while he had specific aims. He had to spare no efforts to obtain more credits, even if he had to die. Whereas, right now, he came to realize that he was also protected by his family. Given his current level, any Demonic or Barbarian Emperor could crash him into pieces. The family’s concern for him was pragmatic, for they wouldn’t risk losing a cultivator with such a terrifying potential. After all, he might greatly contribute to the family in the future.

“Cultivation! I have to cultivate with more diligence!”

Actually, on second thought, Qinghan found that the secret team sent by Ye Tianlong wasn’t completely reliable. He couldn’t put all of his hopes for saving his sister solely on this team. Now, Qingyu’s life was sustained by eating a lot of soul

nourishments. She was still far away from a complete recovery. Before he had left the Ye Castle, Qinghan had vowed to obtain the Dan that was needed to save Qingyu. Now, that the family had appointed Qingwu to look after him, he had less of an opportunity to slaughter. Only if he increased his cultivation, to the extent that others wouldn't worry about his safety, could he fully unleash his potential and kill as many demons and barbarians as he could. Currently, Qinghan's short-term aim was to be capable enough to bring down the Demonic or Barbarian Emperors, who were equivalent to human cultivators in the Realm of the Prince. At that time, with the assistance of his integration technique, the likelihood of killing a Demonic or Barbarian King would be sharply increased. His plan was to kill the high-ranked enemies, in that way, he could get more credits by killing less.

"Now, I'll retreat to my bedroom. See you." After some analysis of the pros and cons, Qinghan had made his mind up, and walked to his bedroom, to cultivate.

"Haha, our leader is super smart! Qinghan will be probed into cultivating even harder. I can envisage a Saint-Realm Qinghan, sweeping the whole continent, with the help of his holy-grade battle beast..." Looking at the back of Qinghan, Qingwu murmured with an expectant light in her eyes.

"As long as young lord Qinghan lives in this world, our family will definitely become dominant over the other prefectures within the next two hundred years!" Ye Yi nodded in agreement. Suddenly, with a stern expression, he turned to Shiqi, "Buddy, tell Shisan, the priority of your task is to ensure the safety of Qinghan and Qingwu. San, Jiu, Shiyi, and I will lead our teams, and go to slaughter on Ghost Island right now. Take care!"

"Big Brother, Third Brother, Ninth Brother, and Eleventh Brother, take care of yourselves!" Shiqi nodded his head firmly. As adopted children of the Ye family, they shared the same background, and they had formed an ironclad friendship

with one another. During these years, they had lost a dozen of their fellow men by finishing various tasks. And this task was considered, so far, the most dangerous. They had no clue how many of them would survive.

“Ye Yi, stay alert and be careful. I wish for you guys to come back safe and sound. Our leader has already promised you, that if you finish this task successfully, your title of ‘Death Warrior’ will be permanently removed; instead, you will be elevated to a post in the Elder Clan. This should be your last task. Take care, guys!” Qingwu broke in.

“Haha, Miss Qingwu, don’t worry about us. We have been to Ghost Island before, and look, we’re still alive. Honestly, we aren’t afraid of those demons and barbarians. Third Brother, Ninth Brother, and Eleventh Brother, are you ready? Let’s go for a killing!” Ye Yi replied with a long laughter. He then bowed to Qingwu, and patted on Shiqi’s shoulder, before he led his fellow brothers out.

Chapter 76 - Rules

As per the rules, the participants were only allowed to stay on the island for three days. After that, they would be sent to Ghost Island, where the slaughter would commence!

During these three days, Qinghan had been cultivating in his own room. Pushed by the urgent desire to save his sister, he cultivated around the clock, in an effort to reach the next realm. At the same time, he also continued practicing the Mysterious Trace Steps, to ensure that he could run away from a possible fatal attack.

Before Qinghan's arrival at the Yue family, he had already finished clearing all of his meridians, and condensed his Dantian, entering into the first level of the Realm of the General. Since then, he had focused his attention on accumulating a large amount of Battle Qi, before he turned it into the liquidation state, and preserved it in his Dantian. In this complicated process, Qinghan had to compress every drop of liquefied Battle Qi, before it solidified, and fully integrate it with the acupoint in his Dantian. This way, the peak level of the Realm of the General would be obtained.

According to the seemingly simple theory, as long as one cultivated daily, it was only a matter of time to reach the peak level of the Realm of the General. Qinghan, however, found it extremely difficult to accumulate an adequate amount of Battle Qi – because his battle beast, which was in its maturing period, relied on inhaling Battle Qi to grow. As time went by, Little Black's required amount of Battle Qi had multiplied. Unlike its weak period, when it only ate demonic crystals, it now ate nothing but Battle Qi. Despite Qinghan's daily efforts to cultivate more Battle Qi, he had failed to reserve any. Basically, the supply of Battle Qi merely met Little Black's demand.

Therefore, in these three days, aside from practicing how to unleash Battle Qi from his feet, he kept on accumulating Battle Qi, without which he would be doomed in the war, just like a soldier without a bullet.

Since he had learned how to unleash his Battle Qi, the Mysterious Trace Steps took him little efforts to wholly grasp. What he needed to do right now, was to test it in actual combat.

- Dong! Dong! Dong! -

Being distracted, Qinghan jerked his head towards the door, as he stopped his cultivation, and got up to answer the knocks.

“Young lord, it’s time to set off. Miss Qingwu wants to see you.” The square-faced Shisan stood outside the door, heavily panting.

“Err! Three days have passed?” Qinghan tapped on his forehead, for his sense of time had been disrupted by his continuous, crazy cultivation. In a hurry, he washed his face and rinsed his mouth, before he followed Shisan out.

In the lobby, Qingwu and Shiqi were sitting, waiting for Qinghan’s arrival. The moment Qinghan stepped in, they both stood up, as Shiqi threw a wink towards Qinghan and smiled; while Qingwu wrinkled her adorable nose impatiently.

“Hurry up. We’ve been waiting for you for quite some time. Later, we’ll assemble on the square, listen to the guardian elder’s explanation of the rules, before we set off for Ghost Island.” Qingwu complained.

Out of slight compunction, Qinghan stared at her, as he embarrassingly smiled, “Sorry for my delay. L... let’s go!”

The Death Squad had also been waiting for them outside the gate of the western yard. When Qinghan arrived, he looked at them and at his five disciples, who waved their hands in response.

Soon after, Qinghan, together with his team, arrived at the crowded square. Except for a few people, the majority were standing in a long queue.

By narrowing his eyes, Qinghan found the muscular Feng Zi, the feminine Hua Cao, the white-lily-like Qingcheng, and the handsome Shuiliu, among the crowd. However, when his eyes met with the dual-pupil Wuhen, he tried very hard to refrain himself from the impulse of killing him. Since they had left Enchantment City, Wuhen had deliberately avoided meeting Qinghan, afraid of being killed.

“Young lord Qinghan!” Feng Zi waved his hand in the air, greeting Qinghan and his team. But the moment his eyes fell on Qingwu, his body turned awkwardly stick, for he was infatuated by her beauty.

Her curving body was exposed by the tight clothing she wore, and added with her pure smile, seldom would any men escape from her attraction. Even Qingcheng felt somewhat threatened by her beauty. While at the same time, Qinghan also discovered another beauty standing beside Shuiliu – a tall girl, who was holding a cyan sword in her hand, revealing an unyielding heroine spirit in her eyes. Since she was with Shiliu, her identity was easily guessable. So Qinghan didn’t bother asking, instead, he was trying to introduce Qingwu.

When Qinghan was about to open his mouth, he was unexpectedly choked

back by the sudden question raised by the girl beside Shuiliu, “Sister Qingwu, I didn’t expect to see you here. Did you run away from your family again?”

Disregarding the intense glances from the men, Qingwu walked directly towards the girl, and grabbed her arm, “Sister Sainan, your presence is a guarantee for my safety. I won’t be afraid of those demons and barbarians with you here. Haha, no one will be able to escape from under your Dragon Bellow Sword.”

“Oh, sister, you flatter me! Haha, you can follow me and fall under my protection, if you like!” The tall girl responded with a naughty smile, as she slightly pinched in Qingwu’s adorable nose.

“No, I have this young lord to take care of.” Qingwu returned a smile, as she pointed at Qinghan.

Based on their conversation, everyone had learned their identity. Feng Zi sighed in embarrassment, as his confidence subdued in front of Qingwu, who he had certain feelings for. Actually, he had already heard of Qingwu, whose reputation was prompted by her terrifying cultivation level, and more importantly, by her boldness to curse at Tu Qianjun, the guy from Immortal City, right in his face. As a cultivator, she was listed sixth on the Mortal Ranking List; while as a girl, she possessed a shapely body, and a delicate face, which dazzled any men that looked at her.

The identity of the tall girl, was confirmed by Qingwu. She was the only daughter of Long Pifu, named Long Sainan: age 29, unmarried. Impressively, her ability in cultivation had reached the peak level of the Realm of the Prince, only slightly behind Ye Dao! On the Mortal Ranking List, she was the number one! Definitely, she was a leading figure among the young cultivators.

By now, Qinghan came to realize why the dwarf Long Pifu had named his daughter 'Sainan' (Literally, it means 'to compete with men'). He had raised his daughter in the mould of a son. The aggressiveness, and tough spirit, were both suggestive of her male-favored environment while growing up. Nevertheless, her feminine temperament had remained intact.

"Nice to meet you, Miss Sainan. I'm Ye Qinghan." Smilingly, Qinghan bowed to Sainan.

"I've been wishing to meet the man Qingcheng has chosen. Today, I'm glad to meet you." Sainan grabbed Qingcheng's hands, and drew them closer to herself, when she replied to Qinghan.

"Errr... I'm not good enough for her." Qinghan touched his nose to disguise his embarrassment.

"Son of a..." When Feng Zi was about to say some dirty words, when he received Qinghan's cold glance. He immediately changed his tone, "They... they're made for each other."

"Hehe, regardless of what has happened in the past, I'll come after you, if you ever do any harm to Qingcheng." Sainan warned Qinghan, as she stroke Qingcheng's long, black hair with great care.

"Elder sister!" Qingcheng lowered her head, and softly pushed Sainan's hand away. Her face had already turned red from embarrassment.

"Errr! Hehe!" Not knowing how to give a proper response, Qinghan just

laughed drily.

- Buzz... -

A sudden noise disrupted their conversation, as all of them raised their heads upward into the sky. A silvery-haired old man in grey clothing was descending from above, with glaring lights in his eyes. This was the guardian elder of this island, who Qinghan had met before.

“Your highness, respected guardian elder!”

Everyone but the descendants from the five families kneeled down on one leg, as they shouted out simultaneously.

“Please, stand up! Today, the elite teams are going to be teleported to Ghost Island. I, on behalf of the Mars Prefecture, would like to share the rules of this war with you: the first rule, all the elite members aren’t allowed to kill each other, once discovered, we will end your life; the second rule, once you’re on Ghost Island, you’re not allowed to leave until three years have passed; the third rule, don’t be a traitor by colluding with the barbarians or demons; the fourth rule, remember, when you kill an enemy, pick up his ring and put it against your own ring. This way, the credits will be recorded automatically... Alright, it’s time to go!”

As the guardian elder finished his short speech, he gracefully waved his hands in the air. The next moment, on the northern part of the square, a gigantic teleportation spot emerged, with misty, colorful rays shining on its surface.

Looking over at the teleportation spot, everyone was awed by its

magnificence. Quickly, like aspiring embattled soldiers, they walked in firm steps towards it.

When the teleportation waggled for the tenth time, the thickly-dotted crowd all disappeared from the square

“Alas, Only God knows how many will be killed this time...” The guardian elder sighed at the empty square, as a touch of pessimism flashed in his grey-colored eyes.

Chapter 77 – Ghost Island

Because of the short distance, Qinghan didn't feel as uncomfortable as the first time he had been teleported. Within the blink of an eye, the view in front of him drastically changed.

They arrived at the foot of a mountain, in front of which lay a vast prairie, and a small river. Beside the river, there was a bunch of buffaloes, gulfing with their head plunged into the water. The prairie, full of verdant green, was strewn with unknown wild flowers. This breath-taking scenery on Ghost Island slowed everyone's pace.

"Hey, everyone!" Long Sainan interrupted by pointing her hand toward the mountain, "The first and foremost thing right now, is to move to our temporary camp. Later, I'll have a meeting with you guys, in which I'll introduce you to the general situation of Ghost Island. Does everyone agree?"

"I... agree!" Qingcheng nodded her head, while stealing a glance at Qinghan.

"I also agree!" Qinghan echoed.

As the first placed on the Mortal Ranking List, and also as a cultivator at the peak level of the Realm of the Prince, Sainan enjoyed the undeniable highest status among the young lords and their elite teams. Back in the Mars Prefecture, rumors had it that Sainan lived up to her reputation as a girl competent to surpass men. Her absolute ability, as well as her intelligence, would have men perspire from embarrassment. Furthermore, she had the access to a lot of top confidential information, due to her identity as the daughter of Long Pifu. A pre-war meeting was necessary, and it would benefit them all if Sainan was willing to share information with them. Therefore, Qinghan agreed without the slightest

hesitation.

“Agree!”

“Yeah, go ahead!”

Sainan’s proposal received absolute approval. It seemed, as if this more-excellent-than-a-men girl, had already gained high prestige among the young cultivators. Actually, two thirds of the population of this giant group was from the five prominent families and Dragon City. While the rest also had already established countless bonds with the five prominent families. Thus, Sainan’s popularity wasn’t all that surprising...

Eventually, they walked towards their temporary camp, which was located halfway up the mountain. It was said that this camp was specially established for the accommodation of people from the Mars Prefecture. Inside the camp, numerous bamboo-made houses were plainly structured. After several times of renovation, countless lookout posts had been added, which surrounded the bamboo houses. Also, in order to ensure the safety of the people living here, numerous alarm equipment had been set up in case of an emergency.

“Team One guards us from any possible emergencies; Team Two and Team Three, clean the rooms; Team Four and Team Five, set up a pot and prepare food.” Like a commander-in-chief, Sainan separated her team into five sub-groups, and gave each of them a task. Quickly, her team members started to diligently perform their given task.

In total, Sainan had brought over 1,000 people from Dragon City. Apparently, Sainan didn’t let the others, those from the five prominent families, to do the

chores. Instead, they decided to rest, for they didn't want to put a cat among the pigeons.

With the coordinated efforts of the over 1,000 people, the temporary camp was cleared up within half an hour. Each captain of their respective elite team had properly allocated rooms for their members. After that, some family representatives, together with the heads of the teams, followed Sainan to the assembly chamber.

The so-called assembly chamber was actually another bamboo house, the only difference was that it was slightly larger than the others. Sitting on the wooden chairs, they began convening their first pre-war meeting.

“Ok, let's begin. After this meeting, it depends on you to leave or stay.” Without any formalities, Sainan directly cut to the point, “First of all, I've decided, as per common practice, to use this temporary camp as our living space, and I will deploy one group of my elite team to patrol in the vicinity as guardians. Thus, our war participants can have a safe place to rest, heal their wounds, and cultivate! Of course, starting tomorrow, you have to prepare your own food! Please, don't disappoint your ancestors and give up, be brave in this war! I hope that all of the elite teams will fight against the invaders, should our camp be raided.

“Yes!”

.....

The first piece of the proposal received unanimous consent. Throughout the history, a temporary camp was a necessity in a war. Here, fatigued or wounded

soldier could have a place to rest or heal themselves. Generally speaking, it would be extremely difficult for enemies to invade it, given the safeguarding arranged surrounding this area. It was a comparatively safe place, on the danger-stricken Ghost Island. Since Sainan, who was representing Dragon City, had shouldered this responsibility, everyone was satisfied.

“Secondly, some of you may already have a general picture of the geography of this island, while some of you probably don’t. Let me give you a brief introduction.” Sainan instructed her servant to spread a large sheet, which turned out to be a map, on the table. By picking up a stick of bamboo, she began her presentation, “Ghost Island is formed in a triangle shape. Our camp is located in the southern corner, while the other two corners are occupied by the Demonic Prefecture and the Barbarian Prefecture respectively. Look, at the center of the island, there is a round-shaped plain; that is the place where the final chaotic battle will take place. The so-called Visionary Forest, located on the periphery of the round plain, is supposed to be the battlefield for all the elites.”

“Apart from the three corners, the rest of the island is shaped in a round cake. At the center of the “cake” there is a hole, surrounded by the Visionary Forest, where there are numerous treasures, demonic beasts and enemies lurking around. Most importantly, remember, the forest is strewn with mini-teleportation-spots, which are invisible until someone touches them. Once they are activated, you can be teleported to anywhere within the forest. Please pay special attention while wandering around the forest, because the chance of touching an invisible mini-teleportation-spot and being teleported into a bunch of Demonic Elites is quite high. You’ll be doomed if you walk carelessly in this forest.”

“Remember, you have to stay alert against the demonic beasts, as the lowest are of the fourth-grade and the highest are of the eighth-grade in this forest. These beasts, sometimes, can kill some of you within seconds! Usually, the odds of the discovery of a treasure will be as high as fifty percent in places where

there are demonic beasts. However, you'd better refrain yourselves from the temptation of getting these possible treasures. My advice for you is: if your life is at risk, just give up on the treasure. I know, most of you plan to slaughter as much as you can, in order to obtain more credits, which you may exchange for treasures, or a decent post as a city leader. But, all of your efforts will be in vain if you die! Anyway, good luck to all of you!"

To some extent, Sainan's remarks had enlightened the elite teams, who had long wished to earn reputation and social status through this dangerous war. The credits could be exchanged for an abundant life in the future, for countless beauties, or for a leading post in a small city. But now, they were fully aware of the dangers involved in this war, and they would give it a second thought before taking any reckless action. Without life, everything they pursued after would become meaningless.

The Visionary Forest!

Leaning towards the map, Qinghan had a closer look at the geography of the island. Indeed, he had seen this map somewhere before, and he knew that there were both treasures as well as dangers inside this forest. If walked in a straight line, it would take them at least a whole month to get from the south end to the north end of this place. Nevertheless, the shortcuts were apparently not the best choice, as Long Sainan, the most advanced cultivator of them all, wasn't willing to take a straight route, due to the hyper-dangerous environment along the way. It was said, that the position of the invisible mini-teleportation-posts would be realigned every time a new war was launched. Thus, the exact position of these posts would be unknown, even for those who had been here before. Most importantly, the high-ranked demonic beasts would be replaced if they were killed in the previous war.

Before the Prefecture War, however, no one would be able to identify the whereabouts of these battle beasts, or mini-teleportation-posts. It took a great

amount of effort to grope through the island, while not being suddenly attacked or teleported. Based on previous experiences, the only thing they were sure of, was that the most-frequently visited places by the high-ranked demonic beasts always remained the same. Such places would be highlighted on the map, as a sign of warning.

After the meeting, each elite team returned to their respective encampment, preparing to obtain the required amount of food and drinkable water to sustain for the following days. In the afternoon, some elite teams started to move out of their camp, as they crossed the river, and finally walked into the Visionary Forest.

Of all the members in the elite teams, there was a minority of people who didn't directly link to the five prominent families, or Dragon City. As non-descendants, they might decouple with the rest in the process of fighting.

The main, practical purpose for some elites was to earn fame and wealth by killing! They knew, that the five families would require them to fight to their full potential in times of danger, but in times of collecting credits, they would most likely be banned from sharing the big pie. Since they weren't idiots, they chose to fight on their own.

That was why, some elite teams set off first, and some individuals went out to try their lucks by fighting independently. This kind of phenomenon repeated itself war after war. Therefore, those from the prominent families or Dragon City wouldn't blame them at all. After all, not everyone would be able to come back safe and sound. Plus, geographically speaking, it wasn't a wise choice to walk in large groups through the Visionary Forest. For one thing, the target would be too big to be easily found; for the other, once any of them accidentally touched the mini-teleportation-post, all of them would be teleported into another place...

Without saying goodbye to Qinghan and Qingwu, Ye Yi, Ye San, and the rest of the secret teams had led four hundred people into the forest. Externally, they were regarded as the elite teams of the Ye family; secretly, they were all death warriors, who had been given special tasks...

Chapter 78 – Super Elite Team

The elite teams from the five prominent families remained in the camp, as they were preparing large amounts of food and water for the upcoming war. Young lord Wuhen, as well as his team, however, had kept to themselves quietly, as though they planned to stay here for a long time, instead of venturing into the Visionary Forest.

Qinghan and Qingwu, at the invitation of Feng Zi, walked towards one of the bamboo houses. When they pushed the door open, Qinghan found Hua Cao and Qingcheng looking at them with a subtle smile.

“Hey, guys, what’s the matter? Why urge us to come here?”

“Good news! Super good news!” As Feng Zi replied, his face was radiant with a healthy ruddy color.

“Yes, buddy. We’ve got good news to tell you. It’s pretty funny!” Hua Cao glanced at Qinghan under his long eyelashes.

At the same time, Qingcheng also winked with her limpid eyes, and explained, “We’ve made a decision that all our top 50 advanced cultivators will join your team. And they’ll contribute to the total credits of your team!”

“What? Are you sure?”

Out of sheer confusion, Qinghan pondered for a minute. As for the Yue family, in order to make Qingcheng and him a couple, they could’ve done such thing.

But, what about Feng Zi and Hua Cao? Qinghan firmly believed that their relationship hadn't yet developed to the extent, where they could sacrifice their own families' interest to help him out. Therefore, he threw a doubtful glance at both Feng Zi and Hua Cao. Meanwhile, Qingwu was also staring at these two young lords, with a suspicious smile.

"Qinghan, why didn't you tell us about your sister's illness earlier? If you did, we would've absolutely assigned all of our best elites to your team, to help you level out Ghost Island and get that Spirit Immortal Dan." Feng Zi patted his own muscular chest, as he said in a valiant heroic tone.

"Hehe, a super elite team formed by the four prominent families! Our family will be responsible for exploring the way, and assassinating whenever necessary; the Yue Family will be in charge of attack; the Feng Family will provide additional assistance in the rear; the Ye Family will march forward in the front line. How can anyone defeat such a formidable team? We're confident to annihilate all enemies and obtain the required credits!" With a sinister smile, Hua Cao envisaged the glorified future battlefield.

After listening to what Hua Cao said, Qinghan was suddenly filled with passion. Definitely, with the help of the other three families, the credits would be easy pickings! The Hua family was good at exploring the way with their Invisible Technique; the Yue family was excellent at soul attacks by forcing the enemies to fall into an unreal fantasy. Most importantly, as valuable young lords of their families, they would certainly be protected by one or two cultivators in the Realm of the Prince, who would, in some way, also contribute to the full power of the super team. Putting all the above elements together, the safety and attack level of this super team would absolutely be invincible.

Qinghan stood up, bowed to them all, and said in a solemn expression, "I

sincerely appreciate your great kindness. I'm afraid I cannot make any recompense for you. I owe you for doing this for me..."

"Haha, you're welcome. Remember? Back on the island of the Tranquil Lake, we made our promise. Plus, your future wife has sent us two beauties from the Yue Family. You'd better thank Qingcheng instead. But if you're determined to compensate us, we would gladly accept..." Feng Zi stole a glance at Qingcheng, as he replied.

"Yeah, what kind of compensation will you give us? Haha!" Hua Cao said jokingly.

Qingcheng kept looking at Qinghan with affectionate eyes, to see his response.

Without an immediate reply, Qinghan met Qingcheng's eyes, and curled up his lips in doubt, in an almost indistinctive way. After a short while, he managed a smile.

"Thank you again. We will report to our leader about this. I hope, that in the near future, we'll give you guys generous rewards in exchange." Qingwu helped Qinghan to break the awkward silence.

"No... Miss Qingwu, please don't say so. We're just kidding. Originally, we just planned to have some fun in this war, and accumulate some practical battle experience. Now, since we've formed a super team, I feel more secure."

The enthusiasm in Hua Cao's eyes remained obvious, "We should hurry up. The rest of our team will stay in the temporary camp as guardians. As for us, we need

to have a small drill or something, to ensure the respective responsibility is clearly conveyed to everyone. I'm so itchy to rush into the Visionary Forest, and have a grand feast of slaughter!"

Originally, both Feng Zi and Hua Cao didn't care much about how many demons or barbarians they would kill, or how many credits they would collect. As young lords of affluent families, they were never short of money and beauties. However, Qingcheng's proposal had raised their interest, and they also found it more secure to join such a large team. It was justifiable to say, that they killed two birds with one stone in this case: they would receive two stunners from the Yue family; and they could have Qinghan feel indebted to them.

.....

In the house where Wuhen stayed, two young men stood on each side of their young leader, instead of Elder Shi and Elder Mo.

"Young lord, did you really decide to decouple yourself from the other four families?" The young man on the left asked with anxiety in his tightly-knitted eyebrows, as he seemed to be rather concerned.

The young man on the right side also frowned, "The five prominent families are like different branches of the same tree, they share the same roots. Remember, if you do so, you're going against the will of our ancestors."

With a little jerk of his mouth, Wuhen sneered, and replied scornfully, "Alas, let me tell you, the Flame Dragon Continent is like a dead well, and we cultivators are all frogs within it. The only difference among us is how high we can jump. Our main task is to jump out of this well through cultivation! For me, everything is meaningless but this task. Now, get out of my room. I'll start cultivating! I

require all the team members to stay in this temporary camp until the end of the war.”

“Alas!”

Helplessly, the two young men shook their heads, and walked out of the room.

It was true, outside the continent, there was a boundless world to explore. Thousands of years had passed, however, no one had ever successfully jumped out of this “well”. To the two men’s surprise, the Xue family didn’t make the slightest effort to keep their young leader from doing so, as if they had adopted a laissez-faire policy towards Wuhen.

.....

After a whole afternoon’s efforts, the super elite team, led by Qinghan, had become a mighty force, as all of the young and competent cultivators were included.

In total, the number of this super team reached two hundred and twelve, including seven cultivators in the Realm of the Prince, one hundred and fifty in the Realm of the Marshal, and the rest in the third level of the Realm of the General. In comparison, Qinghan’s external cultivation level was placed at the bottom.

When night fell, the super team gathered together, discussing how to cooperate in the most efficient way, and they practiced several sets of defensive formations. Also, the proper solutions to emergencies were taken into consideration. In the end, they stayed up most of the night.

The next morning, the super team left the camp, waded through the small river, and eventually disappeared into the Visionary Forest.

As per what was agreed upon last night, all the members in the super team were in black samurai suits, which made it convenient to cover their heads once they met the enemy. In order to avoid similar head-covered disguise from the enemy's side, they all sprayed specially designed perfume, which was made by the Yue family, on their clothing. Thus, it would be easily distinguishable by just smelling at each other. As for the young lords, and the girls, different patterns of images were embroidered on their clothing, so they could know who was who.

“Team One from the Hua family, disperse in all directions, stay alert!”

Under Hua Cao's instruction, scores of people dashed to the front, and soon scattered in all directions, walking into the thick forest. Soon after, one member would come out with a piece of information about the situation of the path ahead. If it was clear, they would continue walking forward.

Being afraid of unexpected dangers, the team walked slowly within the Visionary Forest. It was hard to say, whether in the next minute, they would encounter demons or barbarians. No one could guarantee absolute security before they got themselves familiarized with the situation of their surroundings.

The seven Prince-Realm advanced cultivators circled Qinghan, Qingwu, Feng Zi, Hua Cao, and Qingcheng at the center, with their eyes vigilantly sweeping around the surroundings. They were responsible for protecting the young lords, and young ladies from any danger. Actually, this was their first time taking part in such a war, and they almost lost their confidence in finishing this task in such a creepy forest...

Instead of being anxious, Qinghan was rather disappointed. Before the Prefecture War, he had imagined the grandiose of the battle, and how he slaughtered others ruthlessly. But now, as a fragile flower vase, he was protected by others from falling down and breaking into pieces. Being left in the circle, he was definitely bored. In order to amuse himself, he started to practice the Mysterious Trace Step.

“Report! There are seven mini-teleportation-posts in the front area, and we left a mark on each post accordingly. There are no high-ranked demonic beasts. We can march forward!” An hour later, the intelligence member from the Hua family came back after having checked the landscape of the surroundings.

“Ok, keep up the good work. Four hours later, Team Two will take over your responsibility, so you guys can have some rest.” Hua Cao nodded his head, as he was satisfied with his subordinate’s performance.

The team quickened their pace, for they believed the scouts from the Hua family should be the best. Even if they did encounter some unpredictable dangers, they were confident to deal with it properly. Therefore, they found themselves more adapted in the forest, so they increased their pace.

As per their negotiation, they planned to walk 2.5 kilometers on the first day, after which, they would stay in a mini-teleportation-post-clustered area, waiting for some accidentally-teleported demons and barbarians. They all agreed, that it was better to know the specific technique of the enemies, before they directly fought with them.

Thanks to the company of the girls, the young men found the journey less boring. They all looked full of spirit, and walked like a gust of wind. Some of them

even flirted with the female members of the Yue family. As the saying goes, you'll never feel tired if you are accompanied by the opposite gender.

“Report! We found a soldier from the demon race. Team One has followed him secretly.” A while later, another scout from the Hua family reported to them. The news he brought quickly refreshed the team, especially Feng Zi. As if he was about to have a look at his new toy, Feng Zi waved his fist in ecstasy, “What are we waiting for? Let's go, and kill him!”

Chapter 79 – The First Time to Encounter the Demonic Race

They quickly followed the scout of the Hua family, who was obviously panicked by what he had just seen – the demonic race! Throughout the history, the demons had been hostile towards the human race for thousands of years, but seldom had anyone from the group ever fought with them in person. Even the advanced cultivators in the Realm of the Prince, who thought of themselves as a notch above the others, turned nervous for the upcoming fight.

The three races, human, demon and barbarian, had fought against each other for a myriad of years. The hatred had embedded in their bones; a battle would be unavoidable once they met each other. Now, owing to the large quantity and quality of the super team, they believed that the demon ahead would definitely be defeated, even if he happened to be a Demonic Emperor. Based on this assumption, the team members relaxed a little bit, but the curiosity of seeing the demonic race didn't diminish in the slightest.

Walking silently along the path for more than five kilometers, the team finally approached their target – which disappointed them all. They thought, that the demons should be ferocious-looking monsters, with probably three heads and six arms, or even more bizarre. To their surprise, however, the appearance of this demon was quite similar to that of a human being, as it was only a little bit taller.

By stepping closer, they could clearly see the details of this demon: he had extremely sturdy hands and feet, golden hair, a prominent nose, sharp teeth... Indeed, he looked like a wild, untamed human being, to some extent.

The demon looked around gingerly, for he had sensed the approaching crowd behind him. With a resounding roar, his body was suddenly emitting glaring yellowish beams. With a dash, he hurriedly ran forward.

With a sneer, Hua Cao disappeared. Suddenly, next to the demon, there appeared three black figures, each of them holding a sharp sword in their hand, and each of them stabbing into the flesh of the demon. A second later, the three figures all faded away.

Figure Replication Technique!

Hua Cao, by using this special technique, left a deep wound on the demon's leg, causing the latter to nearly fall down.

- Swoosh! -

The golden-haired demon kept running away. But, unexpectedly, the three figures, once again, emerged in front of him. The demon found it impossible to avoid their swords, due to the flash-like speed. Undoubtedly, he was stabbed for the second time.

"Grrrrr!"

Apparently, this demon was frightened by the unpredictable attacks. Being afraid to be stabbed for a third time if he kept running away, he turned around and rushed towards the team members instead.

Immediately, two Prince-Realm cultivators stepped forward, in an attempt to protect the others. While at the same time, two colorful beams emerged from Qingcheng's eyes and shot directly into the demon's eyes. After these two beams hit the demon's eyes, he suddenly stood still and started to laugh like a moron. Feng Zi seized this opportunity, as he pulled out his sword, and stabbed

it right into the demon's head, chopping it into a mud-like state.

The first cooperation of the team proved to be successful. Some of them, however, felt like vomiting by seeing the beheaded corpse of the demon, which was covered in white brain matter and red blood. Finally, one of them couldn't stand it anymore, and threw up. All of a sudden, one third of the team ran to the nearby thick trees, and started vomiting, in which the girls of the Yue family accounted for half of them.

As for Qinghan, since he had experienced this kind of brutality before, he was quite used to it. He patted on Qingwu's shoulder, who was pretending to be calm, before he went towards the demonic corpse, and took off his ring. Judging by the color of the ring, the demon must be a Mighty Demonic Soldier, equivalent to a Realm of the Commander cultivator of the human race. The incompetency of this demon was thus no wonder. Without hesitation, Qinghan put the orange ring against his yellow ring. When the two rings met each other, the ring from the demon instantly vanished into thin air, as it left a number "five" on Qinghan's ring.

"Five credits obtained! This is a good start!"

Although they still had a long way to go to reach the ultimate goal of 10,000 credits, Qinghan was satisfied with their initial success. Glancing at Qingcheng, who was squatted under a tree vomiting, Qinghan walked towards her, and came up with some consoling words, "Wipe your mouth. You'll get used to this along the way. The demon race are hybrids between beasts and humans. Hmm, just think of it as a simple beast, maybe you'll feel better."

Qingcheng had hurriedly taken her veil off to vomit. And, now, Qinghan could see her reddened face, as she was exhausted from nausea. Grabbing a branch of the tree, she bent her thin waist, as she received a handkerchief from Qinghan.

Although Qinghan's unique explanation didn't have much effect in soothing her, she still wiped her mouth, and smiled, as she was trying to calm herself down.

"Qinghan! I bet you already forgot about your Sister Qingwu. I'm also rather uncomfortable. Why don't you come and console me?" A touch of envy flashed in her eyes, as Qingwu unhappily pouted.

"Come on, Sister Qingwu, at least you're not vomiting. Ok, shall I take off my clothes, and present those to you as a handkerchief?" Qinghan laughed from ear to ear, as he walked towards Qingwu, and placed his hand upon her shoulder.

"Go to hell! I'm not that frail!" Quickly, Qingwu slapped Qinghan's hand away, as he looked at him from the corner of her eyes. However, she seemed to quite enjoy Qinghan's intimate gesture and playful remarks.

"Son of a bitch! The pig is trying to engage himself with all the beauties!"

In the near distance, Feng Zi observed Qinghan's behavior, and he couldn't contain his envy anymore. The intimacy between Qinghan and the two most beautiful girls in the team left him outraged.

"Fuck! These days, a handsome boy like me is no longer popular? Ye Qinghan is lackluster in front of me! How come the girls find him so attractive?" Hua Cao spit his hatred towards Qinghan out, and exchanged looks with Feng Zi.

.....

After a short rest, the super team carried on their risk-ridden journey. Apart from the triumphant feelings, after killing the first demon, they realized that the

sudden speed-accelerating skill must be a unique technique frequently used among the demon race. If they encountered a higher-ranked demon, the speed would be even more terrifying.

Nevertheless, the team hadn't encountered another demon or barbarian along the way, ever since the appearance of the first demon, who could've been an unfortunate one who was teleported from another battlefield. At noon, they took turns to rest. After hastily eating some dry rations and drink some water, they continued on their journey.

Up until now, they had covered more than ten kilometers! It was only the second day of their journey. Despite all their efforts to walk faster, they were still at the outside area of the Visionary Forest. Hence, the chance of meeting enemies was still low. The few demons they did encounter were accidentally teleported from other places. It was said, that it took at least ten days to enter the deeper parts of the forest, and meet entire groups of the other two races.

During the boring march, the most tiresome people were those from the Hua family, because they shouldered the responsibility of exploring the way, and keeping a watchful eye. As for the others, in comparison, they had less to worry about before they met any enemies. The elusive Figure Replication Technique presented by one member of the Hua family had won the trust of the whole team, for the team members felt more secure after seeing its mighty power.

In the afternoon, instead of meeting some demons or barbarians, they bumped into three elite teams. They saluted each other, and diverged, as they took on different paths.

It was nearly dusk, when the team decided to find a place to shelter for the

night. At this moment, a scout from the Hua Family arrived, telling them that there was a superb treasure land in front of them!

Hearing this news, the fatigue from a long-day's walk suddenly disappeared. Everyone's eyes were lit up with enthusiasm. Following the scout, they rushed towards this treasure land.

The so-called treasure land was actually a small pond, surrounded by lines of tall, ancient trees. Looking from afar, it was hard to discover. The ancient trees had a unique appearance. And, in the vicinity of the pond, there was a spacious grassland.

"Haha... Hua Jia, well done! Yeah, this is definitely a treasure land. Actually, this place is called the Monster Slaughter Pool. According to the information I've received, it's the best place to encamp. It surprises me how intact this place is after so many years!"

Hua Cao nodded his head in satisfaction, as he explained to the others the general situation of this pond.

"Hua Cao, this is just a fucking pool. Why you are so excited?" Feng Zi found it hard to understand Hua Cao's overexcitement, and disrupted him.

"Feng Zi, come on, you know nothing about it! I'll talk to you later. Team One, go and search for the mini-teleportation-posts, I believe there are a large number of such posts in the vicinity; Team Two, activate first-grade vigilance, the demons and barbarians could appear in this place at any time, please report to us once you find them." Though Hua Cao was tempted to quarrel with Feng Zi, he refrained himself from doing so, and instructed his team members in a

solemn expression instead.

Members from the Hua family scattered off in all directions, finishing their own tasks. As for the rest of the team, they kept silent.

Meanwhile, Hua Cao took out a map made of goatskin, and explained:

“As you may know, our Hua family aren’t good at direct fights, we’re more adept in assassination. That’s why, in almost every Prefecture War, we’ll choose a perfect place, like this pool, to kill the enemies. Indeed, this Monster Slaughter Pool is ranked the fourth of all the treasure places recorded by our ancestors.”

With a prideful face, Hua Cao raised his head, as he was flattered by the admiring glances from the others. Soon, he continued, “This place is a geographically safe place. At night, we can rest on the tall trees. Food and water isn’t a problem, for the wild beasts will come here to drink every morning.”

“Most importantly, there are a large number of hidden teleportation posts in the vicinity. Although the location of these posts varies from war to war, strangely, this place always boasts a great number of such posts. We just need to wait here, and slaughter the teleported demons or barbarians, and get the credits!”

The rest of team weren’t as intelligent as Hua Cao, but they immediately understood the importance of the geographical advantage of this pool, especially when Hua Cao mentioned the teleportation spots.

Half an hour later, the scout came back with another piece of good news: they had found thirty three teleportation posts in the vicinity!

Chapter 80 – Hunting (1)

The good news lifted everyone's spirits, especially the girls from the Yue family, for they wouldn't have to hurry on this treacherous journey. Even though, the girls had a special ability to keep themselves tidy, even without showering for ten days or half a month, they hated to wear a fatigued face, while walking in this dangerous forest.

Half of the team members were asked to guard the teleportation posts, while the other half set up the camp. By jumping onto the ancient trees, they surprisingly found convenient sleeping bunks, which were left by the Hua family in previous wars. The bunks they found were large in quantity, upon which a layer of hay was placed, to serve as bedspread. Meanwhile, the girls from the Yue family began setting up their own convenient bath house, which was established simply by sticking several lumps into the soil, which they covered with thatches. Also, they wrapped the whole house with a large sheet of clothing, in case they would be watched stealthily by the young men in the team.

After a long while, they were almost most finished with setting up the camp. The girls from the Yue family had named their bath house, which was set near the eastern side of the pool, as a forbidden place for all men. Now, since the preparation tasks had been taken care off, it was time to enjoy some food to fill their stomach. However, when they were about to eat, a shriek sound, very much like the one made by a kingfisher, suddenly grabbed their attention.

“Enemies! This is the alarm siren set up by the Hua family!”

Everyone's heart tightened, as they put their food away, and grabbed their weapons. Within seconds, they arrived at the place where the sound of the siren came from. Silently, they sneaked into the thick bushes, and found three giant

figures looking around themselves with blank eyes. With a height of more than two meters, and super muscular bodies, these three giant figures distinguished themselves from the human race. Compared with them, even Feng Zi's arms and legs suddenly turned slim. Actually, they were wrapped up in thick armors, as they resembled three clothed wild apes – whose foreheads protruded in front, and their eyes stuck out as far as the size of a human fist.

“The barbarian race!”

Qinghan, after exchanging a look with Feng Zi, waved his hands toward his elite team. Soon, ten cultivators in the Realm of the Marshal valiantly dashed to the three barbarians.

Indeed, the three barbarians were at a loss, for they had suddenly been teleported to such an unfamiliar place. But shortly after, they turned clear-headed. With extreme caution, they observed their surroundings. Suddenly, one of them rolled his ball-like eyes, and his glance landed on Qinghan. When they found the elites in black samurai suits approaching them, they opened their mouth, and howled with their head turned upward. By waving their sturdy arms in an imposing manner, they moved towards the men sent out by Qinghan, as they were ready to launch a fight!

“Integration!”

The ten members were actually all lineal descendants, and they quickly integrated with their battle beasts. All of a sudden, a dozen of beast figures appeared in the air. Before they rushed back into their respective master's body, which underwent some minor changes – enlarged ears, hands with sharp claws, and sturdy legs. Some of them even had two horns emerge right on top of their heads. The tattoos, which represent their battle beast, was the biggest difference between them. The image of them created a creepy atmosphere.

“The Ye family...” Strangely, the three barbarians slurred; it seemed that their language was similar to that of the human race. The main idea in their ambiguous remark was: they had recognized this technique. The five prominent families had long represented the whole Mars Prefecture, and killed countless demons and barbarians throughout history. So, it was understandable that the other prefectures could have collected their relevant information, in order to defeat them.

“Qinghan, no offence, but does your family share their bloodline with the demonic race? I mean, when integrated, you guys look very similar to those demons from before!” Feng Zi, teasingly, glanced at both Qinghan and Qingwu.

“I don’t think so. Oh, look at you, how muscular and sturdy you are! Maybe, you have a special relation with the barbarian race. No, I guess, that you’re actually a spy from the Barbarian Prefecture, aren’t you?” Without feeling threatened, Qinghan retorted.

While at the same time, Qingwu was also outraged by Feng Zi’s impolite remark. She glared at Feng Zi, as she clenched her fist, and the snapping sound of her knuckles could be heard.

“Feng Zi, do you want to spar with me? I guarantee that you’ll enjoy it...”

“No... Sister Qingwu, it’s my fault, ok? Look, they’re fighting!” Feng Zi replied awkwardly.

Qingwu’s capability was undeniable – a cultivator in the first level of the Realm of the Marshal, who would be equal to the third level of the Realm of the Marshal once integrated with her battle beast. Furthermore, she was the

beloved granddaughter of Ye Qingniu, who had given her lots of treasures that could help improve her cultivation. While, as a cultivator only in the third level of the Realm of the General, Feng Zi would definitely suffer from Qingwu's attacks, rather than "enjoy" it...

The attention was redirected to the three barbarians. They all knew, that the first few battles were of great importance, in terms of figuring out the main techniques used by the enemy races. Otherwise, they would have little chance to defeat them in the final chaotic battle. As the saying goes: if you know the enemy and know yourself, you need not fear the results of a hundred battles (知己知彼, 百战不殆).

Actually, by sending the ten cultivators in the Realm of the Marshal, Qinghan intended to test the true ability of the barbarians. Plus, with the presence of seven Prince-Realm cultivators in the team, their security was basically guaranteed.

The ten cultivators formed a circle, leaving the three barbarians besieged. Nevertheless, they didn't attack altogether, instead, only three of them stepped forward, trying to fight one-on-one.

- Bang! -

The man on the left first attacked with one of the three barbarians. With no weapons at hand, he only extended his fist. Owing to his pure-strength battle beast, he was able to gather all his Battle Qi on his fist, forming a terrifying force. The moment his fist collided with that of the barbarian, the Battle Qi exploded and burst into brilliant lights. With a thud, both this cultivator, and the barbarian were thrown away into the far distance...

As for the other members of the team, they strained their eyes and ears, as they were trying to catch every movement of this fight.

“The force unleashed by this cultivator should reach the peak level of the Realm of the Marshal, given his integration with the battle beast.”

“Yeah, but they ended up with equal injuries. That barbarian boasts an equal force.”

“According to my information, the barbarian race is born with mighty physical power. After cultivation, their body can be comparable to weapons.”

Another cultivator, who was standing in the middle of the circle, took out a Horse Killing Sword, and unleashed his Battle Qi upon the edge of his sword, leaving a streak of cyan light. The pouring of Battle Qi onto a weapon was actually a rather common technique, which would directly increase the sharpness of a weapon. After all, the defensive ability of the barbarians was said to be extremely powerful.

On his forehead, there was a leopard-shaped tattoo. They weren't sure what grade his battle beast was, but his speed reached a terrifying degree, for he nimbly dodged every fist that was thrown by the barbarian. Meanwhile, he wielded his cyan-colored sword, leaving countless marks on the armor of the barbarian.

The Battle Qi helped his sword exert a strength equivalent to a spirit-level item. However, it still failed to cut into the barbarian's flesh, as it only left scratching

marks on the surface of his armor. As for those exposed parts of the barbarian's body, only his skin was wounded, rather than his flesh or bones. The impressive defensive ability surprised everyone...

The third cultivator was, by appearance, a defensive fighter. His battle beast could either be a rhinoceros or an elephant. By unleashing a large amount of Battle Qi, he wrapped his body up in glaring beams, which served as a protective Battle Qi armor. Without dodging away, he then received the ferocious fist from one barbarian.

- Bang! -

With a ruthless, evil smile, and widened eyes, this barbarian was fully provoked. He slammed his fist heavily against the cultivator, with the force of which he created a gust of wind. However, to his great surprise and terror, the human cultivator almost remained standing steadily where he was, as he was only forced to stagger back several steps.

After the collision, the light of the Battle Qi armor was dimmed for some seconds; but it soon regained its brightness. Standing there unmoved, the barbarian looked at his own fist, as well as the beaming human cultivator, before he frowned in sheer confusion...

Chapter 81-Hunting (2)

Under the instruction of Qinghan, the three descendants of the Ye family had tested the barbarians in their offensive and defensive abilities. They had to collect enough information concerning the other two races, in an effort to wage a successful war later on.

“Enough! Kill them all!”

About an hour later, the three cultivators and their counterpart rivals had fought through many rounds. With Shisan’s order, the ten cultivators swarmed towards the three barbarians, punching, and kicking them ruthlessly.

“Ah...” The three barbarians groaned in a mixed feeling of misery and anger. Soon after, they were all beaten to the ground, they died with open eyes full of grief.

“Young lord, now it’s your turn to pick up their rings, to see what rank they were!” With a satisfying nod, Shisan stepped closer to Qinghan, and whispered into his ear.

“Oh, yeah! I need more credits!” Hurriedly, Qinghan rushed to the three corpses, and took off their rings. As he had previously done, he placed their rings against his own, immediately a faint light emerged, and the number “ten”, was changed to “thirty five”.

“Three Barbarian Soldiers!”

As Qinghan had expected, these three barbarians were equivalent to human cultivators in the Realm of the General. And in terms of offensive and defensive power, they were stronger than their human counterparts. However, their monotonous attacking skills somewhat fell behind those of humans, for neither did they cultivate Battle Qi nor use any fancy techniques.

Unlike the previous time, most of the girls from the Yue Family had quickly grown used to this scene of slaughter, despite their pale faces. In addition, these barbarians were not chopped into pieces, and the girls had turned resistant to bloody scenes.

The cultivators from the Ye Family dragged the corpses away, and buried them.

The young lords gathered together, negotiating their current major tasks. Actually, they were going to stay here for several months, rather than a couple of days. Based on the experience from the Hua Family, the first three months would be the most chaotic months: most of them weren't yet familiar with the exact places of the teleportation spots, thus the chance of being accidentally teleported to another place would be rather high. The best way, therefore, was to wait for windfalls, rather than wandering around and fall into a trap. In this way, it would be easier for the team to gain credits, and collect information about the enemy.

Eventually, the team was divided into two groups, taking turns to keep watch. They all agreed, that if the number of enemies didn't pose a threat, they should deal with them independently; but if they came in large numbers, or their fighting ability was hard to defend against, the on-duty group would send out a warning signal to the whole team, in order to annihilate the enemies together.

The action, which they gave the codename “hunting”, was carried out. Team members began to bustle around, some were on watch, while others were cultivating...

When darkness fell, Qinghan obligatorily joined the first group, which was on duty tonight. Together with the other members, Qinghan crossed his legs while leaning against a tall tree, around which there were eight teleportation posts. Their task was to guard these posts, in case any demons or barbarians suddenly appeared. As what they had agreed upon, they would slaughter the enemies by themselves if the enemies arrived by twos and threes; and they would call up the whole team, to help annihilate the enemies, if they came in a larger group.

Owing to the smart Hua family, some delicate gadgets were placed near the teleportation posts. Before the demons or barbarians came out of the posts, a warning siren would be heard, in order to inform the team members to prepare for the upcoming fight.

The silver moonlight lighted up the night. While the salty wind from the sea blew into their faces, making them drowsy.

Qinghan, however, was wide awake, for he had planned a three-month schedule of cultivation. In his opinion, it would be a waste of time to spend three months passively waiting for enemies.

Apart from the necessary time of fighting, he decided to use all his leisure time on cultivation. As a cultivator in the first level of the Realm of the General, most of the demons or barbarians could kill him within a second. Therefore, in order to survive in this forest, as well as for the life of his sister, he had to be undaunted.

Since his previous tour to Wild City, Qinghan had enjoyed the pleasant feeling of being an advanced cultivator, of a man who could control his own life. Half a year ago, he was just a piece of garbage. Now, he was a totally different person. Once he had filled that cultivation gap, he definitely had obtained more privileges. In this world, without overwhelming cultivation ability, one would be undervalued as a piece of shit. This kind of values had deeply imbedded themselves in Qinghan's mind, since he had experienced the different treatments before and after his cultivation had improved.

Qinghan was well aware of his own advantage – Little Black. Once integrated, he would reach the first level of the Realm of the Marshal. Any Marshal-Realm cultivator would be killed within a second, if he used his integration technique – Soul Blackout.

Previously, Qinghan had consulted Ye Qingniu about soul cultivation. Qinghan's ideal was to kill more advanced cultivators by increasing his soul ability, but Ye Qingniu's reply extinguished his hopes. Usually, before the Realm of the Emperor, one's soul could only be improved by the accumulation of Battle Qi. There were only two ways to break this common rule, however; either by eating a rare Dan, such as the Spirit Immortal Dan, or by forcing himself in a Soul Tranquilization state.

The scarcity and value of the Spirit Immortal Dan was needless to say, or Qinghan wouldn't risk his life for getting just one. As for the Soul Tranquilization state, which he had once entered back at the Yue Family, he hadn't been able to replicate it, in spite of countless trials.

Right now, Qinghan had, therefore, focused all his attention on accumulating Battle Qi, with which his soul power could be improved. He swore secretly to

himself, that he would obtain the Realm of the Marshal before the final war! At that time, he would be as powerful as those in the Realm of the Prince, after he integrated with his battle beast. Even if his elite team failed him in obtaining enough credits, he could still sneak attack the Prince-Realm counterparts in the demonic and barbarians races. He was optimistic, that in the end, he could get that Spirit Immortal Dan with glory...

Qinghan ordered his team member to call him whenever there was an emergency. Now, he was going to cultivate Battle Qi.

The manual left by his father mentioned that the Realm of the General was a watershed in cultivation. Before obtaining this realm, one had to solely rely on his own talents; after surpassing this realm, one had to depend on diligence and reflection, to distinguish himself from the masses. It was said, that three hundred years ago, there had emerged a matchless genius in the Feng Family, who had reached the Realm of the General at the age of seven! The whole Flame Dragon Continent was shocked. Nevertheless, this child genius was spoiled by endless praises, and became indolent as well as arrogant. As he grew up, he was stagnant in cultivation, for he didn't cultivate as diligent as before. As for Qinghan, who had improved by leaps and bounds within several months, he had surprised the Ye Family. But no one really knew, how much sweat he had shed, how much anguish he had suffered, before he had finally jumped from the first level of the Realm of the Elite, to the first level of the Realm of the General. Fortunately, Qinghan didn't want to be like that "genius", who was like a flash in the pan; instead, he was determined to keep on cultivating whenever he had time.

However, despite Qinghan's diligence, he was rather disheartened by how quickly his accumulated Battle Qi was consumed – some went into his Dantian, and condensed into the liquid state; while the rest went to Little Black, who was a gluttonous Battle Qi eater! Every day, Little Black would inhale large amounts of Battle Qi, without which he couldn't grow up and become more powerful.

Given the imminent final war, Qinghan had to put multiple efforts in cultivation, so that he could reach his goal.

At night, the chance of falling into a teleportation post would increase in the darkness. Thus, most of the cultivators from the three prefectures chose to have a rest, rather than wandering around. Therefore, except a Mighty Demonic Soldier, who had quickly been killed by Hua Cao's subordinate, there were no demons or barbarians that got teleported here.

Chapter 82 – Hunting (3)

After a long night of cultivation, Qinghan had finally condensed a drop of liquefied Battle Qi. In total, he had successfully condensed a dozen drops of Battle Qi. However, he had to fill half the space of his Dantian, in order to enter into the second level of the Realm of the General. As per what his father had written down in the manual, it would normally take over 1,000 drops of liquefied Battle Qi to completely fill the Dantian. Moreover, the size of Qinghan's Dantian was one-third larger than normal. So Qinghan thought that it would take around 750 drops, to reach his goal. It seemed that there was still a long way to go...

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At dawn, the team that was on duty that night was sleepy and fatigued. While at the same time, some slight noises rang in the air from the teleportation posts. The elite members under the ancient trees suddenly became alerted, as they were searching around with their shrewd eyes. Qinghan also woke up the descendants of the Ye family, in case they were needed. Two scouts from the Hua family, under Qinghan's instruction, used their Invisible Technique, to find out what was happening.

A minute later, the scouts came back, and told them two enemies had emerged, one was a demon, the other was a barbarian.

“Haha!”

Qinghan lifted the corners of his lips, and laughed with a touch of evilness. He whispered to one of the scouts, who responded with a suspicious smile, before

he disappeared.

“Young lord, what shall we do now?”

Looking at Qinghan through the gaps of the leaves, the descendants of the Ye family asked in doubt, as they couldn't wait to slaughter those from the other races. Also, the other members of the team were staring at Qinghan, waiting for his order.

“Hush! Stay where you are, and wait for further orders!” Without any explanation, Qinghan waved his hands, and fixed his eyes on a place in the near distance.

“Grrrrrr!”

The horrifying howl indicated that a fight was going on nearby. The team members, holding their weapons in their hands, prepared to rush to the fighting scene. Without Qinghan's order, however, they just stood there, suspiciously looking at Qinghan. One of the elites from the Hua family was about to dash out, but when he remembered what Hua Cao had told him, he retreated, and glared at Qinghan.

“Young lord!” The descendants of the Ye family urged Qinghan in low, but pressing voices, as they grabbed Qinghan's sleeves, pulling him closer.

“Take it easy, guys! They aren't fighting against our people. You'll know what's going on later!” Patting on the shoulder of one of his team members, Qinghan smiled. He then warned them not to drag themselves into a battle out of mere impulse.

- Swoosh! -

A black figure suddenly appeared, he was the scout of the Hua family.

“Young lord Qinghan, we did it! The demon and the barbarian are fighting against each other right now!” With eyes full of joy, he reported to Qinghan.

“Ahh?”

The rest of the team finally understood Qinghan’s true intention: he had asked this scout to induce a fight between the two races. Apparently, Qinghan expected to benefit from the tussles of the two races, and obtain the credits without expending any effort.

Qinghan’s evil smile, had sent a chill down the spines of his team members. Among them, only the descendants of the Ye family knew that their young lord was notorious for launching sneak attacks and conspiring...

“Now, let’s go! Take cover!” Disregarding other’s shocked expressions, Qinghan ordered them to move towards the fighting scene.

Hiding behind the thick bushes, the team sneaked along the way. When they arrived, they saw that the barbarian was a little bit smaller than the one they had seen before, but the appearance was otherwise almost identical, with an armor covering his muscular body. The demon, on the other hand, was a tiny, hunched creature, with eyes rolling quickly, and ears pricked up. All his fingers were slightly curled up, and his fingernails were long and pointy. Looking from afar,

this demon seemed like a leopard-man. This kind of demons, also known as the leopard-shaped demons, could easily outpace the barbarian, thus he could easily dodge any attacks from the barbarian. This demon, however, lacked the required attacking skills to bring the barbarian down, as he only managed to leave some white scratching marks on the barbarian's armor!

It seemed, that this fight would become a battle of attrition. It was a fight of endurance. No matter who was defeated, the winner would be neither of them. Qinghan had already led his team in the bushes, ready to end both of their lives at a proper time.

Half an hour later, the demon slowed his pace due to a lack of endurance. His enemy, the barbarian, however, only had some minor flesh wounds. By the time the barbarian would bleed to death, the demon would've already died from exhaustion. His pair of black bean-like eyes rolled for several times, as he pondered for a second. He was preparing to flee!

"Members of the Hua family, it's time to slaughter this demon! As for the others, please stay alert! As for the barbarian, I'll deal with him!" Realizing the demon was going to run away, Qinghan immediately stood up, and gave orders to his team members. With a dash, he jumped out of the bush, and took out his Cyan Dragon Dagger.

With the protection of the Tortoise Armor, Qinghan rushed towards the barbarian without any fear. Qinghan had deduced, that this barbarian was less competent than the previous one; it could be a Mighty Barbarian Soldier at best. Also, Qinghan regarded it as an opportunity to practice his Mysterious Trace Steps. While he was fighting, the other team members would be on alert duty, in case any demon or barbarian would teleport in the nearby surroundings. With nothing to worry about, Qinghan was confident to kill the barbarian within seconds.

People began to disperse in every direction, guarding nervously around the teleportation posts. They were afraid whether or not they would be able to struggle with the randomly emerging enemies. As for their leader, Qinghan, who could kill cultivators in the Realm of the Marshal, they were sure he would succeed.

“Integration!”

It was the first time for Qinghan, to have a face-to-face fight against a barbarian. In order to kill the enemy as fast as possible, he immediately integrated with Little Black. The surge of confidence was about to explode, for he couldn't wait to kill his first barbarian. Even if this barbarian were to have the power equivalent to a cultivator in the Realm of the Marshal, he would still be confident!

Fortunately, the puffing confidence was still under Qinghan's control. He was level-headed, and wielded his dagger towards the back of the barbarian.

In a hurry, the barbarian turned around in surprise. Despite his quick response, Qinghan successfully stabbed his dagger deep into his flesh, leaving an opening in his armor. Soon after, the scarlet-red blood oozed out of the wound.

With one stab, Qinghan had successfully left a deep wound on the barbarian. His black eyes were lit up out of sheer excitement. Looking at his Cyan Dragon Dagger, which lived up to its title as a treasure-level item, he couldn't help but chuckle. Without this sharp dagger, he wouldn't be able to cut into the barbarian's armor.

Soon, Qinghan put away his dagger. Instead, he formed a Battle Qi armor. At the same time, he unleashed some Battle Qi under his feet, stepping towards the barbarians in a bizarre manner...

“Eh, what’s your young lord doing?”

In the near distance, a girl from the Yue family, and a young man from the Ye family were lurking in the thick weeds. Through the space between the weeds, they witnessed all of Qinghan’s movements.

Time and again, Qinghan deliberately dashed towards the gigantic barbarian, not to attack it, but to run around it, in an attempt to dodge the fists of this muscular enemy. By walking in creepy, exotic footsteps, Qinghan was occasionally hit by the pot-sized fist from the barbarian, at which time he was thrown away like a sandbag. Strangely, every time he was attacked, he would undauntedly help himself up, and run towards the barbarian once again...

“I... I don’t understand, either. Perhaps, our young lord is trying to entertain himself...” The young man of the Ye family replied to the girl. He couldn’t figure out the reason behind Qinghan’s weird, or even ridiculous behavior.

“Haha! It seems as if the barbarian is making fun of your young lord...” The girl from the Yue family quietly laughed.

Qinghan, 1.7 meters tall, seemed like a child, when playing around the 2 meter tall barbarian.

Chapter 83 – Mysterious Trace Steps

Jumping back and forth like a monkey, Qinghan continued his fruitless fight with the barbarian. Every three minutes, while he was practicing his Mysterious Trace Steps, he would be hit several times by the barbarian. Thankfully, with the protection of his Battle Qi armor, and the inferior treasure-level item, the Tortoise Armor, he was safe and sound. As his understanding of the Mysterious Trace Steps matured, the frequency of him being hit by the barbarian slowly decreased... At the same time, the gigantic barbarian, like a machine, was tirelessly attacking Qinghan, as though he was fully outraged by Qinghan's previous stab.

One hour!

Two hours!

In the end, the barbarian wielded his blunt arms in the air, with great effort, for he had consumed too much of his physical strength. On the contrary, Qinghan's steps grew quicker and quicker, as he even managed to move in eighteen different styles. Although he hadn't yet reached the first level of the Mysterious Trace Steps, he was rather satisfied by his improvements. Now, Qinghan was as nimble as a mud fish, as he successfully dodged all the attacks from the barbarian. He was actually practicing his Mysterious Trace Steps with the help of the barbarian!

"I'll finish practicing in a short while." Qinghan thought to himself.

As for the barbarian, he pinned his large eyes on Qinghan, as he was totally

stunned by Qinghan's defensive abilities. Originally, judging from Qinghan's appearance, the barbarian expected Qinghan to be as weak as a rotten persimmon, which left him to think that he could punch this tiny human to death effortlessly.

Now, however, it was clear that Qinghan was just teasing this barbarian, who was determined to fight until the very end. The barbarian chose not to surrender, after considering the thousands of years' hatred between the two races. Thus, he would rather bite the bullet than be a quitter.

Alerted by the panicking sounds from the birds, the barbarian's eyes suddenly turned stern. The moment he looked up, he saw a cyan dagger, which rapidly descended, before cutting through his throat. Subsequently, he lost his consciousness...

Just before, his team members had sent Qinghan an urgent message, and required him to finish his fight as soon as possible. A scout of the Hua family had also reported to Qinghan, that two demons had appeared nearby, and that both of them were Demonic Generals.

With a chuckle, Qinghan secretly admired this perfect place, because they could catch a turtle in a jar – a sure success. Two Demonic Generals represented twenty credits! Happily, Qinghan called up his team members, and moved stealthily towards the two newly discovered demons.

To everyone's surprise, the two teleported demons were females. Despite their equally slim bodies, the tattoos on their face couldn't be described as beautiful, at least by human aesthetic standards. Of course, Qinghan wouldn't show any leniency towards female demons. Qinghan, together with another descendant of

the Ye family, bounced up from the ground, and flew towards the demons. Immediately, Qinghan integrated with his battle beast, and used his Soul Blackout technique. Within seconds, he successfully reaped the life of one demon.

The descendant of the Ye family, at the same time, unleashed a large amount of Battle Qi, and formed it into a big hammer, throwing it directly towards the other demon. Consequently, the demon was heavily wounded by the slam of the Battle Qi hammer. With an effortless stab, this Ye family descendant, who was in the Realm of the Marshal, easily killed this demon, whose cultivation was equivalent to those in the Realm of the General. After all, there was a gap of one realm between the two.

Astounded by Qinghan's stunning performance, the rest of the team members, who had prepared to help him in times of danger, kept their mouths wide open. They had never thought, that a cultivator like Qinghan, who was in the Realm of the General, could kill a Demonic General within a second!

As for the Marshal–Realm descendant of the Ye family, he had the advantage of killing a lower-ranked demon. However, as for Qinghan, it was rare for a cultivator to kill a similar realm opponent within such a short period of time.

“Is it because of the integration with a holy-grade battle beast that makes Qinghan so powerful?” Some of them murmured, as they were greatly confused.

Without any explanation, Qinghan just smiled. He knew, that one day, they would all discover his true ability. Now, by using his integration technique, he aimed to test if this was also effective in front of those from other races. The answer proved to be a positive yes. As long as his enemies had a soul, they would

become unconscious for some time, once they were attacked by Qinghan's Soul Blackout technique.

As per the agreement, their team was supposed to be on duty for a whole night and a whole day. Luckily, owing to their advanced cultivation level, none of them felt exhausted. After collecting the corpses, the team remained on high alert, as they were observing their surroundings. Meanwhile, Qinghan jumped onto a big tree, and continued to cultivate.

Nevertheless, it seemed their good luck had been used up. During the rest of the day, the eastern district, which Qinghan was in charge of, remained devoid of other lifeforms after the last two demons.

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A long day finally came to an end, as the sun was setting. Qingwu, leading a group of people, took over the shift duty from Qinghan's team. Subsequently, the team members climbed up into the big tree and entered their bunks, before they fell asleep. As for Qinghan, he had one more important thing to finish.

Qinghan had to collect the credits from the corpses! As agreed upon, all the slaughtered enemies would be collected at a certain place, and only Qinghan would be allowed to take off their rings. Once Qinghan had finished this process, he would bury the corpses.

Walking along the pool, Qinghan finally collected all the credits, before he saluted the guards and left. When he was back at his bunk, he stared at his ring, where the number had already changed to 140. Under the concerted efforts of the whole super team, they had gained 105 credits during the first night and day. Adding up to his previous 35 credits, it had increased to 140. Based on the

amount of credits, Qinghan estimated that they had killed approximately six Demonic Generals, five Barbarian Generals, and several Mighty Demonic Soldier, and Mighty Barbarian Soldiers.

In the middle of Qinghan's excitement, a strange fluctuation in the air lifted Qinghan's vigilance. Since he had cooperated with the members of the Hua family for quite some time now, he quickly recognized that it was the Invisible Technique. But who would come to meet Qinghan during his break? He believed it to be Hua Cao, the female-looking young lord! Qinghan comfortably leaned against the branch of the tree, as he silently waited for the arrival of Hua Cao.

"Alas!"

With a pessimistic sigh, Hua Cao gradually appeared out of the darkness. With a surly face, he looked rather disappointed.

"What's wrong with you, Hua Cao?" In a hurry, Qinghan stood up, and asked concernedly, before Hua Cao fully exposed himself.

"What a loss! As a cultivator in the Realm of the General, you can see through my Invisible Technique? Oh, how can I survive?" Hua Cao complained, as if he had suffered a great loss.

Hearing this, Qinghan looked at Hua Cao from the corner of his eyes, "Fuck you, hasn't the Integration Technique of our Ye family been exposed in front of all of you? There should be no secret among the five prominent families! Come on, buddy. What's really on your mind?"

“Ah, you can read my mind, young lord Qinghan. Haha, look there!” Suddenly, Hua Cao’s face turned red, as he embarrassingly pointed his finger towards something in the distance.

Following the direction of Hua Cao’s finger, Qinghan saw the place where the girls of the Yue family were stationed. Looking closer through the space of the leaves, there stood a newly-built simple bathhouse.

“Don’t get me wrong, Qinghan! I wouldn’t dare to peep at Qingcheng while she was taking a shower... I just... wish to peep at the other descendants of the Yue family. Would you please ask your future wife to remove the guards around the bathhouse? You know, that would be a feast for our eyes. I promise, I’ll pay you for doing so!” Hua Cao patted on Qinghan’s shoulder, as he spoke in a tentative manner.

“Go to hell! Why don’t you just ask her yourself? Haha, Hua Cao, your gentle appearance has cheated us all, deep inside, you’re a true pervert, who only wishes to indulge himself in obscenity.” Pushing Hua Cao’s arm away, Qinghan was shocked to see this evil aspect of Hua Cao, who had always maintained the proper temperament of a young lord.

Surprisingly, Hua Cao crossed his arms, and explained, “Old habits die hard. I mean, I tried to get rid of this stalking habit, but I can’t. You know why? The first technique we learn, as a descendant of the Hua family, is the Invisible Technique. Once we acquire this amazing skill, we have to finish the task given to us by the family – peep at the girls who’re in the middle of taking a bath, by using this special technique. Within a month after being given this task, we have to succeed! During these years, I’ve become addicted to it. Now, it has been several months since I’ve last peeped. I’m so itchy to have another peep...”

Chapter 84 – Stalking Plan

For a minute, Qinghan was speechless.

“Are you people of the Hua family even human? In what world is stalking a task that’s supported by the family?”

Thinking of the victimized girls in Luo City (governed by the Hua family), who’ve had to deal with those stalking perverts, Qinghan’s anger grew into a fury. He could envisage the sordid eyes staring at the girls, while they were rubbing their delicate bodies...

“Fuck! Your entire family is filled with perverts! How can you do such a shameless thing to those innocent girls? Do you know the meaning of the word “humanity”? You’re absolutely beasts... monsters! It’s totally unfair to those poor girls, because they deserve the right of privacy! Hasn’t your nasty behavior been discovered over the years? Isn’t anybody protesting against your vile ways? What do the female members of your family think of it? Do they oppose it?”

“Don’t be such a hypocrite! I bet you just envy me. Honestly, my ancestors are known as the Gods of Obscenity. You know what? The girls in Luo City are eagerly waiting at home for us to peep on them! This way, they might marry into our family. However, if we’re discovered, we won’t admit it. Actually, those of us, who fail at this simple task, will be regarded as incompetent. Also, the disagreement of the female members of our family poses no threat to this practice. By stalking, we do not only cultivate our Invisible Technique, but also our state of mind. In my opinion, it should be encouraged, rather than denounced...”

In a triumphant manner, Hua Cao continued, “Indeed, we have strict family rules for us to abide by. First of all, the girl to be stalked has to be unmarried; at the same time, minors in our family aren’t allowed to stalk others’ sex life by using this technique. And once we’re discovered by others, we aren’t allowed to confirm our identity as descendants of the Hua Family. If we do... we’ll even receive severe punishment... Hey, to tell you the truth, I’ve even done such a thing back on the island of the Tranquil Lake, and I succeeded. A bunch of girls were taking a shower in the lake... and all of them were naked... It was fucking breath-taking!”

“Son of a bitch!” Qinghan yelled, out of inexplicable indignation.

Gradually, Qinghan began to realize that he wasn’t furious. Instead, he was endlessly jealous. In this lawless world, seldom would anyone make a fuss about stalking. Given the great influence of the Hua Family, they didn’t care much about the consequences brought about by this behavior.

All human beings, in some way, boasted a dual-sided personality. They could be good and bad at the same time. Stalking, somehow, fed their criminal temptation, to turn their imaginary beauties into real physical figures. Young men, full of hormones, would find it almost impossible to resist against such a temptation. However, most of the youngsters would feel too guilty to act upon this temptation, and only kept this amoral thought within their own mind. The Hua family, however, was exceptionally shameless, for they had made such a behavior as a common family practice since ancient times.

When others were told of this secret, they would lose their psychological balance and become depressed. The thing, that they deemed as disgraceful, but tempting, was a popular practice in the Hua Family! Their first response would be anger, which would slowly turn into jealousy.

“Come on, buddy, will you go with me? I bet your future wife will be thrilled, if you peep on her. Haha...” With a nasty smile, Hua Cao threw a tentative glance at Qinghan.

“Fuck you! I don’t need to peep on a girl in order to see her naked!” Qinghan was so itchy to punch Hua Cao, but he managed to refrain himself.

Thinking of Qingcheng’s curves, Qinghan’s heart started to swing in illusions. Also, the night at the An’yue Hotel, reminded him of the enchanting lady boss, who had groaned all night under his “attacks”.

It had been months since Qinghan had spent that night with An’yue. Back on the island of the Tranquil Lake, he had called up several girls of the Yue family to a bedroom, to make a hoax. No one knew, however, how hard he had struggled to behave himself in front of those seductive girls, when they were placed together in the confinement of a small bedroom. Now, under the demagogic proposal of Hua Cao, he began to think of the feasibility of this practice. Because of the Soul Tranquilization skill he had obtained, he had successfully been chosen as the future son-in-law of the Yue family. Plus, apart from this factor, Qingcheng did have feelings for him. She had even sacrificed several girls of her family to help Qinghan form a super team. It could be understood, that Qingcheng was attempting to get on Qinghan’s good side. Therefore, Qinghan reckoned the chance of him being refused by Qingcheng to be quite slim.

The more Qinghan thought about it, the more excited he became. The depression and fatigue in his heart were eager to find a place to vent out.

Choked by Qinghan’s response, Hua Cao was silent for a second, before he replied, “Of course, you don’t have to. The most beautiful girl in the Yue family,

Qingcheng, has clung to you since the festival, despite the fact that you've publicly refused her. You know, at the beginning, when you said you would give up on the chance to compete for Qingcheng, we thought that you were gay. During the night, Feng Zi had even deliberately put his clothes on, in case you would climb into his bed. Haha... Now, however, we're sure that you're actually a lady-killer. Haha... Perhaps, you can even share some of the girls with us?"

Hua Cao's remarks, like a barrel of cold water, poured on Qinghan's head, and forced him to become sober. Deep inside, he despised himself for the evil thoughts he had just conjured up. Why did he refuse Qingcheng? Because he had a beloved sister back home, who was waiting for him to save her! Now, Qinghan was caught in a deep sadness, as he remembered how his sister had smilingly said to him, "I'll marry you in my next life..."

When Qinghan pulled himself together, he felt guilty for being tempted by Hua Cao's proposal. How could he start another romantic relationship, while his sister was still on the verge of death? With a stern look, he turned to Hua Cao and said, "It's a matter of personal charisma. You'll never understand. Alright! I'll continue my cultivation. You should leave, and get some sleep!"

"You're always cultivating. Buddy, it isn't healthy to cultivate, you also need to take a break every now and then... Forget about it. You're so boring... I'll go and chat with Feng Zi." With a shrug of his shoulders, Hua Cao tried a final time to persuade Qinghan, who was already sitting crossed legs. Eventually, he shook his head, and left...

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It had been an entire month since the last conversation between Hua Cao and Qinghan. Since then, Qinghan had spent most of his time in cultivation, except for when he was practicing his Mysterious Trace Steps when demons or

barbarians appeared.

As for Hua Cao and Feng Zi, they had racked their brains to implement their stalking plan. Nevertheless, they had made no substantial progress in this regard. Actually, the girls from the Yue family had already identified their evil intention, and added the guard force to six people, who were constantly guarding around the bathhouse. Also, in order to avoid Hua Cao and Feng Zi, they chose to bath when the two young lords were both on duty. As for Qingcheng, she admired Qinghan's diligence, and didn't disturb him. Sometimes, she and Qingwu would appear in the eastern side of the lake, as they were busy with something.

Several days later, Feng Zi and Hua Cao dropped their stalking plan, and started pursuing girls of the Yue family. They had chosen their respective "target", and exerted all their means to lure them in. Somehow, this helped them to find entertainment in this boring camp life.

During these days, the number of demons and barbarians, who were teleported to this lake, had dropped significantly. Perhaps, they had mastered better methods to avoid the teleportation posts. Up until now, the super team had gained less than three hundred credits.

Because of the unpromising harvest, the super team had convened several meetings discussing countermeasures. In the end, they decided to let the young lords of each family fight against the enemies by themselves, so that their battle experience could be accumulated. In order to ensure the safety of the young lords, at least one cultivator in the Realm of the Prince would be present during these fights.

Chapter 85 – Demonic Emperor

Qinghan, together with his team members, were guarding the eastern part of the lake.

Throughout the night, no enemies appeared. They got used to this fruitless situation, for it had been like this for days. Some were cultivating, while others were peacefully sleeping. Until the next morning, when the silence was broken by the warning devices around the teleportation spots.

The team members all raised their vigilance, wishing to enjoy a brutal fight, after so many hours of waiting.

A scout took the initiative, and disappeared by using his Invisible Technique. As for the others, they clenched their fists, as they were ready to fight.

- Gugugu... -

Within the blink of an eye, another urgent siren rung, which frightened everyone. Their valiant expression immediately turned pale, as another scout was instructed to carry the message to the whole super team!

This was a first-grade alarm! The enemy ahead could be a Demonic or Barbarian Emperor!

All of a sudden, the birds flew away from their trees, as though they were scared of some ferocious beast.

- Swoosh! -

Upon receiving the message, Shisan rushed to Qinghan, who was now wrapped up in an armor of Battle Qi, as he was fully prepared for the upcoming fight...

- Swoosh! -

A lot of the super team's members arrived, including the advanced cultivators in the Realm of the Prince.

"What's going on?" Hua Cao whispered to Qinghan.

Turning around, Qinghan replied, "I'm not quite sure yet. We'd better go and have a look when everyone's here."

As per the previous agreement, once an advanced enemy, like the Demonic or Barbarian Emperor, appeared, they would all come to help. Also, each Prince-Realm cultivator would be assigned a specific task, with two safeguarding the young lords, and four attacking the enemies, while the last one kept patrolling for any further dangers. This way, the enemies wouldn't be able to flee, and the rest of the team members would be well protected. Of course, most importantly, the descendants of the prominent families, some of whom might easily be killed by the enemies, would stay unharmed.

"Let's go, they've successfully besieged them!" Shisan had received information from a Prince-Realm cultivator, and urged the rest of the team.

At the same time, Qingcheng also arrived, with a group of beautiful girls

walking behind her.

Since the enemy was encircled by advanced cultivators, they had nothing to worry about. In a hurry, they ran to the scene to obtain some knowledge, such as demonic techniques or witchcraft, from the enemy.

When they arrived, a stick-like demon entered into their view. Black scales were covering his skin, including his face. His head was small and spinous, and his pair of eyes had some green light gleaming inside. In the middle of the lawn, he was besieged by four cultivators in black samurai outfits. Looking closer, the weeds and flowers in the surroundings were completely trampled. Predictably, this demon had attempted to flee, but failed.

“Oh, it’s a snake-shaped demon!”

Qinghan yelled in excitement, as he had learned some knowledge about this race. This was actually a pure breed snake demon, which accounted for a majority of the population in the Demon Prefecture. Because of their stunning speed, and toxic venom, they were known as a comparatively strong sub-race. Despite all of their advantages, they were short of attacking skills.

“Haha, since it cannot run away, his ring is at our fingertips.” Shisan somehow felt relaxed after seeing this situation.

Looking at the perplexed expression on the others’ faces, Shisan explained, “The snake-shaped demon is known for their amazing speed and sneak attacks. You know, they’re able to conceal themselves with the help of the surrounding environment. If a cultivator is bitten by such a demon, he will definitely die, for there is no antidote for the venom they release. However, for cultivators in the Realm of the Prince, they’re able to protect themselves from the demon’s venom

with their unleashed Battle Qi. Look, right now, this demon has no chance to use his trump card – his venom! For those below the Realm of the Prince, you should avoid meeting a snake-shaped demon. If you get sneaked attacked by him, your physical functions will gradually fade away... The likelihood of being killed under such circumstances is extremely high!”

“Thanks for your reminder!”

Every nodded appreciatively, for this was a matter of life and death. In order to stay alive, they embedded this piece of golden advice within their mind. Meanwhile, the four cultivators in the Realm of the Prince didn’t have the slightest intention to fight, as they just stood there releasing their Battle Qi. Surprisingly, the cultivators’ Battle Qi actually had different colors. Looking from a distance, they were actually like four immortal guardians.

Out of desperation, the snake-shaped demon tried to run away many times. It changed into a streak of a black figure, as he would run in all directions, but he always ended up failing. Somehow, he was like a caged mouse, running everywhere for any possible exits. Sadly, in the end, he realized that he had no chance to get out of this “cage” ...

“Humph, this Demonic Emperor is terrible. Except for his speed, he should feel ashamed of himself.” Feng Zi figured out that this demon would be easily killed by any of the four cultivators surrounding it.

“Since they’re all at a similar level of power, why’s the difference so distinct?” He added in confusion.

“Apparently, the snake-shaped demonic emperor is far from an equal

opponent for cultivators in the Realm of the Prince. But, if we encountered him without any preparation, except for the advanced cultivators, we would probably all be killed! Of course, this doesn't count for the members of the Hua family, who'll certainly find a way to flee by using their Invisible Technique." Shisan raised his eyebrows, and replied in an intimidating manner.

"Ohhh..."

Hearing this warning, everyone stared at this black-scaled demon with fear flowing in their eyes. It wasn't a mouse that was caged in, it was a ferocious monster!

Shisan stopped for a few seconds, so that others would have the time to digest what he had just told them. A little while later, he offered them a detailed explanation, "His speed surpasses that of any similar-level cultivator. Plus, his endurance is also very impressive. Honestly, anyone who falls behind his movements will be killed. But, yes, he does have a weakness – his attacking ability! But, remember, he also has a lethal "weapon" – his venom. An abrasion in his skin helps him release enough venom to kill you. Once you're bitten by such a demon, you'll soon become paralyzed. Thus, you'll be an easy prey for him under his claw at that time. Indeed, the snake-shaped demon is a formidable opponent for all cultivators below the Realm of the Prince. In each and every Prefecture War, a large number of cultivators from the Mars Prefecture are killed by them! The reason why the four Prince-Realm cultivators didn't attack him yet, is to provide you guys with an opportunity to observe him, and figure out ways to counterattack whenever you encounter any of these snake-shaped demons."

Shisan's enlightening speech had impressed them all. Now, everyone was looking at the demon in a world of his own, imaging what they would do if they encountered such a mighty opponent.

Like the other young lords, Qinghan also pondered for a while, and came up with a conclusion: before he had fully mastered the Mysterious Trace Steps, he would use his integration technique to kill demons who're at a similar cultivation level; he would regard the demons as his main target in the final war. Although he was eager to make sure whether or not his holy-level bronze ring could heal the poisonous wounds, he felt that it was too risky to try it out...

About half an hour later, under the instructions of Shisan, the four Prince-Realm cultivators began to launch their attacks. Since other demons and barbarians could appear from other teleportation posts at any time, they deemed it was the right time to attack, before they were caught in an uncontrollable situation by the appearance of more enemies from other teleportation posts. Suddenly, the amount of Battle Qi doubled as they drew closer towards the demon. In the Realm of the Prince, the skill of unleashing Battle Qi would be greatly upgraded, it could not only be used as a defensive armor, but also restrict or weaken the opponent's attack.

Eventually, the snake-shaped demon was driven into a corner, as he was attacked by Battle Qi from all directions. Gradually, his movements turned slower and slower, as it was almost reduced to half of his original speed. In the end, one of the four cultivators, who was from the Feng family, killed this demon with his sword.

"Young lord Qinghan, come and get the credits!" With a chuckle, Shiqi winked to Qinghan.

Immediately, Qinghan bounced up from the ground, jumping to the Demonic Emperor, who would give him 100 credits! Apparently, Qinghan was thrilled by the amount of credits he would get this time.

Chapter 86 – Gambling (1)

In a hurry, Qinghan rushed to the demon, and took off the ring from his scale-covered finger. When he placed the demonic ring against his own, the number, beside the sculptured word “War”, changed from 365 to 465.

Looking at the new number, Qinghan thought of his sister, who was lying in bed, waiting for his return. But... he couldn't. He wished he would encounter scores of high-ranked demons or barbarians, so that he could meet the total number of the target credits, and go home earlier. Nevertheless, this was but a mere dream. Usually, the total number of high-ranked enemies, such as Demonic Emperors, was scarce. The one they just killed was an arrogant lone ranger, who had thought that he could deal with one or two cultivators in the Realm of the Prince with his overwhelming speed. Unexpectedly, he encountered this super team, and eventually died.

“You’d better stand beside me if we encounter a large group of enemies. For those snake-shaped demons, whose power are equivalent to those in the Realm of the Marshal, I figured out a way to defeat them.”

The team members dispersed, and set about doing their own task, with some patrolling around, and others having a rest behind the trees. Only several young lords and girls lingered around the scene. Suddenly, a conveyed voice reached Qinghan's ears, reassuring him that he would be protected in times of a group fight. Apparently, the melodious voice came from a girl.

Out of curiosity, Qinghan rolled his eyes, and turned his head, in search of the origin of this voice. Finally, his eyes anchored on Qingcheng, and he replied with a big smile, “Alright!”

However, with a doubtful expression, Qinghan glanced at Qingcheng again, as he was surprised that she was able to fight with a snake-shaped demon in the Realm of the Marshal.

Deep inside, Qinghan had complete confidence in his integration technique, which could probably kill such demons within a second. Yet, he didn't bother to explain too much to Qingcheng, so he just accepted her good intention. Actually, almost no one knew the true power of Qinghan's integration technique, as most of them thought it should be credited to the holy-grade battle beast. But, since it was considered his trump card, he wouldn't easily lay his cards on the table, and let everyone know the truth. He would only expose it at the right time...

Qinghan's warm smile touched the string of Qingcheng's heart, and she was caught up in such ecstasy, that the corners of her lips kept raising up, while her eyes were lit up with excitement. Out of shyness, she immediately turned around and ran away.

Staring at the beautiful back of Qingcheng, Qinghan was lost in thought. In the beginning, Qinghan had regarded Qingcheng as a brazen, shameless girl, who would force him to marry her. Even more so, after he had learned that Qingcheng would follow him all the way to the Prefecture War, he had even prepared a ton of reasons to reject her. To Qinghan's surprise, however, she didn't cling to him at all, as though she wasn't quite obsessed on marrying him. Instead, she behaved like a standard good wife, and lived up to her reputation as a considerate girl.

Since they had entered Ghost Island, Qingcheng had never thought of any tricks, nor did she deliberately run into Qinghan, pretending for it to be a coincidence. She didn't even climb on his bed, to try and lure him in with some sensual pleasure. On the contrary, she kept herself away from Qinghan, and only appeared in times of an emergency. It was fair to say, that she had been suffering silently without requiring Qinghan to do anything in return. What was

the definition of a good wife? For most men, they would answer it this way: the woman should, first and foremost, understand and support her husband. She should read her man's mind, and know exactly what she should do and what she shouldn't do. Apparently, Qingcheng met this criterion.

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In the following days, nothing special happened. Qinghan continued with his cultivation, while Hua Cao and Feng Zi kept attempting to court the girls of the Yue family, and Qingcheng and Qingwu stayed in their respective rooms. Meanwhile, the cultivators in the Realm of the Prince trained the descendants of the prominent families.

With the decreased number of enemies, the team members started to compete with each other, to figure out who got the honor of fighting first with the demons or barbarians that teleported here. Once a creature from another race emerged, the young lords would then take turns to fight against it. This happened, of course, under the protection of the cultivators in the Realm of the prince. When the young lords got tired, the other elites from the team would join in, until the demon or barbarian was too weak to fight back...

Obviously, with this tactic, everyone in the team was able to quickly improve their fighting experience. The huge amount of information they gathered, would surely help them better prepare for the upcoming larger-scale battles. Among them, Qinghan's Mysterious Trace Steps was considered to be the weirdest training method, because he never attacked, but only practiced his footsteps and defensive abilities. In others' opinion, he was merely seeking to be abused.

As time went by, the odds of encountering a teleported enemy became increasingly slim. The three prefectures had generally grasped the main location of the teleportation posts, thus seldom did any moron fall into the trap. Only

those, who were being chased into a corner, might slip into a teleportation spot. Sadly, most of the people were cautious on their route, in case they got caught by a teleportation post, and got teleported to a place, like this Monster Slaughter Pool, where enemies were waiting to fight them.

Since no enemies emerged, the young lords had ample time to flirt with the girls of the Yue family. However, to their surprise, Qingcheng had told every girl of their history of playing with other girls, which had made them feel rather awkward. Unlike the girls on the island of the Tranquil Lake, who were treated as commodities to please the prominent figures; the girls in this super elite team were all key descendants, who boasted not only a charming appearance, but also absolute abilities. Since Hua Cao and Feng Zi couldn't promise them to marry them as their first wife, they refused their pursuit. In the end, after the Prefecture War, they would separate; luckily, some might still get in touch and end up in a one-night stand. Although the Yue family was liberal-minded in not interfering in their descendants' romantic life, they had made a rule that their key descendants should be married as the first wife, rather than a concubine. Therefore, Hua Cao and Feng Zi's plan, once again, failed.

"I'm so bored..."

Hua Cao touched his handsome face, and said in a lassitude manner. Since there was no demon or barbarian for them to fight against, he hadn't stretched his body for quite some time. As a high-fed young lord, he wasn't used to this arduous lifestyle. Plus, he wasn't fond of cultivation either. Since he had nothing to do right now, Hua Cao decided to rally the team members to discuss if they could end this "hunting" plan in advance.

"Boring? I've got a new proposal!" A black figure from the distance replied to Hua Cao.

Upon hearing this, Hua Cao jerked his head around, winking his peach-like eyes towards the black figure. The moment the figure got closer, he was surprised to find it was Qinghan.

“Qinghan? Haha, is the sun rising from the west today? It’s so rare for you to come out. You’ve been so over-scheduled with your cultivation recently!”

“Haha! For a young lord like you, who hasn’t tasted the hardships of life, you would already find yourself in a pickle when you’re forced to live in such a remote, inconvenient place.” Qinghan, with his unflappable eyes, spoke slowly like a mature man. Also, owing to these days’ intensive cultivation, his body seemed much stronger than before.

“Come on, don’t keep me guessing, and just tell me your proposal. What is it? Are you going to peep on the girls with us?” Hua Cao exhaled a mouthful of foul breath, and scratched his head.

“Fuck you!” Qinghan glanced at Hua with the corner of his eyes, “Hey buddy, I have a question for you. Your family is famous for patience, such as the assassins in your family, who can remain in squat stance in a toilet for several days, in order to successfully finish their task; but look at you, if you were asked to wait there, you’d bounce up within an hour!”

“Alas!” Since Qinghan had seen through his weakness, Hua Cao replied with a little hesitation, “I’ve lacked patience since I was a child. Indeed, I aspire to be a unique assassin, who can kill his target in broad daylight. I imagine, that one day, I’ll be that kind of assassin, and behead the target in front of thousands of enemies. Haha, isn’t that cool?”

“C... cool.” Qinghan was almost speechless, he stopped momentarily, before

he continued, “I’m afraid, that you’ll be chopped into a heap of meat before you even find your target! Alright, all jokes aside, I’ll let you know my proposal now. Let’s make a bet, and if I lose, I’ll invite you to Thirteenth Street for an entire month. Deal?”

Chapter 87 – Gambling (2)

“You mean Thirteenth Street, the one in Grey City? Oh, it’s too far away from here. How about the Yue Pavilion?” With a sneer, Hua Cao rolled his beautiful eyes, as he proposed his request. For a young lord like him, the girls in Thirteenth Street were considered to be of low quality; he’d rather go to the Yue Pavilion, which was renowned for their enchanting girls, as well as their fancy expenses. Rumors had it that it was the most expensive brothel throughout the whole Mars Prefecture.

“No problem! Yue Pavilion it is!” After a little while, Qinghan agreed. Although the expenses in the Yue Pavilion were unimaginably high, he believed that the Yue family wouldn’t charge him the regular price.

“Since we still have to be at this place for another month, I suggest we fight against each other each day, with each round lasting for one full hour. I won’t attack, and if you stab me three times, you’ll win one round. However, to ensure my safety, only wooden swords are allowed as a weapon. With the thirty days of this month, if you can beat me sixteen times, you’ll be the final winner! What do you guys think?”

“Really? You won’t attack me?” Hua Cao blinked his eyes in disbelief, and he even thought that Qinghan had taken too much wine today, otherwise he wouldn’t make such a silly bet.

As a cultivator in the third level of the Realm of the General, Hua Cao was proud of himself. In addition, his special techniques – the Invisible Technique, and Figure Replication Technique, would also contribute to his overall ability in cultivation. In comparison, Qinghan was only in the first level of the Realm of the General, but had brazenly declared that he wouldn’t attack but only defend throughout the fight. How ridiculous! Even if Qinghan integrated with his holy-grade battle beast, Hua Cao firmly believed that he would still surpass him in speed by using his special technique. As long as Qinghan stayed defensive and didn’t attack, Hua Cao was confident to stab him thirty times, rather than three times!

Looking at Qinghan’s sincere expression, Hua Cao grew suspicious, rather than happy. Because in his opinion, he would be a hundred percent winner, there was

no need to fight at all. After some pondering, Hua Cao was afraid that Qinghan might intend to drag him into a plot or something.

“What is his real purpose?” He couldn’t help murmuring.

“Come on, I don’t breed any filthy plans. Yes or no? Otherwise, I’ll negotiate with Feng Zi instead.” With Hua Cao’s investigative scanning, Qinghan was struck by a shudder of a creepy feeling, half angry, half laughing at his insistence on getting to the bottom of this matter.

“Yes!” When Qinghan was about to turn around, Hua Cao hastily replied with a crisp sound. After all, he found himself with nothing to lose in this bet. Furthermore, if he won, he would enjoy the treatment of the Yue Pavilion for a whole month. Why not?

“Okay, I’ll arrange someone to patrol around us, in case of any emergency. Later on, let’s begin our first round!” Qinghan replied merrily, before he turned around towards Shiqi.

During the two months in this place, Qinghan had made some improvement in his Mysterious Trace Step. Strangely, he found the best way to practice was to fight with the enemies, because one could only fully unleash his potential when he was put at risk. To his disappointment, the number of teleported demons and barbarians had decreased sharply, that was why he decided to find a partner to help him practice his Mysterious Trace Step. Of course, Qinghan didn’t choose his partner randomly, he had some criterions. Among all the members of the super elite team, the one from the Hua Family boasted the highest speed, because of their special technique. Therefore, Hua Cao turned out to be his chosen partner. In order to raise Hua Cao’s interest, Qinghan had thought of this bet, hoping that Hua Cao would exert his full power in every fight.

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Several minutes later, Shiqi had arranged everything as per Qinghan’s request. So he turned to Qinghan, and nodded to him. Actually, as an adopted child of the Ye family, he knew something about the Mysterious Trace Step, which great elder Ye Qingniu had mastered very well. In the Mars Prefecture, Ye Qingniu was known for his “unmatched steps”. As a disciple of Qinghan, he was rather happy

to see his master obtain a new technique.

“Let’s begin!” With Shiqi being the timekeeper, Qinghan yelled at Hua Cao, and immediately integrated with his battle beast. Instead of forming an armor of Battle Qi, Qinghan unleashed his Battle Qi under his feet, making his pair of boots shine like jewelry.

“Haha, watch out!” Hurriedly, Hua Cao made a wooden sword from a branch, and held it firmly in his hands. With a curl of his lips, he disappeared out of the blue. It was only the very beginning of the fight, yet he had already concealed himself. Since Qinghan had promised not to attack, Hua Cao could lurk around him in a way Qinghan would never discover...

Without any sign of nervousness, Qinghan closed his eyes, and pricked his ears. By fully using his sensory organs, he was able to feel the flowing of the air in the surroundings.

All of a sudden...

Qinghan opened his eyes, and the Battle Qi under his feet was revolving drastically, which made him slip sideways, rather than retreat. In front of him, a wooden sword, as well as the figure of Hua Cao gradually appeared in the air. To Hua Cao’s astonishment, Qinghan had successfully escaped his first stab! Without giving much thought to this, Hua Cao stepped forward, when his body suddenly wobbled for some seconds until three figures of him loomed in front of Qinghan. All three figures were reaching out their arms, pointing the tip of their wooden sword at Qinghan.

“Figure Replication!”

Out of desperation, Qinghan shook his head. By using his special techniques, Hua Cao had definitely gained the upper hand. Looking at the almost identical figures, Qinghan failed to distinguish which was the original one. In order not to be defeated in the first round, Qinghan unleashed all of his Battle Qi, and walked on the ground in eighteen creepy styles of steps.

“What on earth are they doing?”

Obviously, this fight had grabbed the attention of others. Qingcheng and Qingwu, who weren’t on duty today, went towards them and stood alongside

Shiqi. Out of curiosity, they kept watching the three figures chasing after Qinghan. Without any attacks, Qinghan walked in weird steps, dodging at a high speed. On the open space, they jumped up and down, ran back and forth, very much like four ghosts.

“Miss Qingcheng, and Miss Qingwu, they’re actually practicing their cultivation.” Shiqi replied in an official tone, while his eyes swept the surroundings in high vigilance.

“Bullshit! Of course I know they’re practicing. Eh, why’s Qinghan’s style of steps so similar with my grandpa’s Running Bull Step?” Qingwu glared at Shiqi, and pouted in great confusion.

“Haha, they’re the same. Annoyed by the silly name, your grandfather had changed the name of this technique.” Shiqi chuckled, as he replied.

“The Ye family had taught Qinghan such a great technique? Their expectations for him must be really high!” Secretly, Qingcheng was happy for Qinghan learning a new technique. When Qinghan was fighting against enemies, she had already noticed his mysterious style of steps. Now, she was sure it must be the rare technique – Mysterious Trace Step, one of the few saint-level techniques!

Based on common practice, the saint-level technique wouldn’t be given to anyone below the Realm of the Emperor. But, Qinghan was an exception! Qingcheng felt so proud of him. On second thought, she raised some doubt about the reason why the Ye Family, without precedent, would inherit such rare technique to Qinghan. How would the Ye Family benefit from this?

- Swoosh! -

Like two frolic children, Hua Cao and Qinghan moved from one place to another – sometimes they appeared on a tree, sometimes in a stack of hay, and other times in the lake... How lively they were! Since the Hua Family was famous for their speed, Hua Cao undoubtedly outpaced Qinghan, and chased the latter unswervingly. However, not a single time did Qinghan fail to escape from Hua Cao’s stab. Owing to Qinghan’s mysterious footsteps, Hua Cao missed each opportunity to stab him when he got close.

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“Young lord Qinghan, you’ve lost!”

With a bright smile hanging on his face, Shiqi was quite amazed by the endurance of his master. Qinghan’s performance was beyond his expectations, given the fact that he had only been practicing the Mysterious Trace Step for two months.

Both Qingcheng and Qingwu stood there with tears rolling down their laughing face, waiting for the end of the fight. Hua Cao walked towards them, with a “show-off” attitude, although he was exhausted, and was annoyed by Qinghan’s weird footsteps. For quite a number of times, when he was about to stab him, Qinghan had escaped, which in some way had discouraged him. He was confident, however, to beat Qinghan within a shorter period of time tomorrow.

Chapter 88 – Gambling (3)

“Mighty Hua Cao, haha, you win. Tomorrow same time, same place!” Despite his failure, Qinghan was quite satisfied with his performance today. When he saw the two girls beside Shiqi, he greeted them with a smile, “Hello, Miss Qingcheng and Sister Qingwu, you’re all here, huh?”

“Qinghan, your diligence in cultivation is quite impressive!” Qingcheng’s black eyes lit up the moment she met Qinghan’s glance, and her tender love for Qinghan, who had turned much more mature in his tanned countenance, grew even more intense. She understood the reason behind Qinghan’s crazy cultivation – to obtain enough credits so he might save his sister! As a young girl, Qingcheng was touched by Qinghan’s genuine love for his sister, but at the same time, she felt jealous as well.

Meanwhile, Qingwu twisted her straight nose, and complained, “Qinghan! Tell me, how do you know my grandfather’s Running Bull Step? Has he secretly taught you this special technique?”

“Running Bull Step?” Hua Cao came to realize why Qinghan could dodge his attacks so nimbly, “Oh, Qinghan, no wonder your footsteps seem weird!”

“I’ll explain it to you later, but not today.” Qinghan glared at Qingwu, as though she had spoken about something she shouldn’t have.

Upon receiving Qinghan’s scolding glance, Qingwu shut her mouth up immediately. But it was too late, Hua Cao was aware of Qinghan’s special technique now. Being afraid that Hua Cao might quit the bet after knowing this, Qinghan snatched Hua Cao’s sleeves, “Buddy, are you afraid? If you are, just admit that you’re a loser. Otherwise, you’ll lose even more face when you’re defeated later on.”

“Humph! Of course I’m not! Remember, it was you who got stabbed three times by me today. I will surely be the final winner of this bet...” In front of the two beautiful girls, Hua Cao deliberately straightened his spine, despite his slight awe for Qinghan’s mysterious steps. But as he bragged, he saw Qingwu glare at him in great fury. Out of fear, he just shut up in the middle.

“Gambling? What will you get if you win? Lady-boy, continue!” Qingwu

immediately urged Hua Cao, as if she was greatly interested in it.

“Haha, nothing. Miss Qingwu, I’ll take a shower right now, and I’ll talk to you later. Fuck! This sweltering weather! I’m swimming in my own sweat...” After finishing these words, Hua Cao turned around and swiftly ran away, as though his boots were rubbed with oil.

“Humph! It’s clear that he’s deliberately hiding something from us. What kind of stakes did you guys agree on with each other?” With a soft sigh, Qingwu pointed her finger at Qinghan instead, hoping he would tell her the truth.

“Eh, I’ll talk to you later! The weather is so hot, I need to take a bath...” Qinghan frowned as he saw that both Qingwu and Qingcheng were waiting for his answer. Like Hua Cao, he just ran away.

“Ha, you and Hua Cao are going to take a bath together?” Out of sheer anger, Qingwu yelled at Qinghan.

When Qingwu was about to chase after Qinghan, she stopped, and stomped on the ground, cursing, “Ye Qinghan, let’s wait and see!”

Meanwhile, Qingcheng’s face turned blush, because she could guess the stakes for this bet, based on Qinghan’s awkward expression.

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In the following days, the super team had some additional entertainment, apart from the boring patrol duty. They enjoyed to be spectators of the “Qinghan versus Hua Cao competition”. On the first day, Qinghan was stabbed three times within fifteen minutes, and he lost. As his skill in the Mysterious Trace Step grew more mature, however, the duration of the fight lasted even longer.

Today marked the thirteenth day since they made their bet. The team members, who were off-duty today, all gathered around Shiqi, as they were quietly waiting for the upcoming fight.

“Hurry up! Ye Qinghan’s odds are ten to one against, and Hua Cao one to one. Anyone else wishes to make a bet? One minute left!” Feng Zi was urging the

spectators to bet on either Qinghan or Hua Cao, which embarrassed both candidates.

Since the third day since the bet was made, Feng Zi had formed his own casino under a big tree, with he himself being the host. Now he was surrounded by a bunch of speculators who wished to earn a small fortune from this fight.

“Young lord Feng, why have today’s odds dropped again? I remember, yesterday, young lord Qinghan’s odds were twenty to one against.” One of the members of the Hua family wore a long face, because he was so annoyed by Feng Zi’s exaggeration on Qinghan’s mysterious steps. Since the spectators had been told that Qinghan’s steps were the same as Ye Qingniu’s Running Bull Step, they had all started to bet on Qinghan.

Sadly, the truth was, that Qinghan had lost for thirteen consecutive times. The gamblers were outraged as well as anxious, since they didn’t want to lose even more money by betting on Qinghan. However, the odds on Hua Cao were too low to gain any profit, even if he won.

“Fuck you. You know nothing about the odds! I designed this rate on the bases of a variety of elements, such as their accumulated battle experience, their rest conditions, the weather... You know, I have spent all night calculating this result! Place your bet, otherwise, you’ll have to wait until tomorrow.” Apparently, Feng Zi was provoked, as he explained in a scolding tone. Yesterday, Hua Cao had won by a narrow margin, which indicated that Qinghan had gradually gained experience and became increasingly more likely to win a round. Therefore, being afraid to lose money, Feng Zi had lowered Qinghan’s odds.

Personally, Feng Zi was stunned by Qinghan’s amazing improvement. Because originally, when he was notified of their bet, he took it for granted that Qinghan would be the loser. Day by day, however, Qinghan’s mysterious steps helped him make great progress, which Feng Zi believed would exert even more power if Qinghan fully mastered this saint-level technique. What confused him was: it was said that this kind of steps ought to take as long as two decades to cultivate, how could Qinghan achieve the first level of this technique within several months?

“We bet on Ye Qinghan, 100 purple crystal coins.” In the middle of Feng Zi’s

meditation, an extremely feminine voice crept into his ears. Soon, a rosy perfume blended with the fragrance of a peach flower blew into his face, so he couldn't help but raise his head to see who had just spoken to him.

“Oh, Miss Qingcheng, Miss Qingwu. Nice to meet you, beauties. Errr, we're just fooling around here... You don't have to get involved.” Nervously, Feng Zi declined the two girls' stake, for he was afraid he would lose too much money if Qinghan won. Obviously, 100 purple crystal coins was considered a rather large amount. If Qinghan were to win, Feng Zi would then have to pay these girls 1,000 purple crystal coins.

“Come on, you're the host of this casino. Are you going to reject your clients?” By slightly raising up her eyebrows, Qingwu stared at Feng Zi intensively, as if her anger was going to clash with Feng Zi.

Bolstered by Qingwu, the rest of the gamblers all stole spiteful glances at Fengzi, a gesture seemed to urge Feng Zi to accept this deal from these two girls.

“Alright, since you've come to me, I have no alternative but to accept it. But, please don't cry if you lose all your money!” With a burst of dry laughter, Feng Zi accepted the purple crystal coins. Despite his relaxed expression, he had an exceedingly hard time managing it. Deep inside, he was praying for Qinghan to lose, otherwise, he would be financially doomed.

On the other hand, Qinghan and Hua Cao had already engaged themselves in a fierce fight. Unlike the previous rounds, where Hua Cao kept chasing after Qinghan throughout the fight; this time, they stayed near the same place, running around. Whenever Hua Cao's wooden sword was about to stab Qinghan, the latter would foresee the danger and dodge away.

Forty minutes had passed, and Qinghan had only been stabbed once. It took greater-than-usual efforts for Hua Cao to corner Qinghan into a rocky riprap and attack him. If it wasn't for his Figure Replication technique, Hua Cao wouldn't be able to stab Qinghan at all. Just like a mud fish, Qinghan escaped almost each attempted stab from Hua Cao, which made the latter want to vomit blood out of fury.

“Haha, fifty minutes have passed. Young lord Feng Zi, be prepared to pay us

1,000 crystal coins! Oh, how many beautiful clothes we can buy with such a large amount of money!” As the crowd was cheering for another one of Qinghan’s successful escapes, Qingwu made fun of Feng Zi by reminding him of the great amount of coins he was going to pay them if Qinghan won.

Although the odds were comparatively lower today, the gamblers were getting more and more excited by Qinghan’s nimble responses. Some of them couldn’t help but exclaim, cheering for Qinghan, hoping that the money they had lost in the previous days would all be returned to them.

“There are still ten minutes left. Why the hurry? For advanced cultivators, even one second can make a difference. It’s still too early to predict who’ll be the winner.” Feng Zi swallowed nervously, and cursed Hua Cao for a dozen of times in his heart. As the fight was nearing its end, Feng Zi’s trust in Hua Cao turned bleaker and bleaker...

Chapter 89 – Set off Again

“Time’s up, Ye Qinghan wins!”

When the fight drew to an end, the result was self-evident. Some cheered, while others frowned. Among them, the most outraged was Hua Cao - he raised his feminine face up, threw his wooden sword on the ground, and complained, “Phew, I admit defeat. Fuck the Yue Pavilion...”

“Come on, buddy. Don’t be thwarted by just one loss. Tomorrow, you’ll win again!”

With a triumphant smile, Qinghan slowly walked towards Hua Cao, while wiping the sweat off his face. It seemed that Qinghan had successfully achieved the first level of the Mysterious Trace Step. In front of Hua Cao, who was in the third level of the Realm of the General, Qinghan was only stabbed once in an entire hour, which provided vivid evidence of Qinghan’s drastic acceleration in cultivation. If he kept progressing like this, then he would certainly be better qualified to fight and survive in the final chaotic war. His plan was to kill as enemies as possible, so that he could hopefully obtain the required amount of credits, after which he would save his sister...

“Feng Zi, get us the money! Wakaka! 1,000 purple crystal coins!” Out of ecstasy, Qingwu jumped off of the ground, reminding Feng Zi to pay them off. Indeed, Qingwu and Qingcheng had observed several times before they finally took this bet, because they believed Qinghan’s chance of winning would soar as he progressed. They had, therefore, put all their money at hand in this bet.

“Ahh, Hua Cao, you disappoint me! Because of your inability, I lost all my money. Oh, I’ll be stripped bare.” Feng Zi’s fancy plan to gain a windfall out of their fight finally came to failure. He had originally planned to go to the brothels for several nights, with the fortune he would make here. Now, however, he couldn’t even afford a one night stand...”

Consequently, in order to clear up his debt, Feng Zi used up all his money at hand, and also lent some from the elite members of his family. On the other hand, Hua Cao rejected to continue the competition with Qinghan, because he felt he would go crazy if he kept fighting like this.

Having no better alternative, Qinghan invited Shiqi, as well as his other members, to practice with him. Ideally, members from the Hua family were considered by Qinghan as the best candidate to be his practice partners. But, since Hua Cao had publicly rejected his invitation, he figured it would be better not to disturb other members of the Hua Family. As a cultivator in the second level of the Realm of the Prince, Ye Shiqi was also an advanced cultivator. Although it seemed, that it was a waste of talent for Shiqi to fight with his master, who was at an obvious disadvantage in cultivation. Recently, the number of teleported enemies had decreased to a record level, so the need for advanced cultivators had also dropped.

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As time drifted away like water, three months had passed since they had arrived at this Monster Slaughter Pool. Today, it was finally time to leave, and trek deep into the Visionary Forest, to engage in more battles.

Early in the morning, the super team was busy collecting items, preparing food and water, as well as patrolling the surroundings. They were in full swing to set off on another journey.

With a leg of wild boar in their hands, Qinghan, together with others, was exhibiting their gluttony manner. Actually, this lake was far away from the central part of the Visionary Forest, so it was less dangerous to roast food on the ground. Once they went deep into the forest, the smoke of the fire would be an obvious invitation for enemies. It was definitely not feasible to set fire in the risky deep forest. In a sentence, this might be their last delicious barbeque. Because of this, the young lords ate with relish, in an attempt to completely fill their stomach.

Generally speaking, Qinghan was satisfied with the three-month “hunting” task. For one thing, the whole group had acquainted themselves with the knowledge of demons and barbarians; for the other, they had earned almost 800 credits without having a single casualty. And most importantly, Qinghan had successfully mastered the first level of the Mysterious Trace Step, which would surely lend him a great hand in escaping in the upcoming war. Furthermore, with

the accumulated Battle Qi, Qinghan was now on the verge of breaking through the first level of the Realm of the General!

“Everything’s packed up, let’s set off!”

In the eastern direction, a group of girls drew near in a formidable array, and they were led by Qingcheng and Qingwu. Upon their arrival, Qinghan quickly waved his hands, and yelled, “Let’s go!”

According to the geographical record of Ghost Island, the super team had just passed through a third of the journey in the Visionary Forest. On the three points of the triangular structure of this island, lay the respective temporary camps of the three prefectures. While inside the triangle, there was a vast Bloody Prairie. Twenty five kilometers away from the prairie, also known as its periphery area, was the destination of the super team’s journey. It was where the three-prefecture’s mingling battle took place.

Owing to the three-month cooperation, the super team had not only accumulated a great amount of fighting experience, but had also raised their morale. Now, they were storing up their energy for more fierce battles ahead.

In silence, the super team set off. Based on the recorded length of the distance, it could take them up to ten days to arrive at their next destination. The scouts from the Hua family led the way, and patrolled in the front by using their Invisible Technique.

To ensure everyone’s safety, they deliberately skirted some possible places where some dangerous monsters could emerge. As time went by, the team moved in a fast, yet silent manner. Step by step, they drew nearer and nearer to the periphery of the Bloody Prairie.

On the seventh day, they bumped into one of the elite teams from the Mars Prefecture.

Judging from their appearance, with half of them wrapped up in bandages, this elite team must have just come back from a bloody battle. Under the escort of several Prince-Realm cultivators, some young lords walked towards this team to express their greetings.

“Nice to meet you, young lord Qinghan, young lord...”

The leaders of this elite team were a young lord in blood-stained clothing, and a strong man in the Realm of the Prince, with an wounded left arm. Both of them had recognized the young lords walking towards them, and hurriedly greeted them.

“Young lord, the one in front of you is the young lord of the Liu family from Phoenix City; and the one beside him is an advanced guard in the Realm of the Prince.” Seeing Qinghan’s confusion, Shisan immediately whispered into Qinghan’s ears. As Qinghan had spent most of his leisure time in cultivation, he didn’t have much impression of the teams from other families.

“Phoenix City!” In response, Qinghan slightly nodded.

Indeed, Phoenix City was affiliated to Grey City, and the Liu family was in charge of this city.

After knowing the general situation, Qinghan nodded to the man in front of him, “Young lord Liu, what happened to your team. Why are so many of your men injured?”

With a bitter smile, young lord Liu replied, “Alas, we’ve lost a lot. I don’t know how to report back to my family. You might not realize how chaotic the battles are. It’s an awful mess...”

Based on the explanation of young lord Liu, they finally realized what had happened over there. It seemed, that both the Demon Prefecture and the Barbarian Prefecture had appointed important figures in this war. In each and every one of their teams, there were at least seven to eight advanced cultivators, like Demonic Emperors, or Barbarian Emperors. As a result, almost all of the elite teams from the Mars Prefecture were struck with large death tolls and injuries, once they were confronted by one of these teams. Several days ago, the elite team of the Liu family had unfortunately clashed with a super elite team from the Demon Prefecture. If it wasn’t for the suicidal explosion of another Prince-Realm cultivator, their team would’ve been annihilated.

“A super elite team?”

“Could it be her? The girl who can slaughter an elephant with one hand?”

This topic stirred a small discussion of the possible important figures in the other two prefectures.

“Fuck them! We’re not afraid of them at all, even in front of the son of the demon lord or barbarian king! I swear I’ll slaughter them all!” Out of uncontrollable fury, Feng Zi blustered. Since they had already formed a super elite team by themselves, they were prepared for a grand scale fight! But, to their surprise, the other teams had already taken the initiative well before they did.

“Errr... Have you guys heard of some especially strong teams in our Mars Prefecture?” Qinghan inquired about the whereabouts of Ye Yi, in an indirect way.

“Yes, of course. The elite team led by Miss Long Sainan has swept the battlefield formidably. Also, there is an unknown team, known as the Sickle Team, they impressed us a lot. Although we don’t know which family this team belongs to, we have witnessed their overwhelming fighting abilities. With four Prince-Realm cultivators as their leaders, and the rest of their members being in the Realm of the Marshal. Believe it or not, within thirty minutes, they slaughtered an entire team from the Barbarian Prefecture. In my opinion, this Sickle Team has killed too many demons and barbarians, the super elite team from the Demon Prefecture has now gone mad...” Young lord Liu gathered his eyebrows in anxiety, as he added.

“So, are you going to the temporary camp? Do you need any help from us?” Both Qinghan and Shisan looked at each other, with a mixed feeling of relieve and anxiety in their eyes. According to young lord Liu’s description, Ye Yi’s team should be safe and they might have gained a lot of credits; but the super elite team from the Demon Prefecture seemed to be hunting down Ye Yi and their fellowmen. Without any formalities, Qinghan cut straight to the point, in the hope that they could go to the battlefield as soon as possible.

“We have to go back to the camp to heal from our injuries. In the final war, we’ll come back out and try our luck again. Young lord Qinghan, take care...”

Qinghan gave them some healing medicine, and food, and soon after the super team continued on their journey. Since he had realized that Ye Yi and their

fellowmen might be chased by the super elite team from the Demon Prefecture, he ordered the team to quicken their steps. After knowing the information of Ye Yi, the other young lords didn't say anything, and only increased their pace.

Chapter 90 – The Enemy Is Up Ahead!

Three days later, the super team finally arrived at the periphery area of the Bloody Prairie. On their way, they had encountered several elite teams from the Mars Prefecture. Now, they had decided to rest, before they would engage in their first battle. They found a large cave nearby, which they entered, to rest and prepare for tomorrow's battle.

At dusk, a special guest arrived. Long Sainan!

Accompanied by two cultivators in the Realm of the Prince, Miss Sainan, in her scarlet-red samurai suit, appeared in front of the cave.

On hearing their footsteps, the young lords immediately stood up and greeted them. Miss Qingwu held Sainan's hands, and asked concertedly, "Sister, how do you know our route? The moment we arrived here, you showed up!"

With a bright grin, Sainan replied, "Hehe, it's me that arranged this cave for serving as a temporary camp for all our elite teams. I have formed a team of spies to observe the surroundings, in case an enemy tries to invade this camp. That's why I know exactly when you arrived."

"Sister, I heard that this year's Prefecture War is unprecedentedly chaotic, is that true?" Rolling her eyes innocently, Qingcheng asked a question, which she believed Qinghan would very much like to know.

"Chaotic? The Prefecture War always ends up in a mess." By slightly raising her head, Sainan stolen a subtle glance at the crowd, and added, "I know, you guys want to know the information about the two super elite teams. Honestly, I came here just for this purpose."

"In this Prefecture War, the son of the Saint Majesty of the Demon Prefecture, named Yao Kaka, leads a super team composed of eight Demonic Emperors, and two hundred Demonic Generals. Also, Man'gan, the son of the Barbarian Immortal, leads another team of seven Barbarian Emperor and two hundred Barbarian Generals... As per previous rules, the young lords like us wouldn't get

ourselves too involved in the war, other than accumulating experience by killing demonic beasts, and collecting treasures. But this time is an exception. You know why? The Sickle Team actually raided the team led by Yao Kaka, and robbed them of all of their treasures, which has definitely left them outraged. At the same time, this mysterious, yet crazy Sickle Team also killed a considerable number of barbarians, which further intensified their hatred towards our Mars Prefecture. Alas, the elite teams from our prefectures suffered as a result. If we didn't cut off their chase for our elite teams, we would've lost even more members! Now, thank goodness, you guys have also arrived. I hope your team can join in the fight against those two teams.'

"Ha, no problem. Since you guys have already broken the rules, we won't care much about it either. Let's slaughter the enemies together! Sister Sainan, please rest assured, we promise to crack them down once we encounter them." As an aggressive young lord, Feng Zi clapped his hands in agreement. He had actually greatly enjoyed maltreating the demons and barbarians that had appeared at the Monster Slaughter Pool.

"Sure, we will!" Qinghan was the second young lord to express his support. Without killing the demons and barbarians, how could he obtain sufficient credits, and save his sister with the Spirit Immortal Dan? As for Qinghan, the fiercer the battle, the more excited he would be. Moreover, he was confident in their super team, which was formed by four of the prominent families, and he believed that they had nothing to fear from those two enemy teams.

"That's great!" Qingcheng positively replied, quickly following Qinghan's response, in an attempt to cater Qinghan.

As for Hua Cao and Qinghan Wu, they also nodded in agreement. As was known to all, the Hua family was good at fleeing, owing to their Invisible Technique, so they didn't give much heed to the possible dangers ahead. While Qingwu had already made her mind up to help Qinghan, so she wouldn't quit in the middle either.

The seven cultivators in the Realm of the Prince also nodded, after looking at each other. Given the mighty formation of this super team, they would certainly be looked down upon if they rejected to help out in such a dire situation. Most importantly, among the seven Prince-Realm cultivators, three of them had

already entered into the third level. Thus, they firmly believed, even if they lost the battle, the advanced cultivators would still be able to protect them and help them escape.

“Great!” Smilingly, Sainan rummaged through her chest pocket and took a ragged map out, before handing it over to Qingwu, “This is a map of the surroundings. Look, this red spot is where we are now. Most of our elite teams from the Mars Prefecture have gathered around this spot, so please don’t go too far away from here without knowing the situation ahead. This is the frontline, and risks are everywhere... On the backside of this map, there is some information I collected about the techniques and true abilities of the Demonic and Barbarian Emperors. You may pass this map around so everyone will be fully aware of the situation. If you have any further questions, you can ask any of my patrolling teams in the vicinity. They will take you to where I am...”

After listening to her detailed explanation, everyone increased their vigilance, as they sat down and crossed their legs to cultivate, so that they could accumulate more Battle Qi for tomorrow’s fight.

.....

Deeper into the Visionary Forest, especially the areas in the periphery of the Bloody Prairie, the geography was complicated. Initially, when they first entered the forest, the only thing that they saw were the ancient trees and brooks... It seemed as if it was just a normal forest. When they arrived at the mingling battlefield, however, they finally realized how complicated the landscape was.

Early in the morning, Qinghan had led his team out of the cave, marching ahead into the battlefield. At the beginning, there were trees surrounding them, which indicated they were still inside the forest. However, as they went forward, they felt like they were lost in a maze, where bizarre things emerged one after another – sometimes they saw gigantic stones erected from the ground in various arrays; sometimes, a colossal cave appeared in front of them, very much like a ferocious mouth that was going to swallow them in; other times, numerous brooks crossed with each other, thus dissecting the land in various small sections.

Whenever they bumped into these weird areas, they chose to skirt around

them, rather than going deep into the unknown danger. If they randomly trooped in such areas, they could very likely be trapped in the ambush of the enemy!

Two hours later, they finally bumped into the first elite team from another race. According to the information provided by the scouts of the Hua family, the enemies ahead were from the Barbarian Prefecture. Actually, as per the information on the map, the height of the barbarians had a direct link to their strength. Looking over the general height of the team, they found there was only one tall barbarian, who might be a Barbarian Emperor. After analyzing the enemies, the super team, led by Qinghan, determined to get a good start!

Boldly, the team strode forward to the barbarian group. Considering the presence of the Barbarian Emperor, they gave up on a sneak attack scheme, for it could be easily discovered by the soul power of the Barbarian Emperor.

The Prince-Realm cultivators moved in formation, with Shisan in the middle. Meanwhile, the other cultivators had stopped unleashing their Battle Qi, and were instead moving ahead on instinct.

As for human cultivators, one could tell their level of cultivation by their unleashed Battle Qi. Thus, in order to disguise their true ability, and make it unpredictable for the enemy, they used this scheme to perplex the barbarians before the fight. This way, they figured, could better protect their young lords.

When they were within a hundred meters of each other, the barbarian team suddenly rushed towards them. If one would be surprised by seeing a couple of barbarians, they would certainly be amazed by witnessing two hundred of them rushing in one direction. The barbarians were extremely muscular, and their backs were straightened like pillars. Looking at the approaching crowd, which was like hundreds of pillars, with a three-meter tall super pillar in the middle, some of the team members held back their breath in fear. The same bronze-colored armor, the same sturdy bodies, what an impressive group! Their roaring sound resonated in the air, like the booming sounds of an earthquake.

“We’d better act abide by our original plan. Slaughter them all!” Shisan yelled as loudly as he possibly could to overcome the noisy background. If they could annihilate this group, in which the worst were Mighty Barbarian Soldiers, the

amount of credits they would obtain would be huge!

“Yes!” Motivated by Shisan’s inspiring yelling, the morale of Qinghan’s super team soared. Now, they began to unleash their Battle Qi, as they clashed with the enemies.

“Grrr! Grrr!”

The barbarians were also fully prepared for this fight, with some of them howling in excitement. In big strides, they carried their heavy legs as quickly as they could, while waving their pot-sized fists in the air.

“Listen! Descendants of the Ye family, integrate with your battle beast!”

As group leader of the Death Warriors, Shisan was credited for his wisdom and battle experience, so all the team members trusted in his leadership ability.

Chapter 91 – The Battle Commences!

Following the instruction of Shisan, the super team halted, and the descendants of the Ye Family, including Ye Qinghan, stepped out, as they integrated with their battle beasts.

“Grrr!”

“Wuuu!”

“Jijiji!”

In front of the Ye Family descendants, lines of shadowy battle beasts howled. Within the blink of an eye, all the beasts jumped into the chests of their masters, leaving a unique tattoo on each of the descendants’ bodies.

“Ye... Kill...”

On seeing the special technique of the Ye Family, the barbarians murmured in broken sentences, it seemed as if they knew something about the Battle Beast Integration. In response to their attack, the barbarians howled back, in a more threatening tone.

As one of the five most prominent families, the Ye Family had undoubtedly killed an uncountable amount of barbarians, and their hostility against each other had been accumulated to such a degree, that whenever they met each other, they would immediately engage in a bloody battle.

“Descendants of the Ye Family, squat on the ground! Girls from the Yue Family, use your Enchantment Skill, and Feng Family, use your Swordsmanship. Everyone, focus your attacks on the eyes of those barbarians!”

As the barbarians kept dashing towards the super team, they were only a 100 meters away from each other, which was known as the effective distance for the Enchantment Skill to exert its power. Shisan gave yet another order, while he remained as clam as always.

- Swoosh! -

Consequently, the descendants of the Ye Family squatted, making room for the Yue Family girls to shoot their bewitching gleam into the eyes of the barbarians. Within a split second, all the barbarians in the front of their group were

attacked, standing there with blank eyes.

- Hu hu! -

Closely following behind the girls of the Yue Family, fifty swords of various styles emerged in the hands of the Feng Family descendants. They thrust their swords directly into the front line of the barbarians, who were still in a state of unconsciousness.

Most of the barbarians in the front line suffered from blindness. The super team had a complete success in the first round! Amazingly, they had spent merely five seconds to achieve this. Moreover, about fifty or so barbarians in the front, now only served as a barricade, prohibiting their fellowmen from running forward. Due to the inertia, the barbarians in the rear dashed against the blind ones at an uncontrollable high speed. Apparently, it was already too late for them to come to a stop, as the realization of the true situation had hit them too late. The blind barbarians failed to distinguish their brothers from the enemies, and clashed with them as soon as they bumped into each other. The formerly neat formation was now broken up into a mess. Some of the barbarians even suffered severe injuries. These injuries came not from the human super team, but from their fellowmen.

“Everybody, disperse in the shape of a fan. Those from the Feng Family, continue to use your excellent Swordsmanship to attack their eyes! Yue Family, please get ready to counterattack. Ye Family, unleash your Battle Qi, and slaughter the enemies indiscriminately!”

As a young man, who had a high aptitude in leadership, Shisan grasped this opportunity to fully demonstrate his talent. It seemed, up until now, as if the situation was completely under his control. So he ordered to launch the second round of attacks.

In the second round, the barbarian team was caught in an even nastier mess. With the Enchantment Skill of the Yue Family, the barbarians, who attempted to attack, suddenly came to a stop, wandering around, as they had fallen into an imaginary world. Also, with the help of the Feng Family, the long swords were

hovering above the haunted barbarians group, waiting to stab into their eyes whenever the timing was right. At the same time, the descendants of the Ye Family formed large balls of Battle Qi, and threw them at the barbarians, letting them explode on impact. The total number of barbarians dropped to half, for many of them had already died in this fight.

“Grrr!!!”

The head of the barbarian group, a Barbarian Emperor, flared up with his eyes full of indignation. Within two minutes, half of his team had been slaughtered in front of his eyes! By punching against his muscular chest, the Barbarian Emperor expressed his grief as well as his anger. The most unbearable part for him, was that the members of his team were killing each other like morons! Like a wild bull, he bounced up from the ground, and flew towards the super team.

“Shiqi, it’s your turn to kill this monster! Yue Xian’gu and Feng Meng, assist Shiqi, and kill this giant barbarian!”

Turning his head towards the Barbarian Emperor, Shisan shot a disdainful look. Immediately, he instructed three Prince-Realm cultivators to bring him down. Indeed, Shisan was quite responsive to any sudden chances. Also, he was resourceful in thinking out countermeasures – he appointed three advanced cultivators to deal with the most powerful barbarian in the team, considering the Barbarian Emperor’s formidable defensive skills, which was proven by his unharmed body in such a chaotic battle.

After that, Shisan saw that the rest of the barbarians began to run away in all directions, very much like headless flies.

Quickly, he spit out another instruction, “The enemies are attempting to flee! Let’s spare no efforts in attacking them! Oh, wait... Shiqi, hurry up, the Barbarian Emperor is also running away. Catch up to him!”

Holding his cyan dagger in his hand, Qinghan rushed towards the barbarians like a rutting bull. The two Ye Family descendants, who were in the Third Level of the Realm of the Marshal, closely followed behind him, in an effort to protect their master. Because, if Qinghan were to be injured, then they would be scolded to death by Shisan.

- Swoosh! -

Without looking at the two temporary “bodyguards”, Qinghan rushed to the fighting scene within seconds. Upon his arrival, he immediately ran towards a tall barbarian. With the help of his integration technique, this unfortunate barbarian was frozen in the middle of his attempt to flee. Therefore, Qinghan managed to draw close to him, and cut through his neck, leaving a great amount of blood seeping out from the wound...

“Err! The barbarian was killed? Within a single second?!”

The two Marshal-Realm cultivators glanced at each other in utter disbelief, as their mouths had dropped wide open. Judging from the size of this barbarian, he should at least be a Barbarian General. How could their young lord, Qinghan, kill such a mighty enemy within a second?

Although Qinghan’s power left others stupefied, he didn’t pay attention to it. The only thing that occupied his mind right now, was to kill as many barbarians as possible. Like a fish, he swam into the group of barbarians.

In a hurry, Qinghan’s two bodyguards unleashed a large amount of Battle Qi on their swords, leaving streaks of light around the edge of their weapons. While at the same time, the rest of the Ye Family descendants couldn’t stand the temptation of slaughter. So they swarmed towards the enemy, who they considered to be as weak as lambs, though by size, they looked more like elephants...

At the same time, the assassins of the Hua Family also joined in the mess. The entire super team was chasing the running away barbarians, trying to form a net to reap them all. Unfortunately, the surviving barbarians were relatively strong, as most of them were Barbarian Generals. Despite the hovering swords above their head, they kept running, with their arms cupping their head in a protective gesture. Like giant moving ironmen, the barbarians moved their feet at maximum speed. Blood kept dripping from their wounds onto the ground, which was caused by the swordsmanship of the Feng Family. The barbarians believed that, as long as they kept on running, they could probably survive...

The seemingly cowardice escape had left the super team perplexed. By now, they had chased several kilometers already! As per the original plan, they were

not allowed to chase enemies once they crossed their agreed so-called “safe distance”, otherwise, it was very likely that they would end up being caught in an ambush. Soon after killing a few more slow-paced barbarians, the team retreated.

Meanwhile, Ye Shiqi, Yue Xian’gu, and Feng Meng, had suffered the same dilemma.

In the beginning, the Barbarian Emperor was fully provoked, trying to seek revenge for his team members. Originally, the three Prince-Realm cultivators planned to besiege him in a proper formation. However, the barbarian speeded up unexpectedly as he ran towards them, and was immediately prepared to flee upon seeing the three advanced cultivators.

By covering his head with his arms, he exerted all his strength to run away. Funnily, his eyes were closed throughout his escape route, in case of being attacked by the Yue Family. Although Feng Meng had used his Swordsmanship to cut the barbarian’s flesh, the Barbarian Emperor was only slightly hurt due to his mighty defensive ability, as well as his ironclad armor. In the end, the barbarian was cornered on a steep cliff, and he just jumped off perpendicularly. The three advanced cultivators eventually returned, as there was nothing else they could do. They were rather disappointed, as they shook their heads helplessly.

Based on their speed, it had taken them only several breaths of time to return to the rest of the super team. However... when they returned to the previous battlefield, they were all stupefied by what they saw: the group of Ye Family descendants had encircled a group of barbarians, and a young man in blood-stained clothing was standing in the middle of the barbarians, fighting against the whole group on his own! No! This was not a group-against-group, but a one-against-all battle!

Chapter 92 - The First Triumphant Battle

The young man in black clothing was shuttling through the barbarians, using mysterious footsteps, while holding a dagger in his hand. Interestingly enough, his natural and unrestricted steps made him look like an elegant dancer. Every now and then, as he moved around, a glaring beam of light flashed from his eyes. Whenever a barbarian drew close to him, he would be able to have their minds frozen, letting him freely cut through their throats. With widened eyes, the barbarians collapsed on the ground, one after another, while blood kept gushing out from their decapitated bodies...

“Oh, My God! Shiqi, since when is this young lord so invincible? What’s that light in his eyes? Is it an Enchantment Skill like the one of the Yue Family? Oh, look at his cyan dagger... I guess it’s at least a treasure-level weapon. Wait... his footsteps... Oh! It’s great elder Ye Qingniu’s Running Bull Step. But this guy’s style of steps seems even more unbridled...”

Feng Meng scratched his head, while staring at Qinghan with voracious eyes. He was pondering... If he had the same weapon as Qinghan was currently using, would he have let the Barbarian Emperor get away so easily? No! Despite his envy over Qinghan’s dagger, he could do nothing about it. It was said that no craftsman in this continent was able to make high level weapons, and one could only find these rare things in one place – the Luo Shen Mountain! Based on Feng Meng’s ability, so far, it was far too dangerous for him to enter that place...

“No, I think it isn’t our Enchantment Skill, although it resembles our technique in some ways. But... his speed is much faster, and the duration of his skill is distinctively longer than ours. I heard he’s the son of Yue Shui’er, but I’ve never heard of any male being able to inherit such a skill. Oh, this young man is full of secrets...” Yue Xian’gu, one of the three appointed cultivators to chase the Barbarian Emperor, replied to Feng Meng with a frowned expression. As a Prince-Realm female cultivator, Yue Xian’gu didn’t share the normal dominating manner of her male counterparts; rather, she painstakingly kept presenting herself in a gorgeous manner, though she didn’t have the slightest touch of a female immortal as her name suggested. (Xian’gu literally means a female immortal)

“Haha! Let me tell you, Ye Qinghan is the unofficially announced future leader of the Ye Family!”

As smart as Shiqi was, he wouldn't act silly by telling them of Qinghan's integration technique. So he replied with some irrelevant news, yet he was surprisingly proud when saying these words. Looking at this young lord, who always smiled when he talked to his subordinates, Shiqi felt rather lucky to have met him. One day, when Qinghan ascended the throne and became the Ye Family Leader, Shisan's life would certainly change in a better direction...

Meanwhile, the expression on Qingcheng's face was rather complicated. As Qinghan “danced” in the group of barbarians, her feeling to marry him grew even stronger.

Since they had first met on the boat on the Tranquil Lake, Qingcheng realized she had a crush on Qinghan for his talented literary skills, as well as his distinctive personality. After seeing Qinghan's performance – the Dance of the Cavalry, Qingcheng was even more assured in her determination to marry Qinghan...

Meanwhile, another admirer of Qinghan, was Qingwu. Back in the Drunken-heart Garden, she had witnessed Qinghan's true masculine side – he had killed the people he hated most in front of the family members, including the Emperor-Realm Ye Ron. Now, over these past few months, this unyielding young man was quickly maturing. It was true that Qingwu also had some kind of feelings for Qinghan, but when she looked at Qingcheng, the potential future wife of Qinghan, she was suddenly filled with a blend feeling of sadness, and envy. Also, Qinghan's sister, Ye Qingyu, who was willing to sacrifice her own life in order to save her brother, was another competitor in love. As a result, she was really at a loss and didn't know what to do about her feelings for Qinghan.

It only took Qinghan a few minutes to slaughter all the remaining barbarians. In order to tidy himself up, Qinghan rubbed his blood-stained face, but this only made it worse. Without noticing others' astonished looks, Qinghan rolled his sleeves up, and started to collect the corpses.

The rest of the group also joined in helping Qinghan to place the corpses

together in one place. Soon after, they had collected all the scattered barbarian bodies, and Qinghan began to take the rings off of the corpses. Eventually, he found the number of credits had accumulated to nearly one thousand! Out of sheer happiness, Qinghan couldn't help but grin like a baby, even though the blood stains on his face made his expression somewhat hideous and savage, which led others to take a step back, as they had goose bumps. When Qinghan finished collecting the credits, he made a victory gesture to Shisan, who was also smiling with a blood-smeared face.

“Everyone, please retreat to the cave where we spent the night yesterday!

Since this battle had lasted for about half an hour, they had to retreat to a safer place, incase they got suddenly ambushed by another group of enemies. Therefore, under Shisan's instructions, the scouts of the Hua Family led the way back. As for the corpses, they didn't have much time or energy to give them a proper burial, and they believed that the monsters would come out at night, and help them to clear the traces of this battle by eating the corpses.

The first battle was an absolute victory! The members of the super team knew, however, that there was still space for improvement in terms of coordination. But, today was truly a fruitful day: the whole barbarian team was defeated, while most were even killed, and the super team hadn't lost a single member. The only pity was, that the Barbarian Emperor, who represented the largest amounts of credits in the team, had successfully run away. Also, some Barbarian Generals had escaped from their chase. Based on the gained experience from this first battle, they decided to adjust their fighting strategy somewhat, in order to obtain more credits by not allowing the enemies to run away so easily.

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After one night's good rest, the super team continued their risky journey. However, they didn't hastily go into the deeper parts of this region, as they only wandered around in the vicinity of the cave.

In the afternoon of the third day, they finally encountered a demonic team. This was actually another normal team, just like the previous barbarian one. Under the tightly coordinated efforts of the four families, the demonic team was completely encircled within two rounds of fighting. In the end, Shisan appointed

five Prince-Realm cultivators, to kill the two Demonic Emperors, and they succeeded! Of all the members of the demonic team, only a dozen of them managed to escape. This team, to some extent, contributed greatly to Qinghan's credit-collecting mission.

Half a month passed, the super team had, all together, slaughtered eight groups of enemies, and the credits accumulated to a record high – nearly 3,000 in total! They had achieved this by following the same strategy every day, which allowed them to only slaughter those enemies that were carefully observed by the scouts of the Hua Family, so that they could retreat safely soon after they finished the fight.

The crazy killing of Qinghan's super team, finally grabbed the attention of the leaders of the other two races. They finally started to coordinate their attacks on this human super team. By sending out several chosen elite teams, the demons and barbarians tried to seek revenge for their lost fellowmen. But the fact was, that the teams they sent would always end up fleeing out of sheer terror, whenever they were under the observation of the scouts of the Hua Family.

Gradually, the reputation of the super team increased to an all time high. It was said that a super elite team, formed by the four prominent families, had killed a dozen of groups from the Barbarian or Demonic Prefectures, in their black samurai suits. Most importantly, the casualty rate was rather low, with only a few dozen humans being injured or killed in all these battles.

Although there was some exaggeration in these rumors, the death toll in the super elite team was extremely low. The coordination among the team members had improved gradually, as they were absorbing experience in each and every fight. The scouts of the Hua Family were like ghosts, as they could sneak attack the enemies out of the blue; the Enchantment Skill of the Yue Family, as well as the unpredictable Swordsmanship of the Feng Family were also one of a kind. In addition, the Prince-Realm cultivators were always there, ready to cope with any emergencies.

Actually, most of the members from the super elite team were descendants of the ancient immortals, so they had inherited their respective special techniques. In front of the normal teams from other races, this super team was definitely holding the upper hand. If they failed in any of these skirmishes, the commander,

Shisan, would rather kill himself in shame by bumping against a tree...

Chapter 93 – People from Immortal City Came Once Again

On the human side, the super team, formed by the four families, had already defeated a considerable number of enemies; while on the demonic and barbarian side, they had raised great vigilance against this super human team, especially the two elite teams led by Yao Kaka and Man'gan respectively. The former was the son of the Saint Majesty of the Demonic Prefecture, and the latter was the son of the Barbarian Immortal.

In the following days, the barbarians and demons all sent out troops to confront the human super team. In response, the scouts of the Hua Family, had enlarged their patrolling area as per Shisan's request. Since Shisan had discovered Yao Kaka's team, which desperately tried to follow them, he deliberately asked the scouts to double their efforts. Every time, when the enemies sneaked into their vicinity to cut off their route, the super team would be aware, and would retreat in advance, leaving the demons and barbarians howling in fury.

The fact was, that they didn't retreat out of fear, Feng Zi even suggested fighting with them face-to-face. But the Prince-Realm cultivators, especially Shisan, reckoned it to not be the perfect timing to fight with them. For one thing, credits were the top priority of this journey, they wouldn't sacrifice themselves before they had obtained enough of them; for the other, since the enemies didn't launch a battle, or kill any of their fellowmen, they wouldn't put their young lords and ladies in great dangers by involving them in such a grand fight. After all, if the young lords were wounded or killed, they would never fulfill their liability, even by dying a thousands times over...

Therefore, these days, they wandered along the area with unprecedented caution. Under the strategy of "security first", the super team only fought those enemies they considered to be easy to deal with, in order to collect credits. Usually, they would retreat soon after the slaughter, in case they encountered even mightier enemy groups. The reality was, the chance of obtaining more credits turned apparently slim, but they felt much safer by fighting in this way!

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In the temporary camp that belonged to the Mars Prefecture.

This place was quite silent these days, because most of the members had gone to the frontline to fight. Only a few people were left here, including the patrollers, and the wounded members, who were carried back from the frontline. Of course, there was a whole team, which was led by young lord Wuhen, that hadn't stepped out since the first day.

Being a lurker, Wuhen had kept his team far away from the fierce battlefield. Instead, they were busy cultivating, or just playing around. As long as his members kept themselves in the confinements of the temporary camp, he would let them do whatever they liked. In these days, he had broken through a bottleneck in cultivation, that had annoyed him for many years, and he had finally entered the first level of Realm of the Marshal. Honestly, at his age, this achievement wasn't something to be proud of. Yet, his success depended more on his Worm Bewitchment than on his reserve of Battle Qi. His twelve Golden Beatles, represented greater power than a normal great elder in his family. Because of this, it was no wonder that he was appointed as the future leader of the Xue Family!

Since his reputation had been seriously tarnished, when he had rejected to go together with the other four families, Wuhen had seemingly determined to continue his life as a traitor. He was well aware, that the others disliked him – Feng Zi and Hua Cao had turned hostile towards him; Qinghan wished to take his life; and even Qingcheng had developed hatred toward him because of Qinghan... Surprisingly, Wuhen didn't give much heed to other people's reaction, he only cared about his own cultivation, and the promise Tu Qianjun had made back at the Summer Fire Festival.

Encouraged by Tu Qianjun's promise, that he would be invited to Immortal City, if he survived in the Prefecture War, Wuhen was aspired to climb out of the "dead well", the nickname he had given the Flame Dragon Continent. Based on these premises, he would rather stay in the camp, safe and sound, than place himself in any risky situations.

Unexpectedly, a special guest visited the temporary camp today, which made Wuhen excited in some ways.

Today, above the temporary camp, a giant monster appeared out of the blue. Looking upward from the ground, the monster was very much like a large dark

cloud that shadowed over the whole camp. On the back of the monster, a young man jumped off, as he received the awe and envy from the people on the ground.

The monster was actually a pterosaur, representing a saddle-beast from Immortal City! The young man gradually descended onto the ground, with golden rays enveloping his body.

Although rules had been stipulated that no one was allowed to join halfway in the Prefecture War, as a member of Immortal City, the young man wasn't restricted from casually joining in. Actually, he wasn't interested in joining the war, for he went directly into the bamboo house where Wuhen stayed, and came out a short while later. At last, he disappeared into the horizon, together with his pterosaur...

Soon after the departure with the mysterious young man, Wuhen immediately instructed his team, "Prepare yourself, we'll enter the Visionary Forest and join in the war tomorrow!"

Wuhen's team members now were all as busy as a bee, preparing food and other logistics. Staring into the pitch-dark distance, the dual-pupils in Wuhen's eyes flashed with a sense of ruthless cruelty.

"Young lord, haven't you said that we wouldn't join in the war? You told us to stay in the temporary camp for a whole year! Why have you changed your mind?" The two guys beside Wuhen asked gingerly, as they saw the ferocious light in their young leader's eyes, which they believed would be an ominous sign.

Without answering the question immediately, Wuhen gazed in the direction of the deep part of the Visionary Forest, before he responded, "I'd love not to. But, now the situation has changed. I have to finish a task and contribute my due part for Immortal City. Of course, one of the "knots" that weighs heavily on my mind would be untied in the process... Alright, go and prepare, this is going to be funny..."

.....

Surprisingly, the gigantic pterosaur hadn't left Ghost Island yet, as it was now flying in the direction of the Visionary Forest. Because the pterosaur was high up in the sky, people on the ground didn't even notice its existence. Eventually, this

monster descended on the camp that belonged to the Demonic Prefecture. The young man jumped off of the pterosaur, and negotiated with a bunch of demons. After that, he and his saddle-beast flew away hastily, for they had another destination – the camp of the Barbarian Prefecture. Likewise, the young man met with some barbarians and discussed a couple of issues before he left. In the end, the pterosaur and its master left Ghost Island, and were going in the direction of the Flame Dragon Continent...

Afterwards, both the Demonic and Barbarian Prefecture deployed a small team, to disseminate the information they had just received from Immortal City to Yao Kaka and Man'gan. When Yao Kaka and Man'gan were notified of the information, their frowned eyebrows finally relaxed. Without wasting any more time, they gave out new orders to their subordinates accordingly.

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For the secret plot that was hatched in the darkness, Qinghan's team knew nothing about it. They were just routinely hunting for possible preys to collect credits. Right now, they were walking in the middle of a large gorge, waiting for the reports from the scouts of the Hua Family.

For two days, they hadn't encounter any barbarians or demons. The team had become lassitude, as they kept walking silently in the gorge, which extended for five kilometers in length. Such a grand-scale gorge was actually a commonplace in this forest.

Soon, a scout of the Hua Family brought the information about the situation in the vicinity, which surprised all the team members. The front area was densely covered by a dozen of teleportation posts! Places like this were rare, given the density and number of the teleportation posts. What made things worse, was that the surroundings of the gorge were as bald as a barren land, which made it quite difficult to lurk. Putting all the negative elements together, the super team decided to give up on this place, and reroute their trip.

“Report!”

Another scout of the Hua Family returned, and his solemn expression grabbed everyone's attention. This scrawny man, with a tanned complexion, panted in

anxiety, “In front... near the teleportation posts... there is a colossal cave, which we believe is filled with great dangers. Judging by the howls coming from inside the cave, we suspect that there must be a seventh-grade or even higher ranked demonic beast. We suggest the whole team to stop moving forward, until we get further information about the beasts there.”

“Fuck!”

Shisan discussed with the Prince-Realm cultivators for a little while, before he gave out yet another order: “Listen, the whole super elite team members, please retreat for 2.5 kilometers. Now, the Prince-Realm scout Hua Xin will take the responsibility to figure out the true situation up ahead! We’ll decide our next step based on his information!”

Chapter 94 – Encountering Wuhen

Without any words, the super team retreated as Shisan had ordered. Safety was now regarded as the highest priority! After all, a possible seventh-grade beast boasted the power equal to those in the Realm of the Prince. If, by chance, it was an eighth-grade one, most of the team members would be killed under its attack.

In silence, the team anxiously waited for the information from Hua Xin. If that beast in the cave was a seventh-grade one, then they would go for it, and reap the demonic crystals, which should be a rare treasure that wasn't only good for cultivation, but was also a perfect material for the alchemy of Dan.

“Grrrrr...”

Less than ten minutes later, a thunder-like booming sound echoed throughout the gorge, leaving the team members petrified in fear. Accordingly, Shisan ordered the whole team to continue retreating, until they had reached the entrance of the gorge. Strangely enough, the horrible howl wasn't heard a second time.

Standing at the entrance of the gorge, everyone craned their necks, hoping to see Hua Xin's arrival. But they couldn't see anyone appear in the distance, so they ordered another two Prince-Realm cultivators to investigate Hua Xin's whereabouts. When the two newly appointed cultivators were about to set off, Hua Xin came back, with blood smeared all over his face, very much like a drowned rat.

“Ahh... It's... It's an eighth-grade demonic beast, the Silvermoon Double-headed Wolf. Everyone, leave this place immediately!” Hua Xin's face was as pale as ashes; he was most likely attacked by that mighty beast just now.

By releasing the secret signals in the air, the team asked the other scouts of the Hua Family to come back as soon as possible, after which, they all turned around and ran, like an arrow being shot from the bow.

No kidding! The notorious Silvermoon Double-headed Wolf was an upper level eighth-grade demonic beast, that could perhaps swallow the entire super team.

Normally, a high-ranked demonic beast wouldn't leave his claimed territory. So, luckily, the risk of being followed by the Double-headed Wolf was actually rather low. But, they considered it to be safer if they kept an appropriate distance from this malefic beast, in case he was already provoked by Hua Xin and went out to seek revenge...

It took the team three hours to return to the vicinity of the temporary cave. Some of them even cheered for their narrow escape, and vowed that they would never go to that gorge again, which was supposed to be one of the most dangerous places on Ghost Island so far. If the Double-headed Wolf was fully provoked, their team members would all be torn into pieces.

Since this place was under the constant watch by the team led by Sainan, it was a comparatively safe place, so they gradually managed to relax, as they let go off the panic-stricken nerves.

Hua Cao turned to Hua Xin, inquiring the details of what had happened in the cave where the wolf stayed. Raising his head after a sigh of relief, Hua Xin found he had received all the attention, as everyone had strained their ears, waiting to hear the adventurous account.

Five hundred meters from the teleportation posts, there was a huge cave. When Hua Xin drew near this cave, he was confronted by a large ripple of Qi. Cautiously, he immediately made himself invisible and sneaked into the entrance gingerly. He heard a booming howl echo in the air, when he had only just stepped into the cave. Following this horrible howl, a pair of heads and cold eyes had emerged in front of Hua Xin, which had scared the hell out of him!

Without any hesitation, Hua Xin had used his Figure Replication Technique by creating four figures running away in four different directions. This way, he had hoped that the monster would be misled and confused. Unfortunately, due to the huge loath towards the intruder, the wolf spit out a mouth of cyan Qi, and crashed the four figures, as well as Hua Xin himself within a second! Disregarding the bruises and wounds on his body, Hua Xin turned to his Invisible Technique once again, and fled.

“What a narrow escape!”

The team members looked at each other, as fright was evident in their eyes. The Silvermoon Double-headed Wolf had definitely lived up to its rank as an upper level eighth-grade demonic beast. A Prince-Realm human cultivator was heavily injured by just a puff of his Qi! It was speculated, that only cultivators in the third level of the Realm of the Emperor would be able to defeat such a monster.

“Alright. Hua Xin, we’re all proud of you. Please, rest and heal your wounds. In the next Prefecture War, when you’ve reached the Realm of the Saint, you will surely be able to tear that monster into pieces!” With an encouraging smile, Shisan put a hand on Hua Xin’s shoulder, trying to console him. Hua Xin was actually the only Prince-Realm cultivator in the scout group of the Hua Family, without whom the super team would lose much fighting power. Therefore, Shisan talked in an exaggerated manner, in an attempt to re-boost Hua Xin’s confidence.

“Haha, Brother Hua Xin, Let’s seek revenge for you and slaughter that filthy beast in thirty years!” Feng Zi began to envisage how powerful he would be in the next Prefecture War, and he believed that all the young lords here would definitely have become the backbones of their families by then.

As they chatted leisurely, a scout of the Hua Family suddenly emerged with some information. In the front area, they had found Xue Wuhen!

“Ha? That coward has come out of the camp?” Feng Zi lifted his eyebrows, and sniffed the air with disgust, “Let’s go and meet this traitor!”

A shrewd light flashed in Qinghan’s eyes, as he was actually rather excited to hear Wuhen’s name. He had previously thought he had zero opportunity to kill this bastard, because Wuhen had remained in the camp, but now his chance had come. When all the factors were put together, The humiliation at Cattle-fence Street, the secret attack in the Wild Mountain Range, and the nasty plot to kidnap his sister, Qinghan couldn’t help but list Wuhen as the most-wanted man on his own personal killing list.

Indeed, Qinghan’s revenge plan was secretly supported by Ye Qingniu, for he was once told by this great elder, that as long as he murdered Wuhen smartly, and left no trace to follow up on, he was allowed to do so. Otherwise, the Ye

Family would bear great responsibility for this crime once discovered.

During the years, collisions weren't rare among the descendants of the five families. But, that didn't affect the family bond that was established thousands of years ago among the five families. They had supported each other in hard times, as a human race in general. The small conflicts among the young lords, however, were allowed.

Nevertheless, up until now, never was a key descendant of a family killed due to any conflict. Thousands of years had gone by, and the five families had voluntarily formed an unannounced rule: revenge should be taken in darkness, as long as you don't shake the foundation of the other family. If you're capable of committing a proofless murder, just do it...

In Grey City, when Wuhen had first found the Jade Spirit Body, he had played a deep game immediately. Apparently, it turned out to be a failed attempt in the end, yet he left no direct evidence of his plot, so the Ye Family couldn't kill Wuhen in the name of law, but only deployed Ye Qingniu to extort them for a great number of treasures...

Right now, Qinghan was confident that he could kill Wuhen in seconds by using his integration technique. One thing he kept in mind, was that he would do it secretly and perfectly, so that no one would be able to identify him as the murderer. With a big smile on his face, Qinghan followed the super team, and strode gallantly towards Wuhen.

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Meanwhile, Wuhen was also in a delighted mood, which could be told by the smiling light in his dual pupils. By waving his folding fan casually, he rambled along Ghost Island, just as relaxed as he had been on Thirteenth Street.

Beside Wuhen, there were two Prince-Realm guards, who bore the responsibility to ensure the safety of their young leader. Also, two hundred Marshal-Realm cultivators followed behind Wuhen orderly.

The messenger from Immortal City had entrusted Wuhen an urgent task, which would be taken as an exchange for his entering into Immortal City after the Prefecture War. He had waited for so long, to encounter such a golden opportunity. Now, for Wuhen, his dream had turned into solid reality, because people from Immortal City had officially confirmed that they would fulfill their promise, on the condition that Wuhen would help them finished a special task.

Once he set his feet in Immortal City, Wuhen believed that his cultivation would soar up, and that his family would be glorified for generations to come...

As for the antipathy from other families, he didn't care at all. Since he already considered himself as a member of Immortal City, his attitude towards his fellow young lords had changed accordingly. With a promising future ahead, Wuhen found it worthless to be mad at a bunch of weak ants...

Now, the two teams were only several steps away from each other. Wuhen greeted the young lords with an unusual bright smile, as radiant as the bouquet of the purple rose Hua Cao had held at the Summer Fire Festival...

Chapter 95 – The Secret Hunting Net Is Set Up!

“Young lord Wuhen! What brings you here? Did you come to look at our bruises?” When the aggressive Feng Zi saw Wuhen’s face, his indignation surged. Even a moron could identify the scornful undertone in his remarks.

Following Feng Zi’s sarcasm, Hua Cao curled up his lips disdainfully, “I thought that you already left for Immortal City. Did you become bored after staying in the camp for so long? Don’t tell me, that you just want to get some fresh air and came looking for us?”

Meanwhile, Yue Qingcheng didn’t say a word, as she only frowned in great anxiety. Since she had learned all the evil things Wuhen had done to Qinghan, she was worried that the arrival of Wuhen would definitely pose a threat to Qinghan.

As for the one who ought to exhibit the most hostility towards When – Qinghan, he just fastened his eyes on Wuhen. However, the flames of anger in his eyes seemed to be melting Wuhen down once and for all.

“Haha, we’re all members of the five families. We’re supposed to be allies, rather than enemies. We’re family, aren’t we?”

Despite the negative impression he had left on these young lords, he didn’t care much about it. And his brazen face was as thick as a wall, which could hardly deter him from being shameless in front of these people. As he replied with a fake smile plastered on his face, his eyes traveled from the young lords to the delicate face of Qingcheng. For a moment, he was fascinated by her beauty, but soon, he deliberately turned his head away from her. In the end, he met with the fiery look of Qinghan, and returned him with the same intense glance.

“Errr, we have much work to finish. We’re not interested in disturbing your leisure travel.” With a unnoticeable humph, Feng Zi interrupted, as he was disgusted by Wuhen’s hypocritical fake friendliness.

With a firm nod, Hua Cao also lifted his legs, preparing to leave. He could, also, no longer stand the seemingly-kind smiles behind the deeply rotten attempt that Wuhen exhibited.

“Hey, guys, we should sit down and have a nice talk. We haven’t seen each other for quite a long time.” Wuhen proposed passionately.

“Humph, we’re here for a specific purpose, not for fun!” The tone in Feng Zi’s voice turned extremely unkind.

Hua Cao lowered his head in silence; while at the same time, Qingcheng whispered in Qingwu’s ears behind her hands. Only Qinghan stared at Wuhen like a wooden figure.

“Alright, let me cut straight to the point.” Folding his fan in his hands, Wuhen stared back at Qinghan with a grave expression, “I’m sorry but I have to waste a few minutes of your time. Let me have a private chat with young lord Qinghan. Hey, Qinghan, would you mind?”

“Errr?”

Everyone focused their attention on Qinghan, in great curiosity. Since the hatred between these two young lords had been made public, they felt curious as to why such enemies would want to talk with each other. Meanwhile, both Qingcheng and Qingwu winked at Qinghan, in an effort to warn him of the possible dangers up ahead of him, if he stepped up to meet Wuhen.

“Young lord!” Shisan, who was now standing beside Qinghan, clasped Qinghan’s arms in anxiety.

“Don’t worry about me!” Qinghan dropped Shisan’s hands, and returned the two girls with a look full of confidence and assurance.

As if in great interest, Qinghan burst out a bright smile, and drew closer to Wuhen, “Young lord Wuhen, long time no see! I’m more than happy to talk with you.”

“Hey, guys, please wait for me for a moment. I’ll exchange a few words with Wuhen.” Qinghan turned around and added.

Although Qinghan was suspicious about Wuhen’s true intention, he wasn’t afraid in the slightest with his super team behind him. Even if Wuhen tried to kill him, he believed his integration technique would be enough to bring this bastard

down.

“Young leader!” This time, the Prince-Realm cultivators surrounding Wuhen began to worry about their master. Since the Xue family had ordered them to keep a close watch on their master, they had to follow Wuhen anywhere he went, including the toilet.

Just like Qinghan, Wuhen waved his hands, and looked at the two cultivators with determined eyes. Later, he managed a smile, and extended his hands, as a gesture to welcome Qinghan.

“Xue Wuhen, what’s the matter?” Qinghan looked at Wuhen narrowly, as the cruel hostility in his eyes wasn’t hidden in the slightest.

Like a thief, Wuhen swept the surroundings, to ensure no one was actually overhearing them. A little bit embarrassed, Wuhen replied, “Young lord Qinghan, I have to apologize to you for what I did to you and your sister. But, you know, our family compensated your family with a large amount of treasures, we should call an end to this issue. What do you think?”

“Do you want me to act like a moron, and just accept all you have done to us?” Qinghan wrinkled his nose in disgust, for he had just heard the most ridiculous joke in his lifetime. By raising his chin, Qinghan continued, “If you really want me to forget all the misery you caused me and my sister, then let me use my blade to cut through your throat. Only like this, will I forgive both you and your family.”

“Alas... Do you really need to be this cruel?” Wuhen sighed helplessly, and the light in his eyes dimmed accordingly.

“Cruel? Are you referring this word to me?” Out of uncontrollable fury, Qinghan arched his eyebrows, and sneered, “What does cruel mean to you? The ruthless attack on Cattle-fence Street, the secret attempt to murder me back at the Wild Mountain Range, or your filthy kidnap scheme that targeted my sister? My sister is now lying on bed, in a vegetative state. Do you think it is possible for you and me to reconcile after all the cruel things you have done to us?”

“Like I said before, I didn’t know that she was your sister! As for the so-called secret murder I arranged... That was simply a plot made merely by Elder Shi, not me! Since things have reached this point, I have nothing to do but to express my sincere apologies towards you, and your sister.” With a seemingly bitter smile,

Wuhen defended himself.

“Shut up! If this is all you wish to say, then I don’t think I can stay here any longer to hear all this bullshit.” Although Qinghan was tempted to punch him in the face, he held this impulse back, and left.

“Alas!” Looking at the back of Qinghan, Wuhen faked a helpless sigh. But soon after that, he couldn’t help chuckle to himself, for the worms, the size of an ant, that he had secretly planted on Qinghan’s hair, would serve as a tracker of Qinghan’s whereabouts later on. His dual pupils, with one black and the other grey, flashed a light that was as deep as the ocean.

Wuhen stood silently for a long while, until Qinghan and his super team had disappeared in the distance. Now, he began to laugh, louder and louder...

“Young leader, why have you placed concealed worms in Qinghan’s hair?” The two Prince-Realm bodyguards asked out of curiosity. As members of the Xue Family, they all boasted a good knowledge of the bewitched worms.

“Because, I want him to die!” As Wuhen quitted from his crazy laughter, his face grew surly.

In great astonishment, the two bodyguards looked at each other, before they looked around in all directions in intensified vigilance.

“Young leader, we don’t think this is feasible! There’re many advanced cultivators surrounding Qinghan, whose mission it is to secure his life. And most importantly, right now he’s the most-valued young lord of the Ye Family, his death will certainly stir up a riot between our two families...”

“Of course I’m not silly enough to try and kill him on my own! The demons and barbarians will do it for me, I just need to provide them with some necessary information about Ye Qinghan. You know, I have permitted Immortal City to help them finish a special task, after which I will get access to Immortal City, and bring glory to our family for ages to come!” Wuhen’s eyes lit up in overexcitement.

“But... Young leader, this is absolutely undoable. Killing a compatriot by the hands of the other races will surely be considered as the most disgraceful plan in our family’s history. We have to foresee all the possible results, including the worst one, which will probably root our family out. Given all these reasons, we

don't agree to your proposition." The two Prince-Realm cultivators drew Wuhen near them, trying desperately to persuade their young master.

Despite the terrified expressions worn on their faces, Wuhen stayed as calm as before, and rummaged a red token out of his chest pocket, "This is the Flying Snow Token bestowed upon me by my father. You ought to listen to my arrangement without objections, as anyone should do so in front of this token. Please, rest assured that I'll do it seamlessly. No one will ever discover this secret. If we do it, the prosperity of our family will surely lie in the hands of the three of us..."

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On the other hand, Qinghan didn't have the slightest clue of the concealed worms Wuhen had placed in his hair. Also, he didn't know, that Tu Qianjun, Wuhen, Yao Kaka and Man'gan had already formed a temporary alliance, and a secret hunting net had been set up, waiting for Qinghan, as well as his super team to draw near and slip into it!

Leaning against a wall of the cave, Qinghan closed his eyes, as he was worried about the status quo of his sister.

The murderous light in his eyes grew stronger and stronger, and the warm summer wind turned increasingly scorching...

"Xue Wuhen, you bastard! I promise, that I'll kill you on the first opportunity I get!"

Chapter 96 – Immortal Leader

Yao Kaka was in a really good mood. Being the son of the Saint Majesty of the Demonic Prefecture, he enjoyed the same privilege as his counterpart, Man'Gan. Actually, if traced back to his ancestors, he inherited the pure blood of the crazy lion sub-race, which had led to him being born with super talent. At the age of twenty eight, he had already achieved the lower level of the Demonic Emperor, thus his status in the Demonic Prefecture was further solidified.

He had indeed participated in this Prefecture War against the will of his father, who considered it to be too risky for his only son. But as a young man, Yao Kaka had been feeling increasingly bored in Demon City, so he wished to add an element of adventure to his life. Therefore, instead of idling away, he finally got his father's reluctant approval, and went to the Prefecture War.

Although he had been continuously outraged by the human race, first by the robbery committed by the Sickle Team, then by Qinghan's super elite team, who had slaughtered a great number of his men, Yao Kaka still believed that he had made the right choice. Apart from all the vexation in the past few days, he turned out to be abnormally excited.

Yesterday, he had received a piece of good news from his camp, which most likely explained his abrupt change of mood.

It was said that a young lord from Immortal City was also involved in this Prefecture War. Throughout history, however, people from Immortal City seldom took part in the conflicts among the three prefectures.

On hearing Immortal City, Yao Kaka shivered in fear, because their ancestors had told them time and time again about the absolute power of those from Immortal City. They'd been taught, from a young age, that they should never ever antagonize against anyone from that city!

Thus, anything Immortal City asked of them to do, would be done, as perfectly as demonly possible. Now, news had reached his ears that they had received orders to kill the young lord of the Ye Family! Since the demons and humans had long been enemies, it should be their own obligation to kill the human race at any cost. Furthermore, people from Immortal City had promised them, if they accomplished this task, a superior treasure-level item.

Feeling the smooth sword in his hands, Yao Kaokao shook his golden, curly hair, and showed a ferocious smile...

“How did a blood feud come to be between that young lord of Immortal City, and his counterpart of the Ye Family? Has the Ye Family guy killed the other’s father? Impossible! His father, Tu Shenwei, is in good health, as far as I know. Or could it be that Qinghan, that young lord of the Ye Family, has robbed Tu Qianjun’s wife? Mmm, I don’t think this hypothesis holds any grounds, the girls who want to be his wife could be lined in a long queue.”

Out of curiosity, Yao Kaka thought hard about the reason behind Tu Qianjun’s devious plan. In the end, since he failed to find a proper answer, he just gave up, and sighed, “Shit, it’s none of my business. The Barbarian Prefecture, as well as the Xue Family from the human race, will coordinate with us in the process. Wuhen has already placed some kind of tracker on the target, which will make it much more convenient for us to follow them.” Despite the fact that Yao Kaka found those bewitched worms obnoxious, he firmly believed in their tracking abilities.

“Ha, ha, ha...”

Suddenly, he began to chuckle, as he felt it was hilarious, that he had suddenly become allies with his enemies. However, people from Immortal City had promised that, individually, whoever took the initiative in killing young lord Qinghan, would not only receive a favor from Tu Qianjun, but also a saint-level item.

A saint-level item! No one could stand the lure of such a rare treasure. With a resolute smile, he was determined to be the one to kill Qinghan, and get his dream item!

.....

On top of the Immortal Mountain, Tu Qianjun stood silently, overlooking the landscape below. His eyes were fixed on a direction of Ghost Island in the east, as he envisaged the prospect of hauling in the net he had placed, which would crush Qinghan into a heap of chopped up meat...

As the only male descendant of the four immortal guards, Tu Qianjun enjoyed an extremely privileged life. His habitual aloofness was a product of his

pampering environment. For him, to kill a human being, was just as common as killing an ant. Nevertheless, back on the island of the Tranquil Lake, he was unprecedentedly humiliated by Qinghan in front of so many people, thus he had vowed to gain his face back!

Whenever he remembered the half smiling Qinghan, and the gorgeous Qingcheng, Tu Qianjun's fury would be rekindled, and the feeling of being slapped in the face was unforgettable.

Because of some special rules, Tu Qianjun had refrained himself from an outburst of fury, and had returned home instead. Once he was in Immortal City, he began to rack his brain to find an opportunity to punish Qinghan. After some close investigation, he was told of Qinghan's whereabouts, and plotted to kill Qinghan in the mess of the Prefecture War.

- Swoosh! -

A sound broke the silence and brought him back to reality. Tu Qianjun turned his head sideways, and looked at a man with the corner of his eyes, as though he didn't care about his arrival. Instead, he immediately turned his head back, and continued enjoying the bird's eye view.

"Young lord!"

The comer was a man in a white robe, which covered almost his entire body, as only his eyes were revealed. Judging from the husky voice, this man must be nearing the end of his life.

"Yes?" Tu Qianjun slightly nodded his head, without turning around, as he didn't want to be disturbed in his appreciation of the breath-taking scenery in front of him.

"Have you done all the things I've told you to do?"

"Yes, young lord. I have passed your message to Wuhen, Yao Kakan and Man'Gan. All three of them have promised to do their utmost to kill that bastard, Ye Qinghan. Please rest assured, that young lord of the Ye Family will be dead long before he has an opportunity to leave Ghost Island!" The man in the white robe replied with due respect.

"Humph, I've invested two treasure-level items and one saint-level item in this

task as a reward. If they screw it up, they should be called garbage instead!”

“Actually, young lord, the items are a trivial issue, compared with the rules made by the Immortal Leader. You know... what we’re doing is against his rules, and I’m afraid our leader will be outraged if he discovers our plan at some point of time. I suggest you should seek the advice of your father, before taking any solid actions.” The white-robed man raised his eyebrows, full of anxiety and concern.

“The Immortal Leader!” Tu Qianjun’s eyes flashed with a touch of fear, but soon, he shook his head disapprovingly, “He has been away for over five years. I guess he won’t come back in the following few years. Even if he comes back in a few years, the things we’re doing now, will be long forgotten by then. Don’t worry, I’ll let my father know. Go and observe the situations on Ghost Island, and report to me as soon as you’ve finished gathering the most updated information.”

“Yes, young lord!” The white-robed man bowed to Tu Qianjun, before he turned around and went off down the foggy mountain path.

.....

Ghost Island recently was exceptionally silent. Except for the human teams wandering around the forest, there were seldom any demons or barbarians. As Qinghan and his team marched forward, they found another risky area – the place the eighth-grade black dragon inhabited.

Actually, this place was in a small valley in the vicinity of the Bloody Prairie. Before the super team arrived, a whole team from the Mars Prefecture had intruded into this valley, and none of them had come back out, only bursts of agonizing groans had come out.

Sainan had taken the lead and investigated the surroundings. She immediately took out a piece of paper, and drew two maps, one was this valley, and the other was the gorge where the Double-headed Wolf lived. By redrawing this several times, she had finally produced a dozen maps, and passed them to each of the junior team leaders. These two places were now listed as forbidden spots!

“Black Dragon Valley? According to experience, the more dangerous the place is, the more precious the treasures in it are. I guess, that in the Black Dragon

Valley, there should be at least a saint-level item, or some panacea.” Feng Zi looked at the map, as greed was evident in his eyes. He then turned to Hua Cao, with a smile, “Hua Cao, would you sneak into this valley, and collect the treasures for me? I’ll keep watch for you!”

“Fuck off!” Hua Cao quickly responded, as he rolled his eyes disdainfully, and pouted, “Go and get it yourself! I have so many lonely girls to save back in Descending Flower City. If I die, they’ll all become spinsters.”

“Alas, a saint-level item, or even a saint-level technique? When can I obtain such mighty assistance?” Apparently, Feng Zi was in deep dejection, as he stole a glance at Qinghan, before he said in an envious tone, “Qinghan, you’re so lucky! You know, at your age, it’s uncommon to receive a saint-level technique from your family. I’m afraid, that the old folks in my family won’t give me that until I enter into the Realm of the Emperor!”

Without speaking a word, Qinghan turned around, staring silently at the remorseful Feng Zi. As he kept walking, his feet were wrapped by large amount of Battle Qi, for he used his Mysterious Trace Step to accelerate his speed.

These days, they found it rather weird that the enemy teams seemed to have all evaporated, for not a single demonic or barbarian team had appeared in their vicinity. Deep inside, Qinghan was rather upset, and predicted that a crisis must be under way.

“Report! A team from the Mars Prefecture is in front of us. They require to see young lord Qinghan!” The scout of the Hua Family spoke in a heavy voice, as he cupped one hand over the other.

“See me?” Qinghan paused for a second with a solemn expression, before he suddenly showed a delighted smile.

“Is this the team led by Ye Yi?” Without noticing the stunned expressions of the others, Qinghan nodded to Shisan, and yelled, “Bring them here!”

Chapter 97 – Find Ye Yi’s team

“Bring them here!”

Qinghan hadn’t been in touch with Ye Yi ever since their departure. When he was told that the Sickle Team might be under a severe crackdown by Yao Kaka, he had appointed Shisan to inquire about them, yet no reliable results were obtained. Now, unexpectedly, they had come to him! How could Qinghan not be thrilled to meet them again?

“Wait, I think it would be better to meet Ye Yi alone. Ask the super team to keep on walking, and I’ll catch up to them later.” Qinghan suddenly changed his mind, and decided to visit Ye Yi in person, rather than bringing them all here, which would increase the risk of revealing their identities. Turning his head around, Qinghan smiled at Qingcheng, Hua Cao, and Feng Zi, as if he was trying to tell them it wouldn’t be a big deal.

“I’ll personally escort young lord Qinghan!” Shisan stepped out, for he was responsible to ensure the security of Qinghan.

The rest of the team carried on their journey, whilst Qinghan and Shisan walked towards Ye Yi.

.....

Led by a scout of the Hua Family, Qinghan and Shisan arrived at a piece of grassland, where a stalwart man was standing with his back facing them. When this muscular man turned around, they immediately recognized each other, and a sincere, amicable smile emerged on their faces.

“This is my friend, we found him! Now, your task is finished, thanks for your help.” Qinghan turned to the scout before he nodded to Ye Yi.

Without a word, the scout of the Hua Family quickly understood the undertone in Qinghan’s remarks, and left.

“Big brother!” Shisan could no longer hold back his emotions, as he strode towards Ye Yi with tearful eyes, as he gave his brother a warm bear hug. Even his voice was choked with sobs.

Meanwhile, Qinghan stood there smiling, for he intended to give them ample time to exchange their feelings. He knew well, as death warriors of the Ye Family, Shisan, Shiqi, and Ye Yi, had formed an intimate relationship, stronger than that of any biological brothers. Along their long journey, Shisan and Shiqi had been worrying about the safety of their fellow brothers, which was witnessed by Qinghan. Since Ye Yi was safe and sound, he was really happy for them.

“Young lord, please, this way!” After a short while, both Ye Yi and Shisan bowed to Qinghan with full respect.

The three of them hurried to a nearby spot, and wormed their way into a thick ambush, until they arrived at a secluded cave. Here, Ye San, Ye Jiu, Ye Shiyi, and the rest of the Sick Team came into their view.

“Third Brother, Ninth Brother, Eleventh Brother! Err, Ninth Brother, your arm?” As Shisan greeted each of his brothers, his warm smiles suddenly froze, and turned into a surly face. He saw that one of Ye Jiu’s sleeve was empty, dangling in the air.

“Ah! Ye Jiu, you...” Following Shisan’s eyes, Qinghan also found the lost arm of Ye Jiu.

“Hehe, young lord Qinghan, don’t worry. This arm was cut off by an upper level Demonic Emperor of Yao Kaka’s team. I have another arm, with which I can still slaughter enemies!” With a bright smile, Ye Jiu replied, as if he had just lost a piece of a fingernail rather than an arm.

“Hey, you, Shisan, don’t behave like a woman; we’re supposed to be tough guys. Being alive is the greatest luck I’ve ever received. My arm is gone, but I’m in front of you, fully intact. Well, should I have the chance, I’ll certainly pluck the golden hairs off of Yao Kaka’s head!” In Ye Jiu’s eyes, a flash of hatred and indignation appeared, as he mentioned Yao Kaka.

Without any further casual talks, Qinghan pinned his eyes onto Ye Yi’s, and urged him, “What on earth happened to you all, please tell me the details!”

Anxiously, Shisan raised his voice, “Big brother, is it all because of that demon, Yao Kaka?!”

“I’ll start from one month ago.” Ye Yi explained as he frowned, as though he

was rather reluctant to recall his memories, “At the beginning, we divided the team into two groups, with the weaker group running in the front as bait, to lure the enemies in, and the stronger ones lurking behind, to sneak attack them. Actually, we carried out this strategy with effective results. Many barbarian and demonic teams swooped towards the weaker group, but ended up being killed by the more advanced cultivators from behind. This way, we slaughtered a large amount of enemies, and gathered a lot of credits accordingly.”

“But later on, as we kept killing the demons and barbarians indulgently, we became the target of the super teams led by Yao Kaka and Man’gan respectively. We acted more vigilantly, since we noticed the changes in the situation. It was, however, beyond our expectation, that Yao Kaka had mimicked our strategy by sending out small teams in the front to bait us, so when we began our slaughter, several other advanced teams would arrive and besiege us... Fortunately, one of our scouts saved us by sending out the retreat signal in time! As for Ye Jiu, he was entangled by two Demonic Emperors, and we used a small group to distract the enemies, in order to help Ye Jiu out. In the end, the small group was sacrificed, and Ye Jiu survived, only losing a single arm.”

In a few words, Ye Yi made a rough account. As Qinghan and Shisan listened, their faces turned pale, for they could feel the danger and misery beneath Ye Yi’s tone.

“Then how did you guys escape Yao Kaka’s pursuit? Why has there not been any news from you?” Qinghan inquired in confusion.

“Big brother, we were greatly worried about your safety!” The usual calm expression on Shisan’s face had been replaced with hatred and anxiety.

“Hehe, Yao Kaka had split his team into four groups, with each group being led by over a dozen Demonic Emperors. They carried out their pursuit in full fledge, and blocked all the paths towards our “safe haven” – the temporary camp that belongs to the Mars Prefecture. With no choice left, we ran away blindly, and eventually flocked into a valley, a perfect place for fleeing.” Ye Yi tapped on the shoulders of Shisan, as he continued.

“What kind of valley?” In utter curiosity, Qinghan urged, for he had never

thought there would exist a natural place for running away.

“Black Dragon Valley!” With a burst of chuckles, Ye San, who stood beside them, replied.

Both Qinghan and Shisan looked at one another, before they exclaimed almost simultaneously, “Black Dragon Valley? Isn’t that the place where the eighth-grade black dragon lives? Isn’t this place super dangerous? How could you guys survive there for a whole month?”

“Haha, I understand your confusion. Let me explain it to you: if you walk inside the entrance, there is a narrow, yet rather deep grotto on the left side. The size of the black dragon deters itself from entering this grotto, and we’ve been pretty safe there. Back when we were at the very entrance of this valley, we dived into the grotto without disturbing the black dragon, while the team led by Yao Kaka didn’t have our luck, for they were discovered by the dragon, and were treated as aggressive invaders. Therefore, half of Yao Kaka’s team members died under the attack of this dragon!”

“As for why we have spent a whole month in that grotto, mmm... You know, we were afraid that we would grab the dragon’s attention if we all came out together, because we’ve witnessed his mighty power when he killed scores of demons by just exhaling one breath! Several days ago, however, a stupid team accidentally entered this valley, and immediately became the target of the dragon. Taking advantage of this mess, we all scrawled out!”

Ye Yi’s vivid account of their adventurous escape stirred Qinghan and Shisan’s feelings, as they listened with extreme rapture. If it wasn’t for the good luck, or the incoming of that hapless team, Ye Yi, as well as the rest of his team, would’ve all been doomed.

Chapter 98 – Leopard-shaped Demons

“How many credits did your guys obtain so far?” Suddenly, Qinghan raised his head with sparkling eyes, and asked expectantly.

“We’ve almost accumulated 5,000 credits!” Feeling a little bit awkward, Ye Yi responded immediately.

“Ohh, that’s great! Did you guys have any plans for the near future? I mean, would you like to join our team, or do you prefer to continue fighting separately?” By firmly nodding his head, Qinghan showed his appreciation for Ye Yi and his team’s efforts. After all, the larger-sized super elite team, formed by the four families, had gained, so far, less than 4, 000 credits...

Before the Sickle Team had put itself in the limelight of the war, they had reaped a lot of credits with their bait-and-lurk strategy. On the other hand, unlike the young lords in the super elite team, the members of the Sickle Team were all fearless death warriors, who were adopted by the Ye Family, which had ended their life on the streets. Initially, when they had launched their first few fights in this forest, they were regarded as members of mediocre background. Therefore, no one would pay much attention to them. It wasn’t until they had slaughtered many demons and barbarians, that people started to pay close attention to this team.

With a grim smile, Ye Yi shook his head, as he stared at Qinghan, “Follow your team? Young lord Qinghan, we’ve heard along our way, that your team already enjoys a much greater reputation than us. It’s dangerous and your team might already be targeted by the enemies! So for our team, we shall continue to fight behind the scene, I mean, not in the name of the Ye Family. The reason why I arranged this meeting, was to warn you of the enemies’ new strategy, and to tell you to stay alert. Don’t slip into their trap! Security should be the number one priority at the current stage. Remember, young lord, there are more roads that lead to that same goal, the Spirit Immortal Dan, and not every one of those road asks of you to put your life on the line. Anyway, take care!”

“Yeah, you’re absolutely right. Starting tomorrow, we’ll continue to increase our efforts in patrolling. Big brother, you should take extreme care of yourself. Please rest assured, we’ll seek revenge for Ninth Brother once we find an

opportunity!” Shisan exchanged a glance with Qinghan, as they prepared to leave, for the super team must’ve marched quite a distance by now, and they still had to catch up.

Ye Yi and the others returned into the cave, after seeing Qinghan and Shisan off.

“Big brother, what shall we do next?” Ye San couldn’t help but ask.

“What shall we do? Alas, perhaps we should learn from our young lord, and imitate their strategy. I mean, we’ll fight within our abilities. If the enemies we encounter are easy to be brought down, we’ll definitely slaughter them. Whilst if the enemies are too difficult to one-sidedly slaughter, then we’ll just run away. Anyway, we have to dilute some of the attention our young lord’s team gets. Everyone has his own destiny; this is the most we can do. My brothers, stay alive, for we have a prosperous future awaiting us after this mission...”

Upon meeting with the super elite team, which had taken them half an hour to catch up to, Shisan immediately ordered to further enlarge the area of patrolling, from the previous 2.5 kilometers to 5 kilometers. Although this was a laborious task, they were willing to multiply their efforts, since they were all told of the new tactic of the demons and barbarians.

It had been four months since their arrival on Ghost Island. In total, the super elite team had only earned around 4,000 credits, which made Qinghan exceptionally anxious. Yet never had Qinghan put any pressure on his team members, he simply didn’t mention it verbally. The team members, on the other hand, were fully aware of the urgent situation, and hoped to gather as many credits as possible in the days to come, by killing some randomly-encountered teams from other races.

Nevertheless, not a single demonic or barbarian team came into view, as they marched forward. The situation now was absurdly unusual.

“How is Ye Yi, and his team?”

Suddenly, Qingwu popped up beside Qinghan, speaking in a tone of anxiety.

“Ye Jiu lost one of his arms, and Yao Kaka is the one to blame.” Out of fury, Qinghan clenched his teeth so hard that some blue veins vaguely emerged on his

forehead.

“Oh, No!” Qingwu also bit her ruddy lower lip in indignation, and sighed helplessly, “It’s lucky that he escaped in the end. It’s better to live with one arm, than it is to die. Our family will surely compensate him later on!”

As for Shisan, knowing the condition of his brothers didn’t seem to make him feel any better. Since their departure, he had worn a surly face all along, and the angry flames in his eyes were about to explode. Truly, he was so tempted to go seek revenge for Ye Jiu. His eyes swept around the surroundings, hoping to catch a bunch of demons or barbarians to release some of his fury.

Being disappointed, Shisan found neither demons nor barbarians, but only a chilly breeze and a verdant ambush up ahead. However... a scout of the Hua Family was running towards the team, desperate to give them the latest news. Seeing this, Shisan’s eyes immediately lit up.

It was the first time, since four or five days, that they had found a demonic team!

“Stay where you are, and prepare for the upcoming fight! Group one of the Hua Family, please recheck the surroundings of the demonic team, and report to us as soon as you get more thorough and reliable information about the enemy. We cannot afford to be ambushed!”

Despite his deep desire to start a one-sided slaughter, Shisan still made a discreet order. The image of that dangling sleeve of Ye Jiu was hard for him to forget, but he knew, no matter how outraged he was, the safety of the whole team should always be put in the first place.

The morale of the team was unprecedentedly high, for they hadn’t tasted the thrill of battle for quite some time. The heavy breaths among the team revealed their impetuous excitement. Members of the Feng Family grabbed their swords, ready to perform their unmatched swordsmanship.

Quite on the contrary, Qinghan lowered his head, feeling the outline of the ring on his finger. Of course, it was the yellow ring, rather than the bronze one. He was calculating the total amount of credits they had obtained so far. Based on the credits, Ye Yi’s team played a decisive role in this mission, at least, they had contributed more than the super elite team had by now. But, this so-called Sickle

Team had lost its advantage, since it was being heavily targeted by the enemy. Unlike the previous chaotic Prefecture War, this time, the young lords of the Demonic and Barbarian Prefecture led their team under a carefully-planned strategy. Given the adverse status quo, Qinghan was caught by a feeling of dejection.

Several minutes later, the scout of the Hua Family arrived with a stunning piece of news: the enemy ahead was a team of leopard-shaped demons, and there was no other reinforcements lurking around. Also, among the demons, there was a Demonic Emperor that represented a handsome amount of credits!

“Let’s fight right away!”

Shisan shouted with passion, after he received approving glances from the other Prince-Realm cultivators in the team.

“Haha!” Feng Zi laughed out loudly, as he unsheathed the sword from his back.

While at the same time, Hua Cao and Hua Xin nodded to each other, as they gestured to the other members of the Hua Family. All of a sudden, bodies began to fade away.

Slowly, Qinghan took out the cyan dagger from his boot, and joined the elite group of the Ye Family.

The super team had now been divided into several small groups, each and every one of them had a special task to perform. During the previous four months, they had drawn a great amount of experience, both in terms of fighting and cooperation. Currently, they seemed quite adjustable to any kind of situation.

Now, in the face of an imminent ferocious fight, even the girls of the Yue Family were itchy to bring it on. Under their beautiful long lashes, the light of excitement was nowhere to hide.

Chapter 99 – Perfect Attack

The leopard-shaped demons were actually a bunch of short-sized, creepy creatures, with pointy ears, narrow eyes, and spotted skin. They rolled their green bean-like eyes, inspecting their surroundings.

Although the super team had seen this kind of demons before, it was still their first time to encounter two hundred leopard-shaped demons! Without any verbal attacks, which they would probably use against human race enemies, the super team dashed towards the demons as soon as they saw each other. It was said, that only the advanced demons, such as Demonic Emperors, were able to comprehend human language.

Shisan shouted to the team members, and asked them to launch a quick fight, and retreat immediately after it was finished.

However, the situation seemed a little bit weird!

Seriously, it was unusually ridiculous!

Hardly had the super team approached the demons, or the latter swiftly turned around, and ran away in the opposite direction!

“What the hell is going on here?”

Qinghan and Shisan looked at each other in utter confusion, for they had never seen a demonic or barbarian team run away at the mere sight of them. They didn’t even begin the fight. The leopard-shaped demons spared no efforts in their retreat, as if they were a group of weak goats chased by a formidable lion. But strangely, they seemed quite joyful in this process, rather than frightened.

“Why? We didn’t even release our Battle Qi, why are they running away in such a hurry?”

Shisan racked his brain, as he was trying to figure out the possible reasons behind this absurdity. As he looked forwards at the back of the demons, he found something exciting, and yelled, “Go and chase them! Members of the Hua Family, go and delay their speed; everyone else, observe them. The Demonic Emperor is wounded! Don’t let them escape!”

Hearing this, the team members all turned full of spirits, for the wounded

Demonic Emperor alone represented one hundred credits! Also, a team without any Demonic Emperors would be much easier to slaughter. The whole super team, therefore, swooped towards the demons like crazy, as if they had just taken a dose of stimulants.

- Swoosh! -

The scouts of the Hua Family began to launch their attacks, many of whom were ambushed in the shrubs nearby. One after another, the scouts jumped out from the shrubs, in ambiguous figures, while holding their swords high in the air. When they finished these attacks, no matter the results, their figure would immediately disappear.

“Ahhhhhh!”

“Grrrrr!”

“Oooooo!”

As streaks of shining light reflected from the side of the swords, a great number of demons were stabbed to death. However... the rest of the demons didn't even turn their heads around to see off their fallen comrades. As long as their legs were movable, they would keep on running away, covering their bleeding wounds with their bare hands.

The formation of this demonic team had been disrupted by the sneak attack from the scouts. The original square-shaped formation had now been replaced by an arrow-shaped one. On the top point of this “arrow”, ran the seriously bleeding Demonic Emperor. Gradually, as the demonic team carried on, their formation became more dispersed. The relatively higher-ranked, or unwounded demons, now occupied the front position, while the less competent and injured ones were all left behind by twos and threes.

“Inform Hua Xin to keep the Demonic Emperor alive! Inform the scouts, they're only allowed to stab the legs of the enemies! We'll capture them all alive!”

As Shisan quickened his speed, he ordered one of the members beside him to transmit his words. Previously, he would order them to start the fight as soon as they received the scouts' report. Because of Ye Yi's warning, however, this time, Shisan acted extremely cautious. He even began to blame himself for the

hesitation he had in his decision-making, which had cost them several minutes. As a commander, he was the first to be accountable if the team was dragged in any kind of danger.

- Boom! -

At some distance in the front, a deafening sound resounded in the air, which grabbed all the members' attention. The very spot of this explosion, indeed, was caused by Hua Xin. As the most advanced cultivator of the group from the Hua Family, he had taken the initiative, and replicated eight identical figures, circling the desperate Demonic Emperor. As if the Demonic Emperor had already seen through Hua Xin's strategy, he quickly unleashed a streak of purple gust, before Hua Xin's sword approached him closely. Soon after that, the two sides collided with each other, and exploded. Although Hua Xin wasn't hurt, the Demonic Emperor successfully escaped his stab.

Quickly, Hua Xin used his Invisible Technique. The eight figures faded away immediately following Hua Xin's disappearance.

Nevertheless, the explosion ahead didn't slow their footsteps. Instead, the super team ran even faster, while Shiqi exclaimed excitedly, "Burning of the Demon Power! This demon must've been severely injured. Keep on chasing, for the one hundred credits! We can make it!"

- Swoosh! -

In order to defend himself, the Demonic Emperor used the Burning Demonic Power for the second time, after Hua Xin had popped out a second time. At the same time, the other members of the Hua Family made their concerted efforts in stabbing the legs of the demons. As a result, some of the demons in the front line fell down, and others kept on running with bleeding legs. All this had greatly disrupted the demons' plan of escape.

Eventually, after two minutes, the super team arrived at the fighting scene. They directly wedged in through the rear part of the demonic formation. With the help of the Feng Family's swordsmanship, lines of swords soared up in the sky, hovering in front of the demons, who found no way to go forward. Members of the Ye Family all released their Battle Qi, throwing them into the most densely-populated demon sections.

“Grrrrr!”

“Grrrrr!”

A full siege was forged, with the front swords, and the rear Battle Qi attacks, the demons found no way out. They halted in the middle of their running, turned around, howling with their bead-sized bloodshot eyes. Desperately, the demons started dashing towards the super team, hoping to find a glimpse of hope for escaping. Like the captured fish in a net, they tried their best to struggle, in an attempt to tore a hole out of the net, and escape.

However, the super team members wouldn't give them a single chance. An instant later, the girls from the Yue Family shot streaks of glaring beams, into the demons' eyes. The first round of spiritual attacks was on! Next, the descendants of the Ye Family slaughtered the enchanted demons almost effortlessly. Even the Prince-Realm cultivators, including Shiqi, didn't conceal their true ability anymore in front of the enemy, as they released a full Armor of Battle Qi. The fight turned white-hot.

Within ten minutes, the result of the fight was evident: the super team won! It was a perfect attack, owing to the assistance of the Prince-Realm cultivators. Not a single member was injured.

As usual, Qinghan began searching for the rings among the corpses, which had already become a habitual routine.

Chapter 100 – Are We Being Sieged?

“This Demonic Emperor is really something. He has consecutively fended off several of Hua Xin’s attacks. If it wasn’t for Xian’gu’s help, it would be hard to say, whether we could bring this giant beast down. Haha, Xian’gu, your Enchantment Skill is amazing, for you have made this beast lay down by simply using a glimpse of your eyes.”

Looking at the hideous body of the Demonic Emperor, Shisan was elated, for his fury could only be dissipated by seeing the death of the enemy. He turned to Yue Xian’gu, and spoke in an appreciative tone.

“Hehe, don’t flatter me, Shiqi. Don’t forget, this was a severely wounded Demonic Emperor, and it had already taken many of Hua Xin’s attacks. My attack was merely the last straw that led to his death!” Despite the humble explanation, Xian’gu rather enjoyed Shiqi’s sweet compliment. Her expressionless face burst into a rarely-seen laughter, and her feminine body shivered accordingly, giving emphasis to her beautiful curves.

“He won’t flatter you for nothing. Xian’gu, Shiqi has a secret crush on you...” With a chuckle, Hua Xin cut in jokingly.

Surprisingly, Shiqi wasn’t embarrassed at all; he raised his eyebrows, and stared at Xian’gu’s bosom, “Haha, Hua Xin, thank you buddy, thank you for saying the things I’ve kept so dear in the bottom of my heart! However, I’m afraid, that Xian’gu will never be in love with a rough fellow like me...”

“Hey, shut up! Actually, I’ve been told by my friends, that you guys are the most rakish cultivators in the Mars Prefecture! Remember, I’m not a naïve teenage girl who can be baited by a couple of nice words. If you really want to form a romantic relationship with me, I suggest you to just give up already... You bunch are ugly.” In response, Xian’gu rolled her eyes, as she cursed both of them. As soon as she finished her remarks, by moving her fatty hips left and right, she turned away, and walked towards the group of girls of the Yue Family.

“It’s enough, Shiqi, Hua Xin, prepare yourself to retreat!” Shisan urged the two of them to stay focused on the mission, rather than talking nonsense.

Receiving Shisan’s glare, Shiqi scratched his hair and wrinkled his nose in

embarrassment, while Hua Xin suddenly disappeared by using his Invisible Technique.

However, within a quarter of an hour, Hua Xin reappeared with a surly face, and seemed extremely worried, which was a sharp comparison with his earlier frolic expression.

“First-grade report! There are three demonic teams up ahead! We’re now only five kilometers away from them! We’d better retreat immediately in a southern direction!”

In a sharp, urgent voice, Hua Xin repeated this report three times, in an effort to ensure that this inauspicious piece of news was received well by every member. After that, he disappeared once again.

“Oh, fuck!”

The whole team was stirred up with negative emotions by Hua Xin’s report, with some of them even being lost in helplessness, and others looking around with blank eyes.

“What are you waiting for? All of you, retreat!” In a hysterical manner, Shisan shouted at the super team. It seemed, as if he had also lost his usual composed, level-headed temperament.

During these days, Shisan’s words had always been taken as the most authoritative order among the super team members. They deserted the items they had fetched from the bodies, and converged with the rest of the team. Qinghan, who was busy collecting rings, was forced to stop halfway through, and followed the team, heading south. Their footsteps gradually accelerated, as they ran forward.

“Report!”

“There are three barbarian teams flooding to us from the south! They are only 7.5 kilometers away from us!”

In the next moment, a scout of the Hua Family brought another unfavorable piece of news. The team halted in the middle of their escape, in sheer astonishment. Both Qinghan and Shisan looked at each other, and saw the confusion and fear in each other’s eyes. While at the same time, the other young

lords were all left confused, and frightened!

“Report!”

“In the west, there is a super demonic team! It is likely the team led by Yao Kaka!”

“Report!”

“In the east, another barbarian team is flocking towards us! They’re only five kilometers away! We’re investigating whether it is the team led by Man’gan!”

“Ohhh, holy shit!”

“What’s happening?!”

“We’re doomed...”

By hearing bad news upon bad news, the human super team burst into a clamor. Like ants blindly crawling on a hot pan, the members strode back and forth, but had no idea in which direction to go. The emotions in their eyes showed horror and confusion!

“How could it be possible that we’re being sieged?”

“It seems that we’re being encircled by both the demons and barbarians. It must be a scheme co-launched by the Demonic Prefecture and Barbarian Prefecture.”

“It’s so oddly ridiculous! How can these two prefectures ever form an alliance with each other? Historically, they have been foes for generations! Even if they made a joint attack against us, how could this be arranged in such a perfect way. I mean, I cannot believe that this is just a coincidence!”

“Yeah, and how could they know exactly where we are? This is so weird!”

These unanswerable questioned bewildered them all...

However, under such an emergency, no one was allowed to think much over these matters. They were all caught up in an exceptionally dangerous situation. Any delay in response of this fight, would result in a tragedy, where the future leaders of the four families, and the seven Prince-Realm cultivators would all be killed right here. Therefore, instead of a pre-attack discussion, which they

normally had, Shisan directly gave an order.

“Listen up! You’re now ordered to run towards the south as fast as possible. Hua Xin and Shiqi, lead some members of the Hua Family, and divert the enemies’ route. Survival is the priority right now, forget about the credits!”

Meanwhile, Shisan conveyed an unsounded conversation with the other Prince-Realm cultivators, and they all agreed to enact the backup plan known as Complete Retreat. In times of extreme danger, they had no alternative but to put the lives of the young lords and young ladies on the top of their schedule. As the situation became more and more intense, they had to sacrifice the relatively unimportant descendants, and only protect the young lords.

In awkward silence, Qinghan, Feng Zi and Hua Cao followed the team south. The suppressed and almost suffocating atmosphere penetrated every hole of their skin, making them feel a chill roll down their spine. Some of the girls of Yue Family even shivered in fear, as they came to realize how severe and fatal the situation was. They could turn out to be, in the next moment, corpses!

“Run, with all your strength!”

The dirty water from the mud pool splashed onto their luxurious clothing; the thorny branches cut through the skins on their legs; and the silk veils on the girls’ face were now dangling lopsidedly on one ear... They had no better choice, given the dire situation, where they could be torn apart by the enemy from any direction.

“Fuck!”

Qinghan spit a stick of grass out of his mouth, before he stole a glance at the panting, red-faced Qingcheng.

“Man’gan and Yao Kaka, have they really formed an alliance? How could they trace us so accurately? Are we really being sieged?”

Chapter 101 – Rush, Rush!

For months, the super elite team had invincibly fought against the enemies' team, and gained much reputation for their excellence. Nevertheless, what they were facing right now wasn't a single team, but a deliberately-plotted siege launched by Yao Kaka and Man'gan. Qinghan knew, this time, the chance of survival was extremely slim.

In front of this imminent life and death moment, Qinghan exhibited no fear, not even the slightest of it, for death was not a stranger to him.

It was his sister that made his heart sink, as he was afraid that she would be in a vegetative state forever without the Spirit Immortal Dan! Also, at the same time, he was ashamed of himself for letting so many people die for him. The feeling of regret, depression, and helplessness rushed through his heart, leaving him inconsolably silent.

- Bang! Bang! -

An explosive sound ahead made the super team members toss their heads forward, while hope was flashing within their eyes. If Shiqi and Hua Xin successfully led away the three barbarian teams in the south, perhaps, they could fight an exit out of this tight siege.

"We still have a chance to escape, don't we?" Some of them exclaimed, as if they had tightly grasped onto a life-saving straw.

A couple of moments later, with the return of the gloomy-faced Shiqi and Hua Xin, that sliver of hope in their heart had fallen into a pitfall of desperation.

"Shit! There're four Barbarian Emperors up ahead; we've failed to divert their route. They seem... to know exactly where we're going. In three minutes, we'll run into them!"

What Hua Xin reported, had given another mental blow to the members, as their faces grew grotesquely surly.

"Six hundred barbarians in total? Four Barbarian Emperors?"

"Whatever is ahead of us, just keep on marching forward. Slaughter the barbarians that come in our way!"

“Slaughter them all!”

By hearing Shisan’s extremely loud voice, the team members kind of regained their waning spirit. Everyone unsheathed their weapons, before they ran forward in a frenzy.

Under such a grand siege, the super team had no alternative but to rush ahead and slaughter for survival. As for whether they could break out of the encirclement or not, they could only leave this up to destiny.

The three barbarian teams up ahead were indeed not that frightening, and they were confident in their ability to fight their way out, if given the time! Yet, time was so limited for them, for another three demonic teams were approaching them closely from another direction! If the team was flanked by both the demonic and barbarian race, the result would be self-telling: the human super team would be completely annihilated. They had to, therefore, run as fast as they could, in case of being chased up by the demonic teams from behind.

Since the team was called “super elite team”, the team members were all young and intelligent. Definitely, this team was basically moron-free. They were hyper responsive upon hearing Shisan’s hysterical retreat order, despite the confusion and despair they had underwent just minutes ago. Sometimes, when one was caught by absolute hopelessness, his hidden potential would be fully unlocked. Such was the case with the human super team, for their morale bounced back, and surged to a new high. They slashed the daggers and swords through the wind, yelling out, as they sprinted forward.

“Rush, rush!”

With an unprecedented fanatical momentum, the super team swarmed forward. Even the girls of the Yue Family, who had vomited so many times over dead bodies, had now unsheathed their daggers, and followed the rest of the team with bloodshot eyes. No fearsome or blank eyes could be found among them, because they were fully prepared to confront whatever came at them!

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Despite the obnoxious sweat that soaked his clothing, Yao Kaka was in a really

good mood. The scheme, that they had long planned, would finally commence. He couldn't help but chuckle along the way.

The target was up ahead, or more exactly, the saint-level item, which he would be given for capturing Ye Qinghan, was at his fingertips. The situation, right now, turned quite favorable to the demonic side, as Yao Kaka just needed to draw in the net and reap the rewards.

“Hurry up! Don't let the barbarians take the initiative! The head of the target is worth a saint-level item! Have you all seen the portrait of the target? Slaughter him on sight!”

Yao Kaka roared to his team members, as he swung his golden, curly hairs in the wind.

“Your Majesty! The target is now moving towards Man'gan's teams in the south!” The wolf-like demonic female reported, as she held up an transparent crystal ball in her hands. Inside this ball, a small red dot was continuously moving towards the opposite direction, which seemed quite mysterious.

Upon hearing this, Yao Kaka tossed his head to the female demon, and observed the crystal ball with extreme caution.

“Shit! Why aren't they coming towards us? Damn it! I won't allow Man'gan to kill the target before me! Speed up, all of you!”

As he saw the target nearing the barbarians, Yao Kaka urged his team members to speed up.

- Boom! -

“Grrr!”

- Bang! -

“Ahhh!”

In the far distance, the sound of explosions reverberated in the air, suggesting that the human super team and the barbarians had collided with each other already! Meanwhile, Yao Kaka found those noises rather annoying; for he was afraid that the long-awaited golden opportunity would slip away from him. With

no choice left, he increased his speed once more.

He firmly believed, that as long as the barbarians were entangled with the human super team, and blocked their way out, he would be able to chop their flesh into heaps of meat powder.

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On the other hand, Shisan's mood dropped to the bottom of his heart. Like the billowy Qi waves up ahead, his heart was surging with uncertainty and dejection. The concerted efforts among the seven Prince-Realm cultivators had failed to break the "wall of barbarians", that stood densely like lines of giant pillars. Furthermore, the sound of numerous footsteps was flooding from behind. In an uncontrollable fury, he exclaimed desperately, "Fuck you barbarians! You don't dare to die? Come, and I will slaughter all of you personally!"

Just two minutes after their arrival, when they were about to wave their swords and launch a bloody fight, the barbarians unexpectedly formed a fan-shaped defensive formation, trying to deter anyone from the human side to flee. The barbarians were in full swing, with four Barbarian Emperors standing in the forefront, and the rest in the rear. Now, the human super team was under an even tighter, if not seamless, siege.

The moment the defensive formation appeared; Shisan realized almost instantly that their chance of running away had turned even slimmer. In whatever direction they ran, the barbarians would encircle them like a rolled-up dumpling, let alone the demons, who were chasing them from behind. Even if they had the luck to escape, two thirds of the team would die here.

Without any delay, Shisan immediately ordered the whole team to fully release their Battle Qi, and attack unanimously in one direction. He was right, indeed, for the force created by the total amount of Battle Qi pooled by around two hundred members, would certainly be formidable. Either the barbarians dodged or their formation would collapse in the process. In the end, the super team would stand a chance to speed up and rush out of the encirclement.

Chapter 102 – Reinforcement from the Sickle Team

However... the barbarians survived the first round of attacks from the human super team, despite a great number of casualties. The defensive formation, nevertheless, remained orderly displayed amidst the chaos. Because, whenever a gap was made in this “wall of barbarians”, nearby barbarians would immediately fill the gap, holding their grounds with wounded, trembling legs. As for the dead or paralyzed barbarians, they would be quickly carried away, to keep their formation neat and tidy. Like lines of giant stone pillars, the barbarians stood squarely in front of the human super team...

Sadly, the only possible way out was blocked by the flesh wall of barbarians.

“Go and attack these bastard barbarians indiscriminately! Members of the Feng Family, go and stab their fucking eyes! Yue Family, use your Enchantment Skills! The rest of you, release as much Battle Qi as you possibly can!”

With a ruthless face, Shisan shouted his lungs out; while his body whirled along with the Battle Qi until a rather long sword of Battle Qi was formed in the air, which he shot towards the barbarians.

“Fuck! Want to keep us in this confinement? You’ll have to pay for it with your own lives!” The two Prince-Realm cultivators of the Feng Family also yelled overbearingly, while at the same time, numerous short swords appeared from their backs, which were flying towards the barbarians, as if they were carried by the wind.

Much to Feng Zi’s excitement, he had just finished the life of a barbarian with his black sword. With bloodshot eyes, he roared, as he charged forward, “Fuck these barbarians! Brothers, kill them all!”

All of a sudden, a myriad of swords shuttled back and forth in this battle, followed by some occasional explosive sounds. Whenever a bunch of barbarians fell down, their position would be replaced by another bunch. The barbarian corpses on the ground accumulated to such a great number, that they couldn’t bother tidying them up anymore. However, despite this massacre, the defensive formation remained steadfast.

Shisan noticed the cloud of dust from behind, after he had thrown out a cyan long spear. Helplessly, he waved his hands, and looked at the other Prince-Realm cultivators, before he reluctantly gave another order, “It’s time to fully implement the Complete Retreat Plan!”

On hearing Shisan’s order, Qinghan’s face turned ghastly pale. Likewise, Feng Zi, Hua Cao, Qingcheng and Qingwu all wore a deeply-concerned expression. Now, the Prince-Realm cultivators would only protect the lives of the young lords and ladies, rather than the lives of all elite members. It was very likely, that those who were left behind, would be killed anyway, unless some miracle happened.

“No! Let’s wait another moment!” By shaking his head unyieldingly, Qinghan consumed all the Battle Qi at hand, and formed a colossal Palm of Battle Qi. At a crazy speed, this palm flew towards the barbarians...

He knew all too well, that the team members could have avoided this crisis if it wasn’t for him. If he eventually gained that Immortal Spirit Dan at the cost of so many innocent lives, he would suffer from compunction for the rest of his life. For this unfortunate siege, Qinghan found only himself to blame. Due to these emotions, he babbled some nonsense, while using up the limited Battle Qi around his body.

“It’s an order! Implement my order right away!”

Seeing the cold, yet affirmative emotions in Shisan’s eyes, Shiqi nodded to him in response. An instant later, Shisan jumped to Qinghan, and grabbed the latter by the hand. As his Battle Qi was fully released, a circle of cyan Qi wrapped around Qinghan’s body, shielding him from any incoming attacks. Shisan waved his hands once again, as he yelled, “Run, run away at your highest speed!”

The other Prince-Realm cultivators also took the rest of the young lords and ladies, either by their shoulders or waists, and followed Shisan’s exemplary action.

“Run! Run!”

Nearly two hundred members of the super elite team shouted as one. As the saying goes, armies are to be maintained for years, but are used up in a single day. For now, it was considered as the best time to contribute to the family. Knowing that their possibility to survive was slim, they didn’t thwart their

morale; but instead, they tried to fight their last battle by using up the last amount of their Battle Qi. The whole team stormed out towards the barbarians, inspired by their undaunted iron will.

“Grr! Grr!”

The barbarians howled in anger, as they swung their fists and large sticks in the air, as a response to the approaching humans.

The tension of this battle had reached its apex: either you die or I die!

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- Boom! -

Just as the super team flooded towards the barbarians, an accident occurred, which left everyone dumbfounded. Puffs of Battle Qi surfaced from behind the barbarian formation, in a splendid, colorful display! Within an instant, the colorful Battle Qi slammed against the barbarians before they even realized it. A long queue of black-clothed human beings wedged through the defensive formation of the barbarians, just like a sharp spear penetrating into it with brutal force.

“Haha! It’s our people! Our reinforcements! Now quit the Complete Retreat Plan, and fight with the enemies!” With a seizure of excitement in his face, Shisan roared like a tiger, as he dashed forward.

“Ye Yi, Ahh, it’s Ye Yi’s team! We’re saved... Let’s slaughter these damn barbarians!”

Seeing that the situation had turned around, a cheerful expression surfaced on Qinghan’s face; he closely followed behind Shisan, and used his Mysterious Trace Steps, as he rushed towards the barbarians.

The arrival of the Sickle Team further threatened the barbarians, who already found it extremely hard to maintain their formation. Under the leadership of the Prince-Realm cultivators, as well as Ye Yi, the barbarians were flanked both in the front and in the rear. They were now in complete chaos, with only the four Barbarian Emperors struggling to fight back.

“Shisan, ask your members to retreat! Stop fighting here with us! We’ll cover

the rear, understand?”

Ye Yi raised his head and bellowed, after he stabbed a nearby barbarians to death with his Horse Beheading Sword.

“Ahh!” Shisan stared at Ye Yi, for a moment, as he hesitated whether he should put his fellow death warriors at such grave risk or not.

“Big brother, Third Brother, Ninth Brother, and Eleventh Brother!” Shisan cried out.

Pissed off by Shisan’s hesitation, Ye Yi chopped one barbarian into two clean halves, and widened his eyes, “Go, just go! How shall we report back to the family if the young lords and ladies die here? Remember, we’re fully responsible for their security. Get the hell out of here!”

“Shisan, hurry up, and lead your team out of here! I’ll avenge myself once I see Yao Kaka. Ha, let’s knock over a drink after this war!” Ye Jiu let out a crazy laughter, while fighting single-handed using his broad sword. Obviously, his left arm was lost, and one of his sleeves fluttered peacefully along with his movements.

Chapter 103 – Breakout

“All of you, listen up! Stop fighting, we’d better breakout right now!” With a booming voice, Shisan ordered in a straightforward way, for he knew it was not the time to be emotional. If they stayed here fighting, they would probably never get out, because the demons from behind were just about to arrive!

What Ye Yi had said was right, as death warriors of the Ye Family, they had to prioritize the security of the young lords and ladies, rather than their fellow brothers. After all, if the young descendants died, they were all doomed. Helplessly, Shisan reserved his grief, as he choked his tears back, and reluctantly gave out his orders.

“Slaughter!”

Not saying a single word, Shiqi gave Shisan an understanding look, and held up his sword, killing several barbarians in a row.

“Go!” Qinghan glanced at the members of the Sickle Team for the last time, as he grabbed Qingwu’s arms, and ran away as fast as his feet could carry him.

“Go!” Hua Xin and Feng Meng looked at one another, and found the same helplessness and bitterness in each other’s eyes. They ran in the front, leading the way for Hua Cao and Feng Zi.

Within a minute, the Sickle Team had forcefully intervened, and put up a desperate fight. Under their cover, the super team successfully waged their way out of the chaos, with only a few of them being injured in the process. They left the howling barbarians, as well as the valiant Sickle Team behind, merely for the purpose of survival!

- Bang! Bang! Bang! -

As the atmosphere continued to intensify, the barbarians tried to chase the super team, but only found themselves being held back by the Sickle Team in the end. Now, all the fury of the barbarians was vented on Ye Yi’s team. The Sickle Team slaughtered as many barbarians as possible, for they knew what their destiny would be.

“Full speed ahead!” Shisan held back his desire to turn around and check on

the situation; he led the super team forward by running madly. His eyes were filled with indignation as well as misery. This was an opportunity exchanged by the lives of the Sickle Team, so they had to succeed. Although they were far from absolute safety, at least now they could take a break from fighting... and run away!

- Boom! -

Several minutes later, they had run away over five kilometers from the scene. All of a sudden, an ear piercing rumble sounded out from behind, which followed an earth-breaking howl as well.

“Big brother!”

Eventually, Shisan turned around, crying out heartbrokenly.

All the team members looked backwards, and were stunned by what came into their view: the Essence Qi brought up by a terrifying explosive energy, which was suspended above the fighting scene. The dense smoke in the air, the poignant sound of the explosion, and the outraged howls, all burst out almost at the same time. The super team halted their hasty footsteps... they knew, that Yao Kaka’s team had collided with them! Since Ye Yi’s team had found no way to get rid of both the demons and barbarians at the same time, they had chosen their last resort – Suicidal Explosion! Apparently, the members of the famous Sickle Team had all sacrificed themselves, because only the collective explosion of a large number of cultivators could create such a chaos in Essence Qi.

“Why are you all standing here idly? If you want Ye Yi’s team to die in peace, just run! It’s their last wish! Scouts of the Hua Family, start an all-out patrol in the surroundings.” Shisan’s face was as cold as the winter frost.

- Swoosh! -

Immediately, the super team members converged their grief into motivation, and ran like crazy. Even the girls of the Yue Family followed closely, without regard for their personal appearance. Among them, some injured or fainted members were carried on the back of others’, not a single one was left behind. Their hair was disheveled, and tears swelled from their eyes, yet they had to

carry on, like a bunch of uncollected drowned mice.

As for Qinghan, he kept his head low, as no misery or indignation could be found in his expression. But if one looked closer into his eyes, a deathly grey light flashed!

Run, run, run!

With no emotions, no sound, and no extra movements, all the team members kept on running, into the forest, into the valley, or trudging over lakes. In bird's eye view, they were very much like a group of restless ants crawling on the ground.

"Report! Both the demonic team and the barbarian team are fifteen kilometers away from us!"

"Report! Up ahead is safe. It will take us at least one hour to get back to the temporary camp!"

The scouts of the Hua Family were busy searching around, as they were true professionals. Owing to their Invisible Technique, they were made for this kind of work; otherwise, they would already be completely exhausted.

As predicted, Ye Yi's team was completely annihilated. But, as a result, they had helped the super team earn ten minutes to escape. Now, the distance between Qinghan's team and the enemies' was as large as fifteen kilometers.

However, on the other side, Yao Kaka and Man'gan had continued to chase the human super team closely, immediately after they had annihilated the Sickle Team. They were also desperate to race against the time!

The abrupt arrival of Ye Yi's team had undeniably tore a hole in the deliberate-knitted hunting net, which was designed by the other two races to end the lives of the human super team.

As for Yao Kaka and Man'gan, they were actually pissed off by these reinforcements, without which they would have reaped the favorable results already. Now, the target, Ye Qinghan, had ran far away from them; they felt like their stewed duck had flown away, right when they were about to enjoy its

delicious meat. In a fury, they all vowed that they wouldn't go back home until they had annihilated the human super team

There occurred an unprecedented chase between the human race and the other two races, as both of them raced at the limits of their speed. Flustered, Qinghan's team chose any path that appeared in front of them, whether it was a mountain, a lake or a cave.

"This isn't going to work, Shisan. On the one hand, we have severely injured members, and their speed is greatly slowed; on the other hand, neither our physical strength, Battle Qi, nor our morale is adequate to sustain us any longer. I suspect, after ten minutes, we'll be overtaken!" Hua Xin expressed his concerns, as he ran forward.

"I know, buddy. But... we have no better alternative other than running away, don't we? One thing that haunts my mind is: how do they know so well of our whereabouts?" Shisan's face turned much more composed now, because he had to care about the people who were alive, rather than lingering on the lament for the death.

"Who knows? Maybe the demons or the barbarians have mastered some magical witchcraft. Anyway, this has never happened before! Shit, we're so unlucky!" With a similar confusing expression, Hua Xin responded.

"Speed up, as fast as you possibly can! Hopefully we can encounter some team from the Mars Prefecture, to help us out." With blank eyes, Shisan shook his head, for he knew how slim this possibility was.

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The crazy chase continued, and the distance between the two sides was quickly shortened to a mere five kilometers. Fortunately, the human super team was also quickly approaching the temporary camp. Based on their current speed, by the time the barbarians and demons would catch up to them, they would probably have already arrived in the vicinity of the temporary camp; where there would run into many of the Mars Prefecture's teams. If the other human teams would lend them a hand, Yao Kaka and Man'gan would no longer be a threat.

In the next second, nevertheless, a scout of the Hua Family brought a piece of unexpected news that made everyone's heart sink even deeper.

Chapter 104 – Under Siege Once Again!

In the front, there were four teams composed of both demons and barbarians, charging towards the human super team in a large fan-shaped formation.

History had been replayed! People from the human super team looked at each other in utter astonishment, some of them even stared at the sky blankly, as if they were praying for help from the heavens. They felt as if an all-seeing eye was watching them coldly, or that an invisible hand maneuvered everything unfavorably for them.

“Holy shit! Let’s all turn west! I believe, if we hang on for some minutes, we can run into some teams from our prefecture. The noise of the footsteps of so many demons and barbarians, will surely grab the attention of others.” Shisan forced a seemingly encouraging remark, but only he himself knew how bitter and helpless he felt right now. It was beyond his ability to save the team from this desperate situation.

As an excellent team of the human side, the super team was able to confront any single team on Ghost Island, which had already been proven in previous battles. The heaven-defying techniques of the four families, the close cooperation, and the absolute ability of the Prince-Realm cultivators, all of this represented their incomparable advantages. Today, however, they were as weak as ants; anyone with some force could grind them into pieces. The unprecedented alliance between the demons and barbarians had confused all the super team members. Everything was so creepy and suspicious! Overwhelmed by surprise and desperation, the super team felt as if they had reached the end of their wits!

Meanwhile, Shisan believed, that Sainan would probably come to help them out any moment now. She wasn’t a moron, and quite responsive in discovering emergencies. In face of this abrupt, creepy attack, Shisan had no better choice but to rely on the wise and resolute Sainan as their last hope.

“Noooo!”

A crisp, yet resolved shout broke out, and everyone jerked their heads towards the source of the sound.

“Let’s go to the east instead! It isn’t a good plan to rest all our hopes on Sainan!” It was Qinghan who had spoken up. Being ghastly pale-faced, his eyes were lit up, shining like the scorching sun. At this moment, no one dared to look directly into his eyes, for the light in his eyes was simply too bright.

“Just go! Go to the east! Do you guys remember the Silvermoon Double-headed Wolf in that gorge? If I remember correctly, it’s just several kilometers away from here. There are a lot of teleportation posts, and most importantly, that mighty wolf!”

“To the east? Are you sure? We can be killed by that Double-headed Wolf! Qinghan, are you out of your mind?”

In the beginning, people thought that Qinghan had gone mad! The Double-headed Wolf was an eighth-grade demonic beast, which was considered to be a greater threat than the demons and barbarians that were chasing them. As the old saying goes, the God of Longevity hanged himself to death, for he was tired of his boring life. But now, the super team members were all young elites, carefully-selected by their respective family, none of them wished to die in the mouth of a wolf.

At the same time, the Prince-Realm cultivators pondered for some seconds, before their eyes lit up, “Yeah, go east! All of you, go east! Our destination is the gorge where the Silvermoon Double-headed Wolf resides!”

All of a sudden, the human super team turned around hastily, as they started to negotiate about their direction along the way. Several minutes later, all of them were told what would happen next, which had rekindled their passion once again...

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By checking the transparent ball in their hands, both Yao Kaka and Man’gan satisfyingly realized that Qinghan’s team had turned east. Without any hesitation, they changed their route accordingly, as they howled triumphantly along the way.

Indeed, the four teams led by Yao Kaka and Man’gan were originally arranged

to divert the super team's route. And if they continued to run towards the human temporary camp, they could've run into Sainan, which would disrupt and perhaps even ruin their plan.

Therefore, the barbarians and demons were overjoyed with the human super team's change of direction, and followed them closely towards the east. The prey was up ahead, almost within their reach, which increased Yao Kaka and Man'gan's expectations to finally run into their juicy target. However, never had a single one of their teams managed to knock this human super team down, even by a single nodge! Of course, it was still too early to say who would eventually grasp the opportunity to kill Qinghan, and obtain the saint-level item. It could be either of the two candidates, Yao Kaka or Man'gan. Only their power and luck would determine who would be the final winner.

"Remember, our first and foremost goal? To capture the target! Later, if you succeed, I will offer you a handsome amount of rewards!" Yao Kaka tossed his head to the nearby snake race demons, and his golden hair swung in the air as he ran forward. Cruelty filled his cold eyes.

At the same time, a bald barbarian in shining golden armor called several gigantic-sized barbarians to his side, and ordered, "Slaughter anyone getting in our way in killing the target, be it human or demon!"

Unlike the complacent Yao Kaka, Man'gan spoke these words in a peaceful tone, yet his majesty wasn't diminished at all. His underlings didn't dare to ask why, but only nodded their heads quickly like beating a drum. Next to Man'gan, a barbarian was holding a crystal ball in his large hands, and leaned towards his master as he pointed his finger to the red dot on the ball, "Young lord, our target is slowing down! Can this be a trick? Shall we continue to follow them?"

"Whatever trick they try to play on us, just go and trample them flat!" The bald barbarian leader waved his hands, as he seemed like he didn't care a dump about the warning. Cheerfully, he continued to run forward...

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"All of you, withdraw all your Battle Qi. Form groups of five, and walk to a teleportation post. Members of the Hua Family, continue to patrol our

surroundings. Hua Xin, go and observe the wolf closely. Once we're discovered by that ferocious wolf, we'll immediately teleport away as well!"

Shisan whispered in an extremely low voice, as he slowed down his footsteps gingerly. Under Shisan's arrangement, the human super team divided themselves in several smaller groups, and silently walked inside the gorge with extreme caution.

The gorge was as grotesque as before, with rampant vines and wild weeds strewn all over the place. Shisan had already comprehended Qinghan's unspoken plan, he wanted to take advantage of this geography, and kill two birds with one stone! For one thing, they could probably escape with the help of the teleportation posts; for the other, the wolf inside the gorge would in some way help them avenge the Sickle Team.

Without knowing the existence of the eighth-grade wolf in this gorge, the barbarians and demons would most likely slip into this trap, and provoke the wolf. If that was the case, then a ruthless battle would be unavoidable.

As Shisan had envisaged all the possible details that could occur in several minutes, he immediately arranged this perfect escape plan. If they were lucky enough, the barbarians and demons from behind would be receiving a painful lesson, after they recklessly intruded this gorge.

Chapter 105 – Silvermoon Double-headed Wolf

The Silvermoon Double-headed Wolf, whose territory was being invaded, acted extremely sluggish. He didn't sense the arrival of the super team, until Hua Xin tried to enter into his specific cave. Far from aggressive, this wolf only released a streak of gust to warn Hua Xin, but never came out to chase after him.

Although Shisan was confident in this escape, he prohibited all the members from releasing their Battle Qi, which was considered as a possible trigger to provoke the terrifying beast inside the cave.

A couple of minutes later, they successfully arrived at the area that was littered with teleportation posts. The scouts of the Hua Family reported back, that currently everything was under control: the demons and barbarians were still several kilometers away from them, and so far, the wolf wasn't leaving his cave. In total, there were approximately forty teleportation posts, and each allowed a maximum of five people to be teleported. As per Shisan's arrangement, each group stood beside their respective post, as they waited for the next order.

"Listen up, guys! Once the teleportation posts are activated, everyone will be teleported to different places within the confinement of Ghost Island. I have marked ten spots on the map, and after being teleported, you'll travel to the nearest of these spots. This way, we'll remain somewhat grouped up, rather than alone. Alright, the eventual destination is the temporary camp! Our only task is to survive and reunite in the camp! After the Prefecture War, our Ye Family will compensate everyone with ample rewards!"

Shisan instructed the members in a low voice, as he showed the map to each of the five-people small groups. Everyone bade farewell to each other following that, for they would most likely be separated from each other after teleporting. Perhaps, some of the lucky ones would be directly teleported to the temporary camp; while some might be teleported to the demonic or barbarian teams! Everything was random in the process, and one could only rely on heaven's will to survive.

They were greatly confused, as the super team had no idea what kind of

witchcraft could foretell their whereabouts. They figured that Yao Kaka and Man'gan might've already set up blockades in the way that led to the Mars Prefecture's temporary camp. Considering the relatively weak girls of the Yue Family, and a dozen of wounded members, they weighed it would be riskier if they went forward and encounter the enemies' ambush.

Therefore, given the practical situation, being teleported would be the best choice. Plus, there was a powerful eighth-grade wolf that could be used as a "weapon" to slaughter the incoming enemies. So, they carried out the latest escape plan without any hesitation.

.....

The abnormally slow speed of the human super team, which was under close observation by both Yao Kaka and Man'gan, raised some doubts among the demons and barbarians. But, when they looked back at the formidable force of their army, they regained their confidence and accelerated their speed.

Even if they were ambushed by the team led by Sainan, Yao Kaka and Man'gan believed that they would still be able to knock them all down. They had brought half of the most capable soldiers of their prefecture, so they wouldn't fear what would come at them, be it the reinforcements of the Mars Prefecture or a giant dragon!

Definitely, there was no dragon, but only an eighth-grade Silvermoon Double-headed Wolf.

Because of the special geography of this gorge, it wasn't a recorded spot on the map. Neither did the demons nor the barbarians know of such a reclusive place. They just followed the red spot on the crystal ball and recklessly flooded into it.

However... they were left dumbfounded when they saw the famous Double-headed Wolf.

The first thing that came into their view was the despiteful faces of hundreds of human beings. An instant later, all the humans disappeared in front of them following a glaring light, as well as an earth-shaking sound. Annoyed by the

noises and lights, a beast came out of his cave, with two ferocious heads protruding in the front.

Of course, the light came from the teleportation posts. And the beast was the Silvermoon Double-headed Wolf, which was intentionally provoked by Hua Xin's palm of Battle Qi. The timing was perfect!

Startled, Yao Kaka and Man'gan licked their dry lips, and cursed the deceitful human race; while at the same time, all of them instantly started to run, in the opposite direction! The outraged wolf stared at them, ready to swoop over them.

Several minutes ago, both Yao Kaka and Man'gan had vowed solemnly that their teams could punch a dragon down; but now, in front of Double-headed Wolf, which was slightly weaker than the dragon, they realized what was called horror, coercion, and cruelty!

As leaders, both Yao Kaka and Man'gan retreated, escorted by scores of Demonic Emperors and Barbarian Emperors. While the rest of the team members were forced to confront this beast, only to give their leaders a chance to escape!

Without any attack, the wolf had already made the demons and barbarians flinch; once they collided with each other, the latter would undoubtedly be killed.

At this moment, the demon and barbarian soldiers knew all too well of their fatal destiny, they were bound to die: if their respective leader died, they would be killed as punishment, and even their relatives would be involved and killed; if they fought with the beast, they would also die, but on their own will...

- Boom! -

As expected, the drum-sized four eyeballs of the wolf were filled with despise, as he simultaneously opened his two mouths, shooting out two different colored streaks of gust. The grey one was piercingly cold; while the red one was surging with hot waves. These two streaks rose up in the air, and gradually blended together. When the barbarians and demons came closer to it, the gust exploded!

The most advanced soldiers instantly vanished in the blast, leaving nothing but their ashes.

Among them, three Barbarian Emperors were only slightly injured, due to their impressive defensive power. But they all had their viscera somewhat displaced by the sheer power of the vibration caused by the explosion. On the other side, the demons weren't that lucky, for at least two Demonic Emperors were severely wounded, and lay on the ground with disfigured faces.

- Si! -

By sucking in a deep breath, the rest of the demons and barbarians backed away, fearing to anger the wolf even more. The sound of footsteps of the running away Yao Kaka and Man'gan could clearly be heard amidst the chaos. Obviously, their leaders hadn't run away to a secure distance quite yet. With trembling legs, the demons and barbarians looked at the horrible beast with ghastly-pale faces.

Chapter 106 – Dragon’s Cave

- Swoosh! -

The patience of the wolf had worn off, as he now spit out two more fierce gust streaks towards the barbarians and demons that stood in his way. Strangely, the two gusts didn’t collide with each other and instead exploded separately, but somehow the damage was actually magnified. The grey gust penetrated through the demonic teams, and froze hundreds of them into ice sculptures; while the red one went to the barbarians, and set up billowy fires that dashed to the sky. The surrounding verdant grassland was beyond recognition, as if it was covered by the lava emitted from a volcano.

“Grrr!”

Raising his double heads towards the sky, the wolf was quite satisfied with his destructive force, as well as the frightened expressions on his enemies’ faces. Triumphantly, he gave out a confident howl, before he waved his gigantic hips and slowly returned to his cave. In order to give a lesson to these “weak crawlers”, he had wasted a large amount of his energy; but now, since the enemies had lowered their heads in awe, he wouldn’t care too much about them anymore. Therefore, he just left.

Standing at the entrance of the gorge, both Yao Kaka and Man’gan witnessed the ferocious battle behind them, as fury sprawled in their eyes. Now, they had lost more than half of their team members within mere seconds. Only some survived, as they had been lucky enough to turn around and run away in time.

Yao Kaka snatched the crystal ball from the demon beside him, in order to closely check where the target was. Suddenly, when he saw the flashing red spot, Yao Kaka gritted his teeth, “Go and chase him. Humph! I promise that I’ll tear him into pieces!”

“Yeah, chase that bastard!” Like Yao Kaka, Man’gan was also checking the red spot on his crystal ball, while calling out Qinghan’s name.

.....

“Where are we...”

Vigilantly, Qinghan swept his eyes around his surroundings, and looked at Shiqi, Shisan, and Qingwu for a proper answer. They had been teleported to a tranquil valley, where the land was covered with verdant trees. Also, in the middle of the valley was a small-sized pool.

“Hush!”

With an extremely solemn expression, Shisan quickly put his index finger against Qinghan’s lips. At the same time, Shiqi pulled out the sword on his back, as he walked several steps ahead to check the surroundings.

“Errr...”

Twisting her slender waist to one side, Qingwu widened her eyes, and looked around in full curiosity. Several minutes later, she suspiciously murmured, “Shisan, I guess this place is clear. Relax, and don’t act so nervously.”

Without replying to Qingwu, Shisan fixed his eyes on the left side. An instant later, he exchanged a glance with Shiqi, and both of them nodded with a bitter smile. Gradually, their faces turned deathly grey!

“What’s in the valley?” Judging by Shisan and Shiqi’s abnormal expression, Qinghan couldn’t help but ask.

“Both of us sense the existence of a powerful demonic beast, whose absolute strength should be no lower than the Silvermoon Double-headed Wolf we just encountered!” Dejected, Shiqi waved his head. It could only be explained that their luck had run out; otherwise, how could they meet another demonic beast after just escaping from the previous one.

“Ahhh!” In sheer astonishment, Qingwu exclaimed in horror, and in a hurry, she covered her mouth with her hands, in case the sound she made would grab the attention of the beast. The Silvermoon Double-headed Wolf was already an eighth-grade demonic beast! How could it be possible that they had been teleported to a valley which was inhabited by an even mightier beast? By taking two deep breaths, Qingwu somehow calmed herself down, before she whispered concertedly, “Then, shall we return to the teleportation posts nearby and leave once again?”

“No, it won’t work! You know, each and every teleportation post only works

once every thirty minutes. During the time inbetween no one is able to be teleported! Stay where you are, and remain silent. If that beast in the cave is provoked, we're all doomed! We're blessed by the Heaven, or we would've certainly been discovered already!" Shisan wiped the cold sweat off of his forehead, as he replied.

Knowing the severity of the situation, Qinghan and Qingwu shut their mouths, and silently observed the surroundings.

"Grrr!"

All of a sudden, to their left, a thunder-like howl broke the silence, which scared the hell out of them! The four of them staggered in toddled steps, for their bodies were off balance after hearing this abrupt sound.

"The howl of a dragon? Have we been exposed?"

As the creepy sound gave Shiqi goosebumps, he released all of his Battle Qi in defense. While at the same time, he drew Qinghan near, ready to flee.

"Wait!" When Shisan was about to lift his legs, after grabbing Qingwu in one hand, he came up with a new discovery. Hastily, he drew Shiqi back, and yelled in a muffled voice.

"Shisan, what's up?" Bewildered by Shisan's sudden change of attitude, Shiqi asked impatiently.

"Grrr!"

Unexpectedly, another sound came amidst their conversation, which scared Shiqi to the ground. Flustered, he stared to the left, and extended his Battle Qi enwrapped sword, which had a glaring light on its edge, as he was fully prepared to launch a battle.

"Idiot! Withdraw your Battle Qi, now! The demonic beast hasn't found us yet!" Although it took a full minute for Qinghan to calm down from the first sound, he had figured out something, and whispered to Shiqi in a scolding tone.

"What?" Hastily Shiqi held back all his Battle Qi, as confusion filled his eyes, he followed Shisan's glance into the left cave. Given the magnitude of the sound, it must be a giant dragon. But, if they were discovered, the dragon could come to

them and smash them instantly, why would he bother to howl so many times. Apparently, the dragon's howl had nothing to do with the four of them. They were comparatively safe so far.

But, if Qinghan didn't stop Shiqi from releasing his Battle Qi, they would, sooner or later, be discovered. If that happened, no matter how fast they could run, they wouldn't be able to escape from this valley.

Dragons were long considered as high-ranked beasts, and even the weakest one could become an eighth-grade one. The imposing atmosphere created by the howling of the dragon fully penetrated through the air. Since the presence of the dragon was so self-telling, then how hadn't the dragon found and devoured them yet? Instead, the dragon kept on howling.

"What shall we do now?"

With years of experience in life-and-death battles, both Shisan and Shiqi didn't feel relieved by the temporary security. They danced on the edge of death whenever they received a risky task from the Ye Family. Yet, never had they felt as helpless as they did right now.

Half an hour ago, they had successfully escaped from the close chase of the enemies. At least, they were confident in protecting the young lords, and helping them out. Now, in face of an unseen mighty beast, rather than hundreds of demons or barbarians, they found themselves at a loss. It was still too early to predict whether they could survive or flee from this dragon-inhabited valley.

Chapter 107 – Being Out of Danger for the Moment

However, what should the four of them do next? Stay where they were and wait for the teleportation posts to work again? Or wait for the dragon to become exhausted and stop howling? Obviously, this wasn't the safest solution. Deep inside, they doubted whether the dragon in the left cave had noticed their arrival or not. They couldn't afford taking such a gamble, for Qinghan, the future of the Ye Family, should be safe and sound when they returned back from this war.

Either running away or waiting at their current location, both would be dangerous! Shisan and Shiqi were both caught by a mixed feeling, as they were so tempted to lead their master out of this valley, yet they couldn't come up with an effective solution.

“Shisan! Pay special attention to the right side of the valley!”

At this moment, Qinghan spoke up in a low, but firm voice.

Being taken aback, both Shisan and Shiqi turned around and stared at Qinghan in confusion, as they were curious to find out about Qinghan's plan. While at the same time, Qingwu also jerked her head, and looked at the right side of the valley, but failed to find anything special there.

“Hey, guys, is it possible that there are two dragons on Ghost Island? Wait... is this the Black Dragon Valley Ye Yi mentioned before?” Not giving any constructive suggestions, Qinghan threw out some unrealistic nonsense. Yet, despite the wild imagination of Qinghan, Shisan took it rather seriously, and suddenly unlocked his knitted eyebrows, as he overzealously leaned forward, staring at the right side of the valley with a cheerful expression.

The dragon, known as at least an upper-level eighth-grade demonic beast, was a much more powerful being than the Doubled-headed Wolf. While the most advanced soldiers in this Prefecture War had only reached the peak level of the Realm of the Prince, like Long Sainan, the snake race demons beside Yao Kaka, and the two super-sized barbarians beside the golden-armored Man'gan. Their power was apparently greatly lagging behind the eighth-grade wolf, let alone the more powerful dragon. Given the overwhelming power of the dragon, the amount of their species was strictly limited here on Ghost Island, otherwise the Prefecture War would turn into a war between beasts, for the members of the

three prefectures were too weak to fight with these beasts!

Qinghan's point was evident, the left side of the valley was inhabited by a giant dragon. It reminded him of the Black Dragon Valley mentioned by Ye Yi several days ago. Plus, the geographical feature of this place was identical with what Ye Yi had described. Most importantly, the Sickle Team had spent a whole month inside this valley and came out safe and sound. In other words, at least there was a place to hide themselves, and not be found. That place was right over there, on their right side!

Undoubtedly, Shisan quickly echoed with Qinghan's analysis, and secretly admired the quick wits of his young master, who was now considered to be the hope of the Ye Family. Immediately, he began to search around the right side of the valley with extreme caution.

"Shisan, what happened? Tell me." Shiqi was obviously less smart than Shisan, for he stared blankly at the right side, finding nothing but ordinary weeds and trees. Although his intelligence had failed him to figure out the undertone in Qinghan's remarks, he quickly noticed the changing emotions in Shisan's eyes, from desperation to excitement. Therefore, he couldn't help but to ask the reason behind this all.

Having no time to talk with Shiqi, Shisan anchored his eyes on the right in rapt, as though he was appreciating a stripped beauty. Not a single spot was left unscrutinized.

Eventually, after examining the target place three times, Shisan noticed an extremely shady spot - a giant stone was covered by rampant vines under a tall tree. On the side of the stone, traces of footsteps could still be seen if one looked close enough.

"I found it!" Clenching his fists, Shisan turned around in joyfulness. He then pointed his index finger at that great stone and said, "Shiqi, look at that stone! Behind it, there is a grotto, and we can hide there for the time being. You should lead the way for young lord Qinghan, and Miss Qingwu into the grotto, and I will cover from behind. Remember, don't release your Battle Qi, and keep the sound

of your footsteps as low as possible!”

“Alright.” Despite all his doubts and curiosity, Shiqi leaned forward and wiped his eyes, in order to have a better view of the stone. Yet, an instant later, his eyes were filled with light.

For years, Shiqi was accustomed to take any and all of Shisan’s advice, for he firmly believed in the latter’s judgment. Now, that Shisan had given him such an urgent instruction, he had no reason to doubt the existence, or safety of the grotto in any way. He responded with a nod, therefore, and grabbed both Qinghan and Qingwu’s arms. Like a wild ape, Shiqi lifted two people while galloping through the weeds. Based on his cultivation level, he effortlessly took both Qinghan and Qingwu in his arms, and ran without making any noise. The total weight of these two people he lifted was estimated to be one hundred kilograms; yet, without using his Battle Qi, to Shiqi, this task seemed like a piece of cake.

Being suspended in mid-air, both Qinghan and Qingwu felt awkwardly uncomfortable. Although they could’ve run just as fast as Shiqi if their Battle Qi was fully released, being carried was the most secure way for them at the moment, in case of an unnecessary accident. While at the same time, Shisan followed them in the rear, while he kept turning his head around to check the environment. He paid special attention to the left side of the valley, from which the terrifying howls came. After all, a casual breath exhaled by the dragon could end their lives!

“Grrr! Grr!”

The continuous howls accompanied the four of them along their way to the stone, leaving them terrified to death, for their clothing was soaked in cold sweat. Hardly had they sighed a breath of relieve, when they reached the stone and found a small grotto, two meters in height and one meter in width.

The four of them quickly entered the grotto in succession. Walking inside this hole, they found it to be long and distant; they had no choice but to zigzag further, inch by inch.

- Pia! -

Quickly, Shisan unpacked his bundle and took out an ancient lighter. Soon

after, beams of glaring light pierced through the pitch-darkness. Despite not knowing what was up ahead of them, they were depressurized by a great deal, because they had temporarily gotten rid of the dragon. Accordingly, their intensely nervous expressions turned much more composed than before.

After a bit of walking, the space ahead became much more spacious. Looking closer, their eyes met with some dim light, which picked up their spirits immediately. In much hastier footsteps, they directly walked towards the faint light. Soon, they arrived at a natural grotto, in which a small pool of limpid water could be seen, while several small holes in the ceiling brought in beams of shining sunshine.

Being out of danger for the moment, the four of them reached the limits of their physical strength, and listlessly sat on the ground due to exhaustion. Even Qingwu, who had so far managed to present herself in a graceful, feminine manner, slipped on the ground carelessly. The traces of inhabitation reminded Shisan of Ye Yi's team... Out of deep grief, he sighed, "Ah! This must be the place inhabited by the Sick Team for an entire month!"

"I'm the one to blame. Now they've all sacrificed themselves... I feel so sorry for them. Alas!"

Chapter 108 – Ye Qinghan's Depression

Looking at the bitter expressions on Shisan and Shiqi's face, Qinghan lowered his head in dejection. Like a withered plant, his eyes lost their aspiring light, as if his soul was hollowed out. For a moment, he recalled a great deal of unhappy things, while staring to the ground in a trance. He was worried about the security of the rest of the super team members, as he recalled the earsplitting noise when Ye Yi's team had exploded themselves; and he was also concerned whether he could gather enough credits to save his sister... Qinghan was caught in a swirl of negative feelings, perhaps depressed, thwarted, saddened, or even more complicated...

Several months ago, he had been full of spirits when he had led the elite team out of Grey City. At that time, he was pretty confident to kill a great number of enemies, with the help of his holy-grade beast, and the self-healing magic saint-level ring his father had left him. As such, he would be able to obtain a Spirit Immortal Dan, and return to the Ye Castle with glory, and eventually save his sister. Yet, it seemed he had overestimated himself.

Indeed, before the Prefecture War had even commenced, Qinghan had already received a piece of brutal information: of all the elites involved in this Prefecture War, Qinghan's capacity in cultivation was actually at the very bottom, which was part of the reason why Ye Tianlong had deployed the secret team to help him out behind the scene.

When they had first arrived on Ghost Island, Qingcheng had proposed to form a super elite team, thus everyone saw the silver lining of winning in this Prefecture War. In the following months after the formation of this special team, they had successfully breezed through various battles, either against the demons or the barbarians. Not a single team of the other prefectures had ever defeated them, which had made them super excited, and he firmly believed that if they could hold on to this upper-hand situation, the 10,000 credits would be at his fingertips.

Today's twist of the situation, nevertheless, had disheartened the whole team. Now, the four of them were caught in this Black Dragon Valley and were

uncertain if they could make their way out of here or not, not to mention the survival of the whole super team. It was true that the Sickle Team had once escaped by taking advantage of the chaos created by another intruding team. Would the four of them have the same luck as Ye Yi's team? Would there be one more silly team to redirect the attention of the dragon and help them get out?

Even if they managed to escape in some way, how could they face the people of the other three families? Even if they reunited later on, would they still be as courageous as before to hunt the demons and barbarians? What if they encountered the same desperate situation once again? Thinking about this, Qinghan completely lost his confidence in obtaining the 10,000 credits, whether they got out of here or not.

"Little Qinghan, don't be so depressed. We'll sort it out..." Apparently, it was the first time for Qingwu to face such a dire situation, but she still tried to soothe the depression-stricken Qinghan a little bit. Receiving no response from Qinghan, she sighed and bit her lips helplessly.

"Young lord Qinghan, no one would ever blame you! Don't think too much about it! We'll figure out how to escape!" Shisan's face turned radiant, for he knew the dead wouldn't be able to revive, and there was no use to regret the past. The living ones had to carry on, regardless of what was ahead of them.

"No, am I not the one who's responsible for their deaths? If Ye Yi and his team members didn't come to this damn Prefecture War, they wouldn't be dead! Plus, there is no better way to escape other than relying on our luck!" Qinghan's heart was bathed in the feeling of self-accusation, as he failed to pull himself together.

A little bit annoyed by Qinghan's unnecessary emotions, both Shisan and Qingwu were desperate to console him, but failed to come up with a proper suggestion, though the words were on the tip of their tongues. On the contrary, Shiqi suddenly frowned and spit out indignantly, "Young lord Qinghan! I know I'm not in the position to scold you, but I have to say what I have to say. Don't act like such a little pussy. You know, our big brother, and all his team members were all orphans at the beginning. It is the Ye family, our benevolent savior, who adopted us and trained us as death warriors. Honestly, we all feel obliged to

make our due contribution to the family. If you really want to avenge them, then snap out of it, and start cultivating, rather than sobbing like a girl! This is what a man is supposed to do. If you continue on with this withering spirit, our deceased big brother won't be able to rest in peace, and your sister won't be saved either! Think, you idiot!"

"Then what shall I do exactly, tell me!" Reluctantly, Qinghan raised his head, staring at Shiqi expectantly.

"I cannot promise you anything, but I can assure you that if you continue these negative thoughts, that both you and your sister will be doomed. There are many ways to solve this problem. I and Shisan will continue cultivating, and surpass the Realm of the Emperor, for instance. Or you, our young lord, will make another breakthrough, and become more powerful. Only in that way can we escape from this creepy place. Where there's a will there's a way!"

Although Shiqi wasn't an eloquent guy, and his reply was somewhat ambiguous and not well organized, it had successfully rekindled Qinghan's flicker of hope. Qinghan's dim eyes grew brighter and brighter...

.....

Long Sainan, like Qinghan, wasn't in a good mood; instead, she had the same upset feeling like when she was exposed to the scorching sunshine. Several days ago, she was told a big event had happened in the chaotic battlefield, which had kept her nerves on edge during the following days.

The demons and barbarians had actually formed an alliance with each other, and set up a siege against the super elite team! Immediately after she was notified of this situation, she had led her team to the gorge the Double-headed Wolf inhabited, but only found that the human super team had already fled, and the chasing demons and barbarians had had severe losses caused by the wolf.

Despite this lucky escape of Qinghan's team, Sainan had no time to cheer up, because she was too stunned to convince herself of the fact that the Demonic Prefecture, and the Barbarian Prefecture, who had long been foes, had teamed

up! How was this possible?

The question haunted Sainan for several days, to which she couldn't find a proper answer. Yet, No matter how ridiculous this was, it had actually happened, in broad daylight!

Luckily, a small portion of the super elite team had been teleported to the temporary camp, and they had brought the latest news about their team. In their description, Sainan learned that this allied attack was grotesquely absurd, as if there was a spy, who was telling them all the traces of the human elite team.

This was simply unimaginable! Throughout the history of the Prefecture War, never had they encountered such an unfathomable situation.

Today, Sainan had received another unusual report, which said that both teams led by respectively Yao Kaka and Man'gan had simultaneously resembled their underlings, and set off in a grand formation. Although each of their teams was led a different route, the final destination was predictably the same - a famously dangerous place, the Black Dragon Valley!

Both Yao Kaka and Man'gan's team had at least one thousand members this time, as they waged all the way to the Black Dragon Valley.

Actually, when she was told of this news, the first few questions that popped up in Sainan's head were: Are they going to kill the dragon? Is there any treasure in the valley? But, after some serious pondering, she quickly dismissed these groundless hypotheses.

Chapter 109 – Little Black Awakens!

Indeed, hundreds of years ago, there was an alliance between the different prefectures. Yet, that alliance was between the Demonic Prefecture and the Mars Prefecture, rather than the Demonic Prefecture and the Barbarian Prefecture. At that time of history, there had emerged an invincible Barbarian Immortal, whose cultivation was incredibly high. Owing to the very existence of such a formidable, God-like cultivator, the Barbarian Prefecture had enjoyed the most privileged treatment, while the other two prefectures had been constantly suppressed in the shadow of this mighty immortal. Eventually, in order to break this deadlock, the other two prefectures had formed an alliance with each other, aiming to crackdown the Barbarian Prefecture.

The previous prefecture-alliance was due to the overwhelming power of a supreme figure, but this time, what could the proper explanation be?

“Forget about their secret purposes! Now, what we should do is to assemble all the participants of the Mars Prefecture and prepare for the upcoming war against the enemies! For now, however, we shall wait and see!” Sitting in the lower-ranked seat, next to Sainan, Wuhen was still dressed in white, while holding a folding fan in his hand.

“Yeah! I agree with young lord Wuhen! The demons and barbarians, in my opinion, will not truly coordinate with each other. Since they’ve all moved towards the Black Dragon Valley, humph, they’ll definitely come back with a great number of casualties! By that time, their plot will automatically be exposed to the sunlight.”

Someone started flattering Wuhen immediately following his proposal.

However, with a deeply concerned face, Shuiliu spoke up with a suspicious tone, “This is so weird. I mean, even though the human team has slaughtered a lot of demons and barbarians by now, it shouldn’t be the reason for their alliance. Yesterday, it was said that the super elite team was narrowly besieged by both Yao Kaka and Man’gan’s teams. Today, more strangely, they all went to the Black Dragon Valley, a place that’s considered to be one of the most dangerous places on Ghost Island. What on earth is their purpose behind this

conspiracy?”

“Unfathomable!”

“Miss Sainan, please sent out more scouts to investigate this event. We’d better have more discussion before we make our final decision.”

“Yeah, this is a big deal! Please do investigate every detail!”

“ ... ”

All of a sudden, everyone contributed their personal opinions or suggestions on this matter. Yet, basically all of them held a wait-and-see attitude. After all, the alliance between the Demonic Prefecture and Barbarian Prefecture was so unexpectedly weird. No one dared to risk facing both of them for now.

“Well, we have no better alternatives but to wait and see what’ll happen when they arrive at that valley. From now on, all of you, stay in the camp. At the same time, closely follow up on the situation amongst the demons and barbarians!”

Following a helpless sigh, Sainan concluded. While deep inside her heart, she firmly believed there would be something important happening in the Black Dragon Valley. She had actually assembled this meeting, in an attempt to listen to others’ advices, and reach a consensus over their countermeasure against the alliance of the other two prefectures. Afraid of being reckless, Sainan had decided to keep them inside the camp for the time being.

.....

Of course, Qinghan, Shiqi, Shisan and Qingwu didn’t know what was happening outside the Black Dragon Valley, the periphery of which had already been occupied by nearly two thousand demons and barbarians in total. Instead, they had been hearing the dragon’s terrifying howls, day and night.

“Is this dragon fucking crazy? It has been howling for several days and nights already, almost without a break! If he’s not crazy, I will be!” Shiqi shook his head helplessly, as he leaned against a side wall in the grotto. He was obviously fed up with the annoying howls these days. None of them had managed to have a sound sleep, since they had entered this secret place! Days of desperate fighting and running away had already made them mentally and physically exhausted. And now, the howls only worsened their condition.

“This dragon must have some problems, or perhaps one severe one.” In a fatigued voice, Shisan spit out a piece of crap, while still listlessly lying against the wall.

Both Qinghan and Qingwu glanced at Shisan with the corner of their eyes, mocking Shisan’s self-telling fact. As the highest ranked being on Ghost Island, it was uncommon for the Black Dragon to howl so many times and for so long. Nevertheless, they failed to figure out what was wrong with the dragon, for they didn’t dare to go and explore his condition.

“What’s the problem with this black dragon? Shall we think out some ways to approach him so that we can figure out what’s wrong with him? Or could this be a golden opportunity for us to escape?” Qinghan thought to himself. Having been in this secluded grotto for days, he was almost driven crazy by the grotesque atmosphere, as well as the limited food they had left. Every now and then, the fighting scene of the Sick Team flashed through his mind. Apart from that, he also deeply missed his sister, who was back at the Ye Castle. With these unpleasant thoughts occupying his mind, he was inevitably developing a severe headache.

“Oooh! I know what’s going on!”

A resounding, yet familiar sound came out of the blue, which disrupted Qinghan’s mingled mind, prompting him to break into a bright smile, as he cheerfully exclaimed, “Little Black! Is that you? Did you finally finish cultivating?”

“Little Black?”

The abrupt exclamation made by Qinghan scared Shisan to death, but when he looked at the joyful expression on Qinghan’s face, he stared at him in utter confusion.

As for Shiqi and Qingwu, they also focused their eyes on Qinghan blankly.

“Little Black, get out! These are all good people...”

Hardly had Qinghan finished his words, or a puff of black gust appeared in front of his chest, before it condensed into a unicorn-like shape.

“Hello, boss!”

Little Black straightened his body, and stretched his claws out lazily. He immediately threw himself into Qinghan's arms after some winks to his master.

"Errr!"

"Ohhh!"

"Wuuu!"

The materialization of Little Black had left the other three people dumbfounded, as though they had just seen a ghost. Shisan and Shiqi stared at Little Black with bulging eyes, while Qingwu had covered her wide-open mouth with her hands. Although they all knew beforehand that Qinghan had a holy-grade battle beast, none of them had ever witnessed its appearance.

"How could this legendary battle beast be so small?"

"Hasn't he long surpassed his weak period?"

"Oh, look at this unicorn... it looks so much like a Lion-nosed Dog..."

"Hey, guys, don't be suspicious! This is Little Black – a soul-eating beast! Before, in front of so many people, I felt that it wasn't appropriate to summon him out. Plus, he has only just surpassed his weak period, and needs ample time to stabilize his current state. That's why I didn't let him out... Errr, he has just conveyed a message to me, telling me that he figured out the dragon's problem!"

Holding Little Black in his arms, Qinghan explained to the rest of the three panic-stricken people. Ever since he had left the Yue Family, Qinghan had known that Little Black was entering into his maturing period, in which this little beast needed an adequate amount of sound sleep and cultivation. Unless Qinghan summoned him for the purpose of integration, Little Black would keep himself inside Qinghan's chest. Today, after such a long time of not seeing one another, Qinghan was thrilled to finally see Little Black again!

"Wow, impressive! A holy-grade battle beast that's capable of conveying his voice with his soul!" With astonished, as well as admiring eyes, Shiqi had put his thumbs up for Little Black.

"Haha, he's so adorable! My seventh-grade snow wolf isn't even able to

convey his voice to me, but he can comprehend my words. Alas, he was injured in the last battle, so I had to throw him inside the summoning space to recuperate. Otherwise, I would certainly call him out to play with Little Black!” A delighted giggle of Qingwu narrowed her eyes to the shape of a pair of crescent-moons.

Thanks to the presence of Little Black, Qinghan’s mood was so much better than it had been during the previous few days. Affectionately, Qinghan stroke Little Black’s head, and asked, “Little Black, tell us what’s up with that dragon?”

While at the same time, the other three leaned forward, while straining their ears, as they eagerly waited for Qinghan to tell them the reason for the dragon’s odd behaviour. They were all marveled at the ability of Little Black, who had been out of touch from the outside world for so long, yet knew everything in detail, even including the things that perplexed them so much.

“That worm is having a baby! She’s delivering dragon eggs!” By shivering his nose a little bit, Little Black conveyed to Qinghan in an immature voice.

“Ahhhh!”

It took Qinghan a full moment to calm down, before he could repeat Little Black’s words in a composed manner. After hearing this, the other three were caught in astonishment once again.

Chapter 110 – Concealed Worms, and a Dragon Crystal

“Errr! Dragon eggs? She’s delivering babies?” Both Shisan and Shiqi looked at one another, as expressions of utter disbelief were plastered on their faces.

“To my knowledge, it doesn’t take the dragon several days to deliver eggs. But, we may try our luck and escape from here during this period, as she seems to be struggling!”

“Yeah... How could a dragon deliver eggs for days and nights? It’s simply insane.” Qinghan frowned, as he kind of agreed with what Shisan said.

Abruptly, Little Black jumped out of Qinghan’s grab, and stood on a piece of slate, placing his chubby claws backward, and walking back and forth several times.

An instant later, he conveyed his voice to Qinghan, “Boss, do you remember what I told you about dragons when we were in the Wild Mountain Range? Our race, the soul-eating beasts, has long been on bad terms with the dragon race. The inherited memories in my brain has a specified description on the various features of the dragon race, thus you should trust what I’m about to say. I’m sure she is pregnant, and more amazingly, she could give birth to a twin-dragon egg, which is partly why it takes so long for her to deliver. On the other hand, this ‘little worm’ (dubbed by Little Black, refers to the dragon) carries a Dragon Crystal in her stomach. Yeah, I’m sure of that! I can sniff the alluring smell emitting from the Dragon Crystal, representing the pure energy between Heaven and Earth.

“A twin-dragon egg? Dragon Crystal? What on earth are those things? I mean, my Little Black just told me that this dragon will give birth to a twin-dragon egg, while she also possesses a so-called Dragon Crystal. These are the reasons why it takes so long for the dragon to deliver.” With knitted eyebrows, Qinghan turned to Shisan for help.

“Dragon Crystal!” Shisan opened his eyes as wide as they could possibly be, while looking down at the upstanding Little Black. Suddenly, he yelled out, “Little Black, are you sure that it’s a Dragon Crystal? Oh, Heaven! We’re super lucky!”

“Shisan, what is this Dragon Crystal?” Shiqi’s interest was piqued, as he couldn’t figure out what had driven the usually composed Shisan to act like a crazy man.

“Haha, Shiqi, let’s go and steal that Dragon Crystal! The dragon should be pretty weak during her delivery, in my prediction, and it’ll be easier for us to fight her. You know, once we get that super treasure, our cultivation level will soar! Based on our current cultivation level, we can probably reach the Realm of the Emperor! At that time, we’ll be invincible throughout Ghost Island!” Hastily, Shisan grabbed Shiqi’s arms, preparing to dash out for the risky, but highly beneficial adventure.

“If you guys are desperate to seek death, just go!” Immediately, Little Black warned Shisan and Shiqi by conveying his words to his master. Thus Qinghan quickly drew Shisan and Shiqi back, who were about to set their feet towards the exit of the grotto.

“If I’m right... hmmm... I sense there are two ‘worms’ in this valley. Given your current cultivation level, you aren’t enough to fill the gaps between the dragons’ teeth! You know, if there was only one, I would’ve certainly gone and stolen it already. Plus, even if you finally get this Dragon Crystal, it’ll take you at least one or two years to cultivate to the Realm of the Emperor! The Prefecture War will already have finished by that time!” Little Black brought out yet another piece of breaking news.

[Editor note: The author is rather inconsistent with the length of this prefecture war. He keeps switching between 1 and 3 years.]

“Ah! Two dragons?” Hearing Qinghan’s interpretation, Shisan wiped the cold sweat off of his forehead, and shivered a little bit, as he walked back.

“Little Black, are you really sure about this? Two dragons? Is the Dragon Crystal so difficult to refine?” Being unwilling to give up on such a now-or-never opportunity, Shisan inquired closely.

“Oh, if you don’t trust me, you’re allowed to go and try out your luck!” Turning

around, Little Black faced his back towards Shisan, refusing to give him a more detailed explanation.

“Shisan, tell me, what is this Dragon Crystal? Is it so magical that we can reach the Realm of the Emperor with its assistance? As far as I know, it requires the comprehension of the laws of Heaven and Earth to reach the Realm of the Emperor. I could be convinced if the energy inside the Dragon Crystal is able to prompt our cultivation to the peak level of the Realm of the Prince; yet I consider it too exaggerated to say that it could help us reach the Realm of the Emperor. You know, the boundary between these two levels is always regarded as the most-difficult to break, with some cultivators spending their entire lifetime trying to break this boundary, but failing to do so.” Straightforwardly, Shiqi voiced all of his doubts.

At the same time, Qinghan and Qingwu shared the same confusion with Shiqi, for they anchored their eyes on Shisan, expecting to hear a proper explanation. As cultivators, they all knew that the Realm of the Emperor required one to grasp the laws of Heaven and Earth, rather than endlessly accumulating Battle Qi. How could the Dragon Crystal be so powerful as to help a cultivator make such an incredible breakthrough?

Dejectedly, Shisan shook his head, and replied after a moment of silence, “What a pity! The treasure is around the corner, yet we aren’t able to grab it! Alas! I happen to know about the Dragon Crystal since a couple of years ago... As you all know, a cultivator at the peak level of the Realm of the Prince has to grasp the laws of Heaven and Earth, before he can enter the next realm – the Realm of the Emperor. It is comparatively easy to cultivate on the basis of Battle Qi. However, one has to be truly talented to grasp the laws of Heaven and Earth. I mean, it’s the ability endowed by Heaven, and cannot be made up merely by diligence. Among countless cultivators, some learn the laws of Heaven and Earth overnight; while others explore their lifetime, only to find out in the end that it was all in vain.”

“Although it’s common sense to all the cultivators, there are some exceptions, such as young lord Qinghan’s sister – Ye Qingyu, who is endowed with a Jade Spirit Body. Like the Dragon Crystal, her body also is innately empowered with laws of Heaven and Earth. Or let me put it this way, either the Jade Spirit Body,

Dragon Crystal, or other unknown supernatural treasures, could greatly increase the odds of breaking through the Realm of the Prince and entering into the Realm of the Emperor. Inside the Dragon Crystal, there is an immense amount of energy as well as the laws of Heaven and Earth. As long as it is refined properly, you will eventually receive the knowledge concerning the laws of Heaven and Earth, and reach the Realm of the Emperor!”

“That’s incredible!” Qingwu’s eyes flashed with light, as her pinkish lips parted.

“It’s true, it’s a rare treasure. The problem is, we’ve failed to come up with a safe way to steal it! Jiji! Jiji! If I swallow this Dragon Crystal, the time required to mature will be shortened by half! Moreover, there can be some additional functions that await for us to explore.” Little Black couldn’t help sharing his point of view.

“Oh, I remember, boss!” As if he had recalled something important, Little Black gave Qinghan several winks, before he jumped onto Qinghan’s back, after which he sat down and combed his master’s hair with his claws. A little while later, on Little Black’s stretched palms, there appeared several transparent worms!

“What are these? Boss, back in the Wild Mountain Range, I cleared the worms out of your hair, how come they’ve appeared once again?” Being taken aback, Little Black showed his master the worms.

“Worms? What kind of worms?!”

Looking closely at the grain-sized transparent worms, Qinghan was confused. During these days, he had taken a shower at the frequency of once every ten days to half a month, which was considered to be acceptable on Ghost Island. It was impossible for him to grow worms in his hair, especially such weird looking worms.

“Ye Qinghan, you’d better pay more attention to your personal hygiene! Oh, how disgusting that you have worms in your hair!” As a girl, Qingwu couldn’t resist the existence of any type of worms in or on one’s body.

- Bang! -

Meanwhile, Shisan glared at the worms in a fury. All of a sudden, he extended

his palm and slammed it against the wall of the grotto, making the whole place slightly shake for a little while, as the dust of soil flew up into the air.

“Ohhh, I get it. Fuck that despicable bastard Xue Wuhen! He’s playing dirty! Once I get out of his valley, I’ll kill him!” With a ferocious expression, Shiqi gritted his teeth in indignation, while staring at the worms that had all fallen to the ground due to Shisan’s palm.

“Xue Wuhen?” Both Qinghan and Qingwu looked at each other in surprise.

The worms were from the Xue Family, which were used as trackers, under the nickname ‘concealed worms’.

Chapter 111 – The Dragon Emerges!

“Fuck, I should’ve killed him back at the Yue Family!” Shocked by this brutal fact, Qinghan cursed coldly. He eventually came to the realization of the true purpose of the “conversation” between him and Wuhen.

The exposure of their whereabouts had been puzzling them all these days; now these little worms had presented themselves as the best answer. No wonder the Demonic Prefecture and the Barbarian Prefecture had besieged them so successfully, as if they had known every details of their running route. All these were the result of the concealed worms planted by Wuhen into Qinghan’s hair!

Several days ago, they had suspected whether the demon or the barbarians had obtained a heaven-defying skill that could trace other’s whereabouts. However, never had they expected that, as a compatriot of the Mars Prefecture, as well as a young leader of the prominent Xue Family, Wuhen would be an accomplice in this plot by allying with the other two races!

“No, he’s not the head of this conspiracy. I’m afraid there must be someone behind the scene!” After pondering, Shisan blustered out, “Yao Kaka and Man’gan won’t listen to a young leader from the Mars Prefecture. Also, that bastard Wuhen didn’t have any direct hostility against the other young lords, like Hua Cao and Feng Zi. If all the young lords had been sacrificed in this accident, the respective heads of the four prominent families would certainly seek revenge for them by launching another greater-scale war. They should weigh the pros and cons before making such a stupid decision. Ahh, we still have so many doubts to clear... For now, I suggest we’d better act wisely, and don’t kill Wuhen recklessly at this point, unless we successfully figure out the whole picture of this event! Shiqi, Qinghan, we have to be patient before we bring this bastard to justice. Now that we have these worms as legitimate evidence, we can accuse him anytime. In my opinion, given the severity of this event, we have to hand it over to the elders of the family to make the final decision. If the Xue Family really engaged in brooding this evil plot, their whole family will probably be excluded from the alliance between the five prominent families!”

- Crack! Crack! –

In uncontrollable fury, Qinghan wore a surly face, while cracking his knuckles.

Meanwhile, as furious as Qinghan, Shisan twitched his lips, “Let him enjoy the last couple of days of his life, before we behead him!”

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Outside the Black Dragon Valley, Yao Kaka looked around the familiar surroundings with extreme caution. While the howls of the dragon made him be exceedingly nervous.

Indeed, this wasn't the first time that he had led his members to his valley. Almost a month ago, he and his team members had recklessly intruded this valley, in an attempt to annihilate the Sickle Team; yet, only when they were inside this valley, did they see a fully provoked black dragon running towards them!

Last time, if it wasn't for the protection of his loyal subordinates, Yao Kaka would've already died here. Several days ago, the Sickle Team had appeared in front of them once again, helping the human super team out of the siege. But in general, Yao Kaka was satisfied with the fact that the Sickle Team had eventually died. However, now in the Black Dragon Valley, his heart was still fluttering with fear.

Recalling the destructive power of the dragon made Yao Kaka want to retreat. However, while thinking about the juicy rewards he would probably get from Immortal City after ending the life of the target, Ye Qinghan, the fear in his eyes was quickly overtaken by his endless greed. Strangely, Yao Kaka suddenly turned out quite emotional, for he was trying to yell at the spacious valley: “Yao Kaka is back!” However, when he was about to show off his morale, Man'gan had already assembled his barbarians preparing to wage into the valley before him! Having no choice left, Yao Kaka waved his hands to his underlings, signaling to commence the fight against the dragon.

According to the red spot in the crystal ball, Qinghan had been in this valley. Yet, they failed to identify which part of the valley Qinghan hid himself in. Before they decided to launch a blanket-search, they were determined to overcome their first obstacle – the dragon! Without the dragon, they would enjoy free access to any part of this place. By that time, they would tear Qinghan into

pieces, and turn this valley upside down.

Instantly, more than two thousands members flooded through the entrance of the Black Dragon Valley, stirring up the soil on the ground. The scenery of this valley was breathtaking, but the beautiful landscape didn't hold back their steps. Meanwhile, instead of being fearsome, the howls of the dragon only drove Yao Kaka's fighting impulse to surge. The golden hair on his head swung disorderly in the air, as he waved his hand once again, ordering his team to speed up.

The size of the valley was rather small, and it was covered by numerous trees, small hills, and a pool. All of a sudden, the grandiose march abruptly came to a halt. Both Yao Kaka and Man'gan decided to deploy half the number of their soldiers to scout in the front; while the other half remained with their leaders in the rear.

Yesterday, Yao Kaka had received an intelligence report that suggested that the Black Dragon was in an abnormal state. Therefore, based on this information, he and Man'gan had decided to march slowly along the way to the cave of the dragon, to see what was happening to this giant beast.

Thousands of demons and barbarians winded around the pool, and turned to the left side of the valley. Led by numerous scouts, they waged through a patch of flourishing bushes, before they arrived at the entrance of the dragon cave. Both Yao Kaka and Man'gan's eyes lit up upon arrival, as they strained their eyes and ears, observing the details inside the cave.

"Grrr!"

A howl came, which made Yao Kaka and Man'gan rather excited. The fury as well as the weakness in the dragon's voice encouraged Yao Kaka and Man'gan to launch an attack as soon as possible. Soon after, they were all fully armed, as they were preparing to kill the dragon, which they believed to be in a disadvantageous condition.

"Grrr!"

Nevertheless, hardly had they charged an inch further, when another howl emerged, which sounded even more furious, and ferocious. Most importantly... the quality of this howl was totally different from the first faint one. For the sake of security, Yao Kaka and Man'gan immediately instructed their teams to hold

on, while sweeping their eyes around the bushes, unknowing of what would actually come up to them.

A second later, their eyes suddenly turned terrified, as their reddish, excited faces turned ghastly pale.

In front of them, a colossal black dragon, with a height of more than ten meters, came into view. Under the reflection of the sunlight, the black scales on his back shone out cold light; and his pair of eyes were filled with flames of fury!

“Grrr!”

Following an even louder howl, the black dragon opened his ferocious gigantic mouth, exhaling a mouthful of the Black Dragon’s Breath towards the countless demons and barbarians. At the same time, his great tail swung in the air, before it slammed onto the ground with an earsplitting boom!

When the tail of the dragon hit the ground, the whole valley shivered for a second. All of a sudden, all the demons and barbarian scattered around, as they were trying to find the right direction to escape in. On their faces, there was nothing left but sheer horror and desperation.

“Fuck, let’s flee!”

The dragon took them aback, and they were too terrified to move, until they were harshly awoken by the scorching flames of the Black Dragon’s Breath.

“Dammit! The intelligence provided to us isn’t accurate!”

The imposing manner of the dragon showed, that he was in a pretty good condition. Recalling the two different howls, they now had the feeling to throw themselves into their own mommy’s arms and have a good cry!

“How come there are two dragons in this valley? The people from Immortal City provided us with the wrong information! Fuck!”

Chapter 112 – Little Black Takes Action

With no ample time to verify whether this was just a piece of inaccurate information provided by negligent personnel, or simply a plot set up by the people from Immortal City. Yao Kaka cursed Tu Qianjun for thousands of times in his heart, but right now, the most imperative thing was to run away! He wished for his hands to change into a pair of wings, so that he could fly away from this terrifying dragon. Otherwise, he would most likely end up like his comrades, who had nothing left but their skeleton after being burned by the Black Dragon's Breath, or a heap of meat under the earth-shaking slam of the dragon's tail.

“Hu! Hu!”

The female dragon was in her pregnancy, which was a period during which she wasn't supposed to be disrupted. The brainless demons and barbarians, however, invaded their territory in such high profile! Moreover, the male dragon was snapped out from a sound sleep by the noise made by the demons and barbarians. Putting all these elements together, the male dragon had reached the extreme of fury, as he had now completely engulfed the Black Dragon Valley in a sea of flames. At the same time, his giant tail pounded on the ground, attempting to flatten this whole area.

The demons and barbarians in the frontline all turned away, as they were desperately trying to run away. In the face of such a ruthless beast, no one dared to fight back. Considering the limited space of this valley, there were few places left for them to hide at, after the destruction done by the dragon. In other words, due to the fallen trees and bushes, this place had turned into a deserted barren land. With nothing to cover themselves behind, the demons and barbarians were exposed like the bull's eye in the center of the target, allowing the dragon to freely attack them.

- Pit-a-pat! -

The pool, which was located in the center of the valley, became the last haven for numerous desperate demons and barbarians, who kept diving into the water, to avoid the continuous attacks from the dragon.

- Bang! -

Yet, a small portion of the demons and barbarians began to swarm into the cave, which was where the female dragon was at! Upon noticing this, the male dragon immediately turned around, slamming these demons and barbarians high up into the air. Looking around, the dragon reassured himself of the safety of his wife, before he rushed towards the pool!

The remaining demons and barbarians had no alternative but to collectively jump into the pool.

- Hu! Hu! -

The murderous intent grew even fiercer in the dragon's eyes, for he pumped out one breath after another towards the pool. A second later, the water in the pool boiled up due to the heat created by the Black Dragon's Breath. The demons and barbarians underneath the baking water clenched their teeth, sustaining bitterly. After all, if they dared to pop out and show their face above the surface, they would definitely be killed.

Apparently, the fury of this dragon had reached such a point, that he tried to consume his precious Yuan Qi in order to annihilate the intruders. Seeing no demons or barbarian coming out of the pool, he continued to exhale his Black Dragon's Breath, until all the enemies were burned to death! Half the volume of the water in the pool had already been evaporated by now...

Triumphantly, the dragon looked at the clusters of floating corpses on the surface of the pool, as he was feeling rather satisfied with the power of his attack. After that, he turned around, and gave out the loudest-ever howl, while facing towards the cave on the left side. Instead of going back into the cave, the black dragon flew towards the opposite direction of the cave, as he wished to teach these invaders an impressive lesson. By doing so, he desired to punish the demons and barbarians, as a warning to future intruders. Anyone who provoked the black dragon would share their fate with these demons and barbarians. The whisk of the dragon was simply too dangerous to twist!

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Barely had the black dragon flown away, or several human heads, and a pitch-black beast, popped out from behind a rock on the right side of the Black Dragon

Valley.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

Layers upon layers of corpses were spread all over the valley, which stunned Qinghan and the other three. As soon as they noticed the arrival of Yao Kaka and Man’gan, they had all moved towards the entrance of the grotto, curiously watching the situation. They had to seal the entrance, however, when the demons and barbarians ran away in any possible direction. Otherwise, this grotto would become the best hiding place for their enemies.

In a hurry, the four of them had extended their weapons, as they had smashed the ceiling apart, allowing chunks of rocks to fall down and block the entrance. At the same time, they had asked Little Black to sense the ongoing situation outside, and report to them. Luckily, in extreme panic, neither the demons nor the barbarians had ever found this grotto. In the end, the five of them had safely waited inside the grotto, until the dragon had left the valley.

“Haha, let’s run away! Right now! If the black dragon comes back, or his pregnant wife regains her force, we’ll all be dead!” Shiqi deliberately turned his head away, in order not to see the bloody valley. He waved his hands to the others, trying to persuade them to run away.

“I agree. If we stay here any longer, I’m afraid I’m going to vomit!” By covering her mouth with her slender fingers, Qingwu sniffed the air disgustingly.

“Errr!” Shisan stole a glance at the cave on the left side, before he yelled, “Let’s get out of this damn valley!”

Since the male dragon was now busy chasing after the remaining intruders, the valley was relatively safe. It provided the four of them the golden opportunity to collect the credits, which were desperately needed for Qinghan, from the corpses. However... no one was sure when that black dragon would come back. On the other hand, if the female dragon summoned her husband back, they would also be doomed. In the end, Qinghan decided to lead the rest of them out of this dangerous place, while suppressing the temptation to snatch the credits.

After all, if they missed this chance to escape, they wouldn’t be as lucky as today to encounter such an opportunity.

“Jiji! Jiji! You go first; I’ll catch up to you later!” When Qinghan was about to turn around, Little Black smilingly conveyed this message to Qinghan.

“No, Little Black, it’s far too risky for you! I won’t allow you to do so!” At first, Qinghan was shocked, but he soon realized what Little Black would do next.

“Ahh, hurry up and come with us. What if the black dragon hasn’t gone too far away from here, he could come back at any moment! Staying here is simply too dangerous!” Much to Qinghan’s astonishment, Shisan tried to dissuade Little Black.

Despite being a rare holy-grade battle beast, Little Black could die prematurely just like any other battle beast. The family would suffer a great loss if Little Black sacrificed himself like this. Given the value of this beast, Shisan immediately vetoed his proposal.

“Jiji!” Staring at the upset expressions on their faces, Little Black pouted. He rolled his eyes, and came up with a good idea. All of a sudden, his head-sized body grew to the size of a horse.

“Boss, I forget to tell you, during my sleeping period in your summoning space, I have improved my speed. Now, in terms of speed, I’m equivalent to those in the first level of the Realm of the Emperor! Even if the dragon came back, I’ll be able to escape! Let me show you!” Little Black raised his head, shot a spiteful look at both Shisan and Shiqi, before he turned to Qinghan.

Without any more words, Little Black shrank his body, and wobbled fiercely, before he shot out like an arrow. In the blink of an eye, he had managed to jump hundreds of meters away.

Chapter 113 – The Fury of Yao Kaka and Man’gan

- Swoosh! -

With a booming sound, Little Black instantly flew back, while his body wobbled in the air in the process.

The terrifying speed of Little Black left all of them dumbfounded. It was unbelievable to see a beast speeding up in such a marvelous way: he simply propelled and controlled the speed by continuously wobbling his body. There was no need to accelerate, as he was as fast as lightning from the start.

“Now, after seeing my performance, you should rest assured on my ability to escape. I’m the running-away champion, haha! Just go, and don’t worry about me. I won’t do anything stupid!” With an ardent stare, Little Black confided to Qinghan, as he was trying to persuade his master to flee well before the arrival of the dragon. As for the others, such as Shisan and Shiqi, Little Black simply ignored their responses. He was somewhat proud of being a holy-grade beast, and was loyal only to his master.

“Ok, let’s go!” Having no time to dive into this conversation, Qinghan threw a concerned look at Little Black, before he resolutely ran out of the valley.

“Stay alert, Little Black!”

Seeing Qinghan taking the lead, Shisan jerked his head towards Little Black with anxious eyes. He started to run as well, and Shiqi and Qingwu followed closely behind him. Since the female dragon present was in a weak condition, who they believed wouldn’t come out to fight with them, they released their Battle Qi, to help propel their speed. Only streaks of shadows could be seen, as they were rushing desperately towards the exit of the valley.

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Outside the valley, the panic-stricken Yao Kaka was crouching in a corner, for fear of the hovering black dragon, who was busy attacking his underlings, spotting him. Under such unfavorable conditions, Yao Kaka would by no means pick up his spirit once again.

“Tu Qianjun, you bastard! You set me up!”

The eight Demonic Emperors designated to him directly by his father, had now been reduced to a mere two: a wolf race and a tiger race Demonic Emperor respectively. Back when they had first entered the Black Dragon Valley, they had already sacrificed two of these advanced soldiers in the mission of chasing the Sickle Team; another two were killed by the Double-headed Wolf not long ago; and now the other two were left inside the Black Dragon Valley, who, Yao Kaka believed, wouldn't survive the dragon's ruthless attacks either.

This time, the seemingly ambitious Yao Kaka had led more than one thousand demons to charge into the Black Dragon Valley, in the hope of claiming a victory and winning the rewards the people from Immortal City had promised him. Contrary to his rosy wishes, his whole team had been battered by the irritated dragon. Among all the sacrificed demons, he didn't feel sorry about anyone's death, except for the eight Demonic Emperors, who could become reliable assistants once he took the throne from his father. Now, six of them had been killed. How was he supposed to face his father after telling him of this tragedy?

“It's a plot! Absolutely!”

All of a sudden, Yao Kaka stood up, as he was trying to run all the way to the temporary camp that belonged to the Demonic Prefecture. As he ran, he dwelled on his thought that all of what had happened these days, was most likely a plot set up jointly by the Mars Prefecture and Immortal City. How could the human super team enjoy such good luck? Last time, when the humans had been in a desperate situation, the Sickle Team had suddenly emerged and helped them out. Later, they were lured by the humans into a creepy gorge, before they were attacked by that wolf. Now, a full-fledged black dragon was engulfing the area with his Black Dragon's Breath, while their target, Ye Qinghan, was nowhere to be found!

“Run! Run!”

Desperately, Yao Kaka decided to go back to the camp, and keep himself inside it until the end of the Prefecture War. A Saint-level item? He chose his life over anything else at this critical moment!

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As for Man'gan, he and his fellow team members had been afflicted by the same suffering as Yao Kaka. Yet, unlike Yao Kaka, Man'gan was a guy of compassion. He cared for each and every one of his underlings, and their deaths had left him furious, while he also felt guilty. In order to obtain the saint-level item, and form a good relationship with Immortal City, untold barbarians had died for this mission! Turning around, and looking at the furious black dragon showering his barbarians with the continuous scorching Black Dragon's Breath, he felt so infuriated.

Right now, however, he couldn't even ensure his own safety. He felt so wronged, and depressed.

"All this is because of Ye Qinghan from the human race. I'll tear him into pieces if I get the chance!" Man'gan extended his pair of muscle-ridden hands, as he was patting his chest to show his resolution.

Intriguingly, the black dragon, which outsized the demons and barbarians multiple times, was very much like an angry toddler, as he was chasing after thousands of ants that were scattering in all direction for survival. Obviously, this child was fully provoked, as he unceasingly lifted his feet, trampling upon the frightened ants...

Occasionally, some demons and barbarians would rush to the teleportation posts in the near distance; yet, every time, once the post activated, it would follow with beams of glaring light, grabbing the attention of the dragon. Within a second, the forceful Black Dragon's Breath would accurately shoot towards them, leaving only a heap of skeletons and scorched meat to be teleported. After some brazen tests, the other demons and barbarians quickly deserted this method. Left with no better choice, they kept running as fast as their physical bodies allowed them to.

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As for Qinghan, and the other three, they winded around the outside of the valley, rather than taking a linear route directly opposite to the entrance.

Eventually, they ran to a place full of thriving trees, which they considered to be a nice place to hide. Most importantly, they discovered a teleportation post amidst the densely-populated trees.

They decided to wait for Little Black here. For one thing, Qinghan and Little Black had to be placed in a given distance in order to sense each other's condition; for the other, this place was geographically fit to conceal themselves, in case they were to encounter their enemies, or the dragon!

Half an hour later, the valley seemed absolutely silent, and Little Black hadn't shown up yet. Everyone raised their concerns for the safety of Little Black, especially Qinghan, who kept walking back and forth with a nerve-racked face. Once in awhile, he would search in every direction for the figure of Little Black, hoping to see him in the next moment. However, nothing came.

One hour passed, there was still no sign of Little Black's arrival. Now, everyone wore a surly face, not knowing whether they should still wait here fruitlessly or... Suddenly, an angry howl came from the valley, and it echoed with an even intensified roar from the far distance.

"Ohhh, Little Black!"

Qinghan raised his head toward the sky, shouting out his beast's name. Little Black must've done something that had provoked the female dragon, otherwise she wouldn't howl for the help of her husband. The male dragon kept making terrifying howls, from which they guessed he might return to the Black Dragon Valley in a couple of minutes. If Little Black was cut off in his escape by the male dragon, would he manage to survive the boundless fury that the latter would vent?

Chapter 114 – Escape!

“Little Black, hurry up, hurry up!”

Qinghan’s surly face broke into a delighted smile, for an image of Little Black running in their direction emerged in his head. Owing to the Soul Agreement he had with his beast, Qinghan was able to envisage Little Black’s current condition, though the image was so blurry that he wasn’t quite sure if Little Black would arrive here in time, before the return of the male dragon. They had planned to, once Little Black arrived, teleport out.

“Haha! Boss, we’re rich now!”

A couple of minutes later, Little Black conveyed his voice to Qinghan, as he couldn’t help sharing this awesome piece of news with his master. Although Qinghan didn’t quite get what his beast said, he was thrilled to see Little Black catapulting himself towards them.

“Yaaaaa!” Qinghan jumped off the ground, cheering for Little Black’s return

Almost at the same time, a ground-shaking roar came from inside the Black Dragon Valley. Undoubtedly, the male dragon had arrived at barely the same time as Little Black had united with the four of them.

Little Black was immediately summoned back into Qinghan’s chest.

“Go!”

Following Shisan’s order, the four of them jumped on the teleportation post, allowing them to be wrapped by beams of blinding light around their bodies.

“Grr! Grr! Grr!”

Unexpectedly, the gigantic male dragon flew up into the air, growling three times, before he dashed towards Qinghan’s group at the speed of lightning. Meanwhile, he had already exhaled a streak of Black Dragon’s Breath towards the four of them, attempting to annihilate them all.

“You’re too late! See you, ‘big worm’!”

With a sarcastic chuckle, Shiqi waved his hands towards the roaring black

dragon. In the next second, they had all disappeared.

- Bang! -

Qinghan and the others had survived the Black Dragon's Breath, while the trees and plants in the surrounding area weren't that lucky. Within the blink of an eye, the once verdant forest turned out to be razed to the ground; exposing the teleportation post, as well as the remaining diminished white light lingering on it.

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"Little Black, are you ok? What are these in your hands? Errr! Rings!"

The four of them were teleported to a strange place, and Shisan and Shiqi immediately patrolled the surroundings. After being assured that there were no enemies around, the four of them all gathered around Little Black, leaning their body forward to have a peek at the things in his hands. Much to their surprise, they found strings of rings clustered by vines!

Qingwu was shocked by the thickly dotted rings on the loops. She swallowed and stuck her reddish tongue out for a second, "Ah, so many rings! Little Black, the reason why you stayed inside the valley was solely to collect rings? Oh, Heaven! I found five cyan rings, and scores of green ones!"

"Haha, what did she think I was doing in that valley? Boss, I know you need a lot of credits, and in the aftermath of the Black Dragon Valley, rings were everywhere. I simply couldn't resist picking them up. But you know? The biggest harvest is already in my stomach. Ohhh, I can sense the expanding energy already... Boss, sorry, I have to go back into the summoning space to refine the Dragon Crystal. Wow, I'm imagining how mighty I will be once the energy of this Dragon Crystal is fully absorbed by me!"

Proudly, Little Black waved his tail and handed the rings over to Qinghan. After which, he quickly changed into a black shadow, before he disappeared into Qinghan's chest.

"Wooo, how many credits do you have now?" Shisan and Shiqi looked at each other, with a big smile plastered on their faces, and asked as one.

Before, they had only obtained several thousands of credits. Little Black,

nevertheless, had come back with one or two thousand within just hours.

As he was rather delighted, Shisan spoke up, “Let’s walk out of here. We’d better count the credits along the way. By the way, where are we now? Hey, Shiqi, take out the map.”

Shiqi laughed out heartedly, partly for their escape, and Little Black’s safe arrival, partly for the loops of rings. In a hurry, he rummaged the map out of his chest pocket, before he compared the landscape on the map against the surroundings, and ran back and forth to recheck. After a little bit of investigation, he returned with a solemn expression, “Yeah, Shisan is right. We have to walk immediately. This time, we’ve been teleported to the Scarlet Prairie! I’m afraid it’ll take us roughly ten days to return to the three-prefecture-mingled battlefield.

“Alright, let’s waste no time and hurry up. Shiqi, please lead the way for us and patrol in the front!” Shisan nodded his head satisfyingly.

They were so delighted to see the demons and barbarians being attacked, either by the previous Double-headed Wolf, or the Black Dragon. They weren’t quite sure whether Yao Kaka and Man’gan were still around, but at least they felt that they had somehow avenged the Sickie Team’s death!

“Young lord Qinghan, please wait a minute!” Shisan came to a sudden halt, as if something important struck his head.

“Hey, what’s wrong?” Qinghan slowed down, and curiously stared at Shisan. Meanwhile, the other two members, Shiqi and Qingwu, also stopped to wait for Shisan’s response.

“Take out the worms, and pinch them to death! The dead ones are enough to serve as evidence. Otherwise, the other two prefectures will probably siege us once again. Don’t let us be exposed anymore!” With a good deal of fussing, Shisan exclaimed.

“Ohhh...” Being enlightened, Qinghan immediately took out the worms from the bottle, and cut each and every one of them into halves with his cyan dagger. After that, he put them back into the bottle.

“Alright, the ‘trackers’ are killed. They won’t follow us so easily now. Let’s go! I guess the young lords are anxiously waiting for our return.” Qinghan urged the others to speed up.

“Haha, Qinghan, is it Qingcheng the one you most desperately want to see again?” Qingwu rolled her eyes enviously.

“I miss them all!” Awkwardly, Qinghan replied, while the image of the beautiful figure of Qingcheng surfaced in his mind. For a minute, he was spellbound.

“It’s time to go!”

Shisan patted on Qinghan’s back, pulling his mind back to reality. Instantly, Shisan ran forward, while Qinghan hurriedly followed up behind him, while a sweet curve of a smile was still lingering on his face.

.....

The temporary camp, which belonged to the Mars Prefecture.

Sainan was presiding over yet another emergency meeting in the cave.

“Latest report: both the teams led by Yao Kaka and Man’gan have been attacked by the Black Dragon in the Black Dragon Valley. Due to the misleading information they received, they didn’t expect there to be two dragons in that valley. Many of their Demonic Emperors and Barbarians Emperors have either been killed or severely injured. Right now, they’re fleeing. This report has been verified by many scouts.”

“Ahhhhh!”

Barely had Long Sainan finished her words, or the crowd seated in the cave burst into a clamor, as though they were all struck by lightning. They never thought, that the leaders from the other two prefectures were of such low intelligence. Since they had chosen to intrude into the valley, they had to be fully prepared; at least a thorough investigation was needed. Furthermore, as for Yao Kaka’s team, it wasn’t even their first time attacking this dragon!

“Miss Sainan, are... are you sure? This... is this really happening?” Wuhen’s face turned pale. He knew all too well why the other two prefectures went to the Black Dragon Valley – for the head of Ye Qinghan! Recalling the suddenly

disappearing red spot in the crystal ball this afternoon, as well as Sainan's account, an ominous feeling started to haunt Wuhen's mind.

Chapter 115 – Feng Zi, Hua Cao, Yue Qingcheng, Everyone Returns

“Definitely!” Sainan nodded her head firmly, before she swept her eyes over the crowd, searching for their response.

“Haha, I hope all the demons and barbarians are annihilated by that dragon, including their leaders, Yao Kaka and Man’gan!” One of them laughed out loudly, shortly after Sainan’s confirmation.

“The evil demons and barbarians deserve this attack!”

“I like this Black Dragon. He should kill more of those demons and barbarians!”

“...”

At the beginning, everyone was shocked upon hearing such an encouraging event, for they had been depressed for many days, worrying to think of countermeasures against the other two prefectures. Right now, however, the black dragon had done it for them! How could they resist expressing their joyfulness?

A team-leader on the left side suddenly stood up, amidst others’ cheerful dialogues. His eyes were full of shrewdness, “Thanks to this Black Dragon... Hey, shall we set out right now and annihilate the underdogs from the Demonic and Barbarian Prefectures?”

“Errr...”

Apparently, this proposal had left the happily-chatting others to halt in the middle of their conversations. They quickly fastened their eyes once again on Sainan.

At first, Sainan smilingly nodded to that team-leader, before she replied, “Hehe! The reason why I assembled you guys here so urgently, is because we need to discuss on the current situation and reach a consensus. Although it still makes me perplexed as to why the Demonic and Barbarian Prefectures suddenly formed an alliance, it is a fact now, and we have to face it! A fierce fight with their alliance is unavoidable. The question is when, and how! As this team leader suggested, right now, most of the demons and barbarians’ morale is at an alltime low after being attacked by the dragon. We will surely gain the upper

hand if we launch the attack right now. Of course, this is just my personal opinion. I need to hear your opinions.”

“I couldn’t agree more with Miss Sainan. We should avenge our sacrificed fellow brothers and sisters!” Long Shuiliu, sitting beside Sainan, echoed with Sainan immediately following her words. His handsome face looked less attractive in indignation.

“The idea is good, but... the only thing that concerns me is that we’re simply outnumbered by the demons and barbarians, even if most of them are dead. Conservatively speaking, it’s too dangerous to set off so recklessly. Or, we might fall into their trap!”

“Hmmm, perhaps we should give it some further thought.”

“I agree with Miss Sainan’s and that team-leader’s proposal!”

“Alas, many of our team members are still in recovery from previous injuries. I’m afraid, they aren’t able to fight right now!”

“ ... ”

Almost half of those present voiced their opinions over this issue. While the others kept silent, and held a wait-and-see attitude.

“Young leader Wuhen, how about you?” Sainan moved her eyes from the distance to Wuhen, hoping to get his support. As the daughter of Long Pifu, she was sure the teams from Dragon City would undoubtedly follow her, but she was uncertain about the other teams, most of whom were from the five prominent families. Now, that Qinghan, Feng Zi, Hua Cao, and Qingcheng were all absent, Wuhen obviously was the only one that could represent the five families. If Wuhen, a young leader of the Xue Family agreed, this proposal would most likely be agreed upon.

“Hehe!” Wuhen forced a smile, and stood up, bowing around to everyone rather politely. He then opened his folding fan, and replied with a good-tempered voice, “Miss Sainan, I’m sorry, but I cannot agree with you! Right now, there are so many doubtful points in this issue... I won’t let my people of the Xue Family get involved. As a young leader, I have to be responsible for the lives of more than one thousand underlings! Of course, I’ll contribute my due part if you

carry out the proposal. I... I'll stay here at the camp, and fight with any demons and barbarians if they dare to invade in. I'll be generous in releasing my Battle Qi while fighting with them!"

Wuhen deliberately organized his phrases in a seemingly righteous tone. Yet, beneath the hypocrisy, he was disgustingly crooked.

What a joke! If he were to engage himself in a battle against the two other races, he could face the possibility of disclosure of his evil doings from any demon or barbarian. By that time, no one in the Mars Prefecture would stand for his wrong doings. For his part, he had to reject Sainan's proposal, for he had no choice!

"Xue Wuhen is such a coward! Any real men who wants to fight, just follow me!"

A rough sound, which came from outside the cave, stunned everyone. They all craned their head towards the entrance, curiously waiting to see who had the guts to publicly call the young leader Wuhen's name.

Long Shuiliu and Long Sainan abruptly stood up from the chair, and broke into a big smile, for they had already identified whom the voice belonged to. With a surly face, Wuhen moved his eyeballs lopsided, stealing a glance at the entrance with the corner of his eyes.

Accompanied by the expectant eyes from the others, a great figure emerged at the opening of the cave, whose body was ridden with muscles and energy, and a black long sword hung on his back.

"Feng Zi, you're back! Buddy, I said you guys wouldn't die so easily." The first exclamation came from Shuiliu, who expressed his excitement in face of their safe return. As for the others, they also greeted Feng Zi with warm smiles. Among them, however, only one guy stood silently with knitted eyebrows – That was Xue Wuhen.

"Haha, I won't die before you guys. Nice to meet you Miss Sainan. Hello everyone!" With a bout of hearty laughter, Feng Zi jokingly landed his fist on Shuiliu's shoulder. Afterwards, he bowed to Sainan, and waved his hands to respond to the other's warm welcome.

“I’m so relieved to see you return safe and sound. How about the others?” Sainan nodded her head, while inquiring Feng Zi closely.

“Hello Miss Sainan! Hello everyone! I’m back!” Shortly after Sainan’s voice had diminished, a feminine sound came from outside the cave. A second later, Hua Cao arrived in front of them.

“Sister Sainan. It’s me, Qingcheng!” At last, a crisp, mellow voice raised in the air, redirecting everyone’s attention to a slender, curving body that had just appeared at the entrance. The agreeable aroma of Qingcheng’s body blew into everyone’s face.

Raising her sword-like eyebrows, Sainan rushed to the entrance, smilingly grabbing Qingcheng’s hands, “Ohh, Sister Qingcheng, thank goodness, you’re alright! I was so worried about you!”

“Nice to meet you Miss Sainan!” Hua Xin, Feng Meng, and Yue Xian’gu all swarmed in.

“Wait... where are Qinghan, and Qingwu?” Sainan’s smile froze, as she turned to Qingcheng anxiously.

“No news has come from them yet.” Qingcheng replied helplessly.

Although most of the super team members were teleported to different places, they had all gathered together at this temporary camp. Actually, they had been waiting for a whole day before they had come to the camp. But now, most of them were back, except for Qinghan, Qingwu, Shiqi and Shisan. Yet, no one knew where these four people were.

Chapter 116 – The Members of the Mars Prefecture Form a Legion

“Maybe... they’ve been teleported to a faraway place. I believe they’ll return in the next few days!” Looking at the depressed face of Qingcheng, Sainan tried to cheer her up a little bit.

“Yeah, Qinghan is such a romantic. Perhaps, he’s flirting with a young woman right now. Haha, don’t worry too much about him!” Shuiliu also made a joke, as he was trying to warm up the atmosphere.

“Go to hell! Your head is full of obscene thoughts!” Feng Zi wrinkled his nose, as he was surprisingly defending Qinghan. Soon after, he arched his eyebrows, and turned to Sainan, “Miss Sainan, I just heard from outside that you’re going to attack the demons and barbarians?”

“You’re right!” Since the other young lords have arrived, Sainan was in high spirits, as she smilingly replied, “We’ve received the latest report that the demons and barbarians have been attacked by the Black Dragon, during which their casualties surged to more than half. Right now, they’re desperately fleeing. We’re planning to cut their route off, and suppress their morale, to make them less competitive in the final war. As for young leader Wuhen, he has his own conservative plan. Nevermind, we won’t force him to do anything!”

In a few words, Sainan briefed the general situation to Feng Zi, as a slight despising accent could be heard when she mentioned Wuhen.

“What’s the odds of the authenticity of this news?” Feng Zi frowned in a solemn expression.

In a crisp and firm voice, Sainan replied, “At least ninety percent!”

“Great! Since Yao Kaka and Man’gan set up such a big trap, in which our whole super team would’ve died if it wasn’t for the sacrifice of the Sickie Team, we have to launch a revenge to balance our indignation! On behalf of the Feng Family, I swear that I’ll follow Miss Sainan, and am ready for fight!” Feng Zi twisted his muscular body, while looking sternly at the members of his family.

Following Feng Zi’s resolute promise, Hua Cao raised his feminine voice to a pitch-high tone, “On behalf of all the teams of the Hua Family, I agree to join Sainan’s legion. If any member of the Hua Family rejects to do so, I will relocate

the training field for practicing the Invisible Technique to his family's bathroom!"

"All members of the Yue Family are under your command, Sister Sainan! Also... for those who refuse to obey Sainan's commands, you'll be listed as unwelcome individuals to Silvermoon City."

In a melodious voice, Qingcheng spoke up. However... what the seemingly faerie-like girl said shocked everyone one present, as if they were struck by lightning.

As the saying goes, women have the most despicable heart beneath their gentle outlook. It was so true... Not allowed to enter Silvermoon City? How cruel would it be to most of the men here! The holy-virgin of the Yue Family would disrupt their "below-the-waist-happiness" if they didn't follow Sainan, no one would bet against that.

Even Wuhen rolled his eyes and jerked his head towards Qingcheng, appreciating her beauty, while at the same time, annoyed by her suggestion. He was left somewhat indecisive on whether to follow Sainan or not. Silvermoon City (also known as Enchantment City) was the famous paradise for men, especially for those affluent, dissolute young lords. As for Wuhen, the suffering of not being allowed to enter Silvermoon City, would be equivalent to ending his life. While on second thought, he regained his rational sense, and decided not to wage into this "murky water", thus he could avoid being recognized by Yao Kaka and Man'gan.

"Since young lord Feng Zi has decided to go, I'll definitely support him!"

"Yeah, the demons and barbarians are so ugly. Now, I got the chance to slaughter them all!"

"I agree!"

"I second that!"

"..."

Owing to the arrival of the young lords and Miss Qingcheng, most of the people present changed their mind, except for Wuhen, and several other small teams. For some flip-floppers, they also followed the trend.

“I’ll adhere to my previous opinion. Anyway... I’ll stay in the camp!” Wuhen gritted his teeth, as he saw Sainan’s eyes move to him.

“Alright! This isn’t a mandatory order, for those not willing to go, just do whatever you like. As for those whose ideas align with my proposal, prepare and have a good rest tonight. Tomorrow morning, we’ll set up for the fight up ahead. I hope that all of you can accomplish great contributions for our Mars Prefecture!” Sainan concluded, before she dismissed the crowd.

At night, people were hustling about, as they were preparing for the next-day’s fight. It was their collective fight as a group from the Mars Prefecture. Everyone took it very seriously. Apart from the Xue Family, all the teams of the other four families gathered here, waiting for the biggest mission they had received since they had arrived on Ghost Island.

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The next day, at dawn, a few thousand fully-armed elites were assembled in the open ground in front of the temporary camp; all of them carried aspiring young faces. Their main target were the demons and barbarians, who were still fleeing from the dragon, led by Yao Kaka and Man’gan respectively.

Originally, the total number of participants from the Mars Prefecture was just over 10,000. Now, several months had passed, and more than two thousand people had already died in battle. There were only approximately four thousand people left, excluding Wuhen’s team.

“For this mission, all of you should act according to my order. I’ll promise you, that I’ll always be the first one to rush to the frontline to fight with the enemy, and the last one to retreat. Also, I won’t claim ownership of the credits, all of which will be allocated to you guys! For the bravest, most-accomplished ones, I’ll certainly report to my father, and reward you accordingly!”

Before they left, Sainan gave a morale-building speech; though short in words, the members she led were now full of motivation.

The first to go to the frontline, but the last to retreat! Even some men couldn’t meet this standard. As a girl, Sainan left all of the opposite gender here feeling eclipsed in the face of her breadth of mind.

“For the top ten performers on this mission, our Yue Family will provide them with one-month of free service!”

Qingcheng gave out yet another mind boggling reward, shortly following Sainan’s generous promise. Now, the team members, which consisted of mostly young, unmarried young man, felt their morale reach the apex.

“Let’s go!”

By pointing her sword in a certain direction, Sainan led thousands of people out of the camp, charging toward the mingled battlefield. At the same time, members of the Hua Family all disappeared. Yesterday, those from the Hua Family had received an important task: each and every direction should be patrolled along the way, to ensure the security of the whole team. Since the Hua Family was famous for their Invisible Technique, this task undoubtedly fell on their shoulders.

Chapter 117 – Ye Qinghan Keeps Running!

Silently, the formidable legion walked along the bumpy road. However, the geography on Ghost Island restricted them from marching in a linear form; instead, they had to be arrayed in different formations, in order to cater to the specific landscape.

Among them, the busiest one was Hua Cao. As a young lord of the Hua Family, he was responsible for collecting all the reports from the scouts. In an interval of a couple of minutes, a scout would appear in front of him, informing him of the situation up ahead. Moreover, he was also in charge of marking the teleportation posts, investigating the geography, and arranging a suitable route. The most outstanding scouts of his family had already been appointed by him to check on the escape route of the enemies.

While at the same time, the two Prince-Realm cultivators of the Hua Family threw everything at their young lord, in the name of training his ability of becoming a commander. The two of them leisurely walked beside the girls of the Yue Family, chatting with them as if they didn't know there was a war up ahead. Seeing this, Hua Cao was so outraged, that he could vomit blood.

As for the commander-in-chief, Sainan, she was also quite occupied. It was her first time to arrange such a big event. She managed to appear as composed as she could be; yet, in fact, this task had kept her nerves on edge ever since they had left the camp. It was true that she was the only daughter of Long Pifu, the first-ranked candidate on the Mortal Ranking List. The reputation of her superior-than-men personality had already spread across the Mars Prefecture. Despite her confidence in herself, the elders of her family had long held prejudice against her. As early as a couple of years ago, her father, Long Pifu, had actually appointed her as the young leader of the Long Family; yet, the elders had unanimously vetoed her father's proposal. This bunch of stereotype-stricken elders were loyal admirers of patriarchy, thus they wouldn't allow a woman to break this tradition.

Sainan's purpose of attending this Prefecture War, therefore, was crystal clear: she was eager to prove herself, and persuade the elders to let her be the next young leader. Based on her identity as the daughter of Long Pifu, as well as her

own personal crimson, she had successfully taken command over all the elites from the Mars Prefecture! She held rosy prospects for a triumphant battle, and she wouldn't miss this golden opportunity to annihilate the demons and barbarians, and polish her own reputation.

However... as a commander-in-chief, she was held accountable for the lives of thousands of people. The heavier the duty, the more concerned she became. Yet, she had no time to lament on all these issues, as she was busy receiving, digesting, analyzing the reports, and giving orders, one after another...

As for Qingcheng, unlike Sainan, she had nothing special to do. The members of the Yue Family had taken care of everything for her.

As Qingcheng followed the legion, she couldn't get rid of an image in her mind: a young man with faint smiles on his face. Her pearlescent eyes kept staring at the distance, hoping that Qinghan would suddenly fall into her view.

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On the other hand, Qinghan took as long as half an hour to collect the rings Little Black had reaped. In total, putting all the rings together, Little Black had contributed more than one thousand credits for his master! But, right now... Qinghan was busy refining a huge amount of energy, that was gushing out from within his body. He couldn't comprehend where all this energy was coming from.

Early in the afternoon, he had sensed something abnormal in his physical body, and found a small distortion in his chest, from which countless pure energy poured out of. Within seconds, all the energy had rushed into the nearby meridians, blending together with his Battle Qi.

At the beginning, the energy was coming out in slices, which was almost unnoticeable to Qinghan. Gradually, however, the energy had turned thick, and dense, gushing out from the chest in large amounts. Not knowing if this energy was detrimental for him or not, Qinghan came to a halt, for a closer inspection of this energy.

When he bent his head to look at his chest, he received Little Black's conveyed voice, telling him that this energy was actually originating from the Dragon Crystal, all he had to do was to circulate his Battle Qi as fast as he possibly could.

Without any hesitation, Qinghan strained every nerve in his body to circulate his Battle Qi, while running at his fastest speed. As a life-long companion, Qinghan believed in every word Little Black said, and believed his beast would do no harm to him.

The sudden acceleration of speed shocked Shisan and Qingwu. But they said nothing, as they simply speeded up accordingly, following closely behind Qinghan.

It was almost effortless for Shisan, a Prince-Realm cultivator, to catch up to Qinghan, while Qingwu's competitive personality drove her to never show weakness in front of men, even though she was only in the Realm of the Marshal right now. Interestingly, they somewhat amused themselves by competing with each other in speed along the way back to the camp. Eventually, Shiqi, who was doing the patrolling job in the front, was outstripped by the three of them. At last, Shiqi also joined in their little running "competition".

To everyone's confusion, Qinghan didn't show any sign of slowing down after almost three hours! Without a single word, Qinghan still led the way in the forefront. As for Shisan, he didn't care much about it, because his cultivation level allowed him to run as fast as Qinghan. However, Qingwu was already panting with a blushed face, as she couldn't stand it anymore. Although she could sustain a whole day if she released all her Battle Qi to propel her running speed; however, right now, after running with these three men in absolute silence, she was absolutely bored. Now and then, she would shout at Qinghan, asking him when they would have a rest. Disappointingly, Qinghan was so submerged in his running, that he didn't give her a response. Feeling wronged by Qinghan's indifference, Qingwu swore to surpass Qinghan, to vent her dissatisfaction.

The brightness of the sunshine was gradually diminishing around the end of the afternoon. The four of them continued to run, with four black shadows dragging behind them.

At dusk, when Ghost Island was covered in darkness, Qinghan stopped. Not interested in any casual smalltalk, Qinghan informed the other three that he needed to cultivate for some time. He climbed onto a giant tree, hunkered on a wide branch, and started to cultivate.

The other three had attempted to inquire Qinghan about his weird behavior, but when he said he had to cultivate, they gave up and refrained their curiosity. They guarded Qinghan in shifts, after they had eaten some solid food.

Qinghan wasn't a young lord who was fond of putting on airs; he was propelled by the force of the energy, which would probably explode if he didn't carry it into his Dantian by circulating the Battle Qi while running. Once he stopped, the overflowing energy was about to burst out of the confinement of his meridians. Having no time to waste, he had to cultivate to keep the Battle Qi running, so that all the energy he received would be stored in his Dantian.

The next day, Qinghan started running as soon as he had finished his breakfast. Except for eating and sleeping, he was always running or cultivating, because if he would stop, then the energy in his body would burst out.

Like a turned-on machine, Qinghan's exaggerated zeal in running and cultivating bewildered the other three. Although Qinghan had once explained in a hurried tone, they still didn't understand it. They kept accompanying him day in and day out, while, at the same time, they continued to protect their cultivating young lord.

Seeing the Battle Qi around Qinghan's body getting thicker and thicker, the other three felt so happy for him. They appreciated Qinghan's crazy persistence in cultivation.

Due to Qinghan's crazy running, everyone had fully unleashed their potential and ran at their maximum speed. Originally, they had estimated that the journey would take them at least ten days; whereas within five days, they had already covered half of the distance. But what surprised them was, during these days, they had never run into any war-participants, be it demons or barbarians, or the elites from the Mars Prefecture. They forecasted that some great event was looming around the corner. Therefore, they raised their vigilance, especially at night. In order to facilitate them to escape, they chose places near teleportation posts to take a rest at night. By doing so, they could easily teleport, once they

unfortunately encountered someone too powerful to fight against.

Chapter 118 – Yao Kaka and Man’gan Are Fully Prepared

Shisan’s prediction was right, in the mingled battlefield, there was something urgent around the corner.

After three days, the legion of the Mars Prefecture had finally caught up to the demons and barbarians led by Yao Kaka and Man’gan respectively. Thanks to the blanket search done by the scouts of the Hua Family, they had, in advance, learned of their escape route. They planned to set up a hunting net long before the enemies could realize their arrival. In their initial round of fighting this morning with a small barbarian team, the casualties on the enemy side had reached more than three hundred, while the human side had only lost a dozen or so.

Looking at the mess of the battlefield, Sainan frowned concernedly. Seemingly, this first fight was an absolute victory, but she knew in fact this was far from a perfect triumph. For one thing, they had evidently outnumbered the barbarians, with several thousand versus some hundred; for the other, they had predicted their whereabouts beforehand, it was an ambush, not a face-to-face attack. Given all their advantages, they had still lost the lives of more than ten young elites. Most importantly, what made Sainan so upset was, that apart from the members from the four families, the other teams had showed little respect for her by ignoring her orders. The moment they had encountered the barbarians, they had just confronted them in mass numbers, and disorganized formations, enabling one of the Barbarian Emperors to manage to escape out of the sheer chaos.

Actually, having one Barbarian Emperor escape wasn’t a huge matter. Yet, this run-away barbarian would most likely leak the information of the human legion’s arrival. By then, it would be much more difficult for Sainan’s team to cut off their route.

“Sister Sainan! Don’t push yourself too hard. After all, this is a temporary-formed legion; you can’t expect everyone to be obedient. I think their performance is excellent already!” Standing beside Sainan, Qingcheng consoled Sainan with a mellow voice.

“Yeah... you’re right!” With unlocked eyebrows, she turned to Qingcheng and

asked, "Where's Hua Cao and Hua Xin? Have they returned?"

"Look, they're coming!" Qingcheng pointed her slender index finger to the near distance, and exclaimed with a big smile.

- Swoosh! -

Two black figures appeared in the near distance; they were Hua Cao and Hua Xin, who had been deployed by Sainan on a special mission to chase the run-away barbarian, in case he reported the latest information to their leader Man'gan.

Since the major team, led by Yao Kaka and Man'gan, was only several kilometers ahead of them, Hua Cao and Hua Xin had to be extremely cautious, until they cut off the route of the fleeing barbarian and slaughter him.

"Have you guys caught him?" Sainan couldn't help inquiring, when they were still several steps away from her.

"He's dead already! But..." With a surly face, Hua Cao came to a halt, before continuing his sentence, "I cannot tell if it's the signal sent by this barbarian, or that Yao Kaka had already discovered our arrival, but their team has stopped marching forward! What shall we do now, Miss Sainan?"

"Errr?" The thing that worried Sainan so much seemed to be happening. She arched her eyebrows, as she dipped into deep meditation. Soon afterwards, a flicker of light flashed in her eyes, and she turned around yelling, "All of you, listen up! Let's proceed at full speed! The demons and barbarians are only 1.5 kilometers away from us now! Chase them and knock them all down!"

Since their presence had been disclosed, Sainan though it was unnecessary to hide in the darkness. It was time to go all out! Plus, considering the sheer size of this legion, it would be quite difficult to stay unnoticed. The total amount of the elites was almost twice that of the demons and barbarians put together, Sainan was confident to win this battle.

"Charge at full speed!"

When Sianan's order was delivered to every team, the team leaders were excited to hear this, for they were still submerged in the ecstasy of killing. Now, since there were more enemies waiting up ahead to be slaughtered by them, all of them rushed forward at an increased speed.

.....

It was true that Yao Kaka and Man'gan had received the information, through a special message-delivery method owned by the barbarians – they would burn off the Barbarian Force inside their body, to deliver the message to the main team. The content of the message was quite simple, one word only, which showed “Danger!” From previous experience, once a Barbarian Emperor had sent such an urgent message, it was time to stop marching forward, until everything was fully investigated. Therefore, they also sent several scouts to check the surroundings.

Several minutes later, the scouts brought back an explosive piece of information – the members from the Mars Prefecture had formed a large-sized legion, and were chasing after them! Hearing this, all of the demons and barbarians were caught by yet another wave of panic, after the previous wave from being attacked by the Black Dragon.

It took them a full minute to digest this information. After that, as leaders, Yao Kaka and Man'gan began to discuss with each other in fluent human language. Although each prefecture had their own language, the high-status demons and barbarians could all speak and comprehend the human language. People from Immortal City stemmed from the human race after all! The demons and barbarians of high social status would learn human language at an early age, to lay the foundation for them to communicate with people from Immortal City.

After some discussion, both of them agreed to change their route. Neither the front nor the rear part was clear, they were now caught in a converging attack from both the Black Dragon and the human race. Left with no other choice, they eventually turned left instead, before they sent out a signal for summoning more demons and barbarians from nearby places.

The main reason why they chose the left side, was because of its unique

geography. There was a mountain called Breaking Blade Summit, three sides of which were cliffs, with only one side having access to the top of the mountain. Yet, the only accessible path leading to the mountain was extremely narrow, and was difficult to climb. It was a natural defense fortress! This time, Yao Kaka and Man'gan were determined to teach those conceited humans a proper lesson, by presenting themselves as bait to lure the human beings in. While at the same time, large numbers of reinforcements were coming at the call of Yao Kaka and Man'gan's assistance signal.

For both Yao Kaka and Man'gan, they admitted bankruptcy of their mission given by the people from Immortal City. Without catching a glimpse of the legendary saint-level item, they had already lost hundreds of fellow demons and barbarians, many of whom were supposed to be their capable assistants after they would ascend their father's throne one day. If they returned in such a crestfallen manner, their reputation would be greatly damaged. More importantly, their rivals would seize this chance to shower them with biting sarcasm. Facing similar trouble, both Yao Kaka and Man'gan decided to team up once again, to annihilate the human race team. In this way, they could gloriously return home.

That was why they didn't resort to the teleportation posts to send them away. They made their joint resolution to defeat the legion from the Mars Prefecture once and for all. As long as Sainan and her team members were courageous enough to fight with them, they would fight back in a much fiercer way...

Chapter 119 – Breaking Blade Summit

After half-an-hour's running, the Breaking Blade Summit finally came into their view. A flash of thrill appeared in Yao Kaka's rapacious eyes. Ever since his first time visiting this mountain several days ago, he had listed it as the haven for escape. With three cliffs standing around the mountain, and an extremely narrow road leading to the summit, it would be a perfect place to defend against the attack from the Mars Prefecture Legion.

Back in the Black Dragon Valley, Yao Kaka and Man'gan had assembled some 2,000 members in total to slaughter Ye Qinghan, half of which had been annihilated under the Black Dragon's Breath. Now, the total number of surviving demons and barbarians was reduced to 1,000 or so. Despite the diminished size of their team, Yao Kaka was rather confident in confronting the Mars Prefecture Legion. In his estimation, they could at least sustain for ten to fifteen days.

Since they had sent out the signals for more reinforcements, Yao Kaka believed that in the next few days, all the other demons and barbarians on Ghost Island would come to assist them. At that time, the Mars Prefecture Legion would be attacked from both the front and the rear. He planned to crush the whole temporary camp that belonged to the Mars Prefecture, once they had defeated them here at Breaking Blade Summit.

Meanwhile, the bald-head Man'gan was busy investigating the landscape, and was satisfied by the discovery of several teleportation posts scattered on the top of the mountain. Without any hesitation, he also ordered his team members to wait for the incoming enemies in full spirit. It was only a matter of time, until they could slaughter those human beings, he thought.

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It was unclear to Sainan, that the first-time alliance between the Demonic Prefecture and the Barbarian Prefecture had been forced by the temptation of obtaining a saint-level item; while this time, they had formed an alliance on their own volition, which had as goal to annihilate the human legion. On the top of a uniquely-shaped mountain, in a formidable array, the demons and barbarians were in full swing, ready to receive the attack from the Mars Prefecture Legion.

Looking upward at the winding, small road, as well as the thickly-dotted

demons and barbarians at the top, Sainan's eyebrows knitted together once again.

"Fuck, this is the strangest summit I've ever seen! How do we launch an attack in such a landscape?" Feng Zi cursed this mountain for being too dangerous to climb up, but when he found the looming demons and barbarians on the top, he gritted his teeth, as he was desperate to have a face-to-face fight right now.

As for Hua Cao, he also gave out a helpless sigh, for he knew that even if the Hua Family members used their Invisible Technique, it would be of little service to attack in such a risky landscape, with so many enemies.

"Miss Sainan, I can't think out any better solution. Do you have any good ideas?"

"No matter what, we have to launch the attack! If we retreat now, we'll undoubtedly be labeled as 'losers' after the Prefecture War! We have no choice left, though it is such a tall order!" Shockingly, without waiting for Sainan's response, Qingcheng abruptly cut in. She stared at the conceited howling demons and barbarians, while an unprecedented feeling of abhorrence filled her heart, for Qinghan and Qingwu were still missing, and she missed them so much.

"Let's have a good rest tonight. Tomorrow, we'll fight!"

As she forced herself to calm down, Sainan gave out an order, even though her heart was entangled with doubts. She was crystal clear about the current situation, and what they would face the next morning, when the war commenced. Holding little advantage at hand, their legion was doomed to suffer a lot in the process. However, like an arrow on the bowstring, there was no turning back. Once they retreated, it would be a setback for the continuous efforts of establishing their morale, which was considered a pivotal element in any fight.

As the saying goes, the planning lies with men, the outcome with Heaven! Sainan gave a soft, yet helpless sigh, before she turned away.

.....

The next day, when the first glimmer of dawn shone on the mountain, this

place was already in a clamor. Both sides were preparing their breakfast: they would dig a hole on the ground, suspend a pot above it, and stew whatever they liked. After that, they began polishing their swords, and checking their armors. The atmosphere turned extremely aggressive, with both sides glaring at each other with murderous intent. If their eyes could be used as weapons to kill people, then the Breaking Blade Summit would already have blood streaming down like a river...

- Boom! -

Against the background of the flaming morning sun, some started to beat their battle drums; while others unsheathed their swords, the light of which reflected brightly in the sunshine. At this moment, the intense atmosphere made everyone present feel that all the things around them were of a scorching temperature, ready to explode.

“Slaughter!”

Holding the Dragon Singing Sword in her hand, Sainan violently waved her other hand in the air, ordering her team members to follow her. Of course, as she had promised, she took the lead, tramping on the small mountain road with Battle Qi wrapped around her body. Looking from afar, she was somewhat like a statue of the Goddess of War.

Sainan was closely followed by several Prince-Realm cultivators, all of whom were in colorful Battle Qi armor, rendering an imposing manner.

The advanced cultivators were followed by the key descendants from the four families; they were walking arduously behind Sainan, and the Prince-Realm cultivators. The rest of the legion had been asked to stay at the foot of the mountain, and wait for further orders.

Considering the unique geography of this mountain, the narrowness of the road, that led to the summit, barred excessive numbers of people from rushing upwards. Yesterday, Sainan had actually held a meeting over this issue, and had eventually come up with a solution – the comparatively advanced cultivators would be sent out to break the defensive line of the enemies, and the others would be allowed to come up to slaughter once the defense was properly crushed. After all, the road could only accommodate a limited number of people;

it would be efficient, as well as safer, to march upward in smaller groups.

- Boom! -

Suddenly, a rumbling sound emerged from higher up the mountain, after which scores of Barbarian Emperors stood at the end of the only road that led to the top. Without being flurried at all, Yao Kaka and Man'gan gave out several orders to different groups of the team. Soon after, two lines of Demonic Emperors had circled around the Barbarian Emperors in the rear side. Moreover, another thirty Demonic Emperors and Barbarian Emperors formed a fan-shaped formation from behind, the formation of which made the entrance to the top almost seamless. The less competent demons and barbarians were left behind, ready to assist at any given time.

Overlooking the advanced cultivators, who were climbing up with difficulties, both Yao Kaka and Man'gan sneered in despise. They were so proud of choosing this place as a fighting scene, where only three or four humans were allowed to walk shoulder to shoulder. The width of the road was simply too narrow! That was to say, each time, every three or four cultivators from the human side would have to face up to ten Demonic Emperors or Barbarian Emperors. Even the cultivators in the Realm of the Emperor wouldn't survive such a massive attack.

Now, as Sainan and her team members had almost reached the top, they had a detailed view of what was in front of them – the end of the road was tightly barricaded! Sainan showed a bitter smile, for they weren't allowed to go back down either. Desperately, Sainan howled in a high-pitched voice, as she gathered all of her Battle Qi to speed up; after which, her Dragon Singing Sword miraculously unsheathed itself, as it shot towards the pillar-like barbarians.

Chapter 120 – Super Defensive Armor Created by Burning the Barbarian Force

The advanced cultivators from Dragon City, who were held liable for their young lady's security, followed closely behind Sainan. Their backs were soaked in cold sweat, for they were terrified that Sainan would suffer from her rash decision. If the only daughter of Long Pifu encountered some unexpected misfortune in this battle, they wouldn't be forgiven, even if they were to kill themselves. With even louder howls, they sped up to catch up to their young lady. At the same time, the others all held their swords in their hands, as they dashed towards the top.

- Bang! Bang! Bang! -

Numerous Swords of Battle Qi were rushing towards the barbarians in front of them, yet none of the barbarians looked frightened in face of such turbulence. With a unanimous shout, the barbarians managed to form layers upon layers of yellow beams around their body, to defend themselves from the approaching swords. The moment these swords finally landed on the heads of the Barbarians Emperors, the yellow light dimmed a little bit, but their physical bodies were as intact as before, as not even a scratch could be found. Meanwhile, the other demons and barbarians also joined in the chaos, as they exhibited their unique techniques in face of the humans. All of a sudden, the entrance to the top had turned uncontrollably boisterous, with firework-like cracking sounds and colorful smoke all over the place.

“Ah! They formed a super Defensive Armor by burning their Barbarian Force!” Sainan's expression turned even more anxious, as she screamed out in panic.

Since the Mars Prefecture and the Barbarians Prefecture had long been at odds with each other, they were well aware of each other's basic techniques. Now, in face of the attacks from the Prince-Realm cultivators from the human side, the barbarians had used their well-known super technique – Burning the Barbarian Force. By utilizing such a heaven-defying technique, they were able to shield themselves from the incoming Battle Qi coming from the human side.

As barbarians, they were innately endowed with magical force, and each and every one of them was able to cultivate this so called Barbarian Force. It was just that their cultivation process was extremely slow, and arduous. The Burning of

the Barbarian Force, for instance, was a skill that could only be acquired after one became a Barbarian Emperor. However... every time they used such a technique, it would be rather detrimental to their cultivation. After all, it would cost them one or two years of accumulated Barbarian Force to carry out such a technique.

Right now, the Barbarian Emperors in the forefront, however, were collectively burning their Barbarian Force, as if they had a limitless force inside their body. At the same time, they formed illuminant Defensive Armors on their bodies. The defensive skills of the barbarians vastly excelled over those of the other races in the continent; it was a plus for them to add such a formidable armor. It was fair to say, that their defensive level had been upgraded to such a degree, that they were like the deathless cockroaches, whenever an attack came, they wouldn't be hurt in the slightest.

Of course, if the cultivators led by Sainan were given an adequate amount of time, they would continuously attack the barbarians until the latter wore off their Barbarian Force.

However, the other demons and barbarians wouldn't allow this to happen!

“Watch out! All of you, hold your breath! The wolf race demons are releasing their Wolf Fragrance!” The magical, attractive smell had already permeated in the air, Sainan was the first to realize this trick, while she was escaping a large palm from a Barbarian Emperor. After she had just inhaled a slice of the Wolf Fragrance, she had realized that her circulation of Battle Qi had slowed down, and her movements had appeared less nimble than before.

However, for the Prince-Realm cultivators behind Sainan, the reminder came too late! They had been attacked by the Wolf Fragrance before they held their breath in. Actually, owing to their advanced cultivation ability, they had successfully sneak attacked several Demonic Marshals already, even though they were facing such a tight defensive formation. But now, after inhaling the Wolf Fragrance, they were forced to slow down their speed, and were actually sneak attacked by several Demonic Emperors instead!

“Retreat!”

Giving out a helpless sigh, Sainan reluctantly ordered a retreat order. The cooperation between the demons and barbarians so far was quite good, for the barbarians in the front line had created such a super defensive “wall”, that it was almost impossible for the human team to take a single step forward. Also, every now and then, the demons and barbarians from behind would shoot arrows in a totally unpredictable way. The landscape of this mountain had given these demons and barbarians the upper hand, while the human side had no way to overcome this deadlock.

- Swoosh! -

Immediately following Sainan’s order, members of the Feng Family manipulated their swords in the direction of the barbarians. It was true that the long distance would deter the swords from hurting the barbarians, while it was an expedient way to cover their retreat.

- Boom! -

Fearlessly, the Barbarians Emperors extended their palms, as they intentionally collided with the approaching swords, in an attempt to show off their mighty defensive skills. At the same time, the demons, who didn’t excel defensively, hid behind the barbarians, in order to escape the swords. As expected, most of the swords bounced back and fell on the ground following a thud. Yet, the two swords owned by the two Prince-Realm cultivators of the Feng Family had managed to slaughter a Demonic Emperor, and stabbed through several Defensive Armors around the barbarians. However, in the end, the two Prince-Realm cultivators of the Feng Family withdrew their swords, and retreated with an exhausted spirit. They simply couldn’t stand one more relentless attack from the enemy.

Swiftly, Sainan turned around and ran away, together with the rest of her team members. The demons and barbarians were blocked by the numerous swords, and they stopped attacking. The two sides, one on the top, the other at the foot of the mountain, stood at a distance once again, as they were facing each other.

The first round of the battle had only taken a few minutes, yet the process was rather fierce. Fortunately, neither of the two sides had suffered great losses.

Within the Mars Prefecture Legion, only one Prince-Realm cultivator was severely injured. While on the other side, one Demonic Emperor, and several Demonic Marshals had died.

It seemed that the Mars Prefecture Legion had won, in terms of casualties. But Sainan was crystal clear that they were the losing side. First, the size of their legion was twice the size of the enemies'; second, all of their members were in full spirit, while the demons and barbarians were exhausted after being chased by the Black Dragon. The enemies had rebounded from the pitfall, and they had even regained their morale while confronting the human team.

The human side had no choice but to attack; while the demons and barbarians, they just needed to defend. The difference was that the human side had sent out the most capable cultivators already, yet the enemy side still had reserve forces behind, not to even mention their leaders Yao kaka and Man'gan. Most importantly, the imposing momentum of the Mars Prefecture Legion had only lasted for several minutes, before it was crashed by the unbreakable defensive ability of the barbarians.

As ancient wisdom suggested, in any battle, momentum shouldn't be interrupted, it should be as strong as it originally was, until victory had been secured. Sadly, the Mars Prefecture Legion was apparently thwarted by the first round of attacks, leaving a dent in their morale and confidence.

"Fuck! How can we attack in such a bizarre landscape?" Feng Zi couldn't help but curse. He had been observing the surroundings along the way, hoping to find a way to break the defense of the barbarians and defeat them all. After some meditation and analysis, he found this to be a dead end, and they stood no chance to succeed.

Hua Cao's beautiful face had lost its usual radiance, as he was overly concerned about this desperate situation. Staring at the almost perpendicular cliff, he let out a helpless sigh, "You're right, Feng Zi. The end of this path is like a gate, in which the Barbarians stand to prevent anyone from entering!"

"We never knew that the barbarians would go so far as to burn their Barbarian Force! If we can wear them out over the course of several attacks, their decades-old Barbarian Force will definitely be exhausted in the end! That being said,

they're risking their lives by doing so!" Qingcheng also spoke up her concerns.

"No matter how strong their defense is, we shall never give up. We aren't allowed to retreat at this point of time. You know, if we did, the other two races will chase us all the way to the temporary camp and annihilate our compatriots! Spread my order, take a rest, and we'll continue this battle in the afternoon!" With stern eyes, Sainan persuaded the legion to stay in the fight, while the corner of her lips twisted a little bit.

"Okay!" The rest of the team members nodded their heads in approval, and looked at the top of the mountain from afar, where the Breaking Blade Summit was just like a sharp-edged sword, directly piercing the sky.

Chapter 121 – “Battle” of Cursing

In the afternoon, the battle continued. Once again, Sainan led the way up the small mountain path, trying to break the defensive formation formed concertedly by both the demons and barbarians. This time, three Prince-Realm cultivators of the Feng Family and Yue Family had been placed in the middle of the team, providing them with an opportunity to carry out sneak attacks whenever they found an opportunity. Only when the defensive formation could be ripped open, could Sainan, and other members in the forefront dash into the enemies and begin to fight. Otherwise, they would be blocked from entering the very scene of this battlefield.

It seemed, however, that Yao Kaka and Man’gan had raised their vigilance, since some of them had been attacked by the swordsmanship of the Feng Family. Thus, their formation had been adjusted to an arrow shape, rather than the fan-shaped one they had used in the morning. The demons and barbarians started to counterattack!

In the front, lines of Barbarians Emperors emitted yellowish halos around their bodies; each of them exhibited the same position, with one hand circled around their heads, and another holding a gigantic spiked club. All of a sudden, they all flooded towards the human legion, as they were smashing their weapons at everything that stood in their way. They were closely followed by the Demonic Emperors and Demonic Marshals, who were using their demonic techniques along the way.

Being wrapped in Battle Qi, Sainan gave out a loud order, as they prepared to attack. But, when they saw the fully-prepared barbarians and demons, they were left unknown what to do next. Since the barbarians had already covered their heads, including their eyes, with their bare hands, the Enchantment Skill of the Yue Family would exert no influence on them at all! Also, the swordsmanship of the Feng Family wouldn’t serve its purpose either. The barbarians in the front were all tightly protected by the bright armor, that was supposed to be super defensive.

In the second round of the battle, the Mars Prefecture Legion was forced to retreat down the small mountain road again! The outcome was quite favorable

for the demons and barbarians, because none of them were wounded. While on the human side, several Prince-Realm cultivators were gravely injured.

“Grr!”

“Ooo!”

Overlooking the stampeding humans, the demons and barbarians couldn't help but laugh out wildly. Some of them even began cursing, humiliating the Mars Prefecture Legion, in what the humans considered as sarcastic tones. Very quickly, the morale of the legion had slipped into a big dip.

“Stop laughing, you bastards! Come down, and I'll slaughter all of you by myself!”

“Stop yelling at us! If you have the guts, just come down and have a one-on-one fight with us!”

“Yao Kaka, did your father give birth to a son with no asshole? Come down, let me fuck your asshole!”

“Man'gan, my dear son! Your mummy is calling you for dinner...”

“...”

Teasingly, numerous elites of the Mars Prefecture Legion cursed the demons and barbarians with even nastier and shameless curses. They stood up front, one after another, as they all rested their hands on their hips, spitting out whatever came to mind. However, due to the language differences, only a bunch of demons and barbarians could understand them. Actually, they didn't care if the others could understand them or not. Both sides all quite enjoyed this cursing competition, for they had vented most of their negative feelings in this way. When one man was exhausted in doing so, another would fill his position and continue the cursing.

“Human... rubbish...”

“Come up here...”

“...”

It turned out that the third round of the battle was merely a war of words, and had nothing to do with strength or weapons. Each side, be it the humans or the

demons and barbarians, they stood there topless, and cursed each other in their own respective language. They “greeted” each and every single female of each other’s prefecture, like “fuck your great grandma”. Even the female babies were listed in the cursing list. It was so dramatic that the situation had spiraled out of control.

“Sister Sainan, you better stop them. Listen for yourself, how disgusting! I cannot bear it anymore!” Qingcheng went into Sainan’s tent, and pouted disappointedly.

The moment the ridiculous quarrel began, Sainan had hidden herself in her tent, as she was sipping a cup of tea to relax herself.

“Hehe, let it be! They should have a way to vent out their dissatisfaction; otherwise, our morale will plummet even further. Hey, don’t get disturbed by this. At least, no one will die in a quarrel.” With an absent minded glance, Sainan continued to enjoy her tea.

In response, Qingcheng rolled her eyes and immediately understood what Sainan meant. During these days, they had met with consecutive losses, and none of the team members were in a good mood. They had hatred and indignation buried deep inside, which should be brought out to balance their feelings. At least, they might get a feeling of triumph after cursing the enemies, for they were much more eloquent and fluent in phrasing. In Sainan’s point of view, she hoped that her members’ thwarted feelings could be somewhat compensated by doing so, no matter how absurd this was.

After a little while of silence, Qingcheng covered her ears with her hands, and shook her head, “How shameless they are! How are they able to let such disgusting words leave their mouth? Ohhh, I don’t want to hear it!”

“Alas...” Sainan’s smile froze, as her face turned blush in embarrassment after hearing the obscene contents of their curses. Helplessly, she also shook her head, and used her Battle Qi to shut the voices out.

The shameless Mars Prefecture members, in order to insult the enemies, began to describe the size of the female reproductive organs from the other two races. Some said they were as wide as an ox’s mouth; some added that the hair

around the organ was as thick as the width of a human arm, and the hole was wide enough to such an extent, that one could push an ox into it.

Both Sainan and Qingcheng were unmarried girls, how could they stand such indecent descriptions!

Only at dusk did this “competition” end. With no doubt, the human side was victorious. Which had greatly lifted his spirit.

Now, the members were busy cooking, as they were preparing supper. Being exhausted, their appetite was amazingly good, as all of them wolfed down their meals in only a few minutes. Afterwards, they assembled in groups of twos and threes, and started to recall how valiant and intelligent they were in the afternoon.

Qingcheng and Sainan, who were about to step out of the tent for supper, were forced to go back in, for their appetite was greatly ruined by what they heard.

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Meanwhile, on the other side, Yao Kaka and Man’gan also enjoyed a good appetite, for they were so proud of themselves in today’s battle against the human legion, which they considered to be an epic victory. Several big chunks of roasted meat, and a dozen kettles of wine had already entered their stomach. As they hung their arms on each other’s shoulder, Yao Kaka and Man’gan enjoyed their current bromance. It made for an odd scenario, however, as the size difference was simply too big – Man’gan was more than two meters tall; while Yao Kaka was only a 1.7m dwarf, they didn’t look like brothers, but more like father and son...

Both of them were young lords of their own prefecture. They shared a similar background, so it was much easier for them to establish a friendship with each other. In their opinion, they were superior to those human young lords or ladies, like Qinghan, Feng Zi, or even Sainan.

Chapter 122 – The Terrifying Acceleration in Qinghan’s Cultivation

“Young lord Yao Kaka, haha, you’re such a perfect commander! I found it so enjoyable to work together with you, and I’m so proud of our victory! You know, I feel so fulfilled... And this feeling is much more fierce than anything I’ve done before, including sleeping with a bunch of virgins. Ha, cheers!” Man’gan stroked his bald head, and spoke up in an extremely resounding voice, the vibration of which made some leaves gracefully fall down on his shoulders.

“Haha, you’re the one to be credited for this successful battle. I guess it’ll take a whole year to make up for the lost Barbarian Force your members lost in these battles!” With a bout of hysterical laughter, Yao Kaka showed his appreciation for Man’gan, as he swung his golden hair in the air.

“As long as we win the battle, we’re willing to wear off our Barbarian Force, which can be regained through cultivation anyway. I’ll ask my father to reward my fellow barbarians with ample nourishments after this war! Oh, I almost forgot to ask you, have the scouts we sent successfully transmitted our call for help? Or is it possible that they’ve been discovered and arrested by the Mars Prefecture Legion?” Man’gan waved his giant hands, and replied modestly.

In the barbarian race, they had an exceptional strict hierarchy system. As a young lord of his prefecture, Man’gan enjoyed a high status, and his orders would be followed unconditionally. Under such an authoritarian regime, his underlings wouldn’t reject to burn off their Barbarian Force once they were asked to do so. It was no exaggeration to say, that if Man’gan forced them to kill themselves, they would do it accordingly. Man’gan was used to this kind of loyalty of his subordinates, and would take their sacrifice for granted, rather than feeling guilty about it. But, as for the scouts they had sent out yesterday to call for reinforcements, he did worry about their security.

Although it was a thorough triumph for both the demons and barbarians, they would become imprisoned on this bizarre summit if the arrival of their reinforcements was disrupted by the Mars Prefecture Legion!

In a careless manner, Yao Kaka bottomed up and wiped his mouth, “Hey, buddy, I really don’t care about their current condition. Even if they’re all already

dead, our reinforcements will arrive in time. We've activated our magical assistant token, and soon our fellow demons and barbarians in the vicinity will come to help us. But, if some scouts survive from the chase of the humans, they'll help us impart the message, and the reinforcements may arrive much earlier. Relax yourself, and enjoy the fun! I bet, that within three to five days, they'll be here. Of course, this is a quite optimistic prediction. Hmm, in the worst scenario it'll take up to ten days. During that time, let's have more fun with the humans!"

"Errr! Once our reinforcements arrive, it'll be the day for us to flatten the Mars Prefecture!" Showing a similar wild simile, Man'gan toasted to Yao Kaka once again.

.....

On the other side, Qinghan was physically exhausted after several days' persistent running and cultivating. Yet, he was delighted for the improvements he had made during these days.

Originally, only a third of the Battle Qi in his Dantian was liquidized; now, within days, the space of his Dantian was almost saturated with drips of Battle Qi in the liquidation state.

It was said that cultivation before the Realm of the General was relatively simple. For those most talented cultivators, it only took them a year, or even as short as a couple of months to reach this point. The physical condition of each cultivator was considered as a determinant factor in the success of cultivation. Those with little jammed stuff in their meridians would find it extremely easy to surpass this realm, for instance, Ye Dao, Qingwu, and Qingkuang.

However, after the Realm of the General, cultivation mainly depended on individual diligence and comprehensive skills. One had to inhale the Essence Qi between Heaven and Earth, and convert it into Battle Qi; then condense the accumulated Battle Qi into liquidized drops, until the Dantian was inflated to a certain size by the pressure of the drops, and perfectly aligned with the accupoint of the Dantian. By that time, the cultivator would be qualified to enter into the next realm – the Realm of the Marshal.

The process could be tedious, arduous, and complicated. Some of the cultivators had spent two or three years, in an attempt to surpass this realm; but most of them would find all their efforts to be in vain. Hua Cao and Feng Zi set a good example for this kind of cultivators, because they had stayed in the same realm for more than an entire year! During these months on Ghost Island, they had made no improvement, for they were still lingering in the third level of the Realm of the General.

In terms of diligence, Qinghan was simply on another level compared with Hua Cao and Feng Zi. It had been just several months since Qinghan had entered the Realm of the General. However, due to his frequency of cultivation, he had now already reached the second level of the Realm of the General.

With the help of the power emitted from the Dragon Crystal, however, during these days, Qinghan had made yet another breakthrough – he had achieved the third level! As long as he continued to cultivate, it was only a matter of time before he would surpass his current realm and break into the Realm of the Marshal.

Right now, the power, that originated from his chest, had continuously dashed towards his meridians. Qinghan firmly believed, that his day of becoming a Marshal-Realm cultivator was just around the corner!

Another beneficiary of the Dragon Crystal was Little Black, who was currently cultivating in the summoning space by inhaling the power created by this treasure. They had predicted, that once both Qinghan and Little Black had upgraded their cultivation level, they would be able to kill a first level Prince-Realm cultivator within seconds by using their integration technique. As for those demons and barbarians, whose cultivation was equivalent with those in the third level of the Realm of the Prince, Qinghan didn't have much confidence in defeating them in seconds, because those advanced cultivators had begun to comprehend the Laws of Heaven and Earth, thus their soul power would be exceedingly stronger.

Run, run!

Cultivate, cultivate!

The crazy running and cultivating had brought improvements to Qinghan's cultivation, but also biting pain to his muscles. Qinghan was fatigued, but happy. He cherished these "bittersweet" moments, for he knew it was his chance to become an even stronger cultivator.

Of course, for those who accompanied Qinghan, they were greatly suffering from his crazy zeal. Among them, Qingwu, the spoiled granddaughter of Ye Qingniu, had never been through such an arduous journey. She had been a pearl in the palm of the Ye Castle! However, every time, when she was tempted to give up, she would stare at Qinghan, and pick up her speed again. As a cultivator in the first level of the Realm of the Marshal, how could she be willing to be defeated by a lower-ranked teenager, towards whom she held some special feelings?

As for Shisan, a cultivator in the third level of the Realm of the Prince, he found himself okay to handle such a long journey. But the monotonous running was driving him crazy. Boringly, he glanced at Qinghan, after which his eyes suddenly lit up. He had detected with his soul, that the Battle Qi in Qinghan's body was circulating vibrantly, in an extent that had propelled Qinghan to achieve the third level of the Realm of the General. Amazingly, this process was continuing in a positive trend.

Recalling the scene when Little Black had come back from the Black Dragon Valley, Shisan didn't sense the existence of the Dragon Crystal. However... he began to think that Qinghan's terrifying speed in cultivation must have something to do with the Dragon Crystal.

Chapter 123 – Crazy Attack

In this resourceful world, there were countless treasures, including those that could enhance the cultivation of Battle Qi, such as Dan. Taking the Snow Spirit Dan for an example, it could expedite the inhaling process of Battle Qi, and was exclusively owned by the Xue Family. One of the few treasures that could elevate a cultivator's state from the first level to the third level within days, would be the Dragon Crystal. Not every delivery of the dragon would be accompanied by the appearance of such a treasure. In fact, it was very rarely that this occurred.

Inside the Dragon Crystal existed an ocean of extremely pure energy, with the help of which the baby dragon could directly become a fifth-grade demonic beast. If the baby dragon ate it, it would most likely become a saint-grade beast, and well surpass its parents!

Taking all these factors into account, Shisan finally came to the conclusion that his master was refining the Dragon Crystal right now! He was so excited to witness Qinghan being empowered by the energy of this treasure, which was originally obtained by Little Black.

Why did Shisan have such expectations for Qinghan? It was simple, because his master had a holy-grade battle beast, with which he believed Qinghan could exhibit more power once they were integrated.

At the current stage, however, Qinghan was much weaker than Shisan and Shiqi. However, once his potential was fully unlocked, he would most likely become a comparable figure with their founder – Ye Huang. Even their ancestor, Ye Ruoshui, could, one day, be overshadowed by Qinghan! Shisan had envisaged the scene of his master becoming a Saint-Realm cultivator, and slaughtering all the demons and barbarians by himself! Touched by the grandiose of this image, Shisan's heart was stirred up with mixed feelings.

Thinking of the prosperous future ahead, Shisan ran in a cheerful mood. While at the same time, Shiqi's mood was also affected by Shisan, as he ran happily in the front.

Now, they had nearly arrived at the mingled battlefield, so they raised their vigilance accordingly. Once they encountered any demons or barbarians, they would immediately run away with Shisan and Shiqi covering in the rear. As

Prince-Realm cultivators, they were confident in protecting their young lord and lady in any condition.

.....

At the foot of the Breaking Blade Summit, Sainan went through a bout of vexation, for she could no longer manage to be as composed as before.

It had been three days! Within these days, she had arranged a dozen of attacks, and none of them had succeeded.

Since the first days' bruising failure, she had actually altered her strategy, and decided to forcefully break into the enemy's defensive formation, regardless of how many casualties it might inflict. Under Sainan's new order, the common elites and advanced Prince-Realm cultivators were put together, to launch attacks towards the barbarians in shifts. They did this task almost around the clock, in an effort to drain out the enemies' Barbarian Force.

It was the best and only solution, in Sainan's opinion, to break the barbarians' iron-like defensive line. They wouldn't be able to hurt any of them until their Barbarian Force was depleted in the process. Otherwise, the pillar-like barbarians would continue to emit those yellowish armors, that were shielding them from all possible attacks. And if that were to be the case, it would be a super protracted war!

Therefore, the Mars Prefecture Legion had implemented the so called "Bloody Plan", in which they were required to battle continuously, at any risk, until the barbarians had completely used up their Barbarian Force.

Much to their disillusion, the barbarians stood there as steady as they were after so many rounds of attacks, as though they were insurmountable mountains standing in their way to a grand slaughter. Now, Sainan was driven mad, for her expression told everything – irritated as well as embarrassed.

Within three days, hundreds of members were sacrificed, yet the demons and barbarians only lost a handful. Furthermore, among the human casualties, most of them were from Dragon City. How could Sainan remain in a calm mood, after seeing such disappointed outcomes?

- Swoosh! -

Suddenly, a speeding figure brought Sainan's mind back to reality. By taking in some fresh air, she twisted the muscles in her face and adjusted her expression to a more amicable manner.

The figure was Hua Cao. In a travel-stained outlook, he directly rushed to Sainan, and spoke in an urgent tone, "Reports said that on the left side there is a great number of demons and barbarians running in this direction. It's estimated, within five days or so, this place will be filled with enemies! We should retreat within three days! Three days later, whether we win the battle or not, we have to leave!"

The news struck Sainan as a blow of lightning. Her faint smile, that she had forced so hard to pretend, disappeared, and a surly face emerged once again. Although the arrival of more reinforcements from the enemy side was within her predictions, she had never thought that they would come so quickly, and in such a organized way!

"Wait... if my memory serves me right, we have already killed the scouts from the enemy side. How did they receive the news so quickly? It seems, our trace has been leaked as soon as we left the contemporary camp..." Sainan frowned with a perplexed expression.

Finally, she shook her head helplessly, and yelled, "Three days? We'll do our utmost. May the ancestors of the Mars Prefecture bless us!"

.....

Attack! Attack!

A venturous attack that could require many lives as sacrifice!

That very night, Sainan assembled the head of each group, and presided an emergency meeting. When her underlings learned that more reinforcements would come to help the enemies out, they decided to annihilate them all before the reinforcements came.

On the top of the mountain the most excellent members of the other two races were gathered, and the Mars Prefecture Legion was determined to break their alliance, and slaughter their most excellent forces once and for all. Otherwise, the humans would stand no chance to win in the final Prefecture

War.

No matter what happened to them, they were resolute to fight a path through the barbarian's defensive formation, even if they had to trample upon the corpses of their own fellowmen.

The low, and toneless beats made by the battle drums disturbed the tranquility of this mountain. The morning sun was yet to come out fully, and Ghost Island was still covered by a thick fog, through which one could see the perpendicular cliffs of the Breaking Blade Summit, standing like a ferocious beast, revealing its sharp "teeth"...

"Slaughter!"

In a red battle robe, Sainan presented her valiant and heroic bearing by pointing the tip of her sword towards the mountaintop. After emphatically shouting, numerous members followed her into the fog, as they charged along the zigzag path that led up to the top of the mountain.

Meanwhile, lines of members stood at the foot of the mountain, fully armed, ready to replace the people in the frontline once they were killed. One after another, they sprayed their warm blood in battle, hoping to contribute their due part.

"Young lord, please take care of my elder parents back home!"

"Brothers, remember to burn spirit money for me after I die. I hear that the underworld is also suffering from currency inflation..."

"Do me a favor, when you go back home, please tell my second sister-in-law, I've secretly been in love with her for many years... Oh, tell her, to close the window whenever she's taking a bath..."

"Hey, brother Six, please pay off my debt I owed to Fangfang, you know, the girl in the Beautiful Spring Brothel... Oh, don't forget to tell her, never ever let her guests owe her money, some bastards won't be as kind as I am!"

"..."

Chapter 124 – A Barbarian Troop is Approaching!

The group that took the lead were all death warriors, and they were well aware of their own destiny. With no excessive grief or emotional sadness, they smilingly told their comrades their last wills. Although Sainan, together with other young lords, had already made their promise to take care of their relatives, if they were to die in the upcoming battle, they couldn't help but nag over the undone trivial matters. They didn't care how absurd, or naïve they looked like, they just wanted to express something before their death...

.....

In face of the crazy attacks from the Mars Prefecture, Yao Kaka and Man'gan began to worry about their own survival. The continuous consumption of Barbarian Force would eventually reach its limits. Since the reinforcements hadn't arrived yet, they were afraid that the Barbarians Emperors in the front line of the formation would be killed once their Barbarian Force wore off. At that time, they could be annihilated by the Prince-Realm cultivators led by Sainan, because they had no advanced barbarians to secure their safety then.

Left with no better choice, they recalled the Barbarian Emperors to the second line, and invited more than one thousand common demons and barbarians to perform as guards in the front. In that way, the two sides would fall into a hand-to-hand fight.

In order to cater to the new situation, Yao Kaka and Man'gan decided to shift their strategy a little bit. If the human side sent out its Prince-Realm cultivators, they would ask the Barbarian Emperors to confront them; whereas if the humans deployed the common elites of their team, they would meet them with similar less component counterparts.

Crazily, Sainan kept sending her members to the top of the mountain, dashing towards the demons and barbarians, as they fought a desperate battle...

Since the top of the mountain was first taken by the demons and barbarians, they enjoyed the geographical benefits of this place. It was true, both sides had severe losses, but the number of casualties from the Mars Prefecture Legion was exceedingly larger.

The winding path, that led to the top of the mountain, was now stained with blood, for countless wounded members and corpses had been thrown down from the top. Also, the hillside was strewn with numerous segments of body parts, some of which were still bleeding...

This grand battle had lasted until midnight. In total, the two sides lost one thousand members! The Breaking Blade Summit was emanating a pungent smell of blood, as the meat of the dead corpses began to decompose after receiving so much sunlight during the day. The humans, demons and barbarians were driven by a bout of murderous intent, as they couldn't get themselves to stop fighting. Yet, as night fell, some of them felt disheartened, and exhausted.

- Dong! Dong! Dong! -

The beating of the drums eventually called off the battle! The Breaking Blade Summit stood quietly in the moonlight, for not a sound could be heard from the three races. Unlike the other days, their vigor had all been worn out in the ferocious battle, and they had other tasks to finish, such as to collect their comrades and cremate their remains.

It was late at night; yet none of them showed any signs of sleepiness. They were now standing in silent tribute in front of the burning corpses, as even the wounded members had forced themselves up with the help of a stick or branch. They couldn't accept the fact that their comrades, who they'd been joking with just earlier on the day, would be left behind in this mountain forever...

The flaming fire lighted up their bodies, revealed the inconsolable sadness, as well as hatred in their eyes! Tonight was bound to be a sleepless night!

The morning sunlight began to pierce through the pitch darkness of the late night, but the members of the Mars Prefecture Legion had already stood up with their weapons held firmly in their hands. They would continue to battle, though they knew crystal clear it would be, once again, a fruitless one!

.....

"Hey, guys, we better stop here!"

Qinghan and the other three were still running, as sweat had long ago soaked their clothing. However, this afternoon, Shiqi, who was on the duty of patrolling, suddenly turned around and exclaimed with a panicked expression.

Shiqi waved hysterically to the other three, as he yelled his lungs out. Judging from his gestures, it seemed that there was something dangerous up ahead!

“Errr?”

The three in the rear abruptly stopped upon the calling of Shiqi. Although Shiqi had behaved quite frivolously in normal days, he would never play a hoax on big things. Thus, Qinghan, as well as Shisan and Qingwu, all sensed that something ominous might happen in the next moment. In order to know all the details, they spurted in front of Shiqi, wishing to hear more about it.

“10 kilometers up ahead, there... there emerged a group of barbarians! In my estimation, there could be... one to two thousand of them in total!” Shiqi explained in between his breaths. He looked so frightened.

“Ahhh!”

“What?”

“Are we under siege again?”

The three of them looked at one another with wide open eyes. But on second thought, they regained their sense of reason, and predicted that these barbarians weren’t coming for them. Because they were only with four, why would their enemy bother sending out thousands of barbarians to tackle just the four of them? Also, both Shiqi and Shisan were Prince-Realm cultivators; they were able to handle thousands of normal barbarians, even if they were double their size.

“Have you investigated the left and right side of the surroundings? Did you discover any other demons or barbarians?” Shisan had regained his composed manner after the initial shock, and asked Shiqi closely.

“Errr! No, I have only patrolled the front side, and ran away immediately following the discovery of the barbarians. I didn’t have time to multitask in such

a short period of time. You know, I have to report to you first.” Stroking his hair embarrassingly, Shiqi replied.

“Go and investigate to the right and left of us. You only have twenty minutes to finish this task!” With some light in Shisan’s eyes, he ordered Shiqi straightforwardly.

“What?” In confusion, Shiqi murmured. However, after looking at the solemn expression on Shisan’s face, he immediately ran away and disappeared in the distance.

After that, Shisan didn’t show any anxiety, but asked Qinghan to sit down and cultivate. Leisurely, he roamed around the vicinity, seemingly appreciating the beautiful scenery.

“Shall we run away?” Shocked by Shisan’s response, Qingwu raised her concern and asked.

“No. I don’t think there will be anything bad happening to us. Take a rest, Qingwu. We’ll be reassured once Shiqi comes back!” With a gentle smile, Shisan spoke to Qingwu in a heroic tone.

“The other three sides are all clear!” Ten minutes later, Shiqi brought back the good news, which met Shisan’s expectations.

“Oh, that’s great! Have you learned the possible direction of the barbarian troop? In what direction are they charging?” Shisan nodded his head, and added.

It took Shiqi a full moment before he could speak up, as he frowned his eyebrows, “Errr... Sorry, I didn’t take much heed about that. You know, there are simply too many of them... I’m afraid to get too close and be spotted. Let’s think... They’re walking far in front of us, and a bit to the left. Ah! Right! There are two Barbarian Emperors leading that way!”

“Left side? Ahh! They are going to the mingled battlefield! But... what for?” Murmuring in a low voice to himself, Shisan plunged into deep meditation. A long while later, he raised his head up, and said mysteriously, “Hmmm, I guess something big is around the corner, otherwise the Barbarian Prefecture wouldn’t gather such a large legion. Shiqi, you’ll work harder to follow up on

their latest situation. Oh, do be careful, we'll follow closely behind you. Let's see what they are up to!"

"Alright!" With a firm nod, Shiqi disappeared once again

Chapter 125 – Wing Bird Demon

“Young lord Qinghan, how long will it take to cultivate?” Shisan turned to Qinghan immediately after Shiqi had left.

“Tomorrow!” In response, Qinghan opened his eyes, as he pondered on this question, before he gave an accurate answer. Since the bursting energy inside his chest had been abated these days, he was confident that he could absorb it all by tomorrow. Much to Qinghan’s thrill, his Dantian and Dantian’s acupoint had almost aligned with each other, and he was pretty sure that he would succeed at perfectly aligning them tonight, thus making another breakthrough – into the Realm of the Marshal! Not saying anything else, Qinghan quickly closed his eyes, and continued to cultivate.

“Oh, good. Let’s have a rest here. In an hour, we’ll chase after those barbarians, and see what they’re up to!” Shisan also only said a few words, before he continued to patrol the surroundings.

An hour had passed by. Qinghan and his group continued their journey, as they followed closely behind those barbarians. Luckily, the energy was finally under Qinghan’s control, for he didn’t have to continue to run like a lunatic to stabilize it. Instead, he just needed to slowly circulate his Battle Qi, to push the remaining energy into his Dantian. As Qinghan charged forward, he began to wonder what the possible scheme of the barbarians was.

.....

Sainan knew where these barbarians were going, and what for. The scouts of the Hua Family had already reported to her, that two legions of reinforcements were marching towards the Breaking Blade Summit. Apart from the barbarians, who were coming from the west, there was also a demonic legion coming from the east, the number of which had reached almost 2,500. It was estimated, that within two days, these reinforcements would get themselves involved in the ongoing battle here at the Breaking Blade Summit!

As for the Mars Prefecture legion, their time was limited; and they had to

retreat before the reinforcements would flood them from all directions. They had to run away all the way to their temporary camp, the place which was reckoned as the most secure spot for the humans. If they strayed off their path and went into another part of Ghost Island, all the elites from the Mars Prefecture would be chased by the alliance of demons and barbarians like drowned mice, until the end of the Prefecture War!

At this moment, waves of Mars Prefecture elites were forced to go down the mountain path. Seeing this disappointing scene, Sainan let out a deep sigh, and shook her head. The heroine spirit in her face had already been replaced by indifference and disillusion.

“Sister Sainan, what shall we do? By tomorrow evening, if we don’t take control of this mountain, we have to leave. Otherwise, once the enemies’ reinforcements arrive, we’re doomed!” Like Sainan, Qingcheng’s pretty face was plastered with melancholy and anxiety. But, she had some bigger concerns haunting her mind – the whereabouts of Qinghan. Despite all the sadness, she still believed that Qinghan would be well protected by Shisan and Shiqi. She just couldn’t get rid of this solicitous feeling for Qinghan.

Also, after experiencing a series of defeats, Qingcheng felt the future up ahead for the Mars Prefecture Legion was rather bleak. Individually, however, Qingcheng was double-secured, by the protection of Yue Xian’gu, a Prince-Realm cultivator, and the special life-saving treasure bestowed upon her by the leader of the Yue Family. Yet, even if she could survive through this messy battle, what about the hundreds of elites she had brought with her? They would be placed in great risk if the Mars Prefecture failed as a whole.

Girls were girls, they would miss their beloved ones especially in times of danger, no matter how capable the girl was. Qingcheng was no exception. She was desperate to throw herself into the arms of her man, right now! She needed a pair of strong shoulders upon which she could weep wildly. The man she most wished to see was undoubtedly Qinghan, because she had already fallen in love with this young teenager. No matter what happened to them, she hoped that Qinghan would be around her... Even if they had to escape or wander into the deepest parts of Ghost Island...

“We have no turning back. Tomorrow, we will fight to win or die! Anyway, let

the heaven decide in the end...” As the commander-in-chief, Sainan was responsible for each and every member of the legion. The atrocious battle of the previous days had left 1,000 or so people dead, and hundreds severely wounded. Now, the number of remnant force had decreased to roughly one thousand. If they could annihilate all the advanced demons and barbarians, in Sainan’s prediction, they could still find a silver lining in this battle.

Nevertheless, what Sainan didn’t know was, that on the top of Breaking Blade Summit, there existed dozens of teleportation posts, with which the leaders, as well as the advanced demons and barbarians could easily escape.

Indeed, during these days, the demons and barbarians had lost half of their original population. Yet, Yao Kaka and Man’gan had refused to use any of the teleportation posts to flee; their passion for this battle wasn’t at all abated by the sacrifice of their members. Instead, they grew more and more vigorous as the battle dragged on.

For such an idealized battlefield, at least geographically, Yao Kaka and Man’gan wouldn’t give up so easily. They’d calculated that in every 1,000 members they had lost, the human side would sacrifice 1,500! What a cost-efficient deal! Now that the Mars Prefecture Legion had lost many of its members, Yao Kaka and Man’gan were thrilled, and wished to annihilate them all on this summit! In that way, they could save the time and energy to chase after them later on.

- Swoosh! Swoosh! -

At this very moment, the air from behind the top of the Breaking Blade Summit vibrated, leaving the barbarians and demons shrieked in panic.

“Shut up! Hush... Look at who is standing in front of you, before you let out that stupid shout. If your voice grabs the attention of the Mars Prefecture Legion, I’ll swallow you all in my stomach!” Yao Kaka gave out a sigh of relief, before he scolded his underlings. While at the same time, when he turned to the approaching figure, his face broke into a big smile.

“Your Majesty, I apologize for my lateness! Please forgive me!” At lightning speed, the black figure threw himself on the ground with one leg kneeled down in front of his master. The rest of the demons and barbarians stared at him in

sheer surprise.

“Errr! What kind of demon is this?” Looking up and down at the black creature on the ground, Man’gan exclaimed inquisitively. The demon in front of Yao Kaka was such a weird-looking living thing, with long hair all over his swarthy body, and a pair of giant wings on his back.

A second later, Man’gan patted his brain, as if he had bumped into a ghost, “Oh, Heaven! Is it a Wing Bird Demon? But... I’ve heard that these kind of demons went extinct thousands of years ago! How could this even be possible!”

“Haha!” With a delighted smile, Yao Kaka shot a mysterious glance at Man’gan. Later, he nodded his head to this so called Wing Bird Demon, and said, “Yi Fei, you were supposed to arrive here two days earlier. I suppose, that you’ve already arranged everything, haven’t you?”

“Quack! Quack! Your Majesty, everything is done. The Mars Prefecture Legion will forever stay in this mountain.” The smile of the Wing Bird Demon was ghastly creepy, as he revealed a ferocious, hairy face when he raised his head up.

Hearing this, Yao Kaka laughed out indulgently, and his golden hair shivered, as his shoulders fluctuated up and down in the process. The voice of his laughter turned more and more wild and ferocious, giving full play to his animal-like disposition.

“Haha, good job! You deserve ample rewards! This time, I’ll let the humans die without a burial place!”

Chapter 126 – A Storm is Brewing!

“Ahh! Young lord Yao Kaka, do you have a new plan?” Man’gan was so confused, that he couldn’t help but inquire the details, as he rolled his fist-sized eyes.

“Errr... young lord Man’gan, everything will be unraveled after tomorrow. Please rest assured, I won’t launch an attack against your prefecture. You know, if I successfully annihilate the human legion, I will certainly be the biggest contributor to the prosperity of my race! I’m satisfied with that achievement alone; I don’t need to bother myself with messing up our newfound friendship. Let’s put aside all the differences and hatred the two of our prefectures have. At least while we’re on Ghost Island, my demons and your barbarians are good friends!” In order to clear Man’gan’s suspicions, Yao Kaka vouched that he wouldn’t do any harm to the barbarians in this Prefecture War. He had to do so, otherwise, all of his previous efforts would be wasted.

“Young lord Man’gan, I heard your reinforcements are all on their way. Have you appointed anyone as their team leader? If not, I recommend my Wing Bird Demon, to take this position. Yeah, it’s true, he looks small in size, but he’s a great leader!” Relieved by Man’gan’s approving nod, Yao Kaka added.

“Alright, Man Shan, go with this demonic brother, and take my token with you. The barbarians will obey any of your orders by showing them this token. I require you to go right away, and as fast as possible! Once you get there, you must immediately launch an unending wave of attacks against the humans. This time, the Mars Prefecture Legion will have no way to escape!” Man’gan singled out one of the Barbarian Emperors, and gave him a golden plate.

Yi Fei, the Wing Bird Demon, bowed to his master Yao Kaka, before brandishing his wings in the air. After taking Man Shan in his arms, Yi Fei soon disappeared into the darkness of the night...

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As Night fell, Qinghan didn’t have any intention to sleep. Not only Qinghan, but the others also stayed awake.

On a branch of a big tree, Qinghan hunkered down to cultivate. While, at the same time, the other three surrounded the tree, to ensure their young lord's safety. The barbarian legion up ahead had set up a camp in the near distance, so they too, chose a secluded place 10 kilometers away from the barbarians to rest. After a simple dinner, Qinghan unexpectedly told the others that he would step into the Realm of the Marshal tonight, and asked them to take extreme caution of the surroundings, for he couldn't afford to be disturbed in the middle of this vital stage of cultivation.

Despite the surprise and confusion, the three of them immediately rechecked the environment in the vicinity, before they stood like guards, as they surrounded the big tree.

For normal cultivators, it would be an arduous process, in which one had to spend a lot of time and energy in order to accumulate a great amount of Battle Qi. Whereas, for Qinghan, with the help of the pure energy from the Dragon Crystal, he had almost skipped half of the time period required in the process. Right now, amazingly, he was on the verge of success!

In the Realm of the Commander, the cultivator had to clear all the jammed particles in each and every one of his meridians, and condense the Battle Qi in his Dantian, which provided the cultivator with a warehouse for the surplus Battle Qi. Thus, the circulation of Battle Qi would be more vigorous and fluent. At the beginning, however, the size of the Dantian was quite small and unstable. As one entered the Realm of the General, the Battle Qi would turn into the liquidation state, and the Dantian would become larger.

Until one reached the Realm of the Marshal, the circulation of Battle Qi would slowly become much more stabilized, and the size of the Dantian would be even bigger, to accommodate the increase in Battle Qi. Therefore, in this stage, the Battle Qi inside the cultivator would be more controllable, and its attack ability would also be intensified. After the Realm of the Marshal, the liquidized Battle Qi in the Dantian would be solidified, until it condensed a nucleus of Battle Qi. Once that was formed, the speed of the circulation of Battle Qi would be further expedited, and the offensive abilities would be optimized as well.

From gas state, to liquidized state, and eventually to the solidified state! In different states, both the quality and quantity of Battle Qi differed, because each new realm would surpass the former by hundreds of times, in terms of attacking power! That was why high-ranked cultivators were able to deal with comparatively lower-ranked ones almost effortlessly.

Tonight, in the upsurge of energy derived from the Dragon Crystal, Qinghan had successfully liquidized all of his Battle Qi and stored it all within his Dantian. Now, he was only one step away from becoming a real Marshal-Realm cultivator – he just needed to maneuver the Dantian, to place it in an accurate lineal line with his Dantian’s acupoint.

However! This was a vital step requiring fine workmanship and meticulous care. Like other cultivators, Qinghan had to poke through the surface of his Dantian, and force the two parts to come closer together under the nourishment of Battle Qi. It wasn’t only complicated, but also dangerous! Qinghan had to control the force with which he poked his Dantian; otherwise, if anything inappropriate was done, the Battle Qi would probably burst out and ruin his Dantian, and eventually his meridians would also be destroyed, together with his body!

For the sake of safety, every cultivator would do the same – choose a quiet, and absolutely safe place to carry out the special process that could be marked as a milestone in one’s cultivation. Yet, Qinghan wasn’t that lucky, for he was on Ghost Island, thus there was no place that was one hundred percent safe and secure. Fortunately, he had Shiqi, Shisan, and Qingwu! They were in full vigilance, ready to face any emergency.

“Shisan, is our young lord refining the Dragon Crystal? But didn’t Little Black say he needed one to two years to finish the refinement. How is our master this fast? It’s terrifying... He’s only sixteen years old! Can you image, a 16-year-old Marshal-Realm cultivator! Haha, when the old folks back at the Ye Castle are informed of this news, they’ll be so startled that their teeth might fall out!” Shiqi’s glance travelled from the surroundings to the Battle-Qi wrapped Qinghan, and spoke about Qinghan in an appreciative tone, when he tossed his head to Shisan.

Similarly, Shisan’s eyes were filled with respect and appreciation for Qinghan.

He didn't stop observing his surroundings, while he responded to Shiqi, "As far as I know, it's recorded that the refinement of the Dragon Crystal requires at least one to two years. I share your confusion as well. I'm afraid, that only our young lord Qinghan can give you a proper explanation. Hmm, a 16-year-old Marshal-Realm cultivator... wow, he should be the number one genius in the Mars Prefecture, the kind of genius that only emerges in an interval of hundreds of years! If we can survive this Prefecture War in the end, the Immortal Ranking List will be renewed. Based on young lord Qinghan's current cultivation capability, as well as his young age, he deserves to be the number one on the list!"

The Immortal Ranking List was solely made for the up-and-coming youngsters in the cultivation world. Only those below the age of thirty would be listed. Actually, it had a rather comprehensive criterion to determine one's place on the rankings; both their age and cultivation level were taken into consideration. In simpler terms, the potential of a young cultivator was the determinant factor for their ranking. Taking Qingkuang for an example, he was a 25 year old genius, who was in the third level of the Realm of the General, but when integrated with his seventh-grade battle beast, he could reach the first level of the Realm of the Marshal. With all his achievements, he was only listed at the tenth spot. Qingwu was another example, a female cultivator in the first level of the Realm of the Marshal, could obtain the third level of the Realm of the Marshal once integrated with her seventh-grade Snow Wolf. She was sixth on this list. Sainan, 28, at the peak level of the Realm of the Prince, was only one step away from the Realm of the Emperor, and she was on top!

Chapter 127 – Breaking into the Realm of the Marshal

Of course, the results of the Immortal Ranking List weren't always comprehensive and accurate. Like Shiqi and Shisan, as per the criteria, they were both qualified to be in the top ten; yet their secret identity, as death warriors of the Ye Family, deterred them from becoming one of the candidates for this list. Likewise, the secretly-trained cultivators of other families would also share the same destiny with Shisan and Shiqi. No matter how advanced their cultivation was, they simply didn't get the chance to reveal their true ability, and compete with the lineal descendants of their respective family. However, once Qinghan's age and cultivation level was revealed, he would undoubtedly replace the top one on the list. A 16-year-old Marshal-Realm cultivator, together with his heaven-defying integration technique, he deserved to be placed on the top. At that time, Sainan would willingly admit Qinghan's ability and hand her first spot on the list over to him.

Looking at the serious young man, who was so submerged in cultivation, Qingwu was caught by a series of complicated feelings, which she couldn't tell to anyone, but she seemed to be quite enjoying it. Driven by the instinct of a girl, Qingwu felt she was unexplainably delighted by just staring at Qinghan. Her admiration for Qinghan kept growing as the days passed by.

The first time Qingwu had encountered Qinghan, was at the School for Battle Beasts. At that time, Qinghan had looked so immaturely shy, and was bullied by the other young lords from the family. Although Qinghan had long been labeled as a piece of garbage, Qingwu had regarded him with special respect, because of Qinghan's father, Ye Dao. She could still remember Qinghan's grateful smile, after she had helped him out of that awkward situation.

Qingwu had been greatly surprised, when they had met each other the second time. The shy teenager had disappeared, and was replaced by an unyielding young man, who boldly killed several key descendants of the family and even ruined Qingkuang's cultivation. In the end, Qinghan had even ended the life of Ye Ron, a respected elder of the family, by utilizing the power derived from his sister's Soul Sacrifice technique, leaving the other elders profoundly shocked.

At that time, Qingwu had begun to harbor some special feelings for Qinghan,

for she was obsessed with his obstinate and wildly arrogant eyes. Or it could be the romantic commitment Qinghan had made to his sister, that touched Qingwu so much. Either way, ever since that incident, Qingwu had secretly kept an eye on this frustrated teenager.

Therefore, Qingwu was determined to follow Qinghan and thus joined the Prefecture War. But what happened after they had left the Ye Castle had taken her aback many times. She didn't know that Qinghan's cultivation would improve so quickly, but this only made her happier. While on the other hand, she had never expected for Qinghan to bring in another girl – the holy virgin of the Yue Family! The most unacceptable part was, that it was Qingcheng that had completely fallen for Qinghan, rather than vice versa. Occasionally, she would be struck with a feeling as if her most precious treasure was being stolen by others... These thoughts made her feel extremely jealous from time to time.

As for Ye Qingyu, Qinghan's adopted sister, Qingwu didn't bear any envy or hatred towards her, instead she admired her devoted love for Qinghan. It was Qingcheng, who she considered to be a late-comer, who had disrupted her romantic development with Qinghan. What displeased her the most was that Qingcheng had suddenly turned out to be Qinghan's fiancée! At the same time, she was only an elder sister for Qinghan, with no title, and no straightforward confession of love.

However, right now, neither Qingyu nor Qingcheng were here; she felt like she had to seize this opportunity to take the first step in their ambiguous relationship. However, much to her disappointment, Qinghan had been solely focussing on cultivating, as he had no time to do anything else!

Most importantly, at this critical moment, Qinghan was about to break into the Realm of the Marshal. If he integrated with his battle beast, he would well surpass Qingwu's cultivation level, and be as powerful as those in the peak level of the Realm of the Marshal, or probably even as strong as those in the first level of the Realm of the Prince. By that time, Qingwu would obviously lose her advantage – Contrary to Qinghan, she was entitled as the number one genius in cultivation back in the Ye Family.

Within one year, this garbage-like seventh young lord, whom she had protected once, turned out to most likely snatch the “most promising genius”

title away from her.

The previous glory in Qingwu's cultivation now seemed to be nothing more than a bad joke. However, despite being overshadowed by Qinghan, whenever she looked at his matured face, she would still feel thrilled. This man was destined to be hers, and she would bare no grudge over her beloved man's prominent achievements in cultivation. Instead, Qinghan's excellence only served as a proof that she was a woman of vision, in terms of choosing her Mr. Right.

Absorbed in cultivation, Qinghan was ignorant of the stares from Qingwu, a super beauty that even touched the string of Tu Qianjun's heart. Neither did he know that this young lady was deeply in love with him.

The only thing that occupied Qinghan's mind, was his upcoming breakthrough! Soon, he would enter into the Realm of the Marshal, and be empowered with a great ability in cultivation. Normally, the process of aligning the Dantian and its relevant acupoint was a meticulous job, which would take a cultivator a whole night to achieve. Yet, Qinghan managed to do this within a mere ten minutes! One had to remember though, that this was only possible due to his bronze ring.

On his left hand, there were actually two rings, one was the bronze one with the character "soul" sculpted in it; the other one was the yellowish ring, with the character "war" on it, and the numbers showing the credits he had gained so far.

He had received the yellow ring back in Dragon City, which was known as a special badge. Since the moment Qinghan had put this ring on, it couldn't be taken off, unless his finger was cut off. The only place that could dispel this witchcraft was Immortal City, where they would go to exchange their credits in the final stage of this Prefecture War.

Owing to the painstaking efforts made by the super elite team, as well as Little Black's contribution in the process, the total amount of credits now well exceeded 5,000, and was only slightly less than 6,000!

The other ring, a magic saint-level item, was first obtained by Qinghan's father in the Luo Shen Mountain. This ring had helped Qinghan greatly in his cultivation. Although, at the very beginning, Qinghan had doubted the

authenticity of this ring, and had even mocked it as a counterfeit. It was back in the Wild Mountain Range, when Qinghan was on the verge of death and this ring had saved his life, that he had started to believe in its magic. Thanks to the self-healing function of this ring, Qinghan had successfully cleared his heavily-stuffed meridians.

Because of this marvelous ring, Qinghan had dropped all his concerns over the explosion of his Dantian, if he didn't control the force appropriately. Directly, he poked through the surface of his Dantian, and within a second, a familiar, warm smoke arose from his left hand and penetrated into his body. It didn't take Qinghan much time to accomplish the alignment.

Amazingly, the turbulent Battle Qi in his Dantian hadn't only brought some positive changes to his body, but also to his soul. Now, Qinghan felt that he was mentally and physically relaxed, as well as empowered with an unprecedented ability! With a peaceful smile, Qinghan slowly opened his eyelids.

"Errr!"

"Did he succeed?"

"So fast!"

Shisan, Shiqi and Qingwu were all left dumbfounded, once they noticed the ongoing changes in Qinghan's body.

"It's fucking incredible!" Shiqi murmured to himself, while wriggling his dehydrated lips.

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"Congratulation, young lord! You are the number one on the Immortal Ranking List, no doubt about that!"

"Young lord Qinghan, I'm afraid that you'll outstrip me sooner rather than later!"

"Little Qinghan, you're such a pervert in cultivation! Now the title of the most promising genius in the Ye Family is definitely yours!"

Chapter 128 – One Last Shot

The three of them laughed and chatted for some time, as they were excitedly discussing Qinghan's new breakthrough. The Realm of the Marshal was considered to be a watershed for all cultivators, and many cultivators would forever linger in the Realm of the General, failing to move that single step forward. What a great achievement for a young man, who wasn't even seventeen years old! Aside from Qingyu, Qinghan's beloved sister, in the Ye Castle, these three people here were the most intimate friends he had, and they believed that one day they would share some of the privileges and glory of this aspiring young man.

"Haha, thanks my friends! If it wasn't for your vigilant protection, I wouldn't have been able to finish this last stage so quickly!" With a big smile on his face, Qinghan spoke up.

"Errr... Young lord Qinghan, I'm rather confused..." After a minute of silence, Shisan voiced the shared doubt of the three of them, "have you been refining the Dragon Crystal all these days? I mean, the speed of your cultivation was so mind boggling!"

"Dragon Crystal?" Qinghan's smile froze, as he frowned over Shisan's question. A moment later, after some meditation, he nodded his head, and replied, "I suppose it is the Dragon Crystal!"

"Doesn't the Dragon Crystal require one to two years to be fully refined? How come you did this in just a couple of days?" Shisan inquired closely.

Being choked by Shisan's question, Qinghan scratched his head awkwardly, "I really don't have a clue either. You know, it's my first time to encounter such a treasure. Oh, it's Little Black who is truly refining the essence of it, and I just luckily obtained some of the energy that spilled out of the summoning space."

"Oh..." Shisan and Shiqi exchanged a surprised look with each other, before Shisan continued, "Little Black? How strong is Little Black now? Since you just reached the Realm of the Marshal, I assume Little Black must also have improved. It's unimaginable how mighty you'll be once you and your beast integrate."

“I understand your curiosity, but I really don’t know! Little Black is still sleeping in my chest. I suppose that he is refining the Dragon Crystal and consolidating his current stage. I bet that we still need to wait at least another day, before he’ll wake up.” Qinghan lifted his head, and added, “As for how powerful we’ll be once integrated... Hmmm, that’s an awesome question. In my opinion, it won’t be a problem for me to kill a cultivator in the first level of the Realm of the Prince by then!”

“Wow!”

Once again, the three of them widened their eyes in sheer astonishment.

“What a perverted cultivator!”

“Ohh, Little Qinghan, you have already exceeded me in cultivation. Now it is me that needs your protection!” Qingwu jokingly spoke to Qinghan, while pouting intentionally.

“Errr!” At first, Qinghan was shocked by Qingwu’s abnormal expression. But, when he realized that he was now much more capable than Qingwu, the so called number one genius of the Ye Family, he scratched his head in embarrassment, “Miss Qingwu, please rest assured... I’ll protect you as long as I’m alive!”

“In your lifetime?” Hearing such a heart-warming promise, Qingwu’s face turned red, and her two eyes became two slits, as she showed a heartfelt smile, “Remember this promise, and don’t ever dare to go back on your words in the future...”

A 16-year old, who had the ability to bring down a cultivator in the first level of the Realm of the Prince? Anyone with common sense would regard this as wild talk, but not Qingwu. The holy-grade battle beast was already a plus for Qinghan’s cultivation, and now that he was blessed with yet another breakthrough, he would be even mightier. As for whether Qinghan’s power would be equivalent or even surpass the Realm of the Prince, the answer lied in Little Black. Once he woke up, he might bring with him a package full of surprises.

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“Slaughter!”

Another foggy morning, on Breaking Blade Summit, a new wave of attacks had just commenced.

Today, Sainan had reminded all her team members that this would be their final attack on this mountain. Now, since the enemy’s reinforcements were rapidly approaching in massive numbers, they couldn’t afford any more delay, otherwise, they would be chased endlessly by the demons and barbarians! Today was their last shot!

“Rush! Rush!”

Waves of elites flooded onto the mountain, but they were only followed by countless wounded members being carried downhill, and a great number of corpses being thrown off the summit. The blood once again cascaded along the winding path, as it soaked the soil, and finally dyed the grass and flowers...

“All Prince-Realm cultivators, listen up! This afternoon, please follow me to the summit!” Sainan moved her head away, as she was avoiding the scenes of misery, and hunkered down on the ground. She planned to gather all the advanced cultivators and try a final offensive to break the tight defense of the enemy.

“Alright!”

With a unanimous echo, all the Prince-Realm cultivators conserved their strength and stored up their energy, as they were determined to perform their last attack.

Right now, Feng Zi, Hua Cao and Qingcheng were giving orders to their respective members, leading group after group to dash towards the demons and barbarians. If the number of dead and wounded members had reached a certain extent, another group would come forth and replace them...

The narrow path on Breaking Blade Summit had now turned into a meat-grinding machine. During these appalling battles, the number of corpses had reached nearly 3,000, with all three prefecture combined. The path was, of course, a place of great strategic importance. Whoever occupied the entrance of

this path would have the last laugh.

The demons and barbarians held this strategic spot, barring the Mars Prefecture Legion from coming in any further. They had to wait for the arrival of their reinforcements, and root out the Mars Prefecture Legion once and for all. While, on the human side, they were trying to steal the occupation of this very spot from the demons and barbarians and kill them all, before the reinforcements arrived.

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The sun hung in the west, and kept dropping as time went by. Yet the blood on the Breaking Blade Summit kept streaming down the mountainous path. The formation of barbarians and demons had remained as unbreakable as the yellow armor, that was covering each of the Barbarian Emperors.

All of a sudden, Sainan abruptly opened her eyes, and stood up. When she raised her chin imposingly, a cold murderous intent surfaced in her eyes. Meanwhile, influenced by Sainan's aspiring willingness to slaughter, dozens of Prince-Realm cultivators all got to their feet and followed her. With the same indifferent, and ruthless expression, they glared at the top of the mountain, and released their Battle Qi. The atmosphere was so uncannily depressing, that one would feel as if the air had stopped floating.

- Clunk! -

Slowly, but resolutely, Sainan pulled out her Dragon Singing Sword, and swept her eyes at the followers behind her. Since all the Prince-Realm cultivators were all fully prepared, she brandished her sword up in the air, and yelled at the top of her lungs, "Slaughter!"

"Slaughter!"

Without any more words, the Prince-Realm cultivators followed closely behind Sainan, as they charged towards the battlefield.

Seeing Sainan and the advanced cultivators launching the final battle, Feng Zi and the other young elites also joined this team, as they trampled along the sticky, blood-stained path.

"Fellow demons and barbarians, steady yourselves and prepare for this final

assault! As long as you survive this battle, the victory shall be ours!” Standing on top of the mountain, Yao Kaka urged his members, as he had seen Sainan leading a group of her members launching their last, but most fierce attack. Hurriedly, Yao Kaka rearranged their formation, and took out a special token. It wasn’t until Sainan’s team had almost reached them, that he crumbed this token into powder...

Chapter 129 – Bloody War

“Young lord Yao Kaka, are you sure we can succeed?” With extremely anxious eyes, Man’gan turned to Yao Kaka, after having looked at the chaos stirred up by Sainan’s team. He knew all too well about the true ability of his barbarians. Despite the shining armors wrapped around each Barbarian Emperor, they couldn’t sustain any longer. The almost over twenty-years accumulated Barbarian Force was almost completely consumed in the previous series of attacks launched by the Mars Prefecture Legion. If Yao Kaka’s plan failed, all the barbarians would be placed at great risk, or even annihilated in this battle.

“Relax, buddy. In half an hour, you’ll know!” Yao Kaka replied with a ghastly evil smile, as his golden hair once again swung in the sunset light, fully revealing his demonic temperament.

Being reassured, Man’gan felt his bald head with his hand, and immediately focused his attention on the fierce battlefield

At the entrance of the top, only approximately ten people were allowed to stand together. The rest of the Prince-Realm cultivators were left behind, however, they had already released their Battle Qi, as they were ready to join the fight at any time. The cultivators in the frontline had to be excelling at multi-tasking, if they wished to survive. Their main task was to attack the Barbarian Emperors; while at the same time, they had to avoid the sneak attacks launched by the demons. This was obviously an arduous fight.

But they all knew, this was their last chance. All these days, numerous elites from the Mars Prefecture had lost their lives, paving their way to today’s final attack. Also, under the series of attacks, they believed that the Barbarian Emperors had to be on the verge of collapse. They had to, therefore, seize this golden opportunity and give the barbarians the last blow.

Without any reservations, the Prince-Realm cultivators in the front were gushing out their Battle Qi, before they shot it towards the Barbarian Emperors.

- Rumble! Rumble! -

The explosive sounds, made by the collision of Battle Qi and Barbarian Force, rang out in everyone’s ears. Almost every second, such an earsplitting noise

would erupt. The colorful Battle Qi, released by the Mars Prefecture cultivators, the fancy demonic techniques, as well as the seemingly never-fading-away yellow halos around the Barbarians, blended into each other as the battle went on. Looking up from the foot of the mountain, it was as if countless fireworks were bursting into blossom on the top.

“Now let’s all attack the third Barbarian Emperor on the left side!” With a swift turn, Sainan escaped a Barbarian Emperor’s blow, before she yelled out her order.

At the same time, with a firm push, her Dragon Singing Sword stabbed out directly towards the third Barbarians Emperor on the left.

“Yaaa!”

The Prince-Realm cultivators immediately followed Sainan’s instruction, as they directed their Battle Qi towards this barbarian.

- Bang! Bang! Bang! -

Under a dozen of attacks, the targeted Barbarian Emperor was now enveloped by large amounts of colorful Battle Qi. An instant later, there came a ground-breaking boom, followed by the diminishing of the Battle Qi as well as the yellowish armor surrounding this barbarian. Finally, his Barbarian Force was worn off!

“Slaughter!”

Almost in a second, the two Prince-Realm cultivators, who stood near this Barbarian Emperor, stretched out their light-flickering long swords, and ruthlessly chopped down onto this barbarian!

- Boom! –

Following the collapse of this Barbarian Emperor, several demons were also thrown away by the mighty force of the explosion. The leather armor on this barbarian was cracked into pieces, revealing two deep wounds that revealed the bones inside the flesh, which was a shocking sight.

“Slaughter!!!”

Encouraged by the death of one Barbarian Emperor, each and every member

of the Mars Prefecture Legion shouted triumphantly. The continuous attacks, which had already sacrificed thousands of lives, had finally turned fruitful – an opening was made in the enemies' tight defensive formation!

Cheerfully, several Prince-Realm cultivators immediately broke into the defensive formation, and tore the opening even wider by slaughtering more enemies.

“Good job!”

Excitedly, Feng Zi waved his fist in the air. It was definitely a heart-stirring moment for the Mars Prefecture Legion! This was the first time that they had succeeded in tearing open the defensive formation of the barbarians. Once all the Barbarian Emperors had collapsed, all the Mars Prefecture members could swoop into the broken circle, and annihilate them all. By that time, it would be doomsday for all demons and barbarians!

“Errr! Whether we can succeed or not lies in this moment!” Hua Cao clenched his sweating fists, and his beautiful face turned somewhat disfigured due to his hyper-nervousness.

As for Qingcheng, she didn't let out any sound, but rolled her intelligent eyes up and down the mountain. Her curving body was indeed shivering, which she didn't even notice.

“Ahhh!!”

At an even faster speed, Sainan lifted her Dragon Singing Sword, and dashed towards that opening in the barbarians' defensive formation. The pain of her bleeding back was simply drowned in her grand ambition for success. She knew, that it was their only chance in this battle, or perhaps in the entire Prefecture War. Even if she was stabbed by one Demonic Emperor, she had to march forward and make the opening wide enough for more of her fellow cultivators to come in. As for the low-ranked barbarians and demons, she could slaughter them within seconds. No matter what happened to herself, she was determined to build the stepping stone for the Mars Prefecture Legion's cultivators that had yet to come.

“Slaughter!”

Under Sainan's valiant leadership, the defensive formation of the enemy was almost completely broken. All the Prince-Realm cultivators ran into the battlefield, followed by the others in the rear. The balance of success had now slightly skewed to the side of the human race!

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"Young lord Yao Kaka, have our reinforcement arrived yet? We'll be doomed if they don't come in time!" Seeing more and more humans breaking into the defensive formation, Man'gan turned to Yao Kaka for his advice. Because he knew, once the formation had collapsed, the result would be too unbearable to contemplate.

"Take it easy!" With a surly face, Yao Kaka tried to comfort Man'gan, although he was as anxious as the latter. He didn't expect that the Mars Prefecture Legion would break through their defense so quickly. A moment later, however, Yao Kaka abruptly burst into wild laughter, as he pointed to his right side to the sky, "Hahaha, they're coming! Doomsday belongs to the Mars Prefecture! Let's annihilate them all together!"

"Ohh!" Man'gan followed Yao Kaka's finger, and roared, "Perfect! My barbarians, just follow me and slaughter!"

"Grrr!!"

With a rumbling howl, all the barbarians and demons wielded their fists and weapons, as they crazily ran towards the humans.

Chapter 130 – Doomsday for the Mars Prefecture

“Grrr! Grrr!”

As if they had taken in some stimulant, the demons and barbarians howled in great excitement, after seeing their reinforcements. A moment ago, they were almost forced to retreat; yet now, their morale was rekindled, as they counterattacked the humans.

“Errr? What’s going on over there?” Not knowing what had happened over at the enemy side, the Mars Prefecture Legion was bewildered, after they had witnessed the sudden change that had happened among the demons and barbarians. Could they really reverse the situation with just their flaming passion?

“Oh, Heaven! What are those creatures?! Those creatures up there in the sky!”

Eventually, some members noticed something extremely weird in the sky, and thus screamed in panic. Like a big dark cloud, countless half-man, half-bird creatures were flying towards them! In total, there were actually hundreds of them! None of the elites of the Mars Prefecture Legion had ever seen such oddly-looking creatures, which left them momentarily stunned, as they widened their eyes both in shock and curiosity.

“Fuck! Haven’t the Wing Bird Demons gone extinct a long time ago? How come there are so many of them?”

The normal elites didn’t have access to the knowledge the human side had on the different demonic species, but certain young lords did have access to this knowledge. Sainan’s face instantly turned deathly pale the moment she saw these ugly demons.

As for the other young lords and ladies, like Feng Zi, Hua Cao and Qingcheng, they also immediately recognized this special species, based on their memory of their respective family records. It was said, indeed, that the Wing Bird Demon was neither good at defense nor attack. The performance of this species, was regarded by some as the worst among all demons, in terms of these two aspects. However, they did have their own unique, superb demonic technique –

teleportation!

Each Wing Bird Demon could serve as a teleportation post, allowing their counterparts to appear in front of them at any time. By using this incredible technique, groups of reinforcements were instantly being summoned to the top of Breaking Blade Summit. No one had dared to consider, that these already extinct species could reemerge in this world once again!

“Retreat! All of you, hurry up!” Seeing the hundreds of Wing Bird Demons landing on the mountain, Sainan had no choice but to retreat. She was crystal clear that there would be no turning back once the Wing Bird Demons had arrived. They were doomed, completely doomed! After giving out a powerless sigh, she ordered her team members to retreat as fast as their feet could carry them. By now, if she still stubbornly lingered on this battlefield, all members from the Mars Prefecture would find no chance of survival. They would be buried in this mountain forever. “Retreat to the foot of the mountain. Let’s break out of this encirclement!” Instantly following Sainan’s order, Feng Zi rallied the elites around him, and hurried down the mountain.

- Swoosh! -

The Wing Bird Demons on the summit of the mountain emanated golden beams around their bodies, as the light flicked, there would appear a demon or barbarian. In several minutes, more and more demons and barbarians had been teleported onto this battlefield. The size of Yao Kaka and Man’gan’s team rapidly picked up, they were now obviously outnumbering the human side. As most of the members of the Mars Prefecture Legion retreated, only Sainan and several Prince-Realm cultivators were left to fight against the demons and barbarians chasing from behind.

Seeing that their pursuing route was blocked by Sainan and the advanced cultivators, Yao Kaka didn’t show any frustration; instead, he was leisurely watching them on the side, and laughed out wildly.

“Long Sainan, spare your efforts, you’re all doomed! Haha, to tell you the truth, more Wing Bird Demons are yet to come. I and young lord Man’gan have, altogether, assembled approximately 10,000 members. Now, you’re tightly

besieged. You guys have no way to escape! I suggest that you surrender now, rather than to fight in vain!”

“Oooooo!!”

“Grrr!!”

The demons and barbarians howled like crazy, as though they were echoing with Yao Kaka’s overbearing laughter. Streaks of glaring golden beams lighted the dark night, as more and more demons and barbarians arrived at the mountaintop. Their howls rang out between heaven and earth, as their numbers continued to increase.

“We are finished!”

As the annoying howls reached their ears, Sainan, Feng Zi, and the other young lords all blanked out. They were terribly horrified by the scene in front of them, and were left not knowing what to do. With ghastly pale faces, they were unanimously in silence.

In the far-off distance, the setting sun was dropping down slowly, the light of which reflected a scarlet red glow onto Breaking Blade Summit.

.....

Qinghan still couldn’t get rid of the frightening feeling he had had, after he had seen those Wing Bird Demons last night.

Right now, he was hiding in a tall tree, looking through the thriving leaves. In front of him, there was a spacious grassland, on which hundreds of teleportation posts were shining with a bright golden light. Under the instruction of a barbarian leader, all the barbarians were marching towards these posts, and soon disappeared within their glaring light.

Honestly, the teleportation posts were no stranger to Qinghan, but the number of them was what had scared him. Oddly, these posts didn’t need the required rest period in between each activation, and could continuously perform their function. The barbarians lined up orderly, waiting to be teleported, one by one.

“These teleportation posts were set up by the Wing Bird Demons we saw yesterday! This is a one-way teleportation, and the distance they can teleport to is shorter than the normal ones!” As experienced cultivators, Shisan and Shiqi knew this kind of demon pretty well. While Qinghan acted like an illiterate young man in front of them. Even Qingwu could identify these demons, after a moment of shock.

“One-way teleportation? Ohh, so many barbarians are being teleported. There must be a conspiracy!” Shisan’s face turned surly, as he gradually figured out what might happen next. He exchanged an anxious glance with Shiqi, before he murmured out. Nearly two thousands barbarians had been teleported by the Wing Bird Demons, it seemed as if they were trying to accomplish an urgent task. In Shisan’s prediction, the demons and barbarians must have teamed up, and they were all fighting against the Mars Prefecture.

“Go, let’s skirt this grassland, and head north. Since the distance of their teleportation isn’t too far away, I believe, that we can catch up with them in half a day. We’ll see what kind of nasty scheme they have hatched!”

After weighing the pros and cons, Shisan decided to lead the others to the possible battlefield up ahead. Qinghan’s cultivation had been improved by leaps and bounds, and his power was now equivalent to those in the first level of the Realm of the Prince after integrating with his battle beast. As for Qingwu, once integrated, she could reach the peak level of the Realm of the Marshal. Collectively, their power was invincible; at least they would be able to escape effortlessly, once encircled by the demons and barbarians.

“Let’s go!”

The four of them jumped down from the tree, and quickly disappeared in the dense forest.

Chapter 131 – I Can Save Them!

“Oh, Heaven! What the fuck is going on over there? So many demons and barbarians... It looks like there are at least seven to eight thousand of them in total!”

With great caution, the four of them had charged forward in the forest for more than one hour. At sunset, they had finally arrived at the place where these demons and barbarians were being teleported to.

Looking from afar, the demons and barbarians were densely dotted in front of them, and their howls could be clearly heard. From within those illuminant golden lights, more and more demons and barbarians were emerging. To make sure that they wouldn't be spotted, Qinghan and the other three all climbed onto a big tree, as they secretly observed the situation.

In between the thick leaves, their eyes kept moving from one spot to another, as they were closely observing the demons and barbarians.

“Errr, it seems like they're heading towards that perpendicular cliff. Ohh, many demons and barbarians are already on the top of that mountain! Ahhh... Wait, look at the foot of the mountain, are they our people? Yeah, I see Sister Sainan, Feng Zi, Hua Cao, and Qingcheng!”

After sweeping her eyes randomly at the surroundings, Qingwu eventually looked at the foot of the mountain, and found the terrifying truth, which left her scared face paper white. The demons and barbarians did have a conspiracy, and a rather successful one! Together, they had cut off the route of the Mars Prefecture Legion from both sides.

“Ohh, you're right, Qingwu, they really are Sainan, Feng Zi, Hua Cao, and Qingcheng. Errr! I see many Ye Family descendants! What on earth happened to them? How can they be so dumb, as to be encircled by the demons and barbarians in this way?”

With an equally pale face, Shiqi screamed out, for he had discovered the Five Bloody Soldiers! These five people had followed Qinghan ever since the Summer Fire Festival, but due to their low cultivation – the third level of the Realm of the

General, they had been left behind in the temporary camp. Why would they leave the camp and take part in this battle? The answer could only be, that the entire human side had been summoned for this battle, and they were being besieged right now! The advanced cultivators of the four families were now desperately fighting with the enemies...

Silently, Qinghan narrowed his eyes, as he watched the familiar figures in the bloody battle: the muscle-ridden Feng Zi; the feminine-looking Hua Cao; the beautiful Qingcheng, who stood at the center like a blossoming peach flower; the aged, yet still charming Xian'gu; the toy-boy-like Hua Xin; the stupefied Feng Meng; the Five Bloody Soldiers, who had lined up in a group; the sorrowful Sainan; as well as Shuiliu, whose usual handsome face was now distorted in horror...

On their faces, Qinghan could see the flaming anger and indignation in each of their eyes. Among them, indeed, many had the possibility to escape, like Sainan, Feng Zi, Hua Cao, and Qingcheng. Under the cover of the Prince-Realm cultivators, they could run away with relatively little effort.

However... if they survived, the rest of the legion would definitely be buried in this mountain. They had to try their luck and help them out...

Eventually, Qinghan turned his eyes away from the miserable scene up ahead, and tossed his head towards Shisan, who he believed to be an experienced and resourceful cultivator in battle. However, he only found Shisan shaking his head, as a bitter expression was plastered on his face.

It wasn't that Shisan didn't want to save them, it was because... If he had the slightest chance, he would try and help, but...

Self-mockingly, Qinghan laughed, while his lips trembled in fury. During these months on Ghost Island, the four families, including hundreds of elites of the Ye Family, the Five Bloody Soldiers, as well as Feng Zi, Hua Cao, Sainan, and... Qingcheng, had been helping him in collecting credits at the risk of their own lives. In face of the compatriots up ahead of him, he had no reason to stand idle. However... did he have the ability to save them? Even if he forced the other three

beside him to plunge into the boundless crowd of demons and barbarians, they would definitely end up like a little drop in the vast ocean, as not even a spindrift could be stirred up...

“What shall I do?!”

Hua Cao’s beautiful face twisted in fear; Feng Zi’s tanned face turned even more swarthy and oily; Qingcheng’s peach flower beauty faded, as her eyebrows were tightly knitted together... Looking at all the changes on his comrades’ faces, Qinghan recalled the same feeling he had had back when he was in the Drunken-heart Garden, where his sister Qingyu had sacrificed her soul with closed eyes and white hair, while he didn’t know how to save her. Now, he was suffering the same kind of feeling, which made his heart ache as though it was burning up in flames.

“WHAT SHALL I DO?” Qinghan continuously asked himself this question, but failed to come up with an answer. The center of his palm became bruised due to his tight grip, and the veins on his forehead had all become visible, he now closely resembled a ferocious beast, ready to eat his prey.

“I’ve got an idea!”

At this critical moment, Qinghan heard a hushed voice coming from within his chest. He shivered with surprise, as if he was just struck by lightning.

“Little Black! Are you awake now? Tell me, what is your idea!” Immediately, Qinghan realized the sound was conveyed by his beloved battle beast.

“Save them? A piece of cake! Boss, if you can quickly master this technique, you’ll be able to annihilate them all...” The voice of Little Black was quite faint, but the proudness and excitement in it were nowhere to hide.

“What technique?” In great shock, Qinghan’s head was suddenly filled with an ocean of knowledge, which forced him to sit down and organize all of this information!

“Errr...What’s wrong with him?”

Likewise, the other three hunkered down and began to cultivate, although they were puzzled by Qinghan’s sudden action.

“You three, guard me, and prevent anyone from interrupting my cultivation! I can save all of them!” Quickly, Qinghan looked at the other three, before he closed his eyes and submerged himself in cultivation!

“He alone can save them all?”

Qinghan’s reply hit the other three like a bolt from the blue, as all of them were dumbfounded and left in silence...

.....

“Holy shit! What shall we do?”

Feng Zi, Hua Cao, and Qingcheng exclaimed as one. They were surrounded by numerous demons and barbarians. Sainan, and several Prince-Realm cultivators had tried three times to break out, but they had failed each time! There was no way to escape! Was today really the doomsday for all the members of the Mars Prefecture Legion?

Escape?

The young lords and ladies could, but not the other members, who had accompanied them throughout the Prefecture War. How could they desert them and escape alone?

Chapter 132 – Young Lord, Wait up!

Despite the desperate efforts of Sainan and the Prince-Realm cultivators, the other young lords couldn't move even a single step forward. As for Sainan, she was now deeply regretting her earlier decisions, as a feeling of guilt slowly crept over her. As the commander-in-chief, she considered herself to be accountable for this terrifying battle. Thousands of elites from the Mars Prefecture were now under siege! Escape? True, it was easy for her, but not for the rest of the members. Could she really abandon them all and run away? No! Impossible! At least, her qualms wouldn't allow her to do so. If she did, she would definitely live the rest of her life in misery, as her guilty conscience would endlessly haunt her. How could she ever grasp the Laws of Heaven and Earth, if her spirit had plunged into the abyss of depression? It wasn't only the morale liability that propelled her not to escape, but also her future of cultivation. Thus, she was determined to either escape collectively, or die together with the rest of her members!

"Let's unleash our Battle Qi towards the east side, all of you!" By pointing the tip of her Dragon Singing Sword, Sainan led her members towards the east. Her robe was smeared with sticky blood, some being of the demons and barbarians, and the rest being her own. Her hair was now flying wildly in the air, as she was almost unrecognizable at first sight. The ambitious radiance on her face had already faded away, and was now replaced by hideous hatred. Honestly, she was on the brink of losing her mind...

"Sister Sainan!" Out of anxiety, Qingcheng shouted to Sainan, while her eyebrows remained knitted together. She understood what Sainan was thinking. But, no matter how hard Sainan struggled, she wouldn't be able to reverse this situation. Who on earth would help them out?

"Xian'gu, Feng Meng, Hua Xin... Take all the young lords and Qingcheng out of here! If I fail to return to Dragon City, then please tell my father that I didn't live up to his expectations and years of education..." Sainan forced an awkward smile, as she glanced at the young lords and Qingcheng. An instant later, she turned her head away, and continued to fight against the demons and barbarians...

The atmosphere of the battle had once again intensified!

“Long Sainan, if you’re smart, then surrender! Today, you guys won’t be able to escape even if you have wings!”

Yao Kaka and Man’gan were both in a fairly good mood! It was their first time to attend the Prefecture War, and they had unexpectedly struck such a large success. When they would return to their respective prefecture, the older folks, that had long denied their ability, would be ashamed of what they had said. Up until now, more than two thousand elites from the Mars Prefecture had been killed. As for the 90,000 normal soldiers of the Mars Prefecture on Ghost Island, they didn’t even take them as a threat. Because, the total number of normal soldiers on the demon and barbarian side well surpassed 180,000! They believed, that the elite team, comprised of more than 10,000 soldiers, was enough to annihilate the 90,000 remaining Mars Prefecture soldiers in the final war.

Thinking of the abundant credits at their fingertips, and the fame and money that would come afterwards, Yao Kaka and Man’gan simply couldn’t help displaying the excitement on their faces. For a moment, they slipped into a trance, and dreamed of how their fathers and elders would appreciate them, after returning home with such glory.

“Young lord Yao Kaka, what are you waiting for? Give the order and slaughter them all!” Impatiently, Man’gan asked Yao Kaka curiously, for the latter only let part of the barbarians and demons encircle the Mars Prefecture Legion, while the other part was blocking Sainan’s desperate struggle. But, the actual battle hadn’t commenced yet!

Yao Kaka stroked several golden hairs dangling in front of his face, and chuckled, “Haha, buddy, take it easy! They’re like grasshoppers being fastened in a rope, no matter how fancy their skill, they won’t be able to jump out. Look, at this moment, they’re full of energy and indignation, if we force an attack right now, I’m afraid our side will suffer great losses as well. Why not just wait until they turn desperate and dejected? By that time, it will be much easier to root them out. Have you heard of the story of burning a frog in warm water?”

“Hahahaha! Fabulous! Young lord Yao Kaka, you’re so smart! I’m so lucky to be your ally; otherwise, I would be doomed.” Man’gan thumbed up for his newly-made friend, while touching his bald head. What a traceless flattery.

“Haha, I know how smart I am. But now, it is time to haul in the net!”

As Sainan and her fellow members were repeatedly forced back by the demons and barbarians, Yao Kaka made his final decision. With a conceited smile, Yao Kaka waved his left hand, as the sign of launching this great attack.

- Wuuuu... -

- Guuuu... -

The battle bugles rang out in every corner of Breaking Blade Summit, which haunted the minds of the Mars Prefecture members, as if this was the bell of death...

.....

“The war commences! Oh, it’s too dangerous for our compatriots. Shisan, what shall we do to help them? The descendants of our Ye Family, Sainan, Hua Cao, Feng Zi, and Qingcheng... they’re all at great risk! Ohh, didn’t Little Qinghan say that he could save them all? How? He has been cultivating for half an hour! Ayaya! I’m worried to death!” Qingwu murmured in great anxiety, as she held a branch in her left hand, while her plump chest fluctuated in between her rapid breathing.

“What shall we do? I don’t know! Now, we can only rely on our young lord Qinghan, for he said that he could save them all. Alas, I don’t know if he was just talking craps or not, but we have no better choice other than to believe in him.” Even Shisan had lost his usual composed temperament, as he replied ambiguously. Actually, he didn’t buy Qinghan’s big talk, for he reckoned that even if their young lord had obtained a triple-jump in cultivation and became a cultivator in the Realm of the Emperor, there was no way for him to annihilate thousands of demons and barbarians with just his own ability.

“It’s hard to say. I mean, if our young lord Qinghan once again obtains a heaven-defying integration technique, he could eliminate them all within just a single round. Oh, forget it, it’s not gonna happen...” Shiqi interrupted, but he simply couldn’t persuade himself into believing the very thing he was saying.

“Hahahahaha!”

All of a sudden, Qinghan’s eyes opened wide, as he released a fit of indulgent

wild laughter. Gradually, he got back to his feet, and dusted the dirt off of his clothing, before he spoke up, “Hey, Shiqi, you’re right. But, I didn’t get a new integration technique, but an upgraded one! My Soul Blackout technique has actually upgraded and is now – Soul Chaos! It’s time for me to show up, the struggling Mars Prefecture Legion is waiting for me to save them from the evil demons and barbarians...”

Hardly had he finished his words, or Qinghan alone disappeared into the boundless groups of demons and barbarians. His footsteps and the movements of his body were so graceful and effortless.

It seemed, as if he was just walking randomly on the Thirteenth Street back in Grey City, rather than on a grand battlefield...

“What is going on?”

“Soul Chaos?”

“Young lord, wait up!”

“Our young lord has rushed to the scene all by himself!”

Both Shisan and Shiqi looked at each other in utter disbelief. It felt as if their heads were struck by lightning once again. After a full moment of confusion, they suddenly realized how dangerous it could be for their young lord to enter the battlefield all by himself. They were so scared, that it felt as if their souls had been freed from their bodies. In a hurry, both of them darted in the same direction as Qinghan...

Chapter 133 – Lay Down Your Weapons, and Surrender!

“Hurry up! Otherwise, it’ll be too late! Yue Xian’gu, Hua Xin... what are you waiting for, take the young lords and ladies away from here, now!”

Valiantly Sainan wielded her Dragon Singing Sword, barring waves of demons and barbarians from coming closer. While at the same time, she once again jerked her flaming eyes towards Feng Zi, Hua Cao and the other young descendants, as she roared at the Prince-Realm cultivators, whose responsibility was to ensure the safety of those young lords and ladies. With blood-stained clothing, and a slice of flesh sticking to her face, Sainan gave those standing behind her a stern look.

“No, Sister Sainan, you should come with us, or you’ll die!” The black pearlescent eyes of Qingcheng were now filled with tears, as she implored Sainan, in a sobbing tone, to give up on her efforts in defending the entire team.

“Miss Sainan, if you refuse to come with us, how shall we explain this to your father?” Feng Zi urged Sainan with an almost twisted black face, while his long sword was busy slashing at the demons and barbarians in front of him.

“Well, if I escape, who will be responsible for the thousands of Mars Prefecture members here? I won’t desert them until the end of this battle! Feng Meng, Xian’gu, Hua Xin, are you all deaf? Do I need to repeat my order again? Fuck... just take them away!” With a high-pitched voice, Sainan shouted out these dirty words, which was the second time she was doing so, since she had arrived on Ghost Island. Slowly, her bloody lips moved slightly, as she revealed an uncanny smile, leaving the rest of the team members so scared, that they almost fell down to the ground!

“Any divine being, please save us! Please save Sister Sainan, as well as the thousands of Mars Prefecture members...” Looking at the stubborn, yet unyielding Sainan, who was determined to end her life on Breaking Blade Summit, Qingcheng’s tears welled up from her eyes, as she desperately shook her head.

“No one can save her, or the thousands of members here. Miss Qingcheng, just come with us!” Letting out a long helpless breath, Xian’gu grabbed Qingcheng with her left hand, while her right hand was holding a jade token.

“Let’s go, young lord!” Shaking his head powerlessly, Feng Meng also drew Feng Zi to his side.

The moment Hua Xin and Hua Cao glanced at each other, they met the same dismay in each other’s eyes. This time, they had completely lost their battle...

“Long Sainan, and all the members of the Mars Prefecture, listen up! This is your last chance, drop your weapons, and surrender! I won’t kill you!”

In the distance, a Wing Bird Demon suddenly flew up in the sky, while Yao Kaka was sitting on the back of this demon, as he was calmly overlooking the humans. His combat robe was fluttering loosely in the whistling wind, and his golden hair flew randomly over his head, which made him very much like a demonic immortal.

“Yao Kaka and Man’gan, and all of the demons and barbarians, listen up! Lay down your weapons, and surrender! If you do so, I probably can let you go. Otherwise... I’m a young lord who can annihilate all of you!”

When Feng Zi was about to flare out and curse Yao Kaka, he heard these overbearing remarks, as he realized that someone else had already taken the initiative.

Feng Zi’s lips twisted in surprise, for he had never thought that there would be a young lord, who would dare to abuse someone in such a way. It was just that the voice was so familiar, that his entire body shivered in astonishment when he looked at the origin of the sound.

Meanwhile, Hua Cao’s heart was also stirred up by the familiar sound of this young lord. With an expression of utter disbelief, he straightened his spine while craning his neck in the direction of the sound.

As the familiar sound reverberated in the air, Qingcheng immediately recognized who he was. The man who had frequently visited her in her dreams! The man, who had first emerged in her mind in times of great danger! Inexplicably, Qingcheng’s nose twitched and she began to weep.

Long Sainan was left speechless; Hua Xin looked stupefied; Xian’gu gave out a charming smile; Shuiliu’s mouth had fallen wide open; Feng Meng’s face had turned even darker; the Five Bloody Soldier burst into smile, as well as the

descendants of the Ye Family. All of a sudden, it was as if time itself had frozen...

On the other side, Yao Kaka was dramatically irritated; while Man'gan stroke his hair in bewilderment. The rest of the demons and barbarians just looked at each other, not knowing what had happened just now!

Eventually, all of their eyes anchored on the place where the sound had come from. The members of the Mars Prefecture were eager to reassure themselves whether this was the man they had guessed it to be; whereas, the demons and barbarians were hoping to find what kind of dumbass this man was...

The place, where the sound originated from, was quite easy to find, for it was so obvious – on the head of one of the gigantic barbarians! A young man in black clothing was standing on the top of an oversized barbarian, smiling at the crowd. In the gentle breeze, his clothing waved elegantly in the air, and combined with his sunshine-like smile, he looked so heavenly refined.

“What the fuck is going on!”

Neither the enemy, nor the Mars Prefecture Legion themselves knew what had happened. They felt their head was a little bit dizzy, as they were trying to figure out the reason. There was a big question mark looming in each and everyone's mind. This was young lord Qinghan, the man who had just teased with Yao Kaka, but... why did he stand on top of the head of a barbarian? More intriguingly, this barbarian was far from a normal one, he was a Barbarian Emperor! The weirdest part was, this high-ranked barbarian didn't show any dissatisfaction against Qinghan; he looked to be rather enjoying his company!

“Incredible!”

Everyone kept looking at each other, hoping to find an answer, but no one could.

.....

Behind Qinghan, Shisan, Shiqi and Qingwu, who had been chasing after him, all exhibited exaggerated expressions. They were racking their brain, as they were trying to find out how Qinghan had done this.

When they were about to stop Qinghan from putting himself in such danger, Qinghan's body was gradually illuminated by waves of purple light, the diameter

of these circles quickly surrounded every nearby barbarian. Among these barbarians, Qinghan was like a magician, the performance of which was considered the most stunning ever displayed by a human being

“Have the human race and the barbarians reconciled? Have they all forgotten the historical hatred against each other, and shaken their hands in peace? When did they develop such a peaceful relationship?”

“Man Shan! What an idiot! Just tear that human being on your head into pieces!”

The booming roar of Man’gan shocked everyone, and soon, numerous barbarians flooded towards Qinghan. However... Man Shan, on whom Qinghan stood, was still as silly as a toad. Not only him, but also the dozens of barbarians in the near distance, all gave out a foolish smile, while their saliva was drooping continuously, as if they were enjoying a sweet dream...

“Since you didn’t want to surrender in front of me, I will keep on slaughtering until you say yes!” With a chuckle, Qinghan took his cyan dagger, the inferior treasure-level item, out from his boots, and quickly cut through Man Shan’s throat. Immediately, blood gushed out like fountains from Man Shan’s throat.

“Oooouch!” Provoked by the sharp pain, Man Shan woke up from his fantasy, and gave out a heartfelt howl. He glared at Qinghan while covering his throat with his hands. However, after his body had twisted somewhat, he finally collapsed onto the ground with a loud boom.

Chapter 134 – The Exotic Purple Halo “Shisan, Shiqi, follow me and start killing! Miss Qingwu, don’t forget to collect the rings from behind!” Following a ground-breaking roar, Qinghan once again shot out a purple loop, which covered the area within several of meters. Oddly, the barbarians and demons, who were enveloped by this halo, all stood still, with dull-witted eyes and foolish smiles, as if they were bewitched.

“Fuck! This is super awesome!” Shiqi smacked his dried lips, while rushing towards the direction of the purple halo, as he held his long sword firmly in his hands.

Unlike Shiqi, Shisan had regained his composed expression, and quickly ran forward, as requested by his master. Only if one looked at his shivering hands, and his fluctuating adam’s apple, would they be able to spot his pretended calmness.

As for Qingwu, she rubbed her eyes several times, as she tried to ensure that she wasn’t daydreaming. Seeing Shiqi and Shisan enter the circle of purple halo, and effortlessly reap the heads of those demons and barbarians, Qingwu was reassured and began to spurt towards the scene.

As soon as Qingwu arrived within the halo, however, its color suddenly disappeared and changed into pitch darkness. Looking from outside, this area was now covered by clouds of black fog, rendering an extremely grotesque atmosphere.

- Buzz! -

About ten seconds later, little by little, the black fog began to dissolve, revealing what exactly was left behind on the ground, which spooked all the demons and barbarians in the vicinity, as they all cried out madly and automatically retreated several steps. Even Yao Kaka, who was supposed to maintain his imposing manner on the back of the Wing Bird Demon, drew a deep breath in horror.

Within the area, which the purple halo had previously enshrouded, hundreds of demons and barbarians were lying on the ground, each of them having their

throat slit, while each of them was also missing a finger. Only four humans were left standing steadily, as they looked at the corpses with a triumphant smile. One was the black-clothed young man, holding a cyan dagger in his hand; then there were two middle-aged Prince-Realm cultivators, whose arms were still shivering in excitement; and the last one was a young lady, who looked absolutely stunning, as she was gently lifting a full bag of fingers with one hand.

“Let’s move on!”

- Buzz! -

Qinghan pointed out the next bunch of targets to the others, as he bounced off in the air and darted into the center of another group of demons and barbarians. Once again, following the flash of the purple halo, the black fog wrapped all the demons and barbarians within this circle, and like a ferocious beast, it swallowed them all.

- Buzz! -

A little while later, the black fog reappeared in another place, leaving behind hundreds of dead demons and barbarians on the ground. Each time, when the black fog faded away, there would emerge a smiling young man, two middle-aged Prince-Realm cultivators with trembling arms, and a beautiful girl holding onto a bag filled with fingers.

“Weird!”

“It’s horrible!”

“Let’s run away!”

The massive slaughter, launched by the four humans, forced the demons and barbarians to come to the realization that they were actually in a rather dangerous situation right now. Soon, they scattered in all directions, as if they had seen a monster that would swallow them all.

“Bastards! There are only four of them! We have thousands! We can easily squash them to death!” Observing the situation on the ground, Yao Kaka saw the demons and barbarians running with a terrified expression, as if they were avoiding a contagious plague. The once well-designed encirclement formation had already completely disintegrated. Honestly, even Yao Kaka was frightened by

the uncanny light, that would shoot out of Qinghan's eyes, but he had to stabilize the morale of his members. After all, he couldn't afford to retreat at this moment.

"Slaughter! Let's kill those four bastards! I promise, whoever kills them, I'll reward him a whole tribe!" After Yao Kaka's shout, Man'gan began to dispatch his soldiers to kill the four human beings as well.

"Oh, good. Then... let the storm become more violent!" Qinghan showed a traceless smile, as he looked at the demons and barbarians, who were flocking in his direction. Within the blink of an eye, the exotic purple halo flashed with glaring light, after which all the approaching demons and barbarians were wrapped under the "drapery" of the black fog...

.....

[Back when Qinghan had landed on Breaking Blade Summit.]

"W...what exactly is happening?"

Everyone was stupefied, including Sainan, Feng Zi, Hua Cao and Qingcheng.

All of a sudden, as if he was a ghost from the Netherworld, Qinghan had emerged on Breaking Blade Summit following a cold wind. His standing pose was like a Triton among the Minnows, which made him stand out from the rest of the crowd. In utter shock and confusion, the young lords and ladies gasped at his domineering presence. But, on second thought, they all agreed that Qinghan was really a moron by doing so, a complete idiot!

"Who does he think he is?"

"Why does he stand on the head of a Barbarian Emperor? It isn't funny at all!"

"He is seeking death by doing so. Ohh, what a reckless moron..."

Countless barbarians swarmed in Qinghan's direction, under Man'gan's booming howl. Everyone in the Mars Prefecture Legion quickly turned sadden-hearted... However, moments later, they surprisingly found that there were waves of exotic purple halos emanating around Qinghan, and the barbarians all staggered to and fro like dreamwalkers. Afterwards, Yao Kaka also led a team of

demons towards Qinghan.

With wide-open eyes, the members of the Mars Prefecture Legion witnessed the magic done by Qinghan, in which he had, several times over, successfully massacred groups of demons and barbarians by circling them into the black fog. Now, the ground in the distance was strewn with dead bodies of the enemies...

“Ohhh, hooray!!”

“Ahahahaha!”

“Oh, yeah!”

In hushed voices, as if they were afraid to wake up a devil in the abyss, all the members from the Mars Prefecture shouted out their ecstasy cautiously. Overjoyed by Qinghan’s successful attacks, they expressed their triumphant feelings in a low, but passionate voice, very much like the seductive groans you might hear from a bedroom in which a man and a woman lay.

The four people in front of their eyes were so familiar to them. The young man with a sunshine-like smile was Ye Qinghan, one of the young lords of the Ye Family. By his side, the two, who each held a blood-dripping sword, were Shisan and Shiqi respectively. They were both Prince-Realm cultivators. Behind Qinghan, there stood a super beauty, a girl who possessed a fair, angelic face, while at the same time, a ripe and feminine body. She lifted a heavy bag, and seemed to be tired of collecting fingers. Doubtlessly, this girl was Ye Qingwu, one of the young ladies of the Ye Family.

These four were still the same four from their memories. But, how had they managed to break the encirclement? Why did the demons and barbarians seem to be so afraid of them? So many questions were yet to be unraveled, and they were all plunged into a deep pondering...

“Hey, shouldn’t you guys welcome us?”

Qinghan shrugged his shoulders, as he swept his eyes over the thousands of members from the Mars Prefecture.

“Oh, Heaven, we’re saved! Ahhh...”

“Hoooooray!”

“Thank you, God, you’ve answered my prayers!”

“.....”

Unknowingly, one guy from the team broke the silence by yelling out like crazy. And soon after, the rest of them followed suit, jumping, crying, and laughing wildly. Some kneeled down and gave the earth a grateful kiss; some took off their overcoat, or even shorts, and waved them in the air; and still others peed in their pants due to their extreme excitement...

Chapter 135 – Qinghan's Demand

[Editor note: Hey guys, didn't want to spoil this chapter with the title, so I had some fun coming up with an alternative one :) If you're interested in the real title of this chapter, you can find it at the bottom of this chapter ^_^ Enjoy!]

Sainan burst into smiles as she wiped the scarlet blood off her pretty face. Bashfully, Feng Zi repositioned himself in a more comfortable pose. In dull laughter, he grinned from ear to ear, as though he had just picked up the sweetest candy. As for Qingcheng, she remained unmoved, yet her teary eyes were pinned on Qinghan. Xian'gu raised her charming eyebrows, as her plump bosom shivered...

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On the other side, Yao Kaka was so spooked that he looked silly. Looking at the corpses of his compatriots, as well as the cheerful smile on Qinghan's face, a chill ran down his spine. Desperately, he moved his lips slightly, but he failed to let any sound come out.

Man'gan looked like a dumbass, as he always did. It was too much for him to understand, why hundreds or even thousands of his fellow barbarians had suddenly collapsed onto the ground. Neither did he know how the four humans had broken their formation. He simply didn't know what had happened at all. His shining bald head kept thinking, but he failed to figure out the situation.

Both the demonic and barbarian race found their brain useless, as they were trying to find out an answer to this weird phenomenon. Devil, that teenager must be a devil, who came from the Nine Ghost World! Otherwise, how could they explain the grotesque purple halo and the following black fog, that had led to the massive death of their members? If he wasn't a devil, how could he bear such a ghastly smile?

Run! The demons and barbarians made up their mind, and began to run away from this place of death and despair...

“Retreat!”

With a shivering shriek Yao Kaka gave out a retreat order, the sound of which was extremely unpleasant to the ears. Overlooking the panic-stricken demons

and barbarians, who were busy running in all directions, Yao Kaka trembled even fiercer, due to which he almost fell off of the Wing Bird Demon. Although, up until now, he didn't know why this young man from the human race had suddenly exhibited such mighty power, he did know that it was high time for them to escape, if they didn't wish to be annihilated!

“Retreat!”

Echoed by Yao Kaka's sharp scream, Man'gan also immediately ordered his barbarians to retreat. As he hurriedly ran away, he sobbed in a pathetic manner, “Oh, I don't want to know the reason behind this magic; all I need to do is get rid of this terrifying devil, the further the better...”

“Yao Kaka, Man'gan, if you dare to run away, I promise I will slaughter you all!”

The sound made by Qinghan wasn't at all loud, but it managed to scare Yao Kaka and Man'gan out of their skin. While at the same time, the Mars Prefecture Legion was also shocked by Qinghan's action.

“Little bastard from the human race, you dare to threaten your Big Brother Yao Kaka? I greatly enjoy to run away, so what? Come and kill me!” As Yao Kaka was flying in the air, he gave such an emboldened retort. He couldn't bear the feeling of being mocked and threatened by such a young-aged human being. On the other hand, as per his cruel personality, he wouldn't shed a tear over his dead demons, even if they were all annihilated by Qinghan.

“As you wish! Shisan, Shiqi, release your Battle Qi, and lift me into the sky!”

Soon, like a cannonball, Qinghan was catapulted towards Yao Kaka by the push of an enormous amount of Battle Qi. When Qinghan was about to reach the highest possible height, Shisan and Shiqi simultaneously released their Battle Qi and formed two large palms in the air, colliding with the Battle Qi underneath Qinghan's feet.

- Shooo! -

Due to the explosive force created by the collision of Battle Qi, Qinghan was, once again, shot out like a bullet, as he was directly sent flying towards Yao Kaka.

As the saying goes, “A bully is always a coward.” Yao Kaka could exactly be described in such a way. The moment he saw the flash of purple light, his eyes turned horrified, as he pathetically begged for mercy.

“No! If you kill me, my father will kill you!”

Identifying the unsympathetic coldness in Qinghan’s eyes, Yao Kaka realized that this was for real! With a shivering howl, he straightened his back and tried to jump off of the Wing Bird Demon, so that he could escape from Qinghan’s attack. However... as soon as the purple halo had fully wrapped around him, Yao Kaka immediately lost his mind. Instead of trying to escape, he began to dream of the glory and warm welcome he would receive from his father and his seductively-charming, wolf race wife, after annihilating the Mars Prefecture Legion.

Nevertheless, Yao Kaka’s sweet dream ended up with a sharp pain in his neck. Raising his head, he saw the smiling Qinghan in front of him, while the dagger in Qinghan’s hand was still stained with blood. He slightly lowered his head, and saw the terrified demons and barbarians... Then, he saw nothing, but boundless darkness!

“I don’t even know your father... All demons and barbarians, listen up! Cut off your ring finger, and leave all the credits behind. In this way, I will let you go! Otherwise, I will chase you until all of you are dead!”

“? ? ?”

Most of the demons and barbarians had a question mark in their mind, for they couldn’t fully comprehend the human language. Sometimes, they could grasp a few words or a simple phrase, but not a whole bunch of sentences like Qinghan had just thrown out. However, as the leader, Man’gan understood what Qinghan meant. Man’gan was the first to cut off his own finger, and quickly asked his member to do likewise. Having seen Yao Kaka’s poor ending, he regarded it useless to try and argue with this human being.

As for the demonic race, most Demonic Emperors roughly understood Qinghan’s order, and cut off their fingers in great pain. If they didn’t follow Qinghan’s request, and ran away, what would happen to them? Where would they find a shelter on Ghost Island? Things had changed. On the Mars

Prefecture's side a terrifying devil had emerged. He was so terrifying, that he could kill a whole crowd of demons and barbarians within seconds! Left with no other alternative, they obediently did what Qinghan told them to do. At the end of this Prefecture War, they were sure that the Demonic Saints and the Demonic Evils would hold them responsible for their young lord Yao Kaka's death; but, right now, they'd rather survive for the moment. At least, they could enjoy their life until the end of the war!

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"Long Live Young Lord Qinghan!"

"We won!"

"Yay!"

The densely-dotted cut-off fingers heaped high on the ground, as the barbarians and demons ran away in battered, uncollected groups. The dead corpses of the enemies, the fingers with rings, and the once-arrogant Yao Kaka, who lay down silently with wide open eyes... Watching the battle scene, the Mars Prefecture Legion was boiled with triumphant joyfulness. Collectively, they waved anything they had in their hands, be it a weapon or a piece of clothing, and yelled their lungs out towards Qinghan.

In response, Qinghan waved back, and jumped in front of them, "It's over! Miss Sainan, please arrange someone to tidy the scene up!"

"It's over! Yeah, finally! And we succeeded!" Putting her Dragon Singing Sword back into its sheath, Sainan bowed to Qinghan with all due respect. Afterwards, she added in a solemn expression, "The success of this battle lies merely with you. On behalf of all the members of the Mars Prefecture Legion, let me express our gratitude to you for saving our lives!"

"Hahaha, young lord Qinghan, you're super amazing! Alas, you're the spotlight now!" With big strides Feng Zi ran towards Qinghan, and slammed his fist on the latter's chest, as he was grinning like a fool.

Hurriedly Hua Cao jumped to Qinghan's side, and exclaimed, "Young lord Qinghan, you're such a monster! I mean, are you possessed by some ancient beast immortal? So impressive! I'm afraid, that the rest of us won't ever be able

to step out of your shadow after this battle.”

“Hehe, I’m just lucky enough to have recently broken through into another Realm. Ah, I hope I wasn’t too late!” Qinghan’s heart was filled with warmth by his friends’ flattery. But at the same time, he sighed over the possible gap they would have in cultivation levels. He wasn’t sure, whether he, Feng Zi and Hua Cao would maintain on good terms with each other later on. It was said by many, that the greater the gap between cultivators was, the more difficult it would be to remain friends with each other.

After a little while of slapsticks, Qinghan expressed his willingness to be friends with the others for the rest of his life. At last, Qinghan’s glance traveled to Qingcheng, who was, at the same time, raptly staring at him. Inside her pair of flexible eyes, numerous feelings were exposed – excitement, joy, hope, and yearning for love. Pushed by his instincts, Qinghan stepped forward, and extended his arms towards this teary beauty...

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[Editor note: Here’s the original title: “He Killed Yao Kaka Within a Second”. Hope you all enjoyed this chapter ^_^]

Chapter 136 – Spiritual Technique?

For a long while, Qingcheng simply kept silent and didn't speak to Qinghan whatsoever, even though the words were just on the tip of her tongue. The man, who had made her so solicitous all these days, had finally appeared in front of her! Cheerfully, his very appearance had brought the desperate situation to an end, with his exotic purple halo. One man, and one dagger, were enough to kill thousands of demons and barbarians. Under his order, countless demons and barbarians had cut off their own fingers obediently, and went away in helter-skelter.

Not a single girl in this world could resist the temptation of romantic love. They all dreamed of being saved from the devil by a prince riding on a white horse. Today, Qinghan had brought with him a rarely-seen purple halo, which was his "white horse", and became a savior for the Mars Prefecture Legion. How could Qingcheng not be touched by the heroic behavior of her fiancé?

Therefore, Qingcheng was caught in a swirl of happiness, as she felt so blessed to have met such a guy in her lifetime. Of course, amidst all the joy, she did worry about Qinghan, and wished to throw herself into his far-from-broad chest. She was longing to pour out all of her feelings at once, the sleepless nights she had gone through while missing him, and the love and admiration she had for him when Qinghan, like an immortal, had descended onto the head of a Barbarian Emperor. However, Qingcheng somehow felt belittled in front of Qinghan, a man with such mind boggling power and influence. She began to wonder whether Qinghan felt the same for her or not.

The moment Qinghan smilingly stretched his arms towards Qingcheng, her tears finally started to roll down down her cheeks. Responding with a sweet, shy smile, she slowly moved towards Qinghan. First, she walked, then ran, and at last, she rushed like crazy... until she found her "shelter" in Qinghan's arms...

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"Wow, Shisan, what technique has your young lord learned? It's heaven-defying! Absolutely incredible!"

“Yeah, it can virtually be categorized as one of the legendary spiritual techniques. We haven’t seen or heard from you guys for several days now... Hey, tell us, what happened during that period? Did you bump into an ancient relic, and grab a treasure?”

“That must absolutely be it! It’s so marvelous! Alas, I believe, even the spirit attack of our Yue Family falls behind this technique.”

Hua Xin, Feng Meng, Xian’gu and several other Prince-Realm cultivators, began to draw closer to Shiqi and Shisan their sides, and bombarded them with a series of question about the exotic purple halo. Never, in their entire lifetime, had they witnessed such a shocking technique, which allowed large groups of enemies to be forced into an illusion for quite some time. Only a legendary Immortal Technique would have such a grand effect.

“Errr... I don’t know either. We’ve been trapped in the Black Dragon Valley, for... more than ten days. It wasn’t until Yao Kaka and Man’gan intruded into the valley, that we managed to escape from that dangerous place. As for the ancient relic you mentioned, honestly, we didn’t encounter any. Ah, our young lord obtained a Dragon Crystal, which might have something to do with this terrifying technique!”

In order to take care of the others’ curiosity, Shiqi replied with an awkward, bitter smile. Although Qinghan had already confirmed that his integration technique had now been upgraded to a new level – Soul Chaos, Shiqi chose not to say it publicly. After all, this could be Qinghan’s new ace in the hole.

“Stop asking me, I said, I haven’t figured it out myself!” Stretching his hands outward, Shiqi refused to disclose any more details.

As for Qingwu, she was apparently not in the mood to answer any of their confusion, because she was so jealous of Qingcheng, who was in Qinghan’s arms, as she was spasmodically sobbing.

“Hehe! Let me explain it to you all. I’ve actually refined the Dragon Crystal, which propelled a series of improvements in my soul, thus my integration technique has become stronger! That’s it! Simple!” Qinghan came to the rescue of Shisan and Shiqi, who were embarrassingly circled by a bunch of curious inquirers. If Qinghan didn’t reveal a little bit of this secret, the others wouldn’t

be willing to let go of this matter.

“Boo!”

However, Qinghan’s reply only received catcalls, and some of them even rolled their eyes suspiciously. Obviously, this explanation wasn’t taken seriously. But, in the end, they gave up on diving into too much details of this technique.

“Errr! Qingcheng! Please do me a favor.” Regardless of others’ responses, Qinghan softly patted on Qingcheng’s smooth back, though he didn’t currently have the time to enjoy the delicacy of it, and smiled bitterly. Gradually, his face turned pale, as white as paper.

“Are you ok?” In a hurry, Qingcheng raised up her blush face, and stared at Qinghan, with eyes full of shyness and ambiguous love.

“Tell Miss Sainan to clear the battle scene. Plus... don’t tell anyone that I’m about to lose my conscious and be in a coma. I have consumed too much of my soul force... I need to rest for several days...” Scarcely had Qinghan finished his words, or he closed his eyes, and fainted against Qingcheng’s shoulders. Looking from afar, their gesture suggested that they were still hugging tightly with each other...

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“What?!”

- Bang! -

In one of the small caves of the temporary camp of the Mars Prefecture, the cup in Wuhen’s hands abruptly fell to the ground, splashing water all over the place. His dual pupils flashed with doubt as well as a terrified light. A scout of the Xue Family stood squarely at the corner, and Wuhen walked back and forth within the confinement of the cave.

“Are you sure of this report? I mean, if it’s false, I’ll kill you immediately!” Suddenly, he stopped and spoke up with a ferocious face.

The scout knelt down, begging for mercy, before he rubbed the sweat off of his forehead and replied, in a trembling voice, “Your Majesty, I guarantee the authenticity of this information with my own head! Moreover... it has been

reconfirmed by many scouts, who have investigated in different directions. Otherwise, I wouldn't dare to give you this final report!"

For a full moment, Wuhen fastened his eyes on the shivering scout, but only found that the scout's report had finished. In the end, he shook his head hopelessly, and murmured to himself, "How could this be real? Impossible! Shit, how could Ye Qinghan turn out to be so powerful? Huh? I don't believe this shit at all..."

"Young lord, I'm afraid this is real. Xue Cun is an experienced scout, and he wouldn't make any mistakes about such important information. Xue Cun! You can leave now!" The Prince-Realm cultivator, who was standing beside Wuhen, spoke up with a surly face.

"I simply cannot persuade myself into believing that bastard Ye Qinghan has actually become so powerful! Can you imagine? He can slaughter hundreds, or even thousands of demons and barbarians within seconds, and you know, Yao Kaka was killed by him as well. Even his father, Ye Dao, failed to perform such magic. Why are all the good things going his way?" Wuhen was scared out of his wits, as he kept searching for something he could smash to balance his emotion with; yet, to his great disappointment, the table was left with nothing. In an uncontrollable fury, he slammed on the table instead.

"Young lord!" Another Prince-Realm cultivator on Wuhen's side interrupted, "Look, the core concern right now is not the fact that he has killed so many demons and barbarians, but his absolute power! He's probably capable of killing anyone on Ghost Island. I mean, the participants of this Prefecture War, especially the barbarian leader, Man'gan, will succumb to his power, and reveal our secrets... Also, the concealed worms in his hair... We can only hope that he didn't find them, or perhaps he has already discovered them. We're in great danger, young lord! For now, running away will be the best policy! But, where shall we hide? How shall we face the Mars Prefecture after this war?"

Chapter 137 – Xue Wuhen Ran Away

“Errr...”

What this Prince-Realm cultivator had just said made Wuhen’s heart swing in fear, and the other Prince-Realm cultivator’s face also turned surly.

Right! The top priority for Wuhen now was his own security, rather than dwelling on the reason why Qinghan had turned so powerful. As that Prince-Realm cultivator had just mentioned, it was only a matter of time before Wuhen’s secret would be brought to light, either by the discovery of the concealed worms, or due to Qinghan’s interrogation of Man’gan. One could not wrap fire with paper. Everything would be exposed in due time.

What would happen to Wuhen, or even his entire family, once this scandal was uncovered? They would definitely be hated by everyone in the Mars Prefecture. So, they understood, that it’d be safer to leave from this place right now, before the Mars Prefecture Legion could return.

“We have to run away, tonight! Hmm... We’d better seek a safe shelter, and stay there until the end of this Prefecture War. After the war, we’ll be directly teleported to Immortal City, where our safety will be secured!” A trace of hatred flashed in Wuhen’s eyes, as he concluded his final decision.

“Ahh, I know a seldom-visited cave, which is located on the periphery of the Visionary Forest. I heard that there is a seventh-grade lower level demonic beast there, which prohibits any scouts from coming near. Tonight, let’s start off. Shall our whole team go or...” The surly-faced Prince-Realm cultivator nodded his head firmly, for he already had an ideal hiding place in mind.

Nevertheless, Wuhen shook his head over this seemingly good suggestion, and the hatred in his dual pupils, a black and grey one, was intensified. “No! We won’t bring any of the team members, just the three of us! Go and prepare some food, we’ll sneak out of this camp tonight!”

“Errr... Alright!” The Prince-cultivator replied with a helpless sigh, before he left the cave alongside his counterpart.

Being left alone, Wuhen first stared at the backs of his two downcast underlings, and then looked up at the sky through the entrance of the cave, “Ye

Qinghan! Today, you nudged me into a tight corner; one day, I believe, I will have you pay for this many times over. The day I return, I will cut you alive, and raze the entire Ye Family to the ground! Also, I will let that bitch Yue Qingcheng live in regret for the rest of her life...”

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Qinghan had went through a long, but sweet dream, in which he had seen himself sweeping the demons and barbarians in great numbers, and his name made the other two races overawed. At last, he dreamed that he had obtained a lot of credits, which he had exchanged for a Spirit Immortal Dan. Then came a vision where his sister Qingwu took the Dan, and opened her long-closed eyes, as her snow-white hair gradually returned to its original shining black colour. On his sister’s delicate face, he found that familiar, fascinating smile. Amazingly, he even somehow smelled the gentle flowery fragrance coming from his sister’s hair...

When he woke up; however, the girl, who sat beside his bed, wasn’t Qingyu, but Qingcheng! To Qinghan’s great disappointment, the girly smell was from Qingcheng’s hair. Eventually, he closed his eyes once again...

“Qinghan! How are you? Are you feeling any better?” Looking at the depressed Qinghan, Qingcheng’s heart was aching.

“No big deal. I just... remembered something!” After a couple of awkward minutes of silence, Qinghan reopened his eyes and sat up. He shot an apologetic smile towards Qingcheng, before he checked his body and found that every part was sound and intact.

“That’s great! Errr... Would you mind to tell me something about your sister?” Encouraged by Qinghan’s smile, Qingcheng took advantage of this opportunity and inquired about Qingyu.

“Errr... This is a long, long story. You will find it out for yourself later on. Let’s forget about this topic. Where are we right now?” Qinghan jumped out of his bed, and began to observe his surroundings. It was a cave, and the sunshine at the entrance was extremely scorching. He guessed that it should be the afternoon already.

Qingcheng immediately stood up as well, as she explained, “We’re now in the

temporary camp. In order to take good care of the wounded members, Sainan decided to let us rest here. She said that she won't make further arrangements until you wake up. For the rest of the young lords, they're all safe and sound."

"Oh!" The sincerity in Qinghan's smile grew, as he grabbed Qingcheng's jade-like hands. Suddenly, he tossed his head closer to her, and whispered, "Hey, Qingcheng... Once my sister is saved, I will propose our marriage to your family. I appreciate all the things you, and your family have done for me. I've nothing to pay off your kindness with, but to protect you for the rest of my life."

Feeling the warmth of Qinghan's big hands, Qingcheng was shy, as her face turned red. Not only her cheeks, but also her neck was blush, when she slowly raised her eyes and met Qinghan's deep stare. She was left helpless as to how to give a proper response, and only nodded her head as firmly as she possibly could.

"Haha, the holy virgin of the Yue Family is so bashful! Alright, let's go outside, and have a look at our spoils of war." In a fit of laughter, Qinghan took Qingcheng out, as their fingers were still intertwined.

"Hi, young lord Qinghan, and Miss Qingcheng!"

Soon after, they arrived at the temporary meeting room, and were warmly greeted by the Mars Prefecture members, who bowed to Qinghan with expressions full of awe. For them, Qinghan was their savior, their great benefactor. On the other hand, Qinghan's mind-boggling power had already prompted him to become an advanced cultivator, and advanced cultivators were always respected by others.

"Oh, my goodness! So many credits! I guess we have set a record in terms of the amount of credits we obtained this time. Haha, we'll be cherished and remembered forever..."

"Feng Zi, don't be so brazen. The credits belong to young lord Qinghan! It's none of your business! You wish to be remembered forever? Forget about it!"

"Hey, lady-boy, don't throw damp over my zealous speech. Anyway, I'm in such a fabulous mood that I won't haggle over your words. But, this shouldn't be taken as a precedent, or I will curse you bitterly."

The manly voice of Feng Zi, mingled with the feminine, sharp sound of Hua Cao. Their ongoing debate grabbed the attention of Qinghan and Qingcheng, which made the latter two look at each other and helplessly shake their heads.

“Hahaha, Feng Zi, Hua Cao, I suppose you two are destined to contradict each other. You two are always quarrelling over trivial matters.”

The so-called meeting room, indeed, was nothing but another relatively much more commodious cave. Many people had already gathered here. Among them, some were familiar to Qinghan, and cupped their hands towards him as a greeting.

Chapter 138 – 20,000 Credits!

“Er, young lord Qinghan, you woke up! Oh, your wife has also come, ha!” Standing at the centre of the meeting-room, Feng Zi released a crispy laughter the moment he saw the two of them, and teased a little bit at their intimate relationship.

“Young lord Qinghan, I’m so relieved to see that you’ve recovered! We were so worried about you!” Hua Cao cut in hastily, and like Feng Zi, laughed mockingly at them, when he found Qinghan and Qingcheng still holding each other's hand.

In a hurry, Sainan stood up, and straightened her back, emphasizing her manly outlook. She walked directly towards Qinghan, and bowed to the both of them, “Hello, young lord Qinghan, and Miss Qingcheng. Please get yourself seated. Come with me.”

“Young lord Qinghan, Miss Qingcheng!” In succession, the other people in the cave stood up and bowed to them, following Sainan’s exemplary action.

Qingcheng, in some way, shared Qinghan’s glory by being bowed to by others. Back at Breaking Blade Summit, they had all witnessed their impressive hugging, and knew their relationship had improved since then. On the other hand, the title of Holy Virgin of the Yue Family had also earned Qingcheng some fame, which was part of the reason she was respected and appreciated.

“Hey, guys, forget about all the formalities! Young lord Feng Zi and Hua Cao, you two should know by now, that I dislike the complex etiquette! Just relax!” Ever since the grand victory at Breaking Blade Summit, Qinghan had instantly become the focal point wherever he went, for he was regarded as one of the advanced cultivators. Although it was a thrill to become famous overnight, to Qinghan, he still regarded himself as the seventh young lord of the Ye Family, and refused to change into a person as overbearing as Qingkuang.

Under Sainan’s guide, he took a seat beside her, and smiled politely, “What are you guys talking about?”

“Er...” Sainan talked to one of her underlings beside her, before she turned back to Qinghan, “We have tidied up the battle scene, and calculated the amount of credits we’ve obtained. In total, it’s more than 136,000! Apart from

these credits, we have also collected a great number of weapons and treasures! All these are at your disposal, young lord Qinghan!”

“Ohhh... Impressive!” Qinghan rubbed his nose, as he replied. At the same time, a line of people were led in by Sainan’s underling, and each of them carried a crate. At first, Qinghan was greatly shocked, because he had never thought that the amount of credits could be this huge. While on second thought, he believed it was quite reasonable, considering the large number of demons and barbarians put together, which was said to have reached over 10,000! If each of them had taken off their rings, the amount of credits would indeed be huge.

Looking at the wishful eyes of the others, Qinghan laughed, “I’ll only take 20,000 credits. As for the rest of them, it should be taken by the Mars Prefecture Legion. You guys have sacrificed a great deal in this battle!”

“Young lord Qinghan... It’s so generous of you! We really appreciate it! Believe us, we’ll be under your full command in the future!”

“Yeah, I agree! Young lord Qinghan, your righteousness and integrity are the very thing needed for the sustained prosperity of the Ye Family!”

“.....”

What Qinghan had said came as a big relieve to the others in the cave, as they all simultaneously shot grateful glances towards Qinghan, and the noises of flattery filled the space.

The huge amount of credits could be exchanged for many things, and make one financially competitive. For instance, with this amount of credits, a normal elite would be able to become a leader of a big city. However... most of the credits were collected by Qinghan, who had saved the lives of thousands. Considering this, even if Qinghan took all the credits, they wouldn’t make a fuss about it. Now, to their great surprise, Qinghan had said that he would only take 20,000 credits! The rest would be distributed among the other team members. How could they not be thrilled by this news?

This time, after all, so many of their compatriots had sacrificed themselves. They deserved all these credits. Otherwise, Qinghan would find it difficult to face the relatives of the martyrs, the wounded members still with bandage all over their bodies, and the fatigued survivors.

“Thank you!” Sainan had already regained her calm, and leaned her body a little bit towards Qinghan, as she whispered in his ear. The whole Breaking Blade Summit battle was organized solely by herself, and she felt guilty for the dead members. As a commander-in-chief, she also found it unbearable to accept the fact that their casualty rate had reached as high as two thousand. If it wasn’t for Qinghan’s generosity, she didn’t know how to face her team members.

“Hehe, Miss Sainan, you’re welcome. It’s easy for me to get the credits.” Qinghan carelessly shrugged his shoulders, and replied in a similar low voice. The 6,000 credits he had collected with his own team had already been recorded in his ring, plus the 20,000, he had calculated that the amount was enough to exchange for the Immortal Spirit Dan, and probably, he could even buy something extra in Immortal City.

Also, Qinghan decided to meet the demons and barbarians again, once everything here had settled down. His aim of this trip was to inquire Man’gan over his alliance with the demons, and hopefully he would get some useful information out of this. At the same time, he could collect some extra credits, whenever he wished, along the way.

The alliance of the other two races was still a mystery. Qinghan was determined to set up a thorough investigation, and find out the culprit behind the scene.

Sainan gave Qinghan a self-mocking smile, before she turned to Qingcheng, with whom she wished to chat something that only belonged to girls.

Soon after, people began to calculate the amount of the credits that each team was supposed to claim. Based on the number of surviving team members, as well as how many had killed or wounded members, they distributed the credits quickly. The cave became somewhat boisterous all of a sudden.

“Hey, where are Shisan, Shiqi, and Qingwu?” After sweeping his eyes around the cave, Qinghan stuck out his head between Sainan and Qingcheng, as soon as he sensed the absence of these three.

“Er?” Confusedly, Qingcheng winked several times towards Qinghan, and replied with a suspicious tone, “Haven’t you arranged a secret task for them already? Upon their arrival at the temporary camp, they directly proceeded with

their task, oh, they also took Xian'gu and Hua Xin with them.”

“What?” Qinghan raised his eyebrows, as he was perplexed, for he had never given them a secret task. When he was about to inquire for more details, he heard noisy footsteps outside the cave. An instant later, in succession, Shiqi, Qingwu, Xian'gu, Hua Xin, and Shisan all entered.

“Alas! Bad luck! Errr...young lord Qinghan, oh, you woke up!” Shiqi looked quite dismayed, as he walked towards Qinghan, while sighing with a bitter expression.

“Little Qinghan, are you feeling any better now?” Unlike the dejected middle-aged Shiqi, Qingwu was radiant with the light of a young girl, full of spirit and glow. Her innocent, angelic face broke out a charming smile, as she quickened her pace towards Qinghan.

“Young lord Qinghan, nice to see you again!” Hua Xin and Feng Meng, who followed them from behind, bowed to Qinghan with full respect. Times had changed, Qinghan was no longer an unknown young lord, but a powerful celebrity! They had to respect him now.

Shisan was the last one entering the cave, he remained as calm as ever, as he nodded towards Qinghan and stood by his side.

In response, Qinghan bowed and nodded quickly. At last, he landed his eyes on the unpleasant Shiqi, and asked, “Hey, buddy, what’s wrong with you? What a long face you wear today! Did your wife run away with another guy?”

“No, it’s not my wife who’s running away, it’s Xue Wuhen! This bastard must be ashamed of his own sins!” Shiqi replied, while at the same time he stole a glance at Xian'gu.

“Errr?” The mention of this disgusting name was enough to push Qinghan into a fury. His emotions suddenly changed, as he looked coldly at the entrance of the cave, before he stood up, “I need you guys to scoop him out, no matter where he has hidden. Dispatch as many people as possible, I need you to launch a blanket search for this

bastard!”

Chapter 139 – The Secret of Soul Chaos

“Errr? Do you understand?”

The sudden fury of Qinghan shocked everyone, as they stopped chatting at once. Sainan also stood up confusingly, and asked the question that bewildered them all, “Young lord Qinghan, what happened between you and Wuhen? What did he do to you?”

Although it was no news that Qinghan and Wuhen had long been on bad terms with each other, it was odd for Qinghan to act so dramatically this time. Sainan believed in Qinghan’s personality, and that he wouldn’t use his power to bully his weaker compatriots of the Mars Prefecture.

“Hehe, what did he do to him? He did an incredibly disgusting thing. Do you guys remember last time, when we were under siege by the encirclement of the demons and barbarians? Do you know why Yao Kaka and Man’gan went to Black Dragon Valley? Because that bastard Wuhen planted concealed worms in our young lord’s hair... Those worms served as a tracer. We immediately went to his place to capture him, but only found the normal members of the Xue Family. Wuhen, as well as his two Prince-Realm cultivators have already run away!” Impatiently, Shiqi quickly broke in, as he answered Sainan’s question for his young lord.

“Ahhh...”

Shiqi’s words deeply stirred everyone’s heart. It took several minutes for them to digest this bombshell. They were pondering on the authenticity of this news, as well as the possible consequences.

“Fuck you, Xue Wuhen! You’re such an asshole! How shameless of you to do such evil things to all of us! I’ll report this to my father, and raze Flying Snow City to the ground!” Feng Zi broke the silence, and cursed bitterly.

“Ohhh, I remember that bastard once invited young lord Qinghan to have a private conversation with him. I bet it was at that time that he planted the worms in Qinghan’s hair. No wonder that the other two races found us so easily! I thought they were using some heaven-defying tracing technique... Oh, I was so wrong! It was all conspired by Xue Wuhen! But... I guess the Xue Family will be

removed from the five prominent families after this scandal is made public.” Hua Cao blinked his eyes, as he remembered a series of suspicious, unexplainable things that had happened earlier during the Prefecture War. Now everything was clear!

“Xue Wuhen... he has to die!” Qingcheng was apparently on Qinghan’s side, for she shared the hatred Qinghan had towards his enemy.

“Er, is this real? Did you procure any evidence?” In great shock, Sainan raised her voice, hoping to be reassured by some concrete evidence. This was going to be a big event! It would probably influence the bond that had connected the five families throughout history. The crime of colluding with the other races to harm compatriots of his own prefecture, would definitely raise outcries. She had to behave with extra caution, before she jumped to any conclusion.

“Young lord Qinghan, take out the worms! Let all of them have a good look.” Shisan nodded to Sainan, and asked Qinghan to show the evidence.

Quietly, Qinghan took a jade box from his chest pocket, and opened it, before he displayed the box at the center of the cave ground, for others to observe.

“Errr...” As soon as the boxed was opened, Sainan’s face turned surly. As an experienced cultivator, she had good eyesight, and judgment. The transparent worms were already cut into halves, but she was absolutely certain that these were the worms of the Xue Family. With Hua Cao’s deduction combined, she was fully convinced that Wuhen was actually a traitor!

After some meditation, she gave an order, “Send out all the scouts, and seek Wuhen out! Whoever claims to be the first to find him, we’ll reward him with 1,000 credits!”

Quickly, all the scouts rushed outside, striving to be the first one to obtain the 1,000 credits, with which they would be able to take the position of a small-city leader.

“Son of a bitch! How could this bastard, Wuhen, do such a monstrous thing? I’ll kill him once I run into him!”

“You’re right. On behalf of my family, I declare that we will break off any and all connections we have with the Xue Family! Young lord Qinghan, we will follow

the Ye Family instead!”

“The Xue Family is challenging the morality of the Mars Prefecture! They are going against the trend! After this war ends, I suggest that we form a legion to annihilate the Xue Family!”

“ ... ”

Since Wuhen’s evil behavior was made known to all, he, as well as his family, were doomed. He was supposed to be killed, according to the rules set up by the founders of the five prominent families. Actually, he wasn’t only a traitor, but also a criminal, who had plotted to end the lives of the young lords and ladies of the other prominent families. This was no different from stirring up the hornet’s nest, and troubles would come to him sooner or later.

Sizing up the current situation, the less influential families, that once clung to the Xue Family, began to show their willingness to end their cooperative relationship with this evil family. One after another, they swore to capture Xue Wuhen to make their due contribution to the other prominent families.

“It’s still too early to say whether the Xue Family was involved in this conspiracy or not. Maybe it was all done by Wuhen alone. We have to discuss with the leader of Dragon City, as well as the elders of our four families, before we make a final decision on how to punish Wuhen and his family. In the following days, I’ll set out to meet Man’gan, and inquire him about some details. I suggest that you guys come along as witnesses. I hope, that you guys will help me to accuse Wuhen of his wrongdoings later on!”

Back in the Black Dragon Valley, where Qinghan had first discovered the concealed worms, he had originally decided to investigate this event secretly. But now, since the ugly doings of Wuhen were known to all, he thought it was time to bring the other families in, and ask them to be the witnesses when he interrogated the bald-headed Man’gan. Qinghan was confident, that he would find out the prime culprit from the mouth of Man’gan.

“I agree! I’ll be the first witness to the proof of Wuhen’s wrongdoings!”

“Haha, we’re at your disposal, young lord Qinghan. It’ll be an interesting journey to the barbarian’s temporary camp!”

“Good idea! If time permits it, shall we also visit the demon’s camp?”

“ ... ”

The crowd burst into a clamor, as they were showing their willingness to join Qinghan’s plan. After all, the once terrifying demons and barbarians weren’t a threat to them anymore. Qinghan would be their protector! The discussion was quite heated, for some were talking about when this special journey would start, what kind of clothing they should wear that day, or the possible ways to punish Man’gan... Some even suggested to hang Man’gan on a tree, and let him enjoy a good spanking.

.....

Night fell, and Qinghan retreated to his resting place, after a simple meal with the team members.

“Little Black, come out!”

With a gracious smile, Qinghan patted on his own chest.

- Shoo! -

Suddenly, a black puff of smoke appeared, in which the shape of Little Black was gradually visualized.

Little Black turned his neck left and right, and revealed his two protruding canine teeth, “Jiji, hello boss! You look fabulous!”

“Hey, little bastard, don’t make fun of me. Tell me... what actually happened? Could you please explain to me what Soul Chaos is?” Qinghan clutched Little Black in his arms, and stroke his head, with eyes full of love.

“Gaga! Boss, I’m very powerful now.” Little Black proudly raised up his chin.

“Boss, do you remember the Dragon Crystal I collected in the Black Dragon Valley? I swallowed it in my stomach, and my body began to inhale the energy from it at a crazy speed. Because of the size of my body, I found it hard to absorb all of the energy by myself. That’s why the extra energy went into your body! But, as soon as I delivered the energy to you, I fell into a deep slumber. You know what, after a long time, when I finally woke up, I found that my strength had

greatly increased! What's more, our integration technique was also upgraded in the process!"

"Ahh!" Qinghan suddenly came to the realization, that the energy that spilled out from his chest was actually given to him by Little Black, while he was refining the Dragon Crystal! In an even more excited tone, he added, "But, why did Soul Chaos exert such incredible power?"

"Haha!" Little Black rolled his pair of shining black eyeballs, and conveyed his voice to Qinghan.

"Indeed, Soul Chaos is an upgraded version of Soul Blackout. They belong to the same category – spiritual attacks! The difference is, Soul Blackout is aimed at individuals, but Soul Chaos is targeted at groups. Why it is so powerful? Heihei, that's because my soul has now reached the Realm of a seventh-grade demonic beast, equivalent to the Realm of the Prince among humans. Boss, once we integrate, our overall soul force will be near the peak level of the Realm of the Prince... With such improvements, it will certainly be a piece of cake to kill groups of Barbarian Emperors and Demonic Emperors!"

Chapter 140 – Man’gan’s Concern

“Ah?” Qinghan touched his nose excitedly, for he was completely enlightened by Little Black’s explanation. He couldn’t help but to reveal his joy, as he added, “Little Black, will Soul Chaos be equally effective to those in the Realm of the Emperor? If my memory isn’t cheating me, this integration technique should be able to kill those in higher realms!”

“Humph! Boss, I admire your imagination!” On the contrary to Qinghan’s excitement, Little Black rolled his eyes contemptuously at his master, for he was so speechless in face of Qinghan’s question, “Before, I did say that this technique could kill those in a higher realm, but only when they are below the Realm of the Emperor! You know, once a cultivator reaches the Realm of the Emperor, he will be able to get a glimpse of the Laws of Heaven and Earth. Thus, they can refine their soul. But... there are some exceptions... for instance, if the Emperor-Realm cultivator doesn’t have a strong soul force, you can still put a little bit of pressure on his mind.”

“Haha!” Qinghan laughed out in embarrassment, and it seemed as if he was expecting too much of this technique!

.....

Man’gan was in such a bad mood, that he had already killed several barbarian girls to vent his negative feelings.

It wasn’t because of the quality of their service, but because Man’gan was captured by a fit of unknown impulses of killing whenever he “finished”. Looking at the emptiness in between the space of his middle finger and pinky, he was filled with fury!

Right now, he was hiding in the temporary camp, protected by numerous barbarians outside the camp, as not even a bird could fly into their encirclement.

Despite all the security measures, he was still haunted by Qinghan’s devil-like smile. He repeatedly saw the same scene flashing in front of his eyes: Qinghan cutting through his throat and saying that he had regretted to let him go. Back at Breaking Blade Summit, Qinghan had actually promised Man’gan, that he wouldn’t kill them as long as they would voluntarily cut off their own ring fingers.

But now... Man'gan predicted that it was highly possible that Qinghan would break his promise...

This creepy feeling made Man'gan suffer greatly. He felt like his life was held in another person's hands. Ever since he had reluctantly cut off his ring finger at Breaking Blade Summit, he had never enjoyed a worry-free day...

"Shit! Without my finger, how can I point to the sun and yell "fuck!"?"

A flame of anger was thriving in his heart, which made Man'gan lose control of his behavior. Randomly, he swept away all the dishes, and cups on the desk with his arms, and threw them to the ground, "Bring me two more girls! Today I'm going to try a threesome!"

The guards at the door shook their heads, and gave out a helpless sigh. They knew that their young lord was suffering from the horror of the battle at Breaking Blade Summit. The sensual pleasure had turned out to be the only way to cheer him up. Since Man'gan's order was given, his servants had to do what they were told.

However... when the servants were about to push the door open, someone discovered that a large group of humans was swarming towards their camp! Looking from afar, it was estimated that the total number could be fifty to sixty.

Several barbarians craned their heads over each other's shoulders, and shockingly found that the young human in the middle was smilingly waving at them, as though they were good friends...

"Heaven! The devil is coming!"

"Warning! The devil is coming!"

The barbarians were so scared, that some of them even fell on the ground. All of a sudden, the barbarian camp was filled with yelling and screaming. They were rushing around the camp, as they were trying to inform everyone about this ominous piece of news.

- Bang! -

The chaos eventually crept into Man'gan's ears. With an exaggerated terrified

expression, he suddenly slipped into his chair, and soon the chair crashed into pieces due to his mighty power.

“Where is he? The devil, where is he?”

In great panic, Man’gan rose up to his feet, and searched in all directions in a state of utter horror.

“Young leader, that... that devil is coming towards us. Right now, he is in front of our camp!” The barbarian guard could hardly hold his breath while talking. He quickly supported the staggering Man’gan, as he stammered out these words.

“Errr!” Hardly had Man’gan stood steadily, before he walked to the door, and overlooked the whole camp from his bird’s eye view. The moment his eyes fell on the human group, he immediately recognized the black-clothed young man, who was smiling at them in a seemingly amicable way. As quickly as he could, Man’gan darted back to his room, and walked in circles, repeatedly. He found he had no way to escape.

“Report!”

A barbarian soldier was walking in big strides towards Man’gan, and his resounding voice could be heard from far away.

“Report! Young leader! That human devil says he wishes to ask you some questions. He demands that you come down and meet him. He also warned us... that he will kill all of us if you don’t accept his invitation.”

“Son of a bitch! I didn’t rape his wife, why does he bother to make a punitive expedition against me? Hey, Man Niu, seriously, will he kill me if I go and meet him?” In front of his underlings, Man’gan tried his best to maintain his composed manner, but his trembling voice revealed everything.

“Errr... I don’t think so. If he decides to kill you, he won’t ask us to deliver this report to you. Why wouldn’t he just start to kill us at once? No one here can defeat him!” Man Niu shook his lumpy head, and replied with a solemn expression.

“Alright! I heard the humans are cautious about promises. Okay, Everyone who has reached the cultivation of a Barbarian Emperor, come with me! Let’s go and have a conversation with that human.”

Touching his shiny bald head, Man'gan believed the likelihood of being killed was rather low. So he reassured himself, as he straightened his spine, showing his usual young-lord-disposition.

.....

“Little Qinghan, do you think Man'gan will come down obediently?”

Qingwu stood beside Qinghan, with her radiant face turned towards the gate of the camp.

The barbarian camp, a place where once they wouldn't get near, turned out to be a safe place for the human group. With only a dozen of them, they were fearless to face the thousands of barbarians. Proudly and calmly, they stood there, waiting for the arrival of the young lord of the Barbarian Prefecture.

“If he dares to reject our invite, I will poke his asshole with a stick!”

“I have an even better idea. Why not strip all of his clothing, and slap him with a whip? Oh, after that, we will wrap him up and let him burn to death!”

“Hahaha...”

Behind Qinghan, people began making jokes about how to punish Man'gan. In face of thousands of barbarians, they still managed to talk cheerfully and humorously. Through the history of the Mars Prefecture, no one had ever experienced such privileged treatment.

They all became dizzy with success. But, when they saw the glare Qinghan shot at them, they abruptly shut up.

No kidding! The reason why they could make fun of the barbarian young lord in front of the barbarian camp was merely because of this teenager in black clothing, Ye Qinghan! If he was provoked, he would probably walk away and leave the others behind. How could they fight with thousands of barbarians without Qinghan? If Qinghan deserted them, they would've been fucked by the barbarians from behind, a hundred times over...

“He's coming! Shut up! Listen carefully, everyone! Later, you will all be my witnesses.”

The gate of the barbarian camp was pushed open, from which a group of

barbarians slowly walked out, with Man'gan in the front. Sainan turned around and reminded the rest of the group in all seriousness, because she didn't forget the purpose of this visit.

Chapter 141 – The Culprit and Man’gan’s Shorts

“Ahaha... I’m the young lord of the Barbarian Prefecture, and these here are my thirteen Barbarian Emperors! Your majesty from the Mars Prefecture, we’re thrilled to welcome you!”

In an extremely low-profile manner, Man’gan managed to show a hypocritical smile, while he extended his arms, as a sign of a warm welcome. Considering the current situation, Man’gan reckoned it to be better to submit to the conceited human beings for the time being. As a loser, he knew that he had to behave as submissive as possible to satisfy the “human devil”.

“I’m Ye Qinghan, honestly, I only came to ask you a couple of questions. I hope you won’t hide anything from us.” Straightforwardly, Qinghan cut to the point.

“Your Majesty!” Man’gan touched his bald head, and added with all respect, “I swear... I’ll tell you everything I know, including how many times my father has sex per day, or how many woman he has a relation with. Oh, I can tell you what color his shorts is, if you’re interested!”

“HAHAHA!”

People from the Mars Prefecture laughed out indulgently, for they were rather delighted by Man’gan’s attitude. Meanwhile, Qingwu and Qingcheng lowered their heads in embarrassment, but even they chuckled to themselves.

“Hehe, I’m not interested in your father’s shorts!” Qinghan smiled back, and he felt as if Man’gan wasn’t as stupid as he had been told. In order not to let the subject go astray, he immediately asked, “What I’m interested in is your alliance with Yao Kaka, and your combined efforts to kill me. Was it people from the Xue Family that gave you the information about my whereabouts?”

“Nonono, Your Majesty, we didn’t try to kill you! You must’ve made a mistake!” Being frightened to rake up the past, Man’gan denied Qinghan’s suggestion with a terrified voice.

“I’m from the Ye Family, one of the members of the super elite team. I haven’t come here to hold anyone responsible. I just need you to confirm for me that people from the Xue Family actually provided you with crucial information about my whereabouts!” Obviously, Qinghan’s patience was wearing off, as he glared

at Man'gan with tightly knitted eyebrows.

“Errr... No!” Man'gan kept shook his bald head, very much like a rattle-drum.

Greatly surprised, people from the Mars Prefecture stared at Man'gan with all their attention, for they were so eager to hear what he had to say.

But a moment later, Man'gan continued, “We didn't receive any information from your side, but we did receive a crystal ball from a guy called Xue Wuhen! Inside the crystal ball, there was a red spot that kept moving forward, while it was flashing. They told us that the red spot was our target. Your Majesty, it isn't me that planned to kill you, you have to believe in me...”

“Errr....”

“The Positioning Crystal Ball!”

People from the Mars Prefecture looked at each other, and simultaneously saw the indignation in each other's eyes. As for the young lords, Feng Zi and Hua Cao, they responded rather calmly, and figured out why the demons and barbarians could be so responsive, whenever they had transferred to a new place. Since that bastard Wuhen had given the Positioning Crystal Balls to both Yao Kaka and Man'gan, his evil intention of killing the Mars Prefecture Team was absolutely clear.

“Once I find Xue Wuhen, I swear that I'll let him taste all the brutal torture I can possibly think of. Fuck, he is so heartless by attempting to kill his compatriots!” Feng Zi roared, for he was completely provoked by Wuhen's shameless behavior.

On the contrary, there wasn't any trace of anger on Hua Cao's face; instead, he smiled uncannily, “I predict, that the five prominent families will soon turn into just four!”

Definitely! As a young leader of the Xue Family, Xue Wuhen had gone so far as to collude with other races to kill the compatriots of his own prefecture. He had planned to annihilate the entire younger-generation's elites of the Mars Prefecture, by the hands of Yao Kaka and Man'gan! What would the elders of each family think of this, if they were told of this brutal truth? They would

certainly be mad!

On the other hand, Qinghan gave out a sigh of relief, for he had finished his first task. Since Wuhen's wrongdoing was confirmed by Man'gan, and all the witnesses believed in the authenticity of this event, Qinghan was confident that Wuhen was doomed sooner rather than later. The Mars Prefecture would no longer welcome such a publicly-known traitor. Also, the Xue Family would suffer accordingly. Indeed, his deep-seated hatred towards Wuhen started much earlier on. Back in Grey City, Wuhen had molested his sister; and in the Wild Mountain Range, Wuhen had secretly arranged for his underlings to assassinate Qinghan... All of this would be avenged. The bastard Wuhen would finally have to pay for all those nasty things! Qinghan had waited so long for this day.

Next came Qinghan's second task. He looked at the unsettling Man'gan, and smiled friendly, "Tell me, hefty fellow, who asked you and Yao Kaka to chase after us?"

"Tu Qianjun!" This time, Man'gan responded without any hesitation. This Tu Qianjun had put both the Demonic Prefecture and the Barbarian Prefecture in such big trouble, so he had already cursed him for a hundred times over. Now, since Qinghan had asked, he just confessed as quickly as he could.

"Ahhh, It's him!"

The name of Tu Qianjun had made everyone shiver a little bit, for they had never thought that people from Immortal City would be involved. With a bitter smile, Qinghan responded with sheer silence. As the ancient sage said, "Beauties are always dangerous!", it couldn't be more true! Men had to sacrifice something to obtain a beauty. Before, Qinghan had believed that he had made no big enemies outside the Ye Castle, apart from Wuhen. Now, he suddenly realized that he had actually deeply offended Tu Qianjun back at the Summer Fire Festival by winning Qingcheng's heart!

However, Qinghan didn't show a surprised expression; while Qingcheng felt uneasy. She looked at Qinghan apologetically, as if she was blaming herself. It was she, who had triggered the hostility between Qinghan and Tu Qianjun.

"Hehe, it's not your fault!" Rather considerately, Qinghan put his hands on Qingcheng's shoulders, and hinted that she shouldn't take the blame. Beauty

itself wasn't wrong, it was the jealousy inside people's heart that should be called evil.

"Shit, it's that complacent bastard! Young lord Qinghan, this problem is... rather thorny!" Feng Zi shot a helpless glance at Qinghan, before he lowered his head. For a place as influential as Immortal City, they were like small ants in front of a gigantic elephant. Any efforts from the ants would be nullified.

"At our current stage, we have to endure this!" Hua Cao gave his opinion.

Qinghan nodded to both Feng Zi and Hua Cao, before he turned to Man'gan once again, "Now, let's talk about the third thing. Do you remember, when we were under your siege, the Sickie Team came to our rescue, but they didn't make it out themselves. My question is, who killed them? Turn them in! I have to avenge them, they're descendants of my Ye Family!"

"Ahh! It was Man Shan! But the group led by him was already annihilated by your people. No one is left!" Hastily, Man'gan gestured hysterically, trying to explain this matter.

"Who is Man Shan? I never heard of him. Hey, buddy, don't lie to me, huh?!" Qinghan threatened.

Urged by Qinghan, the devil, Man'gan was on the brink of crying, as his face turned pale, "Man Shan is the one... on whose head you stood on back at Breaking Blade Summit. That Barbarian Emperor! He came from the southern region of our prefecture. And all his underlings died in that battle!"

"Are you sure?" Suspiciously, Qinghan asked repeatedly, while the cold light in his eyes had no sign of diminishing.

"Yes, absolutely! If I lie to you, under the name of the ancient Barbarian God, I swear I'm willing to be punished to live in the sea of Asura forever!" The cold sweat on Man'gan's forehead began to trickle down his cheek. Having no time to wipe the sweat off, he raised his four-fingered hand, and made a vow.

"Alright, forget about it!" Qinghan's face turned less ferocious, after hearing Man'gan's oath. Since Man Shan and his team members had already been killed, he decided to let it be bygones.

"One last question!" After a little while of pondering, Qinghan spoke up once

again.

“Errr...another one?” Hardly had Man’gan taken a long breath and wiped off his sweat, or he was terrified by the fact that there was yet another question waiting for him to answer. He was so unhappy deep inside.

Meanwhile, Qinghan showed his dissatisfaction and made a rhetorical question, “Er? Do you have any problems with that?”

“No... No, of course not!” Man’gan was terrified to meet with Qinghan’s eyes, and hurriedly waved his hands.

After a while, Qinghan continued, “Listen, the last question is... You and Yao Kaka caused great casualties to my Mars Prefecture. Also, our mental trauma from this battle still haunts some of our members. Errr... I mean, shouldn’t you offer us some treasures as compensation? In that way, we’ll be greatly consoled.”

“Casualties? Compensation? You’ll be consoled?” Man’gan was confused by this tongue-twister like expression at first. It took him a long while, until he finally came to the realization of its true meaning. This human devil was going to extort him. Although it was acceptable for a defeated party to compensate the other side, he never saw someone beat around the bush in such a way. In fact, he had already prepared some before Qinghan’s arrival.

However, with respect, he replied, “Of course. Man Niu, bring the treasures here!”

A little while later, several muscular barbarians carried dozens of giant crates down the hill. Man’gan then ordered his barbarians to open the crates in front of Qinghan.

Staring at the contents of the crates, people from the Mars Prefecture inhaled a deep, cold breath. It wasn’t because the treasures were unique, but the scene of a dozen of crates stuffed with a variety of treasures was rather shocking by the sight.

“Heihei! Your Majesty! I knew you were going to come by sooner or later... Ha, I’ve prepared these over the last few days. I intended to bring them to your camp, but look, you came here instead! Hmm, this crate is full of rare medicine, this one is full of uncommon metals, and this one...” With a seemingly pleased face, Man’gan introduced all the items to Qinghan. All these crates were filled with treasures he had collected from the Visionary Forest.

“Hmmm, just so-so! Take them!” Qinghan nodded his head, as he instructed others to take away the crates. After that, he spoke in a slow manner, “How many saint-level items did Tu Qianjun give you?”

“Saint-level items? No! I... I only got a superior treasure-level item! I could’ve won a saint-level item, if... if we killed you... Errr!” Realizing he had said something improperly, Man’gan quickly managed a flattering smile, and took out a silver soft sword.

“Your majesty, this is specially for you! Here you go! It’s extremely sharp!”

To Qinghan’s great satisfaction, he received the sword, and wielded it in the air, as he released a slashing sound. He turned to Shisan, and asked him to hold onto it for him. Then, he, once again, turned to Man’gan, and looked him up and down.

The greedy look of Qinghan made Man’gan so uncomfortable, that he soon grew goose bumps, at which time he covered his chest with both of his giant arms, “Your Majesty, I haven’t taken any showers for a couple of days. I’m stinky with a disgusting armpit odor. Due to my unclear hygiene, I’ve also developed haemorrhoids! You... you’d better let me go. Or shall I send you some beautiful barbarian girls?”

“Fuck off!”

Glancing at his own people, who were trying very hard to refrain themselves from laughter, Qinghan couldn’t help but curse Man’gan. The ugly appearance of Man’gan was enough to scare away others, who would be fond of his asshole? Barbarian girls? They were at least two meters tall, with their vaginas larger than a human fist, who would be interested in these oversized monsters?

“Hey, your golden armor looks nice! I like it!”

“Nonono, Your Majesty, please don’t take away my armor! This is my life-saving item. My father has told me that once the armor is gone, I’m dead!” Man’gan almost kneeled down in front of Qinghan. His armor was comparable to a saint-level item, whose defensive function was one of a kind. With this armor wrapped around one’s body, he wouldn’t be hurt by any normal treasure-level weapons.

In the beginning, Man’gan did his utmost to save his armor, but when he found the light in Qinghan’s eyes turning colder and colder, he chose to compromise. But he still added in a sobbing voice, “Your Majesty, this armor is too large for you... This doesn’t fit you...”

Impatiently, Qinghan yelled, “Dumbass, it’s not for me, it’s for my battle beast! Take it off! Otherwise, your armor, together with your body, will be crushed immediately!”

“I will take it off! Right now!” As he said this, Man’gan took off his armor, revealing his terrifying muscular body, and a pair of scarlet-red shorts!

Directly, Qinghan threw the armor to Shisan. After which he turned to Man’gan, while looking at his red shorts, “Ahh... your... shorts...”

“Your Majesty! I really cannot strip any further...” Man’gan desperately threw himself on the ground, begging for Qinghan’s mercy!

Throwing a disdainful look at Man’gan, Qinghan realized that Man’gan wasn’t a guy that could stand wild jokes, so he sighed, “I just want to tell you... Your shorts look quite unique!”

Chapter 142 – The Season of Blossoming Peach Flowers

Time went by like the water streaming down the river. Within the blink of an eye, half a year had passed.

In a moonlit night, the breeze made the drunken people feel refreshed. A young man was embracing a beauty in his arms.

This man, of course, was Qinghan. He was enjoying the moment most men would be envious of, with such a shy beauty lying in his arms, he was so relaxed and depressurized.

As for the Demonic and Barbarian Prefecture, they had no alternative but to stay in their own camp all this time, in case of running into or even being killed by Qinghan, who they referred to as the devil. Ghost Island had turned into a tranquil, picturesque place.

Qinghan had actually gone to the demonic camp shortly after he had left the barbarians. After the killing of several dozen advanced demons, the demon side had submissively handed over all their treasures to Qinghan, including some leftover rings.

All the treasures and rings were, once again, distributed among the Mars Prefecture elites. In the following days, instead of killing more barbarians and demons, they had dispersed in all directions, searching for possible treasures hidden on Ghost Island.

As for the young lords and ladies, they had returned to their temporary camp, chatting, bragging, or cultivating in between their slapsticks. At night, Qinghan would have a romantic walk with Qingcheng, as they were gently satisfying each other, like they were doing right now...

Young lord Qinghan was far from a man of seriousness. Back when he was in the An'yue Hotel, he had manifested this part of his personality very well in the lady boss's large bed.

As a time traveler, in Qinghan's previous life, he had been a mediocre worker with a small salary. Interestingly, in that life, he was also an unfortunate orphan, but normal-looking, with no cars and real estate of his own. He had found a shelter in a plainly-decorated rental house. For such a poor guy, he had never

dared to dream of holding a pure beauty in his hands, because girls, especially the attractive ones, were a luxury to him. However, on each payday, he would spend part of his limited salary in the red-light district at the corner of the street.

In this lifetime, he had turned out to be a young lord of an affluent family. Under such an environment, the frequency of seeing beauties should have vastly increased. Nevertheless, as an abject seventh young lord, he had absolutely no chance at all to pick up the hot chicks. It was only in Wild City, where he had no restrictions in doing whatever he liked to do; that he had grasped this opportunity and fully enjoyed the taste of a beautiful lady. He had pushed the seductive lady boss down on the pink-blanket bed, and rode on her all night...

Later, when he had returned to the Ye Castle, he had actually dreamed of becoming the focus of all the beautiful girls with the help of his holy-grade battle beast. When his social status had soared up, he had dreamed of being surrounded by all kinds of beauties, and immersed in their insurgent waves of breasts... Sadly, there had been no beauties, but the scarlet blood of his sister, which had left him furious... Although he wasn't Long Pifu, who would cause the river to be saturated with blood once he was irritated, he had also stirred up quite a storm within the Ye Castle.

Qinghan had, in the end, left the Ye family, and went for the Prefecture War. Before this journey, he had participated in the Summer Fire Festival, and won the admiration and love of Qingcheng. He knew that Qingcheng was a stunning beauty, who was the dream lover of all the men in this world. He also knew, that as long as he wished, this "peach flower" would be nipped off by him. However... the vision of the white-haired girl back in the Ye Castle had extinguished his fire of manly urges every time he had the temptation to do something to Qingcheng. Deep in his heart, Qinghan admitted that he was a romantic young man, but... he had his bottom line, without which, he would be no different from those beasts in their rutting period.

Presently, his power had vastly increased, with which he could annihilate a great number of demons and barbarians, just like what had happened at the Breaking Blade Summit. In that battle, he had heroically saved the whole Mars Prefecture Legion, suppressed the enemies, and successfully obtained all the credits.

The credits had ensured the availability of the Spirit Immortal Dan. in other words, Qinghan's sister would be saved.

At this moment, Qinghan felt more relaxed and pleasant than he ever had. He was in such a comfortable zone, that his sensual desires began to surface again. Of course, it was improper to explain his behavior in such a way. Qingcheng's devotion to this romantic relationship itself was the real part that touched Qinghan. Ever since their tight hug at the end of the battle at the Breaking Blade Summit, their relationship had heated up. When they had returned to the temporary camp, they had clung to each other like glue...

Any romantic relationship should aim at marriage, if not, the man must be a masher!

The classic proverb in his previous life had enlightened Qinghan, for he decided to marry Qingcheng to avoid being called a masher. Because, right now, he was doing something indecent to Qingcheng...

Qinghan sat on a giant rock, while Qingcheng sat on his legs. He was staring at her blush face raptly. While at the same time, his hands were busy feeling the delicacy of her skin.

"Qinghan, will you love me forever?" Looking back at her lover, Qingcheng asked a question many girls would ask.

"Yes, of course!" With a sweet smile, one of Qinghan's hands moved above Qingcheng's neck, touching her exquisite face, which had rendered an unworldly beauty. At the same time, his other hand had begun to move upward from her stomach, inserting his fingers into her filmy clothing, and snatched on the softest part of her body...

"Errr... oh... Please, promise that you'll never dump me, no matter the circumstances!" Satisfied with Qinghan's answer, Qingcheng's eyes were filled with pleasure. But once again, she added another frequently-talked sentence between lovers.

"I promise!" Qinghan nodded his head, and thought to himself that no one would desert such a beauty, unless their brain was damaged. After a small silence, he asked with confusion, "Qingcheng, tell me, how will my Soul Tranquilization benefit your family?"

Back at the Tranquil Lake, he had once entered into a magical state, where the Essence Qi between heaven and earth had begun to run towards him. The great elder of the Yue Family, as well as their leader, had unanimously agreed to marry Qingcheng to Qinghan after seeing this technique. Also, he had learned from Ye Qingniu, that this technique was called Soul Tranquilization. Therefore, he had long been bewildered by this technique, and the reason why the Yue Family had chosen him.

“Ha!” Qingcheng smiled cheerfully, and talked in a slow manner, “The so-called Soul Tranquilization is actually a super realm in the refining of the soul. Do you know how powerful and effective this technique is? The effect reached by one hour of Soul Tranquilization can be compared with one-year cultivation by an Emperor-Realm cultivator! As you already know, our family is famous for our spiritual attacks, which need a powerful soul force. This is why you’re considered to be so important to our Yue Family!”

“Errr? It’s awesome! I mean the Soul Tranquilization... But, will my cultivation benefit from it also? How can I help you or your family?” Qinghan asked closely.

“This...” Looking at the inquisitive eyes of Qinghan, Qingcheng’s face blushed down to her neck. After a few seconds, she replied in a low voice, “We... my Yue Family... has a Dual Cultivation method. Once we have intercourse, I will be able to trigger your Soul Tranquilization, and we will cultivate our soul together... Remember, only me and our leader are qualified to do so.”

“Wow, that’s going a little bit too far. But...” Qinghan eventually understood why he was so important to the Yue Family! Meanwhile, he chuckled at the embarrassed Qingcheng, and after that, he extended his hands out, surrounding Qingcheng’s waist, as he licked her earlobes, “Shall we have a try right now?”

“No...” Qingcheng threw a disdainful look at Qinghan, and tried to push away his “evil hands”. But, she found that her body had become limp, and her awkward struggling only made Qinghan feel as if she was only flirting with him.

Feeling the twists of Qingcheng’s body, Qinghan swallowed several times. The blood in his brain was running like crazy, for she was so uncontrollably gorgeous. His hands began to give a full search of Qingcheng’s body, and his mouth was

covering over Qingcheng's two charming, red lips...

Chapter 143 - Negotiation

“Jiji! Jiji!”

All of a sudden, a familiar sound broke the silence of the night. This abrupt interruption dampened Qinghan’s flaming desire, while he was lying on top of Qingcheng.

“Errr...” With a stupefied expression, Qingcheng hurriedly tidied up her messy clothing. Her topless body was soon covered up, but Qinghan’s eyes were still fastened on her chest, as he was reluctant to move away. He could clearly feel his increasingly fast heartbeat.

“Little Black! Get the fuck out, now!” Qinghan yelled loudly, as if he was blaming Little Black for disrupting this romantic moment.

“Jiji!” Obediently, Little Black jumped out from the nearby grove, and his pair of black eyes showed a wronged expression, “Boss, I didn’t mean to disturb, but... Miss Qingwu is looking for you!”

“Huh? What deal can she really offer me? Haven’t you seen this is your boss’s biggest deal right now?” Qinghan’s remarks made Qingcheng quite uncomfortable, as she stole a rebuking glance at him with the corner of her eyes.

“Jiji!”

Little Black rolled his eyes and turned away. These days, he had surpassed the weak period, and his power had vastly increased. He didn’t like to be trapped in the summoning space all day long, and he’d rather get out to wander around the vicinity of the camp area. Right now, even the normal Prince-Realm cultivators weren’t able to bring Little Black down. So, Qinghan had permitted Little Black to go wherever he pleased.

“Qinghan, let’s get out! Don’t let the others wait!” Qingcheng had already calmed down, but the light in her eyes were still sparkling with charm.

“Alright! Haha!” Qinghan stroke his hair, before he walked down the hill, hand in hand with Qingcheng.

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The temporary meeting room on the hillside.

Sainan, together with the other team leaders, had already arrived. When Qinghan and Qingcheng walked in, with their hands tightly clasped together, the attendees were shocked at first, but soon released some dry laughter to warm up the awkward atmosphere. No one had shown any discomfort or envy over their newly-developed relationship, after all, Qinghan was the one who had saved them all. On the other hand, Qinghan and Qingcheng had already been considered a couple since the Summer Fire Festival. After all, such a hero, they thought, deserved a beauty as stunning as Qingcheng. But, there were also some guys who were now making fun of Qinghan, in a friendly way.

However, Qinghan didn't care a bit about these jokesters. Quickly, he got himself seated; while Qingcheng walked over to Sainan, and sat by her side.

Qinghan sipped his cup of tea, before he turned to Sainan, and asked, "Why have you assembled everyone here? Is there anything urgent going on?"

"Er..." Sainan frowned over his question, and eventually managed an awkward smile.

"Young lord Qinghan, I bet you've been so immersed in your happy hour, that you've forgotten the time..." With a hysterical fit of laughter, Feng Zi winked subtly at Qinghan, "Tomorrow, we'll step into our final month on Ghost Island!"

"Oh!" Qinghan raised his eyebrows up, and swept his glance over the other members, "So what?"

"Hahaha..." People couldn't help but to laugh out loudly.

"Tomorrow is the day of the final war! The participants from all three prefectures will be gathered together to fight!" Shisan secretly conveyed his voice to remind his master of this event.

"Ahhh!" Qinghan was so embarrassed, because he had totally forgotten this most important issue. As the saying goes, the beauty's bed is the tomb of the hero. Now, Qinghan realized that it couldn't be more true. In spite of this, he didn't show any sign of regret, and added, "It's just the final war, no big deal! It's not worth my attention!"

“Errr...”

Qinghan’s reply shocked everyone. But, on second thought, it was indeed not a big deal for him, considering his current strength. In each Prefecture War, the final war was always considered as the most crucial. Each prefecture would deploy 90,000 soldiers, which would make for a grand total of 270,000 participants. The battlefield of the final war was located on the Bloody Prairie, where the Death Immortal Spot and Ghost Immortal Spot were the two major places they would fight for. The prefecture that could occupy the Death Immortal Spot would be granted the super honor as the upper-class prefecture, and with this title, it would obtain the privilege of receiving numerous tributes from the lower-class prefecture. While, on the other hand, the Ghost Immortal Spot winner would be rewarded a middle-class prefecture title, which had the right to not deliver treasures to the upper-class prefecture.

The rules, which were strictly followed and implemented by the three prefectures, were designed by Immortal City. If any party showed any despise against these rules, the other two prefectures, together with Immortal City, would launch a united attack against the dissident. As always, the final war would lead thousands of people to meet with an early demise, in the process of fighting for these two spots.

“Hey, young lord Qinghan!” After a fit of coughing, Sainan turned to Qinghan, “Normally, the young lords and ladies, or key descendants, of the prominent families aren’t allowed to participate in the final war. So...”

“Ah? Really? I never heard of such a rule!” Qinghan looked like an idiot when it came to rules and regulations. But, a second later, he added, “What if all of us joined the final war? What will the other prefectures do?”

“Honestly, what you have proposed has actually happened in the previous Prefecture War. The other two prefectures formed an alliance to jointly attack the party that breached the rules.” Sainan explained patiently.

“Just an alliance? Haven’t the Demonic and Barbarian Prefectures already teamed up? What are we afraid of? Go and fight for the Death Immortal Post, all of us!” For Qinghan, the rules and regulations seemed as unnecessary as the farts he made.

“Great idea! I bet the demons and barbarians are already overawed by what Qinghan has demonstrated at the Breaking Blade Summit. As long as Qinghan is there, they won’t dare to come close!” Feng Zi stood up excitedly.

“Errr...”

Everyone’s eyes were lit up. They all remembered the fight, that had taken place at the Breaking Blade Summit, and they predicted that the odds of success would be really high!”

“No!” However, Qinghan interrupted, and also stood up, “No. We’d better fight for the Ghost Immortal Spot first. Let the other two prefectures go for the Death Immortal Spot alone. In the end, when they’re all exhausted, we can launch a sneak attack!”

Looking at the evil smile on Qinghan’s face, everyone felt a chill run down their spines. The seemingly amicable young lord, Qinghan, could exhibit such cattiness! Meanwhile, Shisan and Qingwu just twitched their noses, for they knew Qinghan was the King of Sneak-attacks back at the Ye Castle.

“Alright, I accept Qinghan’s proposal. Tomorrow, let’s all set out for the Bloody Prairie, and occupy the Ghost Immortal Spot. At least we can obtain the title as a middle-class prefecture...” Sainan concluded.

Chapter 144 – Invincible Ye Qinghan

- Swoosh! -

The next morning, when the first sunshine crept into the camp, the sound of the operating teleportation posts reverberated in the air. Group after group, numerous cultivators descended on the ground in the glaring light of the posts.

In front of the grassland of the Mars Prefecture camp, newly-arrived cultivators appeared from the teleportation posts. Silently, they lined up in order, in an imposing manner.

These soldiers were specially chosen from millions of cultivators in the Mars Prefecture one year ago. They had received professional training lessons for a year in Dragon City, especially preparing them for the final war on the Bloody Prairie.

“Oh, they look so full of spirit! Look, their pace is firm and steady. But, it’s still too early to predict what their true ability is in a real battle.” Standing on the hill, Feng Zi overlooked the newcomers, the number of which was quite impressive, as it almost reached several thousands.

The figures of the fully-armed soldiers were densely dotting the ground, and they filled the atmosphere with a stimulating, manly momentum. Qinghan narrowed his eyes in two slits, and spoke up, “The legion of Dragon City is definitely awesome! The once 108 Iron Soldiers, or known as Dragon City Iron Soldiers today, are invincible in any battle!”

“Yeah! I also believe in the absolute ability of the soldiers of Dragon City! Alright, I think it’s time for us to meet them all!” Hua Cao nodded his head repeatedly, as he saw Sainan’s glance and quickly reminded Qinghan and Feng Zi to go down.

In a hurry, the three of them led their own teams respectively to welcome the Dragon City Legion.

An hour had passed by, the illuminating light surrounded each teleportation post began to dwindle. Up until now, more than 90,000 people had arrived!

Half of the area of the temporary camp was taken up by the massive amount

of new arrivals. Like a large dark cloud covering the sky, countless soldiers in black armors were divided into several groups. Each and every one of them held a shining Horse Chopping Sword, which reflected the glaring morning sunlight. As the young lords approached, they soon turned out to be the focus of all these soldiers. The intense, resolute stares of the soldiers were so invigorated and vibrant, that all the young lords were affected in a positive way. The morale was at a record high.

Sainan took out her Dragon Singing Sword, and wielded it up high, as she yelled, “Invincible Mars Prefecture!”

“Invincible Mars Prefecture!”

Following Sainan’s call, the 90,000 soldiers collectively held their swords up, and yelled. The earsplitting shouting even made the earth shake a little bit. The people standing behind Sainan were simply stunned by the sheer momentum exerted by these soldiers.

“Your majesty, Commander-in-Chief, nice to meet you all!”

With a ground-breaking thud, all the soldiers threw themselves on the ground with one leg kneeled down. Never before had anyone in the temporary camp witnessed such a grand, encouraging scene. They were left almost numbed in the ecstasy.

“Please rise up, all of you. I know that the task up ahead is a daunting task for you all. I promise, after the war, you’ll all be properly rewarded!” The quality of Sainan’s voice was so powerful and solid, that one might mistake her for a man. Long Pifu had raised her up like a boy, so her girlish temperament could hardly be seen. The young lords by her side were awed by her heroine spirit.

Satisfied by the soldiers’ response, Sainan drew back her sword, and spoke up once again, “Welcome you all. Now, I’d like to share with you an encouraging piece of news! Not long ago, we have annihilated thousands of demons and barbarians at the Breaking Blade Summit! The young leader Yao Kaka of the Demonic Prefecture has also been killed in the chaos. Currently, the other two races are terrified of us! This victory, however, belongs only to Ye Qinghan, the young lord of the Ye Family! Everyone, please hail for our hero!”

“Hooray! Long Live Ye Qinghan!”

“Invincible Mars Prefecture! Invincible Ye Qinghan!”

Surprise and even suspicion filled the soldiers’ eyes, as they were busy jerking their head towards the direction pointed at by Sainan. There, they saw Qinghan! Looking at the admiring eyes of those surrounding Qinghan, the soldiers gradually led go of their doubts, as they joined in the cheering.

The 90,000 soldier did indeed belong to different families and cities. Their respective leaders were also staring at Qinghan with solemn expressions. Since the seniors were already convinced by this stunning news, they chose to believe in what Sainan had described, although it still seemed incredible to most of them.

Although the soldiers were from different places, they shouldered the same responsibility, to bring glory to the Mars Prefecture as a whole, as well as to their own families. They must fight, and they must win!

In Dragon City, they’d been through a year of harsh training, solely for this moment! They were well prepared to sacrifice their lives to contribute their due part for the Mars Prefecture.

The moment they landed on Ghost Island, however, they were told of a super happy event – the Mars Prefecture side already held the upper hand! They didn’t have to die to finish their task. How could they not be joyful hearing this piece of news? They clapped, danced and cheered, as they felt the pressure decrease.

“Errr...” Seeing the passion and ardent zeal in their eyes, Qinghan touched his nose in embarrassment. He seemed to blame Sainan to push him in the limelight without his agreement. Now, he was the idol of them all, receiving numerous admiring looks from all sides. He was really not used to being in the spotlight.

“Hey, Qinghan, step out and give a speech. You deserve this, our hero!” Regardless of Qinghan’s reproaching glance, Sainan chuckled in a low voice.

“Humph!” Driven by the expectations from the crowd, Qinghan forcefully stood up in the front, and waved his hands to his admirers. Instantly, the crowd turned silent. This scene made Qinghan recall the grand military parades in his previous life, and he was now like a commander-in-chief, as he was observing his

soldiers...

In order to mimic what the commander in his previous life had done, he coughed a little bit to clear his throat, before he spoke up.

“Hello, comrades! Thanks for your hard work...”

“Eh? What?” The young lords standing behind Qinghan, as well as the soldiers in front of him were totally bewildered over the word “comrades”. They didn’t know what kind of title this was supposed to be?

“Ah...” Actually, Qinghan had expected a loud “Hello, Commander!” in response, yet no one did. Instead, the soldiers were left with wide, perplexed eyes, not knowing how to reply. Soon after, Qinghan realized how silly he was, he was on the Flaming Dragon Continent, rather than back on planet Earth. Not showing any sign of embarrassment, he added, “I mean... hello soldiers! Thanks for your hard work.”

“Your majesty, young lord Qinghan! It’s our honor to contribute to the prefecture.”

Now the soldiers understood what Qinghan meant, and they yelled back with great enthusiasm. While, at the same time, they found this young lord, or so-called hero to be rather unique, as he seemed to be a young lord who was approachable and humorous. Thus, Qinghan’s popularity grew among the new arrivals.

“Good!” Qinghan nodded his head with a satisfactory smile. Encouraged by the responsive soldiers, he began his formal speech, “The final war is around the corner. You’d better try your utmost to slaughter them all. Of course, for those beyond your ability, tell me, I’ll go and kill them myself instead...”

Chapter 145 – The Bloody Prairie

“Slaughter! Slaughter! Slaughter!”

“Invincible Ye Qinghan!”

“Long live Ye Qinghan!”

Qinghan’s stimulating speech had raised their morale to the ceiling point. He was unexpectedly good at rhetoric. The soldiers were greatly reassured by his promise, and knew that they just had to fight those of the same or a lower level. As for the intractable enemies, their hero Qinghan would deal with them. Never in the history of Prefecture War had they seen such a scenario, where an individual cultivator shouldered such a large part of the task. This would be recorded in history! The soldiers were, of course, thrilled to know that the risk of losing their lives was greatly reduced. Actually, they were quite looking forward to the upcoming final war.

“Have a good rest today. Tomorrow, we’ll set out for the Bloody Prairie!” In the end, Sainan dismissed the crowd, and asked them to set up camp right outside of the temporary camp. Soon, the smell of cooking filled the air, which left the whole temporary camp in a misty atmosphere.

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The next morning, after a full breakfast, the soldiers, as well as the young lords and ladies, all charged forward, in the direction of the Bloody Prairie.

The Bloody Prairie, located at the center of Ghost Island, was surrounded by the Visionary Forest. Starting from the Visionary Forest, there were actually three paths leading to the Bloody Prairie, all of which were straight and spacious. Of course, there were no teleportation posts on this road.

The three prefectures would each take their own path, and set out as early as possible. It would take the human side roughly five days to arrive at the battlefield. The efficiency had something to do with their willpower and morale. Also, along their way, there were no other races interrupting their journey. This made it possible to run at their full speed.

The moment they stood in front of the Bloody Prairie, everyone was awed by

the vastness of the scarlet color. Although it was common knowledge that the Bloody Prairie was red, they had never thought of such boundless areas of red grass thriving all over the place.

“There is a story behind this name: Bloody Prairie. You know, a long, long time ago, this place was unnamed. But ever since the Prefecture War, countless soldiers died on this prairie, with their blood soaking the soil, until the grass mutated and became a weird red color...” Standing by Qinghan’s side, Qingcheng spoke up in a dejected manner.

Suddenly, a bout of unknown sadness struck Qinghan, for he turned sympathetic over all the deceased ancestors fighting for their glory upon this very prairie. Every thirty years, there would be a Prefecture War, in which tens of thousands of participants would find themselves buried here. During the gap of thirty years, another generation of cultivators would emerge, and they would follow in their ancestors’ footsteps. Of all the citizens of the Flaming Dragon Continent, each generation would be destined to contribute their share of blood to the redness of the prairie. What a tragedy! Was the hatred among the three prefectures really so irresolvable? If they continued to abide by this fighting mode, they would forever be hostile with each other. The Prefecture War, in some way, could only make their hatred endure. The more blood, the more red the Bloody Prairie looked like...

“Is the Prefecture War even necessary? Is the title of upper-class prefecture of any significance? Is the trivial tributes paid by the lower-class prefecture that important? Is slaughtering that funny?”

For a full moment, Qinghan was submerged in the doubts he held for the Prefecture War. He even turned suspicious over the absolute authority of Immortal City. At some point, when he looked up at the azure sky, he wondered whether there was an all-seeing eye silently watching over them or not. In his imagination, it would be just like a human being, as it bent its knees, and leaned forward to watch the “ants” fighting for the remnants of a meal...

“Let’s go! This is a widely accepted rule designed by Immortal City. If any prefecture dares to break this rule by not participating in the war, a great massacre will be jointly-launched by Immortal City, and the other two prefectures. So, it’s not even a choice! We have to fight!” Qingcheng kind of read

Qinghan's anxious expression, and tried to explain the rules to him.

The sound of battle drums reverberated in the air. At the far end of the prairie, figures of demons and barbarians were looming in the horizon. Letting out a deep sigh, Qinghan laughed self-mockingly, before he followed the legion into the central part of the battlefield.

The so-called Death Immortal Spot and Ghost Immortal Spot weren't a piece of land. More accurately, they should be called Death Immortal Mound, and Ghost Immortal Mound. Because, they were roughly one meter above the ground.

"On the left side, the triangle area is the Death Immortal Spot, several hundred meters away from which is the Ghost Immortal Spot!"

An hour later, the human legion arrived at the center of the prairie. Qingcheng kept murmuring in Qinghan's ear, as she was explaining the geography. During the months of companion, Qingcheng had learned that Qinghan had little access to this kind of information in the Ye Family, so she had voluntarily helped him to adapt to the new battlefield.

Since their young lord Qinghan was taken good care of by Qingcheng, Shisan and Shiqi turned to the nearby Hua Xin and Feng Meng, as they were bragging and chatting leisurely. Among the happy faces of them all, there was a girl, who looked like she felt desolate, and she remained completely quiet. The bitterness in her eyes could easily be identified. This girl was Qingwu.

Meanwhile, Qinghan's glance switched to the densely-populated area somewhere near the Death Immortal Spot. There, numerous demons and barbarians had also arrived.

Apparently, the demons and barbarians were intending to fight for the Death Immortal Spot. But, for some reason, they didn't dare to approach the spot yet, as they stood there with yearning eyes.

"Hehe! Tell Miss Sainan, that we'd better set up camp near the Ghost Immortal Spot. Also, dispatch a messenger to inform the demons and barbarians that we aren't going to fight for the Death Immortal Spot. However, if they dare to attack us, I'll behead their leader!"

With a subtle smile, Qinghan instructed Shisan, while the light of slyness flashed in his eyes.

“Alright!” Obediently, Shisan did what Qinghan told him to do. It didn’t take long before two bilingual soldiers left the legion and walked to the demon and barbarian side respectively, each carrying a white flag.

As was advised by Qinghan, Sainan ordered her legion to occupy the Ghost Immortal Spot, as they paid no attention to the demons and barbarians on the other side.

In a formidable array, rampantly, the human legion ran in the direction of the Ghost Immortal Spot, and set up some defensive facilities in the surroundings, as a sign of occupation.

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Man’gan, as well as the interim leader of the Demonic Prefecture, a wolf race demonic woman, were confused and surprised at the sight of what the humans were doing right now. The message from the human side had further perplexed them.

Indeed, they were just pretending to occupy the Death Immortal Spot. If Qinghan wanted this spot, they didn’t have the guts to antagonize against him. The body of Yao Kaka remained well preserved in the demonic camp, which provided the bloody evidence of Qinghan’s power.

Their true purpose was the Ghost Immortal Spot. The reason why they stood beside the Death Immortal Spot was, that they had planned to show their generosity by fleeing immediately once the humans approached this spot. They would submissively retreat under the threat of the humans. In this way, they predicted that the humans might be flattered.

However... to their great shock, the Mars Prefecture went for the Ghost Immortal Spot instead. The humans even asked the demons and barbarians to fight with each other for the Death Immortal Spot. This was so weird. Would they even dare to do so?

Neither side carried any attacks out against the other, because both Man’gan and the demonic female leader knew, that if Qinghan’s team turned around and

joined the battle, they would be doomed...

Therefore, they chose neither to charge forward nor to retreat. They simply remained where they were, on full alert.

Chapter 146 – Tu Qianjun’s Concern

A couple of days later, on the scarlet Bloody Prairie.

“What’s going on? Why aren’t they fighting? Are they coming here simply to have some fun?” Listlessly, Feng Zi yawned, as he carefully observed the location where the demons and barbarians camped.

Like Feng Zi, Hua Cao seemed to be in low spirits. His original wish to watch a drama unfold between the other two prefectures had left him severely disappointed. Several days had passed by, yet the Bloody Prairie was as quiet as before. The countless soldiers there were like tourists, who had specially come to entertain themselves, rather than to launch a fierce fight.

“Shall we dispatch someone to mess up the situation a little bit? I think we should do something to let them fight!” Hua Cao couldn’t help suggesting.

“Nope, it won’t work. It’s true that there are many dumbasses in the group of demons and barbarians, but there are also a couple of smart ones. I’m afraid they’ve already seen through our trick... No big deal, just wait and see. I believe, that they’ll start fighting sooner or later. Anyway, if they stay peaceful with each other, we’ll occupy the Death Immortal Spot directly and let them fight for the Ghost Immortal Spot!” With a red stick of grass hanging in his mouth, Qinghan replied in an absentminded way.

Looking at the scarlet-red grass in between Qinghan’s lips, Qingwu turned her head away, and frowned, “Little Qinghan, take that stick of grass out of your mouth, please. It looks disgusting!”

“Errr...” Qinghan rubbed his nose in embarrassment, and spit out the grass from his mouth. He thought to himself, “Miss Qingwu, why do you keep calling me ‘Little Qinghan’. I’m an advanced cultivator now! It sounds like the name given to the eunuchs in the ancient Imperial Palace...”

“Alas... I’ll go back to cultivate!” Feng Zi and Hua Cao glanced at each other, and downheartedly went back to the camp. Ever since the heroic event, performed by Qinghan at the Breaking Blade Summit, both Feng Zi and Hua Cao had decided to catch up to Qinghan. They had to be aspiring, otherwise they

would probably be looked down upon, whenever there occurred a comparison between them and Qinghan.

“Okay, I’m not interested in watching these demons and barbarians anymore. I’ll go back to the camp, and you, Qinghan, enjoy the observation!” Qingwu threw a subtle glance at Qinghan, before she went back to cultivate. Right now, the only advantage she had over Qinghan was her Battle Qi, without which she would be thoroughly overshadowed by Qinghan.

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“What?”

Immortal City was located in the conjunction area of the three prefectures. On top of the city, Tu Qianjun had been cultivating for several months, and now he had successfully broken into the second level of the Realm of the Prince! He was supposed to be thrilled in face of such a great improvement, yet his mood had been damped by a piece of extremely bad news, which had left him pissed off. The expression on his face had changed as quickly as the clouds in the sky. Seconds before, he was proudly smiling; now, however, he was wearing a surly face.

“Is the source of the report reliable? Is that pathetic bastard so powerful that he can kill thousands of demons and barbarians on his own? All the demons and barbarians surrendered to him? Did he really kill Yao Kaka? How could he bring down the Demonic and Barbarian Emperors within the blink of an eye? Impossible... How could he obtain such a perverted technique? It’s so absurdly impossible...” Lowering his head, Tu Qianjun’s handsome face turned twisted, and his eyes flashed with a suspicious evil light.

“Your majesty, this report has been reconfirmed by many scouts. What happened at the Breaking Blade Summit was solid evidence of this fact, and many demons and barbarians are witnesses. Right now, we’d better not dwell on the possibilities of Qinghan’s sudden improvement in cultivation, but take care of the aftermath. I bet, up until now, everything is exposed. The Mars Prefecture must be already aware of our plan. As for the Demonic Prefecture, their young lord has been killed, the son of the Demonic Saint! They won’t let it go so easily. The barbarians might also denounce us, considering the massive number of

barbarians they've lost. We're in big trouble..." The elder, who was wearing a golden robe, stood in front of Tu Qianjun, as he helped his young lord to analyze and specify their current top priorities. The voice of this old man sounded rather deep and aged.

"Shit, I never thought things would turn out in such a nasty way!" What the elder said further upset Tu Qianjun, whose face had turned purple with fury. The three prefectures were all victims in this farce. The Demonic Prefecture had lost their young lord, so they wouldn't leave the matter just as it was; the Barbarian Prefecture would also be a destabilizing factor in the upcoming chaos; the Mars Prefecture would find justice for their aspiring young lords, whose life were put at great danger because of Tu Qianjun's selfish plan.

However, even if the three prefectures would attempt to launch an insurgence, Tu Qianjun didn't care a bit. Given the absolute authority of Immortal City, he believed in the power of the elders, who wouldn't do any harm to him even if he had committed crimes. But... what if this scandal was known by the leader of Immortal City? If that happened, he, together with his father, would be subjected to severe punishment. Their scrawny leader, whose pair of eyes was as illuminant as torches, had absolute dominance over almost everything. He was known for his decisiveness in killing. Thinking of this supreme being, Tu Qianjun found that his back was soaked in cold sweat, and he didn't know what step to take next.

"Young lord, in my opinion... We'd better inform Tu Shenwei! Otherwise, the consequences could be unimaginable!" The elder advised.

"You're right! I have to ask my father for help. I believe he'll know how to handle this!" Tu Qianjun's eyes lit up, and he walked directly towards his father's dwelling - the Tuxian Garden. To him, his father was an idol. And he firmly believed in his crisis-management ability.

.....

Apart from the supreme Tu Immortal, their leader, there were Four Immortal Guardians in charge of Immortal City, namely Tu Shenwei, Zhan Shenwei, Shi Shenwei, and Feng Shenwei. The Tuxian Garden was the very place that was inhabited by Tu Shenwei.

In a study room of the Tuxian Garden, Tu Qianjun was kneeling down in front of a brown-haired man, who was fastening his eyes on his book. Without looking up from his book, this brown-haired man continued to read, silently, and indifferently, as if Tu Qianjun was invisible to him.

After quite some minutes, the brown-haired man eventually put his book away, and let out a deep sigh, before he turned around, "Get up! Since you turn to me for help, you're not as stupid as a brick!"

In a hurry, Tu Qianjun got up to his feet, and wiped the sweat off of his forehead. He then raised his head up, staring at his composed father, "F... father, you already know everything?"

With a casual glance, Tu Shenwei stood up, with both hands on his back. Suddenly, his voice raised up, "You know what you have done wrong?"

Like being shot by an arrow, Tu Qianjun's heart kept bumping unceasingly, to the extent that he had to take some deep breaths to relieve himself from suffocation. With extreme caution, he replied, "I admit my guilt, father. I shouldn't have instigated Yao Kaka and Man'gan to kill Ye Qinghan. It's... against the rules that are set up by Immortal City. Sorry, father, I made you lose face..."

"Idiot!"

Hardly had Tu Qianjun finished his "heartfelt" confession, or Tu Shenwei cursed at his son in rage, "I'm always proud of my own intelligence. How is it possible that I have such a retarded son?"

"Please, father, tell me what to do!" Tu Shenwei's sudden change of expression scared Qianjun to death. As a child of a strict father, Qianjun had had a horrible childhood. Whenever he had done something silly, his father would give him a good punishment. He had once been hung on a tree for a dozen days, and that experience had been imbedded in his brain ever since. The feeling of horror and fear would automatically emerge whenever he saw his father. Now, his father was in a fury, he kneeled down once again, and kept silent.

"I don't blame you for your attempt to kill the young lord of the Ye Family. As a young man, you're supposed to be aggressive and bellicose. It was just... Alas, you're so stupid! Why didn't you secretly assassinate him? As far as I know, he is just a piece of rubbish in the Realm of the General. Why would you make it so

complicated by getting so many parties involved? Now, look, Yao Kaka is dead, and Man'gan's ring finger is cut off. And most importantly... You told Man'gan, Yao Kaka, and that... Xue Wuhen your entire plan? You even promised them to do them a favor once the task was done? Ridiculous! Without me, what kind of favorable thing can you do? You're as unimportant as a fart! Silly son, you've made me so mad!"

Chapter 147 – Tu Shenwei’s Countermeasure

Driven by an increasingly uncontrollable fury, Tu Shenwei slapped Qianjun in his face. At the beginning, he didn’t know anything about his son’s plan. That was, until what had happened at the Breaking Blade Summit. Once he was informed that the demons and barbarians had formed an alliance, he had shown great interest and he had even asked his underlings to further investigate.

To his great shock, the scout came back bringing the news that it had all been purposely designed by his son! He had become furious, and tempted to grab Qianjun right in front of him to knock some sense into this son of his. But, on second thought, he had refrained himself from doing so. Instead, he had decided to see whether his son was smart enough to turn to his father to ask for help.

Looking at the shivering Qianjun, whose eyes were filled with reverence and awe for his father, Tu Shenwei sighed helplessly. How “terrific” his son was! Killing a person was a trivial matter to people in Immortal City, but his son had allied two whole prefectures, and arranged a hidden traitor of the Mars Prefecture. He was launching a war rather than killing a single Ye Qinghan! In the process of retreating, the target, Qinghan, had accidentally become much stronger, and obtained a heaven-defying technique. That wasn’t all... Qianjun had left concrete evidence behind, like the two treasure-level items, which were already in the hands of the demons and barbarians. His unintelligent son had even directly told Yao Kaka and Man’gan of his own plan. He should’ve protected his identity as the young lord of Immortal City, and be more secretive! Now, Yao Kaka was no longer in this world, but his father would definitely be told the truth eventually. As for the Barbarian Prefecture and Mars Prefecture, they would also stir up some chaos because of this event.

“Then... father, what shall we do next? If this event develops into an uncontrollable way, then when our leader returns, he’ll kill me! Yes, he will!” Thinking of the Immortal Leader, Qianjun’s heartbeat quickened, and his body couldn’t help but shiver.

“Useless trash! Poor son, neither did you inherit one-tenth of my level-minded temperament, nor did you obtain one-hundredth of my intelligence! You have to be calm, even if the Immortal Mountain collapses!” Tu Shenwei shook his head,

and sighed. He acted as if he had completely forgotten his bout of fury from several minutes ago. Grabbing the cup of tea from the desk, he spoke up once again, “Look at you, my son, you’re scared to death in face of such a small event. What kind of great achievement shall I expect from such a coward?”

“Actually, the consequences could turn out to be either big or small, it all depends on your countermeasures. Alas, we should start with the evidence you’ve left behind. First, capture the messenger, and imprison the traitor of the Mars Prefecture, ruin his cultivation, and cut off his meridians... We need to assure that all the witnesses aren’t accessible, once the Prefecture War ends.”

“Second, tell the Demonic Evil, that his son had been killed. If he decides to seek revenge, just ask him to bring several Demonic Saints to Immortal City! I’ll tell him what to do. Third, you have to go to the Zhanxian Garden to turn yourself in. In my prediction, Zhan Shenwei will imprison you for at least three to five years. Remember, cultivate hard in jail, and try to break into the Realm of the Emperor. You’re not allowed to come out until you’ve reached this goal...”

After listening his father’s advice, Qianjun plunged into deep meditation. He eventually understood his father’s arrangement. While, at the same time, his admiration for his father grew as well.

Firstly, his father had picked up two scapegoats, who were used to receive the possible accusations raised by the three prefectures. Secondly, the powerful Qinghan had turned out to be a threat to them all, so his father had decided to kill this emerging genius with the hands of Yao Kaka’s father. Thirdly, since Qianjun’s deeds had been exposed to them all, Zhan Shenwei, who was in charge of the criminal law in Immortal City, must’ve already been informed of all the details. But, he didn’t ask anyone to capture Qianjun, for the sake of Tu Shenwei’s face. Under such circumstances, it would be the best policy to turn himself in, and confess his guilt in front of Zhan Shenwei. This way, Qianjun wouldn’t receive death as punishment.

Now, Qianjun had digested all the information he had received from his father, and felt quite relieved. He stood there, staring at his father, who was once again focussed on his book. Qianjun couldn’t help but wonder how marvelous his

father was! For such a thorny matter, his father had solved it in only several sentences. The grown-up ginger was always spicier than the little one.

Silently, Qianjun bowed to his father, before he left.

“Humph! I hope he isn’t that stupid...” Tu Shenwei slightly raised his head up, and looked at the back of his son. Suddenly, he yelled to one of his underlings, “Go to investigate Ye Qinghan’s Integration Technique. For such a terrifying technique, it shouldn’t appear in the Flame Dragon Continent. Is there any secret to it?”

A man in a golden robe quickly stepped forward, and cupped his hands in front of Tu Shenwei. Hardly had Tu Shenwei finished his order, or this man had hurriedly walked out of the room, to finish this task.

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Ghost Island.

On the vast scarlet land of the Bloody Prairie, the three prefectures all felt restless, as if underneath the red grass, there was a secret force that had driven them to taste the thrill of slaughter.

Half a month later, the Barbarian Prefecture was the first one that surrendered to the impulses of killing. They had sent a messenger to the Mars Prefecture camp, and Man’gan had waved his four-fingered hand to Qinghan after he had received a positive yes. Afterwards, he had ordered his barbarians to immediately occupy the Death Immortal Spot.

Gingerly, Man’gan had led his team to the Death Immortal Spot, and had gladly found that the human side didn’t take any actions towards this new situation. Quickly, they had surrounded the spot with a defensive formation. They were extremely cautious in the process, as they were constantly observing the demons and humans. It seemed as if they were committing adultery, and were afraid of being discovered!

On the other hand, the wolf race Demonic Emperor, the female leader, still had

a brilliant smile on her face. She had ordered her demons to stay where they were, and wait and see.

However, one full day had passed by, and the people of the Mars Prefecture continued with their usual routine of sleeping, bragging, and cultivating... There wasn't the slightest sign of an upcoming fight.

Three days passed by...

Five days passed by...

Ten days passed by...

Five days before the final war would officially end, the Mars Prefecture was still quietly enjoying their time on this Bloody Prairie. The wolf race demon leader was so confused at the strategy used by the humans, while at the same time, the group of demons could no longer conceal their desire to kill. Finally, driven by an unknown force, they decided to fight for the Death Immortal Spot...

“Slaughter!”

Following the sweet sound of the female leader, numerous demons began to rush towards the Death Immortal Spot, like a crazy group of honey bees. On the other side, Man'gan widened his eyes, and swore to sustain these final five days. He ordered his barbarians to hold this attack off for the next five days.

Meanwhile, the Mars Prefecture Legion all tossed their head towards the battlefield, with great interest. They'd been waiting for this drama all these days!

“Wow, look at that demonic female, she really has a gorgeous shape. Hmm, her breasts, her butt... Oh, I'm willing to sell ten years of my life for just a single night with her...”

“Look! That snake race Demonic Emperor is impressive! Within the blink of an eye, he killed hundreds of barbarians!”

“Errr! The barbarians are beginning to burn their Barbarian Force! Oh, they will lose...”

“The demons are good at attacking. Haha, look at those lumpy barbarians; they're standing there firmly, while they're receiving the attacks passively. I bet

they won't last much longer..."

Chapter 148 – Meat Grinder

The barbarian side eventually retreated under the fierce attacks from the demons. It was hard to defend such a critical spot, while the demons kept showering them with fists and blows...

Seeing the countless casualties of his team, Man'gan plunged into depression. Left with no better alternative, he extended his four-fingered hand out, and waved to his members, as a sign of retreat. While, at the same time, the demons were quite cooperative so to speak. They opened up a path for the barbarians to escape in, rather than unceasingly killing them.

However...

The next morning, when the demons were happily lying on the ground of their occupied spot, Man'gan appeared in front of them, leading a smaller-sized group of barbarians. In total, there were approximately 10,000 barbarians and each of them looked strong and muscular. The barbarians in the front were all Barbarian Emperors.

“Let's attack!”

With a resounding roar, Man'gan emitted a gentle, yellowish beam around his body. Meanwhile, the other Barbarian Emperors were also enveloped in an illuminant light. The 10,000 barbarian soldiers had actually been divided into several groups, as they rushed after Man'gan, and several Barbarian Emperors respectively. In a linear route, they collectively dashed to the Death Immortal Spot, which the demons had claimed the day prior.

- Bang! -

“Ahhhh!”

“Errr!”

The barbarians unlocked all their defensive potential, while tramping upon the bodies of the demons, as they charged forward. Soon, the ground was strewn with faceless dead demons.

Even the advanced demons couldn't find an effective countermeasure against such an unexpected attack, within such a short period of time, let alone the

lower-ranked demons, who had failed to break the encirclement of the elite team from the barbarian side. The following rounds of attacks saw the most terrifying casualties throughout the entire Prefecture War. The demon side lost nearly 10,000 to 20,000 soldiers, while the barbarian side sacrificed 1,000 to 2,000. In comparison, the casualty rate was one to ten between the barbarians and the demons.

Encouraged by this victory, Man'gan stretched out his giant hand once again. This time, he triumphantly ordered to intensify the fight. At this very moment, the wolf race demon leader helplessly gave out the retreat order. If they stuck to this battle, all the lower-ranked demons would be annihilated, either by being trampled to death, or by being bumped to death. Seeing the situation having turned upside down, the barbarians in the back of the formation suddenly rushed to the front, as they stepped onto the Death Immortal Spot. The barbarians had reclaimed their occupation of this important place!

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"That's too much! This place really lives up to its name, the Death Immortal Spot! It's simply a meat grinder! Within two days, putting together all the soldiers, who've died in this battle, from both prefectures involved, the number well exceeds several thousands..."

Looking at the triangle spot from afar, Qinghan was caught in a mixed feeling. It was his first time to witness a battle of such cruelty. He just couldn't stand it. Although back at the Breaking Blade Summit, he had already experienced the visual shock caused by the numerous dead demons and barbarians. After that battle, they had actually cremated the bodies, and the ashes of the dead had been scattered on the mountain with the blow of the wind. But, right now, the Death Immortal Spot was soaked in blood, which made the already red land look even bloodier. The scarlet red reminded Qinghan of the blood on the white wall back in the Ye Castle, the blood that belonged to his sister...

As for the other young lords and ladies, like Feng Zi, Hua Cao, Qingcheng and Qingwu, they all went back to the camp halfway through watching this battle. Like Qinghan, it was too much for them to see this cruel battle. They chose not to be petrified, as they quickly ran away from the scene.

“Every thirty years, there will be a Prefecture War. Every thirty years, a generation will mature. Each time, the younger generation will flood in here to achieve their glorious task. Most of them will end up being a martyr, and will never be able to return home. Of course, the passionate, vibrant blood of those youngster contributes to the Bloody Prairie, as nourishment to the grass. All this will be repeated again and again, every 30 years...” Hua Cao silently stood there, with blurred eyes and a depressed heart. He was being emotional.

Feng Zi touched his nose, as he responded, “The grander the battle, the deeper the hatred. The deeper the hatred, the fiercer the battle. Alas, this is like an inescapable Samsara... Perhaps, this is the destiny of the Flaming Dragon Continent...”

Taking a deep breath, Qinghan stared at the celestial sky, as if he was trying to find the invisible hand that manipulated the destiny of the Flaming Dragon Continent. It turned out, however, that he only met the dark clouds up above, while the whistling wind blew into his face...

The ongoing battle was right in front of their eyes. Each and every single demon and barbarian had their eyes filled with a flaming killing intent. They seemed like blood-eating monsters, as they bit into each other ruthlessly. Regardless of the wounds and bruises on their own bodies, they struggled to bring the other side down.

In this world, there existed no lasting friend or enemy, either could be broken by the involvement of interests. Not so long ago, the Barbarian Prefecture and the Demonic Prefecture had been friends, but now, the situation had turned upside down. They had become deadly foes. How crazy!

Four days! There were only four days left!

In the six rounds of this bloody battle, each side of the party had lost half of their members. The triangle spot was now laden with over 100,000 corpses. The whole Bloody Prairie was emitting a strong smell of blood. Nothing was visible, as everything was covered in a thick layer of blood...

.....

Finally the last day of the Prefecture War had arrived. Today, the sky overhead the Bloody Prairie looked gloomier than usual, and the wind blew even harder...

“Slaughter!”

The bald head of Man’gan seemed lackluster today. The redness in his eyes suggested he wasn’t at all exhausted during the several days’ battle with his former ally. On the contrary, he felt the temptation to kill grow, as he brought down more and more enemies. It was like, the joy of killing had surpassed those happy hours he had had with his barbarian girls. Subconsciously, though, he realised that more and more barbarians would be killed if he stuck to this battle, but he simply couldn’t stop killing. Every time he glanced at the Death Immortal Spot, his killing impulses would be aroused, propelling him to go on.

“This is the last day, my barbarians! Annihilate all the demons and we’ll go back to our prefecture with the highest glory! My father, together with our citizens, will all come out and welcome us at that time! Numerous barbarian girls are waiting for you, our heroes, to receive us in their arms, and the first night they wish to give to you guys... Slaughter! Let the storm be more violent!”

Decisively, Man’gan gave out a general attack order. They were determined to occupy the spot at any cost.

The demon leader shot a spiteful look at Man’gan, and swore to be the winner in the end. In her pair of seductive eyes, the zeal for killing was nowhere to be hidden. Recently, she had found herself being haunted by the desire of killing, as if killing was something that was much more enjoyable than flirting with a young, handsome demon. Since the feeling of killing was so good, why not give in to it...

“Slaughter!”

“Kill them all!”

They were all... hopelessly mad!

Chapter 149 – Ye Qinghan’s Turn

As he watched this battle between the demons and barbarians, Qinghan tried very hard to suppress the temptation to join in. He even bit his lips to sober himself up. The ongoing battle annoyed him so much, that he grew more and more upset. The infernal-like battle scene was so discomforting to the eyes.

“What’s wrong with you, young lord Qinghan? Are you sympathetic over the death of the enemy? Hey, don’t be too compassionate, remember, they’re the ones that killed our people! I wish for them all to die!” Feng Zi found the sudden change in Qinghan’s expression, and tried to console him.

“Yeah, I can’t agree more. I, too, wish for all of them to be annihilated. Shall we join in the battle and give them the final blow?” Hua Cao spoke up, as his face was covered in a dark expression.

“How to say... they were all robust living things minutes before... but now...” Qinghan inhaled a long, deep breath, and slipped into a gloomy meditation.

Meanwhile, Sainan slowly walked to Qinghan’s side, and said, “You’re right, it’s too much for us to watch! Young lord Qinghan, when shall we commence our attack? Shall we wait until they’re all exhausted?”

Without a positive answer, Qinghan simply shook his head helplessly, and closed his eyes, as if he couldn’t stand the cruelty anymore.

A while later, when Qinghan opened his eyes once again, as a light of decisiveness flashed within it. He then turned to the three of them, “Miss Sainan, please come with me to the enemy's battlefield; Feng Zi and Hua Cao, you two are temporarily in charge of the legion. Stay put and wait for further orders!”

“Alright! Good!” Sainan nodded her head in agreement.

But, Hua Cao and Feng Zi were both left confused. Nevertheless, they followed Qinghan’s orders.

“Let’s go!”

Qinghan and Sainan slowly walked down the Ghost Immortal Spot, and towards the blood-stained Death Immortal Spot on the left.

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“Young lord Qinghan, Miss Sainan, what are you two going to do?”

“Ohhh, it’s too dangerous! The Death Immortal Spot is a bloody battlefield!”

“You’re such a goof! Don’t you know that our young lord Qinghan is a superhero, who is excellent at slaughtering entire groups? I guess, they wish to have a closer observation of the battle...”

“.....”

Qingwu, Qingcheng, as well as Shisan and Shiqi, all followed after Qinghan and Sainan, as closely watched what they would do next. They were fully prepared to start the attack at any time! Of course, they had confidence in this pair, with Sainan in the peak level of the Realm of the Prince, and Qinghan, the most powerful cultivator on Ghost Island. It was difficult to dissuade them to go any further.

- Swoosh! -

All of a sudden, Qinghan and Sainan nodded to each other and bounced from the ground.

“Soul Chaos!”

The demons and barbarians in the surrounding were caught in an illusion, while Qinghan and Sainan were standing steadily on top of two gigantic barbarians.

“Man’gan, Demonic leader, ask your soldiers to stop, otherwise, I will slaughter you all...”

Qinghan roared, as he released a large amount of Battle Qi. Being shocked, the demons and barbarians suddenly stopped fighting, and jerked their heads towards the origin of the sound. Most of them were greatly confused at the sudden stop of the battle.

Man’gan remembered the imposing debut of Qinghan at the Breaking Blade Summit, where the latter had annihilated thousands of his fellow barbarians. While, at the same time, the seriousness in Qinghan’s face suggested that he wasn’t making any jokes whatsoever. If he was outraged, the situation would

turn even worse. Thus, in a hurry, Man'gan immediately declared a truce.

As for the female demonic leader, she was also familiar with Qinghan, as well as his power. More exactly, her feelings for Qinghan were mixed... She was half in love half and half in hatred with this young human. Qinghan's achievement in cultivation alone was enough to attract her, let alone that he was a young, fair-skinned teenager. Back at the Breaking Blade Summit, when Qinghan had killed their young lord Yao Kaka without any hesitation, she would be the one having to face Yao Kaka's father, also known by them as the old pervert. Definitely, at this moment, she knew crystal clear what would happen if she disobeyed Qinghan's order. Likewise, the wolf race leader announced a truce as well.

"Good!" Qinghan nodded his head, as the coldness in his face melted. It was true, he was quite satisfied with the response of the other two races. He was enjoying the feeling of controlling over others' destiny. Not long ago, back in the Ye Castle, his own destiny was in the hands of others; while, right now, through his persistent cultivation as well as some luck, he had eventually seized the throat of his own destiny. He was rather thrilled to become a master of his own, as well as others' destiny.

"Man'gan, and leader of the demons, listen up! Ask your demons and barbarians to retreat from the Death Immortal Spot, right now! You two, please come to my side, I will give you a satisfactory answer! If you don't agree with my proposal, our Mars Prefecture Legion will annihilate all of you!"

As soon as Qinghan finished these words, he and Sainan jumped off from the barbarians' heads, and spurted to the very front of the Death Immortal Spot, patiently waiting for the arrival of the two leaders.

Man'gan felt his smooth head once again, while looking at the emptiness between his fingers. Helplessly, he ordered a retreat. Ever since that battle at the Breaking Blade Summit, to Man'gan, Qinghan was like a sharp sword hovering over his head, and he was afraid he would be stabbed by it at any time. Driven by the fear he had for Qinghan, he had no choice but to say yes to any of Qinghan's requests.

The wolf race leader twitched her nose, and erected her pointy ears. She also gave the retreat order, and all the demons retreated. At the beginning, when she

gave her order, the demons were bewildered and showed suspicion over her decision. Yet, after repeatedly yelling out “Retreat!”, the demons had no choice but to leave the spot they wished to occupy.

With an indifferent expression, Qinghan stood there waiting. Soon after, Man’gan, accompanied by three Barbarian Emperors, came in big strides. On the other hand, the charming-looking demonic leader, followed by two Demonic Emperors, also drew near.

Looking at the submissiveness shown by the two leaders, Qinghan became so emotional, that he recalled all the misery he had suffered in the Ye Family all these years; the assassination he encountered in the Wild Mountain Range, where he had almost died; the joint pursuit of Man’gan and Yao Kaka to kill him as a “target”... However, right now, what had happened? He alone had made thousands of demons and barbarians shiver in fear, and their leaders all followed his requests. Furthermore, the two leaders came here with a big, fake smile, trying to flatter this young, yet powerful human cultivator.

Every dog has its day! Nothing was predictable, for the rule of heaven was volatile in nature...

“Your majesty, I’m here. I’m at your service!” Man’gan spoke up obediently, but the reluctance in his voice could be clearly heard. After Qinghan’s mind boggling performance at the Breaking Blade Summit, and his extortion on Man’gan, who had ended up with only a pair of shorts on his body, Qinghan was listed as the most dangerous human being in Man’gan’s head. He had to speak with extreme caution in front of such a devil.

“I’m the leader of the demon legion, Yao Yu. Nice to meet you, young lord Qinghan!” Yao Yu, the demonic leader, had already investigated Qinghan’s background before this final war. Her snow white bosom erected firmly in front of her chest, as if they were trying to seduce Qinghan in some way.

“Alright!” Qinghan, a young man, who had already experienced the taste of a woman, glanced at her plump bosom for a second, and praised the size of it secretly in his heart.

“Haven’t you guys sensed the uncanny feeling in this Bloody Prairie? I mean,

there seems to be an unknown force driving us to kill each other. If you continue this battle, all of you will die! Even if there happens to be some survivors, they will be crazy in the end.”

“Ahhh!”

The two leaders pondered for a moment, and nodded their head in agreement. These days, the impulse of killing had become more intense than ever before.

“Yes, I’ve never had such feelings before!” Man’gan replied.

“It’s really creepy! It seems as if we’re being set up?” Yao Yu cut in, while the fluctuation in her chest stole everyone’s attention.

“Too many have been killed, otherwise I wouldn’t interfere at all. Heaven has the virtue of sparing any living thing on this continent. We should stop fighting like this!” Qinghan glanced at their suspicious faces, he added, “Hey, you have to believe me. Although we’re different in shape and size, we’re all born and raised up by our parents. Inherently, we’re the same living creatures on this continent... We have already lost many of our comrades, it’s time for us to call an end to this war!”

“Eh, young lord Qinghan, you’re a man of good heart!” Looking at the heaps of corpses, Yao Yu nodded her head approvingly. She moved her red lips a little bit, and asked, “Wait... But, what about this spot, to which prefecture shall it belong?”

“Yes, your majesty, who shall occupy this spot?” Man’gan was eager to know the final result, for he had lost tens of thousands of barbarians already!

“It will belong to us!” Qinghan replied in a firm voice.

Chapter 150 - The End of the Prefecture War

“Eh?”

Both Yao Yu and Man’gan were left shocked, they never thought the results could be this disappointing. All these days, they’d been fighting around the clock, for the very occupation of this spot; but now, it seemed that all their efforts would be in vain. How could they face their leaders, soldiers and compatriots?

“Your majesty, you’ve already claimed another spot...” In an extremely low voice, Man’gan tried to remind Qinghan; while, at the same time, Yao Yu shot Qinghan a expectant look.

“The Death Immortal Spot looks so grotesque, that I’m afraid you two won’t be able to suppress the deadly atmosphere here. Ahh, let our Mars Prefecture occupy it for you...” Disregarding their surly, disdainful expression, Qinghan reeled off a list of advantages of the other spot, the Ghost Immortal Spot, “That spot over there is really suitable for you two. Look at the breathtaking scenery... Bring your wounded soldiers there to have a good rest and enjoy the picturesque beauty over there!”

Hardly had Qinghan finished his remarks, or Yao Yu and Man’gan looked deathly unpleasant, as if their parents had just died. In spite of all the reluctance and indignation, they kept silent, afraid to reveal even the slightest bit of their true feelings. Meanwhile, Sainan, who stood beside Qinghan, seemed expressionless outwardly, but deep inside, she was laughing like a thriving blossom.

“Errr? Do you two have any problems about this?” By raising his voice a little bit, Qinghan frowned at the two unhappy leaders.

“Of course... not!” Man’gan forced a hideous grin, as his muscle-ridden face wrinkled in an ever uglier shape.

“Hehe... Young lord Qinghan, you’re so considerate of us. We will obey your order!” After a short while of measuring, Yao Yu replied helplessly. Given the thousands of soldiers, who were full of spirit waiting to fight, Yao Yu decided to surrender. Plus, the powerful boy standing in front them alone was enough to

bring them all down. In the end, she had no reason to say no.

An instant later, she added, "What about the Ghost Immortal Spot you mentioned? Only one prefecture is supposed to occupy it. Young lord Qinghan, I'm willing to meet any of your demands, provided that you allow us, the Demonic Prefecture, to claim that spot."

"Shit!" Man'gan spit out, for he found Yao Yu's trick so disgusting. Any demands? It was obvious that she wished to sexually lure Qinghan into her trap. However... he racked his brains trying to find something that would be an even bigger temptation to Qinghan.

In the end, he gritted his teeth, and said, "Your majesty, if you give the Ghost Immortal Spot to us, the Barbarian Prefecture, I... I will give my specially-designed shorts to you. You know what... my pair of red shorts is far from a normal one. It's said to be a superior treasure-level item inherited by my ancestors."

"So what?" Qinghan impatiently replied.

Man'gan drew close to Qinghan's side, and whispered in his ears, "Hey, buddy, this pair of shorts has a special function for men. The performance of the 'stick' in your pants will be uplifted to great degrees. You know, once you put on this pair of shorts, it won't be a dream for you to 'battle' with ten girls at a time..."

"Fuck off!"

Without waiting for Qinghan's response, Sainan yelled out angrily, for she had overheard all the obscenity and couldn't stand it anymore.

"Errr... as for the super shorts you mentioned, keep it to yourself. Yao Yu, don't seduce me anymore, it is of no use to me..." Qinghan touched his nose in embarrassment, and continued, "As for the Ghost Immortal Spot, let the heaven decide who will be the occupant!"

Taking the cyan dagger from his chest pocket, Qinghan explained, "I'll throw this dagger in the air, and let's see whether it is the tip of the dagger or the handle of it, that lands on the ground first. You two, choose one! Whoever guesses it right; the spot will belong to the winner. No tricks are allowed in the process, understand?"

“Great! It’s fair. I choose the tip of the dagger!” Since the likelihood of handing over his cherished shorts was completely eliminated, Man’gan was more than happy to agree this new proposal.

“Okay, I choose the handle of the dagger!” Yao Yu glanced at Qinghan with her eyes full of bitterness, as if she was blaming Qinghan for not accepting her good intention.

- Shoo! -

Without any more words, Qinghan directly threw the dagger upward. After rotating in the air for some seconds, the dagger eventually dashed downward, and quickly landed on the ground.

- Bang! -

With a thud, the handle of the dagger first touched the ground. Yet, no one showed any surprise about the result. Because, it was quite normal for the handle of the dagger to fall on the ground first.

“Haha, the Ghost Immortal Spot is ours, the Demonic Prefecture’s! Thank you so much, young lord Qinghan! Errr... I’ll never go back on my words. I mean, tonight, If you wish, come and find me...” Yao Yu was in such an excited mood, that she gave Qinghan an appealing invitation, before she left.

On the other hand, Man’gan was pissed off. His face looked deadly gloomy, as if there was a dark cloud hovering over his head. Since Qinghan was about to leave, he quickened his steps and followed closely behind him.

“Your majesty, my pair of red shorts are really awesome. Won’t you reconsider my offer? If you give the Ghost Immortal Spot to me, I’ll take it off immediately. Also, if you think the function of my shorts is too exaggerated, I can test it with ten barbarian girls right here, right now, for your final decision...”

“Get lost!”

.....

As darkness fell, the moon rose up high, pouring the silvery light upon the Bloody Prairie, which, in some way, made the atmosphere even more uncanny and mysterious.

It was a sleepless night for all three prefectures, for they were busy burning off the corpses lying on the prairie. Life was so fragile. The reflection of the light flashed in everyone's faces, revealing the sadness in their eyes...

The Prefecture War was finally over! Tomorrow, they would all be teleported to the spacious Glory Plaza in Immortal City. During this year, all the survivors had gone through life-and-death moments, the happiness of victory, and the suffering of being defeated... This would be the most important battle in their lifetime. This Ghost-Island-Journey would never leave their memory...

Sainan had experienced her first time as a commander: the expectations she had had before each battle, the anxiety and grief she had gone through in each loss, and the ecstasy she had enjoyed after a narrow escape...

Qingcheng had won Qinghan's heart at last. To some extent, she was the big winner...

Qinghan had broken into the Realm of the Marshal, and had his integration technique upgraded. At the moment, in terms of cultivation potential, he had become the number one among the younger generation of the Mars Prefecture. He was no longer the piece of garbage, that he used to be, but a truly respected seventh young lord. Most importantly, he had obtained enough credits to save his sister...

Man'gan had been through the roughest period of his life. Not only had he lost his ring finger, but also thousands of barbarians. Yet, In the end, he had obtained absolutely nothing.

Everyone had their own mixed feelings about this war, an experience that they would never forget. How could they fall into sleep on such an emotional night?

Right now, Qinghan was sitting in front of a bonfire, together with the other young lords and ladies. He suddenly fell into melancholy, when he thought of his sister back in the Ye Castle. The scene where Qingyu flew in the air and scarified her soul was so unforgettable to Qinghan. Thinking of his sister's white hair, he

felt so guilty for not protecting her well. However, the charming smile on Qingyu's face, before she closed her eyes, cheered Qinghan up a little bit...

As for Shisan and Shiqi, they lamented on the death of the Sickie Team. The explosion of Ye Yi and Ye Jiu, and the terrifying black dragon occupied their mind right now. After a little while, however, they all broke into a smile, for they had wondered what kind of expression the great elders of Ye Family would have, when they were told that Qinghan had killed thousands of enemies, all by himself?

Meanwhile, Qingcheng raptly pinned her eyes upon Qinghan's face. She got the feeling, that she would get everything she wanted, once she had Qinghan. Like any girl in love, Qingcheng shared the same "symptom": in her eyes, the whole world was gone, as only her lover was left.

Sainan, Feng Zi, Hua Cao... Tomorrow, everyone would be welcomed by their elders, who were waiting for them in Immortal City. How would these elders react, once they knew that their young lords and ladies had struck such a victory in this Prefecture War?

The wind began to blow harshly, and the bone ashes in front of the Death Immortal Spot flew into the distance. Next year, all these ashes would turn out to be mingled in the spring soil, providing excellent fertilizer for the red grass.

As the wind kept whistling, everyone's mind traveled to Immortal City...

Chapter 151 – Ye Qingniu’s Concern

In the specialized garden provided for the Ye Family by Immortal City.

Ye Qingniu was waiting here, as he was filled with anxiety and expectations.

As a great elder of the Ye Family, he didn’t have to show up here. Each Prefecture War, usually, every family would dispatch one or two Emperor-Realm elders, as representatives to welcome their returning young elites.

This time, however, it was different. The only holy-grade battle beast owner had left a year ago to join the war on Ghost Island, and it was currently unknown if he was still alive. As the most promising descendant of the Ye Family, this teenager should be well protected by the great elders, while growing into adulthood; yet, the silly thing done by Ye Jian and his son had spoiled this plan. The family eventually had no choice left but to send Qinghan, the future hope of the Ye Family, to this cruel Prefecture War.

As an experienced participant in Prefecture War, Ye Qingniu knew all too well of the dangers and risks involved. Therefore, he was extremely worried about Qinghan’s wellbeing. While, at the same time, he was rather expectant to see if the holy-grade battle beast had helped Qinghan out in the fierce battles, and had helped him to become more mature and powerful. Another reason why he had come to Immortal City was, because his own beloved granddaughter was also in this war, so he decided to break the routine and brought Ye Ping with him to welcome the Ye Family descendants.

“Great elder, I’ve just received a report that the Demonic Evil entered Immortal City several days before us. But now, we cannot find his whereabouts!” Ye Ping rushed in, and saw Elder Qingniu sitting in the shadow of a big tree.

“Oh? That old pervert also came? But, what for?” Qingniu furrowed his eyebrows, and after a little pondering, he added, “Let it be. I guess he came for his spoiled son. Haha, this old pervert has a son at such an old age, there’s no reason for him not to cherish his son as a pearl in his palm.”

“Great elder, it’s time for us to go out!”

Ye Ping shared Elder Qingniu’s concern, but when he looked at the shining sun suspending in the middle of the sky, he remembered it was the time when all

participants on Ghost Island would be teleported to Glory Plaza.

“Alright... Let’s go and see if our little young kids will bring us a surprise!” With a deep sigh, Elder Qingniu led the way out of the garden.

“Glad to meet you Elder Qingniu!”

As soon as Elder Qingniu arrived at the southern gate of Immortal City, where the plaza was situated, he found groups of people, who were patiently waiting there. Seeing the arrival of Elder Qingniu, they all paid their due respect to him.

“Let’s wait for the good news!” Sweeping his eyes over the crowd, Elder Qingniu anchored his glance on the Emperor-Realm cultivator of the Xue Family for some seconds, before he focused on the arrivals from the other races. On the left of the plaza, there were dozens of barbarian representatives, whose cultivation level should be as high as the upper-level Barbarian Emperor; on the right side of the plaza, there were the demonic representatives, yet Elder Qingniu was unable to spot the Demonic Evil within this group. In the forefront of the crowd stood a line of golden-robed representatives of Immortal City.

- Shoo! Shoo! Shoo! -

It was at high noon. The three gigantic-sized teleportation posts suddenly gave out glaring lights, which were blossoming into colorful gleams. What a fleeting show, within a second, all the brightness faded away, revealing groups of humans, barbarians and demons.

“Mars Prefecture participants, come to the front. Barbarians Prefecture to the left and Demonic Prefecture to the right!” The envoy of Immortal City yelled, as he arranged the placement of the glorious returners. Each time, only about 10,000 participants could be teleported. So it would take several times to fully transfer the total number of soldiers from Ghost Island.

“Yes!”

The first batch, that had been teleported, was all the lower-ranked soldiers from the three prefectures. Obediently, they walked to their designated spot, as per the request of the envoy.

“Ohh, they look good...”

Looking at the high-spirited Mars Prefecture soldiers, Elder Qingniu felt a little bit relieved. Even a blind man could discern the excitement in each and every of the Mars Prefecture soldiers, whose imposing bearing told everything. On the other side, however, the demons and barbarians were either wounded or paralyzed, showing a picture of misery. They dragged their feet along the plaza, as they were all wearing a surly face. By this sharp comparison, the likelihood of the Mars Prefecture having achieved victory was really high.

- Shoo! -

The teleportation posts gave out light once again, and this time another group of Mars Prefecture soldiers came out sound and intact. While, behind them appeared groups of battered demons and barbarians.

- Shoo! -

The third time the teleportation was activated, what happened around the post shocked every representative present, including Ye Qingniu. Because... the number of Mars Prefecture soldiers remained 10,000, whereas those from the Demonic and Barbarian Prefecture had seen a landslide in the declining number of their participants. More confusingly, they found Man'gan, the bald-headed leader, had his ring finger cut off. And Yao Kaka, the demonic leader, who was supposed to appear among the demons, didn't show up at all...

- Shoo!-

The fourth time, when the Mars Prefecture soldiers arrived in full numbers, the other two posts simply didn't give out any light. No demons or barbarians appeared this time! The crowd stirred up in clamors, especially among the demons, for they didn't find their young lord – Yao Kaka!

“Is Yao Kaka dead?”

Speculations about Yao Kaka's death began to go viral. The abnormal behavior of their leader, Yao Xie (Yao Kaka's father, also known as Demonic Evil), had cemented their hypothesis. Since Yao Kaka was considered as the lifeline of Yao Xie, the death of their young lord would definitely trigger deep hatred between

the demons and humans, and a battle would be unavoidable.

- Shoo! Shoo!-

The most creepy moment came, when the teleportation post of the Mars Prefecture kept pushing out soldiers, while the other two posts had been inactivated for some minutes. The soldiers of Mars Prefectures were miraculously sound and secure.

“This is... so uncanny. Elder Qingniu, it’s not normal. Up until now, 80,000 soldiers of the Mars Prefecture have been teleported here. Oh, no... the number is still increasing, now it should be 90,000! What has happened? Didn’t they join the final war? But it’s only at the Bloody Prairie that they can be teleported.” An Emperor-Realm cultivator from the Feng Family expressed his shock, and turned to Ye Qingniu for a proper answer.

“We have to wait until everyone is here!” Elder Qingniu replied with a camouflaged calmness. Meanwhile, deep inside his heart, he was completely astonished. The uncommon phenomenon forced him to think whether there had occurred some problems in the process of the war.

Nevertheless, Ye Qingniu’s concern was squashed into pieces when the last beam of light flashed on the post. Out of it, the familiar faces of several young lords and ladies came into his view. All of a sudden, his eyes turned blurred with tears...

His granddaughter, Ye Qingwu, had grown up a little bit, for the childish naivety had disappeared from her face. Qinghan stood there with a tanned skin, yet his bright, shining eyes flashed with a matured shrewdness. When Qinghan’s eyes met with Elder Qingniu’s, he broke into a confident smile, as if telling him that he had grown up...

“Go and welcome them! Hahaha...” Ye Qingniu’s lips twitched in ecstasy, and smiled at Ye Ping. Gradually, his smile changed into a chuckle, and finally he laughed out loudly.

“Good, they all survived... Nothing is more important than being alive!”

Chapter 152 – Yao Xie’s Fury and Ye Qingniu’s Wild Laughter

When Qingwu first stepped out of the post, a crowded plaza came into her view. The first couple of teleported batches of soldiers were now standing squarely in lines. Expectantly, she began to search for the person who would welcome their return.

An instant later, a familiar voice sounded out, and made Qingwu shiver, as she was exceedingly thrilled to see this person. It was her grandfather! When she tossed her head forward, she saw that pair of bulging eyes of her grandfather... Uncontrollably, tears welled from her eyes, trickling down along her cheeks. Like crazy, she darted forward and threw herself into Ye Qingniu’s arms.

Meanwhile, Qinghan left Shisan to be in temporary charge of the remaining Mars Prefecture soldiers. He, together with Feng Zi and the other young lords and ladies, directly walked towards Elder Qingniu.

“Grandpa! Grandpa!”

In Ye Qingniu’s tight embrace, Qingwu had suddenly become a spoiled child, as she was crying with tearful eyes, while her body shuddered in overexcitement.

“Ok, my dear little girl, it’s so good to see all of you back! Do you have any injuries, my sweetheart? Alright... please don’t cry. I told you, you’re less beautiful when you cry.” Elder Qingniu gently patted on the back of his granddaughter, while tears were also running down his wrinkled old face. Qingwu’s parents had died years ago, it was her grandfather, Elder Qingniu, who had raised her up. Never had they been parted for such a long time.

“I’m perfectly fine! Don’t worry about me, grandpa!” Taking a deep breath, Qingwu pulled herself together, and broke into a smile. She then grabbed one of her grandfather’s arms, and held onto it tightly.

“Ye Qinghan is here. Respectful elders, nice to meet you all!” Qinghan bowed to Elder Qingniu, while at the same time, he cupped his hands towards the other elders present. When his glance landed on the elders of the Xue Family, however, he stopped and looked at them with the corner of his eyes.

“Glad to meet you, Elder Tianqing, and all the other elders!” Following Qinghan’s polite gesture, Sainan bowed to all the old folks, except for those from

the Xue Family.

Likewise, Feng Zi, Hua Cao, and Qingcheng all followed suit. Amid all the passionate greetings, the Xue Family members were snubbed, as if the young lords and ladies didn't even see them.

"Humph!" The great elder of the Xue Family thundered, for he was so worried about their young leader, and he had intended to inquire Sainan and the others of the current state of Wuhen. Yet, he received coldness from the young lords and ladies, which made him pissed off. Because of Elder Qingniu's presence, however, he restrained himself from losing his temper.

"Hehe, what a relief to see all of you coming out safe and secure!" Without comforting the long-faced elders of the Xue Family, Elder Qingniu turned to Qinghan instead. To his great shock, judging from the turbulent Battle Qi in Qinghan's body, he predicted that Qinghan had reached the Realm of the Marshal already. Being submerged in surprise and excitement, who would have time to care about the Xue Family?

In order to reassure himself, Ye Qingniu drew closer to Qinghan and stared at him silently for a full moment. When he was about to speak up, he unexpectedly sensed a powerful wave of Battle Qi in the atmosphere. Thus, he furrowed his eyebrows and searched around for the abnormal phenomenon.

From behind the demons, something unusual suddenly happened. All the people collectively stared at the sky above the demons, as they were wondering who had actually released such an imposing momentum of Battle Qi, against the non-fighting rules set up by Immortal City.

"Ye Qinghan, Face me!"

A resounding sound reverberated from afar, and behind the bunch of demons emerged a black figure, which directly flew in front of the Mars Prefecture members, while releasing even more ferocious Battle Qi, as he even encircled all the Mars Prefecture soldiers with it.

- Bang! -

A gigantic, bright colour of Battle Qi loomed over the head the Mars Prefecture soldiers, following a streak of abruptly-emerging cyan light. Due to this, the evil Qi was effectively prevented from seeking any access to harm the soldiers within the light. At the same time, Ye Qingniu slowly flew up into the air, with his silvery hair dancing in the wind.

“Saint Domain!”

Fearful of the possible consequences brought by the large amount of evil Battle Qi, Ye Qingniu had turned to his Saint Domain to ensure the safety of the Mars Prefecture members.

“Yao Xie, you disgusting lady-boy, what do you want?” Ye Qingniu asked.

The golden-haired, devil-like figure of Yao Xie scared many, for a chill went down everyone’s spine. The suffocating, murderous atmosphere created by Yao Xie was so terrifying, that no one dared to make any movements, as if they were frozen. Was the power of the Demonic Evil really this mind boggling?

As Yao Xie’s fury surged up, his eyes were turning increasingly red, and his face distorted into a hideous outlook. He kept glaring at the Mars Prefecture members with his intimidating, bloody eyes, “What do I want? Ye Qinghan killed my son! MY SON! Today, I will teach him an unforgettable lesson! Wild buffalo (Ye Qingniu’s nickname), get the fuck out of my way...

“ Ahhhh!”

Widening his already larger-than-ordinary eyes, Ye Qingniu was dumbfounded.

“Qinghan actually killed Yao Xie’s son? How? There are supposed to be several upper-level Demonic Emperors and numerous Demonic Marshals around Yao Kaka, how could Qinghan kill them all? Since when does Qinghan have such mighty power?”

- Swoosh! -

As the interrogation continued, several Barbarian Kings, flew towards Ye Qingniu, and growled, “Ye Qingniu, Ye Qinghan forced our young lord to cut off

his ring finger, and robbed him of his protective armor, after having killed countless barbarian soldiers! If you don't give us a proper explanation today, we swear that we'll seek for a proper response!"

"Holy shit!"

Hearing another accusation being thrown towards Qinghan, Elder Qingniu was so shocked, that he couldn't find the proper words to reply. The elders of the other families were also left bewildered.

"I heard that Yao Kaka already reached the level of a Demonic Emperor, how did he get killed?"

"Did that teenager Ye Qinghan really rob Man'gan of his armor, and slaughter groups of barbarians? It's so hard to believe this, considering how young he is! He's only sixteen years old!"

When everyone's eyes fell upon Qinghan, he rubbed his hands bashfully. In response to their suspicion, he slightly nodded his head, and the other young lords and ladies also nodded their heads as a reconfirmation.

Silence, absolute silence!

The elders, including Ye Qingniu, needed some time to digest such explosive news. Unbelievable as it sounded, the fury of Yao Xie and the Barbarians Kings weren't faked. Also, Qinghan's admission was straightforward. Given all these reasons, they had to accept that this was the heaven-defying truth. Ye Qinghan had grown into a man of great power!

"Wild buffalo, I said, get out of my way and dispel that Saint Domain! Otherwise, don't blame me for being cruel to your people!" Yao Xie urged.

"Hahaha..."

Elder Qingniu suddenly started to laugh hysterically, for he had been told the details of what had happened on Ghost Island through voice conveyance with Qinghan. Now, he knew that Qinghan had broken into the Realm of the Marshal,

and his integration technique had also become increasingly powerful. Putting these advantages together, Qinghan was now capable of killing any cultivator below the Realm of the Emperor! Driven by such a thrill, Ye Qingniu cracked into a wild laughter, as if he had suddenly become ten years younger.

“You disgusting lady-boy, what are you yelling about? Come on, let’s fight individually, huh? Thirty years ago, I already defeated you once; now there’ll be no difference...”

Chapter 153 – Zhan Shenwei’s Judgement

“Old folk, don’t be so shameless! I won’t save your face any longer!” Yao Xie brandished his pair of claws, and laughed out, as if he had lost his mind. An instant later, a hairy, golden-colored lion suddenly appeared from behind his back. The flaming redness in its eyes shone angrily at the crowd on the ground, and it was ready to launch an attack.

“Humph!” Elder Qingniu, a great elder of the Ye Family, wasn’t supposed to be intimidated into submission. On the contrary, he released more Battle Qi, to help enlarge the circle of his Saint Domain, which now covered almost everything on this plaza, including Yao Xie and several Barbarian Kings. In the process, a gentle gust of cyan light emitted from Ye Qingniu’s body, rendering an imposing bearing.

“Stop this farce, all of you!”

As the tension intensified, an earsplitting howl from Immortal City stunned everyone, after which, a giant figure appeared on top of the City Wall of Immortal City.

“Yao Xie, Ye Qingniu, don’t you guys remember the rules of Immortal City? How dare you try to start a fight at a place within hundreds of miles from the city? Do you want to have a taste of my fury?” A bald man with a strong build glared first at Yao Xie, before looking at Ye Qingniu. Although this guy was covered in a beautiful brocade robe, embroidered in highlighted colors, his outlook was... kind of ugly. His nose, neither quite prominent nor flat, but it was excessively broad at the nostril section. It was like; a piece of garlic was imbedded into his face.

“Your highness, Zhan Guardian! Not in my slightest intention do I dare to break the rules. It’s just... Yao Xie is going to kill us! I have to protect my people!” Ye Qingniu cupped his hands, before he dispelled his Saint Domain. Since Zhan Shenwei had interfered, the chance of starting this fight was almost zero. Plus, it was Yao Xie, not he, that had triggered the hostility.

“Yao Xie, do you need me to repeat my words? I said, disarm yourself! If you don’t obey, I will let you feel my power!” Zhan Shenwei turned to Yao Xie, as he thundered.

“Humph! Alright!” Under the threat of Zhan Shenwei, the shadowy figure of the lion gradually disappeared behind Yao Xie.

“I know what happened in the Prefecture War!” Satisfied with the slavish responses made by both Yao Xie and Ye Qingniu, Zhan Shenwei continued, “In this war, Yao Kaka died, Man’gan’s finger was forced to cut off. As far as I know, a young lord of the Ye Family has something to do with all this... Ahh... Ye Qinghan! You’re such a promising young man!”

After stealing a glance at Qinghan, he went on, “Let me briefly explain to everyone what has happened back on Ghost Island. The Barbarian Prefecture and Demonic Prefecture unexpectedly teamed up, for the purpose of killing Ye Qinghan. Well, in face of this great risk, Ye Qinghan escaped and was blessed with an even mightier power. In order to save his own prefecture, he broke the encirclement of the demons and barbarians, and annihilated thousands of them, all by himself! What happened in the end was obvious: he killed Yao Kaka and asked Man’gan to cut off his finger. What an earth-shaking victory he struck! Such a phenomenon is rare within the span of a hundred years. Ye Qingniu, you should treat him like a rare treasure! Oh, I’m truly impressed with such a stunning genius!”

“Respectful Zhan Guardian, you flatter me. This young boy, Qinghan, just got a little bit of luck to achieve all this. It’s still too early to predict his future path!” Being as humble as he possibly could, Ye Qingniu bowed to Zhan Shenwei; yet, deep inside, he chuckled like hell.

“Thank you for your compliment! Respectful Zhan Guardian!” Qinghan realized the influence of the fancy-dressed man, who was able to silence both Ye Qingniu and Yao Xie. He figured, that it would be better to show some respect to this guy.

“Hehe!” Zhan Shenwei laughed, while his garlic-shaped nose twitched at intervals.

“Of course, we, Immortal City, should bear large part of the responsibility for Yao Kaka’s death. An envoy from Immortal City transmitted a false message that

required killing Ye Qinghan with the concerted efforts of the Demonic and Barbarian Prefectures. He shamelessly gave this message to the demons and barbarians in the name of Tu Qianjun, the son of Tu Guardian! I suggest, that we execute him immediately! As for Tu Qianjun, he should also be punished for his poor management of his subordinates. He is now in temporary custody at the Punishment Hall in Immortal City. Tomorrow, we will carry out his sentence of five-year life behind the bars of the Immortal Prison. What do you guys think about this?”

“Eh?” Ye Qingniu furrowed his eyebrows, meditating on the possibilities of the scenario mentioned by Zhan Shenwei.

“An envoy of Immortal City actually dared to convey a false message? There must be some dirty tricks going on behind this statement.” Ye Qingniu thought to himself suspiciously.

Yet, Zhan Shenwei took the initiative and killed the envoy, leaving others no time to dig through this matter even deeper. Since the only male descendant of Immortal City, Tu Qianjun, was sentenced a five-year imprisonment punishment, no one dared to express their doubts at the current stage. Instead, they just nodded their heads approvingly.

“What?!” Qinghan’s face turned surly, as he sniffed at the farfetched explanation from Zhan Shenwei.

“Tu Qianjun is charged for his lax discipline imposed on his subordinate? What a drama! Will they let go all that happened by just killing a scapegoat? No way!” Despite the indignation inside, Qinghan kept a helpless lowered head. He knew crystal clear, that his cultivation was meaningless in front of the power of Immortal City.

Qingcheng and Qingwu, stood on each side of Qinghan, simultaneously grabbing Qinghan’s left and right hand respectively, trying to console his feelings.

“I only care about who directly killed my son!” Yao Xie fastened his flaming eyes on Qinghan, and with an evil attitude he continued, “Ye Qinghan, you’d better stay in the Mars Prefecture for your entire life, otherwise I swear I will kill you! If you dare to take part in the Chaotic Prefecture War, you have to be careful! Demons, let’s all go back to the Demonic Prefecture!”

With an angry howl, Yao Xie turned around, before he directly flew westwards. The remaining demons followed his instruction, and all swarmed towards the teleportation post in the west.

- Shoo! -

The gigantic figure of Yao Xie instantly disappeared. With numerous gleams of light shooting out from the teleportation post, the group of demons also vanished in a second. They didn’t even exchange any treasure yet, despite the fact that they had a limited amount of credits.

“Errr... Hereby I officially announce... The winner of this year’s Prefecture War is the Mars Prefecture! Congratulations! Today, you better have a good rest. Tomorrow, you will be allowed to come to the Burning Immortal Pavilion, and exchange your credits for treasures!” After Zhan Shenwei finished his words, he left.

“Humph! Ye Qinghan, let’s wait and see!” Several Barbarian Kings yelled at Qinghan, before they turned to their barbarian group. Similarly, the barbarians all walked to the teleportation post, and disappeared. Since they were extremely limited in the amount of credits they had obtained this war, they’d rather return home.

“Hahaha... All of our soldiers, stay where you are and set up a camp. The young lords and ladies, come with me to the Ye Family Garden!” Ye Qingniu gave out a direct order, and laughed happily.

“Yes!”

Immediately, the soldiers began with their camping. The casualty rate of Mars Prefecture was rather small, compared with other two prefectures. On the other hand, the credits they had reaped from the demons and barbarians could be called a great harvest!

“Hey... Wait... Ye Qinghan, did you see our young lord and the soldiers that followed him?”

When Qinghan and the other young lords and ladies were about to follow Elder Qingniu, the great elder of the Xue Family hastily caught up with them and asked anxiously.

“Xue Wuhen? I guess he’s dead!” Sneering at this Xue Family elder, Qinghan replied coldly, “Of course, if he’s still alive, he will be killed the moment I see him...”

Chapter 154 – Snowing City Will Be Covered in Blood

In a reclusive room of the Ye Family Garden.

Apart from the elder of the Xue Family, who was standing blankly outside, all other representatives had arrived. Sainan, Qinghan, and the other young lords and ladies got themselves seated in a row.

“Qinghan, tell us, what actually happened during the Prefecture War? Spare no details, please!” Ye Qingniu, like the rest of the elders, were eager to learn the truth behind the ambiguous statement given by Zhan Shenwei. Qinghan’s abrupt increase in cultivation, and his extreme hatred towards Wuhen, as well as a series of unusual events that had happened during this period, all needed an explanation.

Of course, Elder Qingniu wasn’t a reckless moron, who would tell everyone the secret of Qinghan’s cultivation improvement. Rather, he would secretly convey his conversation with Qinghan, whenever the subject turned sensitive.

“Alright!” Qinghan nodded his head politely, and stood up.

He cupped his hands in front of his chest, and bowed to the elders present, before he spoke up slowly.

“I have to start from the days when we just arrived on Ghost Island. Under Ye Qingcheng’s suggestion, the four of our families formed a super elite team, and our first destination was a place called the Monster Slaughter Pool... Later, we charged to the three prefectures’ mingled battlefield, where we slaughtered several demonic and barbarian teams... Then, at some point, we were unexpectedly besieged by both Yao Kaka and Man’gan’s legion. If it wasn’t for the Sick Team giving up their lives for us, we wouldn’t even be here... In the Black Dragon Valley; we accidentally encountered a Dragon Crystal, which had a positive effect on my integration technique. Also, due to my painstaking efforts in cultivating, I have successfully broken into the Realm of the Marshal. Taking all of this into consideration, I’m now able to kill any Demonic or Barbarian Emperor within seconds... That’s why.”

For as long as half an hour, Qinghan had reeled off the events from beginning to the end. Of course he was sparing some important details, such as his battle beast, and Soul Chaos. The credits for all these miracles were simply given to the Dragon Crystal.

The great elders present all had their expression change, including Elder Qingniu. Shocking as it was, they had received clarification surrounding three things. First, Ye Qinghan's absolute power in cultivation had reached the Realm of the Marshal, at the age of sixteen! But combined with his newly acquired integration technique, his comprehensive ability could beat those below the Realm of the Emperor. Given his young age, he was a real genius in this regard, even more outstanding than his father – Ye Dao. Second, Xue Wuhen had actually allied with the other two races, and had attempted to kill Ye Qinghan. In the process of carrying out this plot, he had even put the younger generation of the four families, which the super elite team was comprised of, in great risk. Third, Tu Qianjun must've been involved in the whole conspiracy, otherwise the "righteous" Immortal City wouldn't imprison him for five years.

"Qinghan, you said that Wuhen betrayed the Mars Prefecture, and gave away your whereabouts. But, do you have any evidence to support this accusation? Don't talk throw groundless accusations around in public..." After a little bit of silence, Elder Qingniu raised his head up, as his eyes flashed with shrewdness and caution.

"Right, Elder Qingniu is right, we have to see the evidence before making our final judgment!" The elder of the Feng Family seconded Ye Qingniu's suggestion. After all, this wasn't a small issue. If this was real, then the repercussions for the Xue Family would be great. The rest of the elders all wore a solemn expression, as they were staring at Qinghan's face.

"Of course we have!" In a hurry, Qinghan rummaged a small, transparent bottle out of his chest pocket, inside which were several piece of cut-off parts of worms. Qinghan pulled opened the lid, and threw the remains of these worms onto the nearby desk, for the elders' close observation.

"Moreover, I've personally interrogated Man'gan, and got his confirmation

about all the above-mentioned. Miss Sainan, Hua Cao, Feng Zi, Qingcheng, and the other young elites of the Mars Prefecture were all there as witnesses!” Qinghan continued.

Following Qinghan’s remarks, they all stood up, and confirmed what Qinghan had said was true. On behalf of all the witnesses, Sainan spoke up, “We can all testify to Qinghan’s statement. Plus, Man’gan also told us that Wuhen had given him and Yao Kaka each a Positioning Crystal Ball, to trace our whereabouts! Now, Wuhen is nowhere to be found. He must be fleeing to escape punishment!”

“Humph!” Hearing all this, Ye Qingniu’s emotion surged into a fury, and he slammed his fist on the left handle of his chair. All of a sudden, the left handle shattered into powder. His bugling ox-like eyes widened to an extremely terrifying size, and the rough skin on his face twitched for some time, before he roared like a provoked buffalo, “How dare the Xue Family! Not long ago, they’ve already attempted to kidnap our Jade Spirit Body; now they went so far as to assassinate our future successor? The streets of Snowing City will be covered in blood, rather than snow! Did they really wish to be excluded from the Mars Prefecture, huh?”

“The Xue Family is so audaciously shameless; I will certainly report this to our leader. Didn’t the Xue Family know, that the young lords and ladies in the super elite team are the most promising future inheritor of each family? This is a move against the entire Mars Prefecture!”

The elder of the Yue Family voiced her attitude, and took side with the Ye Family. After being reassured of Qinghan’s terrifying power by Qingcheng, she had hatched up a strategy of drawing Qinghan over to their side at any cost. As a direct victim, Ye Qingniu wasn’t convenient to express himself fully. But, as an outsider, the elder of the Yue Family jumped to the conclusion without any hesitation. She aimed to urge the other families to choose their side right now.

“Errr... this is an issue of great severity. I have to ask our leader’s opinion. I cannot make this decision. Since Wuhen has actually done such an immoral thing, I guess our leader won’t be kind to the Xue Family any more. Personally, I hope that Snowing City, where the Xue Family is located, will enjoy some bloodshed...” The elder of the Feng family came with a cautious statement.

“Xue Wuhen should be killed! As for the Xue Family, we need to sit down and have a more detailed discussion about how to deal with them.” The elder of the Hua Family, who wasn’t in the position to make the final decision either, suggested rather ambiguously.

“Doubtlessly, after committing such a capital felony, Xue Wuhen is definitely to face the death penalty! As for the whole Xue family... Guys, hold your fury a little bit, we need to assemble the leaders of each family and have a further discussion with them.” The representative of Dragon City remained rather neutral on this subject.

“Alright! Then give the order to capture Xue Wuhen! Our family will award a treasure-level item for anyone, who can provide information about this bastard’s whereabouts!” Generally, Elder Qingniu was satisfied with the other elders’ advices. As for whether the Snowing City should be overturned or not, he’d rather have the leader of the four families and Dragon City decide.

The impressive reward, which could be used to buy half of a small city, was definitely irresistible. For the advanced cultivators, purple crystal coins were no longer their source of wealth; instead, they started to look for spiritual-level items, treasure-level items, some rare medicine, *etc.*

Disappointed by the indecisive representatives from the other families, Qinghan took a long, deep breath. Originally, he had thought that, as long as he had obtained solid evidence, the Xue Family would slip into everlasting perdition. But now, the situation seemed not as simply as he had first thought, and he was afraid that there would be some hurdles emerging in bringing down the Xue Family.

However, the young lords and ladies were always on Qinghan’s side. When they discovered the nuances in Qinghan’s face, they stepped forward. Among them, Feng Zi spoke to Qinghan in a loud voice, disregarding the winks shot to him by the Feng Family elder.

“Young lord Qinghan, please rest assured, we will find Xue Wuhen. Even Heaven won’t tolerate what he did to us! We swear to tear Snowing City down into pieces...”

Chapter 155 – You have to be Responsible to me!

That afternoon, after a long discussion, Ye Qingniu talked to Qinghan in private and was given the detailed reasons of Qinghan's explosive improvements. Elder Qingniu's face had a big smile plastered on his face, as he was extremely proud of Qinghan.

When night fell, a banquet was held by Ye Qingniu in the Ye Family Garden, where all the young lords and ladies, as well as each group-leader appeared. Approximately, there were over a hundred of them. On each table was a variety of dishes, which would tempt anyone. Ye Qingniu, who was notoriously mean and stingy, this time, however, acted generous enough to invite all of them to enjoy such a feast. It was partly because of the complete victory they'd achieved in the Prefecture War, and partly because Qinghan's explosive improvements in his cultivation. With the emergence of such a peerless genius in the Ye Family, Elder Qingniu felt like it had to be celebrated.

As a senior, no one dared to urge Elder Qingniu for more drinks. As the protagonist of the party, nevertheless, Qinghan received many toasts from various people. Honestly, he was tough in his capacity for wine, but not this time. After refilling his cup of wine countless of times, he was too drunk to distinguish which direction he should take to go back to his own room...

As a sixteen-year old Marsh-Realm achiever, Qinghan had become the most popular young lord of the Ye Family. Also, with the assistance of his holy-grade battle beast, he would be the number one in cultivation among those below the Realm of the Emperor. Since Qingkuang had been banished, the Ye Family had found their new successor in Qinghan. Anyone with discerning eyes would know, that if Qinghan continued his cultivation, he would absolutely become the future leader! Most importantly, Qinghan had saved all the elites of the Mars Prefecture at the Breaking Blade Summit, which was clear evidence of Qinghan's future potential. Now that Qinghan had been branded as a genius in cultivation, many tried to cozy up to him, in an attempt to form a friendly relationship with him. Doubtlessly, he turned out to be the focal point of the night...

Even Qingcheng, who they thought of as a would-be wife of their young hero, had been invited to drink countless cups of wine already. Being afraid to deal

with any more toasts, Qingcheng walked away amidst the boisterous “drinking competition”. Later, Ye Qingniu, and the elders of the other families, also went out with smiles plastered on their reddish faces. The remaining ones were a bunch of crazy young people, continuing their farce...

Qinghan was in such a perfect mood, that he almost accepted every cup of wine toasted to him by others. Every time, he gulped the wine down, which somehow added to his popularity. He had the required credits in hand, his cultivation had greatly increased, and most importantly, his sister would be saved! It seemed, that the oath he had made in front of his deceased mother, would also finally come to happen. All that being said, Qinghan found that he was now a man full of hope.

“Young... young lord Qinghan, you bastard... you’ve stolen the limelight! Ah, to be honest, I’m so envious of you, both on the battlefield and in romance. But, tonight, I wish to beat you once, with wine! Haha, I... I hope to get you as drunk as a skunk...” With a kettle of wine in his hand, Feng Zi staggered towards Qinghan; when he drew near and decided to take a seat, he accidentally fell down on his back, with his legs pointing up to the sky.

“Hahaha...” Looking at the hilarious gesture of Feng Zi, Qinghan laughed out loudly, and cursed, “Hey, buddy... If you want to continue to drink, just get up to your feet. Otherwise, I’d rather go back to my room and sleep...”

Hardly had Qinghan finished these words, or Feng Zi began to loudly snore, while he was still laying on the ground. Seeing this, Qinghan dragged him by his feet out back to his room. Although his mind had long ago gone blank, he subconsciously knew that he wasn’t allowed to take in any more wine, because he started to have the urge to vomit...

He entered his room, which had been prearranged by Ye Qingniu. Everything was quite usual up until now. But, when he lay down on that broad bed, and slipped into the soft, white blanket, he felt something unusual, as if there was another person inside it...

“Hey, anybody there?”

After whispering at the blanket several times, he found there was no response. So, as drunk as he was, he just closed his eyes, and fell asleep...

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In theory, the more wine one took in, the more sound his sleep would be. However... Qinghan was haunted by weird dreams throughout the entire night!

In his dream, he returned to the Ye Castle, and saved his sister. Qingyu eventually woke up, throwing herself into Qinghan's arms, as she burst into a sweet smile, while tears were running down her cheeks. While, at the same time, Qinghan embraced his sister tightly, as if he wouldn't let go of her any more... But, the scene suddenly changed to the Breaking Blade Summit, where Qingcheng had rushed at him; and he tightly hung on her slim waist, smilingly embracing the fragrance of peach flower, which was emanating from her hair...

The scene in his dream, however, kept changing. Now, he found himself in An'yue's Hotel. He climbed on a pink bed, where the naked, seductive lady boss was lying like an inviting dish, waiting for him to take a bite. When he drew closer, driven by his physical arousal, he touched the plumpness and softness of the lady boss's body. Abruptly, he jumped upon her, and started "riding" her like crazy...

.....

Then, when he slightly woke up, he realized that he was in one of the guest rooms of the Ye Family Garden in Immortal City. The pink bed had suddenly become a white one.

As drowsy as he was, he couldn't reassure himself whether he was awake, or still dreaming. Because, there was still a woman in his arms!

The girl had an innocent, angelic face, and the upper part of her body was fully exposed, as the cover had been shoved away. On the surface of her towering breasts, brutal kissing marks could still be found. Right now, however, she wrinkled her eyebrows in pain, and choked back tears from flowing down.

"Errr... she's naked! Ah... why does she look so... so familiar?"

Like being struck by a thunderbolt, Qinghan screamed, as each of his fine hairs erected in shock. In order to reassure himself this wasn't real, he hit his face harshly to see if he would feel the physical pain. This was real! He wanted to

secretly slip away, but he couldn't...

Drops of cold sweat kept exuding from his forehead, which dripped on the sheets, on his thighs, as well as on his exposed "dragon root" (here it refers to his genital organ. ◡ ◡), which still had a nasty juicy fluid on the tip. He was awfully flustered, and didn't know what to do next. This was the most scaring moment he had been in, ever since he had left the Ye Castle...

Because, the girl lying on the bed was no other than Ye Qingwu! The most cherished granddaughter of Ye Qingniu, who lived not far away from this room! Perhaps, he'd already woken up at this point of time.

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Last night, Qingwu too, was drunk. As a young, unmarried beauty, as well as the granddaughter of Ye Qingniu, she was among those being repetitively invited to a toast. After several rounds of toasts, she had found herself dizzy from the wine. Actually, she wasn't accustomed to drinking at all; it was just the disgruntled feeling, that had propelled her to do so. Whenever she glanced at Qinghan and Qingcheng, who had been sitting together all night, her heart ached...

However... it was such a coincidence, that Qingwu's room was adjacent with Qinghan's. And in a drunken state, she mistakenly intruded into Qinghan's room and fell asleep.

Last night, like Qinghan, she had had sweet dreams, in which she was married to Qinghan, and after going through all the rituals required in a traditional marriage, they had gone to the bedroom and enjoyed their first night together. She was bashful at first, but when she looked at the face of Qinghan, she smiled, despite the pain she had to endure.

Right now at this moment, she slightly opened her attractive eyes, and found Qinghan, who was topless on the bed, and raptly staring at her. In response, she smiled shyly, and escaped Qinghan's gaze.

A little while later, however, her smile froze. She lowered her head, looked at her stripped down, snow-white body, and quickly snatched the blanket to cover herself up. Her lips gaped widely, for she was about to scream out as loudly as she could!

Nevertheless, the next second, a big hand muffled her mouth; while, at the same time, Qinghan's slurred in a panic-stricken voice, "Don't scream, please! E... Everything is negotiable. You have to be responsible to me... Errr... Shit! No, no, no, I will be responsible for you, trust me..."

Chapter 156 – Not a Favorable Accident

“Oh, my sister, don’t shout out! Do you intend to let you grandfather know about this? He’ll kill me! I know you’re excited right now, so am I! Oh, shit, no, it is not excitement... Errr, yeah, worried and confused. This thing, I mean, what I have done to you is totally out of my control. I thought I was in a dream! Anyway, I’ll take the blame and be responsible for all that happened. But please, don’t make any noise to grab others’ attention, ok? Everything is negotiable, as long as you don’t scream. If you agree, just give me several winks, and I’ll let go of my hand!”

In the middle of Qinghan’s bewilderment, he realized that Qingwu had fully woken up. The moment their eyes met each other, Qingwu smiled at him, and he responded with a similar baffled smile, which looked quite silly. When Qingwu grabbed the blanket to cover the breath-taking “scenery” of her chest, and started screaming, Qinghan had quickly regained his sensibility.

Where were they? They were in the Ye Family Garden in Immortal City, which was totally fine. But the problem was, Ye Qingniu was only a couple of rooms away from them! What if... What if Ye Qingniu broke into the room after hearing the screams of his granddaughter? How would he react, if he saw the two of them naked in bed together? Based on his cranky personality, he would probably end Qinghan’s life on the spot.

With all possible risks in mind, Qinghan jumped towards Qingwu, and prevented her from making any noise. He then explained in a hushed voice, as an honest and sincere light filled his eyes.

After an awkward silence, Qingwu stared deathly at Qinghan, and winked agreeably. As her beautiful eyelashes went up and down, two streaks of tears rolled down her delicate cheek.

“Ohhh!”

Qinghan felt like a great weight had just been lifted off of him, as if he had survived a week long of continuous fighting. Following Qingwu’s response, he slowly put his hand back, while he continued to observe Qingwu’s expression, in case she would scream again.

However... a couple of minutes later, when Qingwu had taken in several deep breaths and was about to say something to Qinghan, she once again, widened her mouth as large as she possibly could, and yelled out in sheer shock, as if she had seen something horrible.

“Oh, didn’t you hear me? Don’t shout out! I thought you promised, that you wouldn’t scream, a little while ago.” Like the speed of a flying arrow, Qinghan swooped in front of Qingwu, and sealed her mouth for the second time. Desperately, he implored Qingwu not to make any more high-pitched noises.

In embarrassment, Qingwu had already shut her eyes. Her naughty face had now turned blushed all the way down to her neck, as even her little pinkish ears were now as red as fire. In response, she pointed out her slender hand towards Qinghan’s private parts.

“What?”

Glancing at the funny-looking Qingwu, Qinghan followed the direction she pointed at with confusion, only to find his “dragon root” piercing proudly in the air...

- Shoo! -

Now, it was Qinghan’s turn to be embarrassed. His face abruptly turned red, much redder than Qingwu’s. Meanwhile, he hurriedly jumped off of the bed as fast as he could, and grabbed some clothing, which was scattered randomly on the floor. Then, he quickly got himself dressed.

“Errr... You... you better also get dressed, otherwise you’ll catch a cold!” Bashfully, Qinghan casted a sidelong glance at Qingwu, and stammered out.

“Throw... throw me my cloths!” Without raising up her head, she replied with a shivering voice.

“Alright! Alright!” Seeing that Qingwu wasn’t the kind of girl, who would, make a big deal out of this, Qinghan was rather delighted. When he finished picking up the clothing, and was about to throw them to Qingwu, he stopped. Among the cluster of clothing, he saw a piece of thin clothing, which was torn into strips already. His face turned blush once again, and asked, “This piece of your underwear is too broken to wear, isn’t it?”

“You bastard... Just throw it to me and turn your back towards me!” Qingwu glanced at the thing in Qinghan’s hands, and cursed.

As instructed, Qinghan quickly turned away, right after he had thrown Qingwu’s clothing on the bed. An instant later, from behind, he heard the rustling noises Qingwu made, while getting herself dressed. Thinking of the extremely large and round breasts Qingwu possessed, at the glimpse of which every young man would spill blood in hyper excitement, Qinghan felt his underbelly warm up yet again...

“I... I’m done!”

The voice from behind pulled Qinghan out of his illusion. He tidied up his drooling mouth with his hands, before he turned around. But, what he saw only aroused his sense of guilt: Qingwu buried her face into her hands and started to sob. Qinghan knew, at least judging from the rugged underwear, that he must’ve been excessively brutal to Qingwu last night... He felt as if he was reduced to a beast spurred by evil urges...

“Sister Qingwu, I...” Qinghan tried to console Qingwu’s feeling, but he halted and didn’t know what to say, and ended up only making some spasmodic jerks with his mouth.

“Why don’t you go out immediately? Do you wish to be discovered by my grandpa? He will kill you!” Qingwu angrily urged Qinghan out, while biting her red lips in embarrassment.

“Sister Qingwu, I will be responsible...” Looking at the shivering Qingwu, who pretended to be tough and strong, Qinghan had the feeling to embrace her in his arms. But, he knew, under such circumstances, he would definitely be kicked away by Qingwu if he dared to do so.

“Stop! Please, leave me alone. I need to calm myself down. Get out!” Qingwu’s mind was such a mess, that she desperately needed some private time to think this all over. She arched her eyebrows and yelled at Qinghan.

“Errr... ok, but don’t be mad at me. I’ll go, immediately. We better talk about this when we’re both level-headed again.”

Since Qingwu had manifested her anger, Qinghan hurriedly darted to the door after he finished these words.

A moment later, however, Qinghan returned!

“Sister Qingwu, it seems, this... this is my room!”

.....

Nervously, like a thief, Qinghan sent Qingwu back to her own room. Now, it was at noon. Thankfully, most of the young lords and ladies were still fast asleep due to yesterday’s crazy banquet. As for Ye Qingniu and the other elders, they had already rose up, and were now drinking tea in the hall. They knew, that the youngsters were drunk, so they weren’t surprised at nobody getting up at this time of the day.

Qinghan’s room was already a mess after last night’s “battle”. But, when he drew near the bed again, he spotted a stain of blood on the white sheets.

“Oh, what a beast I am!”

He cursed himself a dozen times over.

“Alcoholic-addled sex? How could this happen?” Qinghan showed some regrets.

Of course, he admitted that, no young man could resist the charm of Qingwu. It was just... he simply couldn’t fully enjoy the thrill of that night, because he was too drunk! When he woke up, he could hardly remember the heavenly moments he had had with this beauty. Instead, he had to face the risk of being killed by Ye Qingniu. In his opinion, this was far from a favorable accident to him.

Chapter 157 – Spirit Immortal Dan

Qinghan tidied his room up, and calmed down a little bit, before he went out to the hall with a pretended relaxed expression.

In the hall, almost everyone was present and they had already finished their breakfast. Now, they were busy chatting with one another.

“Qinghan! Take a seat. Haha, I thought your capacity of wine was tougher... You have to practice, time and time again. You know, when I was young, I could keep on drinking for three consecutive days and nights. No bragging, I wasn’t even drunk at that time.”

Seeing Qinghan’s arrival, Ye Qingniu made fun of him, but his care and love for this young man could easily be discerned in his voice.

The rest of the crowd jerked their heads towards Qinghan, and nodded politely as a greeting. While, at the same time, among them, Qingcheng shot a concerning glance at him, and asked, “ Why are you so late, Qinghan?”

“Hehe, yeah, why? I, your brother Elder Feng, remember to have drunk even more wine than you last night. But, you know what? I got up several hours before you! Oh, I suppose you’re a terrible drinker!” Feng Zi grinned, as he mocked Qinghan.

“Bastard, you are Elder Feng? Then what am I supposed to be called?” One of the elders of the Feng Family scolded Feng Zi for his impoliteness. In front of so many senior elders, especially Ye Qingniu, it was flagrantly improper to make such a joke by calling himself an Elder.

“Hahaha...”

Fortunately, the rest of the people, overwhelmed by the glorious victory of the Prefecture War, laughed out merrily. Another reason for their happiness was Qinghan’s generous act of distributing large chunks of the credits he had earned to all of them, rather than putting them all into his own pocket. With the credits, they would be able to obtain a large amount of items, which could further

support their cultivation. Everyone was satisfied and pleased.

“Eh? Wait, where is Qingwu? She should’ve gotten up at this point of time. Hey, Qinghan, did you bump into her when you walked out?”

Suppressed by his guilty conscience, Qinghan nodded his head without giving a verbal answer. But, when he sat down beside Ye Qingniu, the latter tossed his head towards him, and asked further about Qingwu.

“No! Why would I be running into her when I wake up? We’re not sleeping in the same room. Errr... I mean... actually, I didn’t see her either. Shall we ask somebody to call her up?”

Looking at Ye Qingniu’s bulging eyes, Qinghan’s sense of guilt surfaced once again, propelling him to awkwardly defend himself.

On the other hand, however, Ye Qingniu didn’t give much heed on this topic, and replied, “Alright, let her sleep some more. I guess she has a headache or something. If she doesn’t show up at lunch time, we won’t wait for her and directly go to the Burning Immortal Pavilion to get the Spirit Immortal Dan! Our leader has informed me, that he already obtained the other pill. With the two pills, your sister will be saved!”

“Really?” Qinghan was so excited to hear this, that he almost jumped up. All his previous anxiety had suddenly disappeared. Abruptly, he stood up, and faced Elder Qingniu with eyes full of joy. At the beginning, the corners of his mouth curled a little bit; but, he reassured himself by seeing Elder Qingniu’s nod, after which the curve of his smile enlarged to a big grin, and eventually he uncontrollably laughed out...

Looking at the demented laughing Qinghan, not a single person found him obnoxious; instead, their admiration for him only increased.

Given Qinghan’s current reputation, his story was no longer anything new. Everyone knew, that in order to save his sister, Qinghan had put himself at great risk by killing the key descendants of the Ye Family, ruining the cultivation of Qingkuang, the then-successor of their family, and killing a member of their Elder

Clan, Ye Ron. As his story went viral, many people became his fan for his courageous fight for love.

Meanwhile, the Ye Family, who had treated this young lord unfairly before, was determined to win back his heart. Left with no other alternative, they had reluctantly permitted him to take part in the Prefecture War. During this war, Qinghan's diligence in cultivation was witnessed by all of the participants. With the help of his own endeavor as well as luck, Qinghan had successfully obtained a great deal of credits, dramatically exceeding the aimed quantity. By doing so, he had laid the foundation for the great triumph of the Mars Prefecture.

Right now, as he was being told that his sister, who he had missed so much, was finally only one step away from waking up, he could no longer hold his true feelings, and laughed out indulgently. His straightforward disposition attracted many, for they considered Qinghan to be a friend worth getting along with.

In most people's eyes, Qinghan's laughter was a sign of his ecstasy, while in Qingcheng's eyes, she knew that Qinghan had a mixed feeling of sadness and happiness. She felt grieved for the great duty Qinghan shouldered, and the misfortunes he had gone through. While, at the same, she was proud of Qinghan, for his resilience and courage.

"Let's go to the Burning Immortal Pavilion!" Qinghan couldn't wait any longer to fetch the Spirit Immortal Dan. He wished to give this Dan to his sister as quickly as possible and stay with her forever...

"Heh... Alright! Let's go to the Burning Immortal Pavilion right now!" Since Qinghan had already almost disappeared beyond the gate, Ye Qingniu sighed, and stood up calling for the others to follow.

"Go! Let's exchange the credits for treasures!" Feng Zi also stood up, and caught up with Qinghan...

.....

The Burning Immortal Pavilion, east of Immortal City, was a place built to deal with issues concerning the three prefectures. The owner of this pavilion was Fen

Shenwei.

Right now, the Mars Prefecture team walked along the way to this very pavilion, and the citizens living in Immortal City all craned their heads to watch them. The ancestors of the residents here could trace back to thousands of years ago, when each prefecture was asked to dispatch 10,000 people to Immortal City, as original inhabitants. As time went by, the overall population of Immortal City had increased exponentially, causing several times of renovation and expansion inside the city.

“The Mars Prefecture is the final winner! They’ve lost an exceedingly small number of soldiers in this war. The other two prefectures were battered so badly...”

“Yeah, you’re right. I’ve also heard that a human-race young hero has emerged... I think his name is Ye Qinghan! This guy is a piece of work! It is said he killed the son of Yao Xie... Yesterday, Yao Xie even lost his temper at the Glory Plaza...”

“Ye Qinghan? So he is the young hero among them, haha. Oh, they said he’s only sixteen years old. How impressive!”

The residents of Immortal City, who had already shaken away their identity as descendants from the three prefectures, thought highly themselves. Although they didn’t give much heed to what was happening back in the three prefecture, they did like to gossip. On the other hand, as residents of Immortal City, they had quick access to the latest information. Now, they discussed noisily, as they watched the Mars Prefecture Team march.

Ever since Qinghan had heard that another Spirit Immortal Dan was already obtained, he had acted frantically, while rushing towards the destination for exchanging his credits. The moment he stepped over the threshold of the pavilion, he yelled, “Ye Qinghan, Mars Prefecture. I’m coming to exchange my credits!”

The hall of the Burning Immortal Pavilion could well accommodate hundreds of visitors. However, there were only several strange people, each dressed in a golden robe. Among them, a woman’s face distinguished herself from the others. She looked so voluptuously beautiful.

“Respectful Feng Guardian, sorry for the rudeness of our young lord. Please forgive him for intruding in the pavilion with such a manner!” Ye Qingniu dashed into the pavilion, and for a second, he was overwhelmed by the charm of the woman in the middle, but soon, he bowed to them all, trying to help Qinghan in case they were offended.

“Respectful Feng Guardian!” The elders, that followed from behind, respectfully greeted the golden-robed guys.

“Hehe, never mind. Make yourself at home!” Feng Guardian waved her hands, while her lips curled up a little bit. Judging from her voice, this Fen Guardian was much younger than what her appearance suggested. Because her voice was so mellow, and girlish, very much like limpid water in the brook.

Curiously, Fen Guardian looked at Qinghan, and finally moved her glance down at the yellow ring on Qinghan’s left hand. She then asked, “I guess you must be Ye Qinghan. Good, heroes are always appear among the youngsters. Little hero, what do you want to exchange your credits for?”

“A Spirit Immortal Dan!” Qinghan cupped his hand in front of his chest, and replied with due respect.

“Errr... I’d like to hear your own account of what has happened to you. Because, I’m rather touched by your deeds. A teenage hero! Alright, here you go!” The admiration in Fen Guardian’s eyes could be easily identified. By slightly waving her left hand, an emerald green box directly flew towards Qinghan.

Looking at the delicate jade box, which had shimmering green light covering the surface, Qinghan reached out his hands, and held it tightly. This moment, for him, was so significant, for it marked the end of his struggle to saving his sister. All his previous efforts had eventually paid off, and his sister would be saved!

“Hey, stop! Don’t open it! The Spirit Qi will evaporate if you keep it exposed. This Spirit Immoral Dan is authentic through and through. Don’t bother to check it. Say thank you to Fen Guardian!” When Qinghan was about to open the box, to see what the famous Dan looked like, Ye Qingniu immediately conveyed his voice in secret. Hearing this warning, Qinghan packed the jade box with meticulous care into his pocket. Then, he bowed deeply to Fen Guardian once again.

“Hehe... it’s nothing. This is what you earned from the Prefecture War. Hereby, I announce the items to be exchanged: one inferior saint-level item, fifty superior treasure-level items... Everyone, please discuss with your team members before lining up and exchanging, one by one!”

Chapter 158 – The Teleportation Posts Are Broken

“Inferior saint-level item?”

Everyone’s eyes lit up when they heard the list of items to be presented. As for the Spirit Immortal Dan, it was already known by all before the commencement of the Prefecture War. Hardly anyone had predicted, however, that there would be a saint-level item involved.

A saint-level item was an extremely rare treasure. Among the five most prominent families, it was said there were only a couple of them. However, most of them refused to expose their treasures to the public and preserved them in private. As for the Ye Family, the Immortal Slaughter Sword was a publicly announced treasure; but, they had another five, which was unknown to the outside world. The other four families, also had several pieces, but they too, would rather keep it a secret, to avoid unnecessary battles. That being said, even if all five families’ saint-level items were put together, the number wouldn’t surpass ten. The scarcity of this item made it even more attractive. Perhaps, only the affluent Immortal City treated it as a regular item.

The representatives of each family leaned forward, as their eyes sparkled. They wondered how awesome it would be, if they had the chance to obtain the only saint-level item of this event. They could, in theory, break into a higher level with the aid of such an item.

However... when the Immortal City envoy gave them the detailed list of reward items, they suddenly turned disillusioned.

On the list, it said that the saint-level item was a broken one. Or, more exactly, only a quarter of the size was preserved. It was originally a piece of a protective arm-armor, named the Fire Immortal Arm Armor. It was supposed to be a set of four left-arm armors, but the other three pieces were nowhere nowhere to be found. Thus, the function of this armor had sharply decreased, almost to zero, which was why it was rated as an inferior saint-level item only.

“Oh! What a pity!”

The cruel reality damped everyone’s hopes for obtaining a saint-level item in

their lifetime. In despise, they all sniffed at its whopping price, because in their opinion, a broken, almost functionless item, should not be categorized as a saint-level item in the first place. It was unfair to exchange such an item at the same price as the Spirit Immortal Dan.

Even a superior treasure-level item or a full set of armor and the like, would only cost 6,000 to 7,000 credits. Therefore, people's attention was diverted to the treasure-level items instead.

Meanwhile, Ye Qingniu gave out a long sigh, for he would definitely ask Qinghan to rethink exchanging his credits for this armor piece. Given the size of this arm armor, he reckoned that it was far from a favorable deal. Why not use fewer credits to exchange for a piece of a set of a superior treasure-level armor? After all, arms weren't the most crucial part, that would directly cause one's death.

Qinghan took a deep breath, for he was a little bit discouraged by this information. If the saint-level item was a complete one, he would definitely exchange his credits for it. As an experienced cultivator now, he knew all too well what a big role a saint-level item played in a life and death battle.

"Boss, take the arm armor! This is a super treasure!" When Qinghan was about to look for other items on the list, Little Black conveyed his voice secretly.

"A super treasure? Little Black, are you kidding?" In great shock, Qinghan urged Little Black to explain, for even Elder Qingniu denied the value of this saint-level item.

"Sorry, boss, I don't know either. But, I have the feeling that this will be a stunning piece of armor. Believe me, get it!" Although Little Black's voice was vague, he seemed exceedingly affirmative on his proposal.

In response, Qinghan nodded his head approvingly, despite the fact that he didn't understand Little Black at all. For Qinghan, Little Black was more than a battle beast; he treated him as a human being, a companion, and a brother, with whom he could face any challenge fearlessly... Ever since their first communication back at the Wild Mountain Range, they had already committed to each other. This was the first time, Little Black asked him to do something. He had to trust him under any circumstance. Even if it was rubbish, he would get it

without any hesitation, let alone that it was a saint-level item.

As soon as everyone had finished reviewing the Reward List, they began to exchange for their chosen items. Since Qinghan had already exchanged one item, the Spirit Immortal Dan, he thought it would be the others' turn first. To his surprise, however, Sainan proposed to let Qinghan continue to enjoy the privilege of being the first one to exchange, in order to thank him for his brave rescue at the Breaking Blade Summit.

Doubtlessly, everyone agreed on Sainan's proposal. They knew, that without Qinghan, most of them wouldn't be able to appear in this pavilion and exchange their credits for treasures. In fact, they would most likely be buried on Ghost Island, contributing to the nourishment of the weeds and flowers there.

"Hey, Qinghan, exchange for the sixth item on the list - the superior treasure-level one." At the same time, Elder Qingniu also gave some advice to Qinghan on which item to take.

The sixth item was actually a complete Dragon Scale Armor, composed by the scales ripped from an eighth-grade Silver Dragon. It was said, that its defensive power distinguished itself as the top among all treasure-level items. Elder Qingniu thought that Qinghan was in desperate need of a protective armor at his current stage, since the latter's cultivation kept soaring up. It should be the best choice for Qinghan.

"I'll choose that saint-level item. Please deduct my credits from the ring, plus the 10,000 for the Spirit Immortal Dan!" Not taking Elder Qingniu's advice, Qinghan stretched out his left hand, pointing to the second item, the Fire Immortal Arm Armor.

"What?"

Everyone was taken aback, for they thought Qinghan was after all, a reckless young man pushed by his impulses, rather than reason. In their opinion, Qinghan was squandering the credits by choosing such a useless item. Even Qingcheng shook her head towards Qinghan disapprovingly. Despite all the doubts others might hold, Qinghan was determined to get the arm armor.

"Ye Qinghan, are you sure? I'll directly deduct your credits!" The envoy, who was wearing a golden robe, asked in an indifferent tone.

“Sure!” Qinghan replied with a firm nod.

“Good!” The envoy reached out with a pale white hand, and placed it over Qinghan’s ring. Soon, a streak of cyan gust emerged from his palm, and Qinghan’s yellow ring departed from him until it flew right in the envoy’s hand.

“Here you go, this is the Fire Immortal Arm Armor, a saint-level item. Your total credits amounted to 26,300. Excluding the amount that should be paid for these two items you already have, there is only 6,300 left. Would you please let me know if you will continue to exchange for something else with the remnants? Or will you exchange it for something else when you return to Dragon City?” The envoy handed over a red jade box to Qinghan, after which, he wrote on this book the number of Qinghan’s remaining credits.

“As for the remaining credits, Elder Qingniu, I entrust you to decide for me!” Qinghan put the red jade box in his chest pocket, before he bowed to the crowd, “Excuse me, everyone. I still have a headache from yesterday’s wine. So... I will take my leave now, and get some rest. Have a nice day, guys.”

Under the confused gaze of others, Qinghan stepped out of the pavilion, and headed towards the Ye Family Garden.

Seeing this, Elder Qingniu nodded his head and turned to Ye Ping, who was standing behind him, “Ye Ping, go back with Qinghan. This kid desperately needs some proper training in drinking wine!”

“Hey, Miss Sainan, it’s your turn!”

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Of course, by now, Qinghan was already sober. He just used the wine as an excuse, what really concerned him was Qingwu. Since the Spirit Immortal Dan was obtained, he had to go back home as soon as possible. Yet, before he set off, he wished to make sure whether Qingwu was fine and healthy. If possible, he’d like to have her go with him to Dragon City by teleportation posts, before he went to the Ye Castle.

“Elder Ye Ping, are the teleportation posts in Immortal City able to send us back to Grey City?” Qinghan turned to Ye Ping, and wondered if he could shorten

the time to meet his sister.

“Of course not! We’re only allowed to be sent back to Dragon City. I mean, we don’t have the privilege to be teleported directly to where we want to go.” Ye Ping found Qinghan’s homesickness quite funny, and he couldn’t help chuckling to himself. But, a moment later, he came to realize something and frowned, “Errr... Young lord Qinghan, I’m afraid you’re not able to go to Dragon City today. I forgot that we’ve been informed this morning, that there is something wrong with the teleportation posts in Immortal City. Don’t worry, they’ll have it repaired in a couple of days.”

In sheer surprise, Qinghan halted his steps in the middle, and asked, “Are all the teleportation posts broken?”

Chapter 159 – Every Night... with Qingwu

“Did the teleportation posts break this morning?” Qinghan turned rather suspicious, because he wondered why they were broken at a time when he was so desperate to return home. Could there be any tricks behind it?

“Hehe, young lord Qinghan, it all happened two days ago, not today. The technicians will take care of it, don’t worry. Just stay here for another couple of days!”

Ye Ping sensed Qinghan’s suspicion, so he explained in a hurry. At the beginning, when he had first received this news, Ye Ping, like Qinghan, had doubted whether it was a conspiracy or not. But after some investigation, he was rest assured that everything was safe and sound.”

“Alright, let’s wait until everything is ok.” While shaking his head helplessly, Qinghan replied. Since he had been away from his sister for a whole year, he figured that another few days wouldn’t change much.

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As soon as Qinghan arrived at the Ye Family Garden, he directly went to Qingwu’s room. For one thing, he felt guilty for what he had done last night, so he decided to console Qingwu. For another, he was so worried that Ye Qingniu would discover everything. Honestly, he was a little bit shy to see Qingwu after everything that had happened. But as a man, he had to shoulder the responsibility and face reality, rather than dodge away like a coward.

After a series of patient knocks on the door, Qinghan was finally allowed in. Looking at the pale Qingwu, Qinghan was now filled with remorse. He rubbed his hands awkwardly, and asked, “ Errr... Sister Qingwu, are you alright?”

No response came from Qingwu, who was now sitting on her bed against the wall, as she had curled up her knees, and lowered her head.

“Oh, I almost forgot! You haven’t eaten breakfast yet, right? Last night... I mean, you should take in some nourishment. Say it, what do you prefer to eat, I’ll ask the kitchen to make it for you!” Embarrassed by the silence, Qinghan gave out a fit of dry laughter.

However, Qingwu slowly shook her head, as a sign to decline Qinghan's suggestion.

"Errr, Sister Qingwu, don't treat me like this. I mean, if you're mad at me, just curse me, or beat me! Please talk to me!"

The paleness on Qingwu's face made Qinghan so worried. After all, Qingwu was his woman now.

The ongoing silence turned the atmosphere even more embarrassingly dull.

- Pia! Pia! Pia! -

Qinghan racked his brains to think of a solution to make Qingwu feel any better, yet nothing came to mind, except for some clumsy remarks. Eventually, he gritted his teeth, and began slapping his own two cheeks. With the crisp sound of spanking, the traces of his hands left on his face became more and more visible and redder.

"What are you doing? Stop!"

Qinghan's self-injury trick took effect in the end. Qingwu got up from her bed, and spoke her first sentence since he had entered her room.

"Sister Qingwu, I'm a beast, an animal... I ruined your chastity... I'm so sorry... Punish me, please! Why do you not hang me on a tree, and spank me? You can use any tools you wish, candles, leather strips, whatever you like. I won't even groan in the process!" With eyes full of regret, Qinghan spoke in a sincere manner.

"Get lost, you bastard. Don't speak of such nonsense..." Qingwu turned her tears into a smile by hearing what Qinghan said. But, an instant later, she, once again, put on a long face.

"Hehe, Sister Qingwu, this is the saint-level item I obtained just now. I'd like to give it to you as a present, what do you think? This is a stunning treasure." Seeing the atmosphere had warmed up a little bit, Qinghan hurriedly took out the red jade box. Based on his experience of dealing with girls, he had to strike the iron while it's still hot. Which meant, he had to grasp the moment when her mood was lifted, and divert her attention from the sorrow.

“Saint-level item?”

Qinghan’s small trick, once again, won Qingwu’s attention. The mentioning of the saint-level item made Qingwu turn around as fast as she could, and curiously stare at the red box in Qinghan’s hands. To cultivators, a saint-level item was the most treasured item in the world. Qingwu’s heartstring was somewhat touched by this act of Qinghan.

“Errr, honestly, it has some dysfunctions in terms of its defense. But, you know, people in Immortal City still rate it as a saint-level item! I guess, this should be a super protective arm armor!” Qinghan opened the red box, in order to demonstrate what was inside.

“Ah! It looks so horrible! I don’t want that...”

Both Qinghan and Qingwu were left petrified the moment the box was opened. The arm armor was composed of scarlet red small scales, which wasn’t terrifying so to speak; yet, on top of the armor, there was the head of a ferocious demon sculpted. The uncomfortable, evil feeling could easily be sensed by a glimpse of the demon’s head.

“Yeah... true, it looks terrible... But, except for that, I really don’t have anything special to give you.” With a bitter smile, Qinghan never thought that a saint-level item could be this horrible. Obviously this wasn’t a proper gift for a girl. Yet, he had brought nothing with him that was suited as a gift for a girl. Another saint-level item was his bronze ring, however, he couldn’t take it off, since he had discovered its healing function in the Wild Mountain Range. As for his cyan dagger, it wasn’t convenient for a girl to use. The last thing left was his inner vest armor, but it was a male design. Even if the size fit Qingwu, he couldn’t just take it off in front of her.

“Who wants such rubbish? Plus, are you going to balance your guilt by giving me rubbish? Eh?” As Qinghan was still straining his brain for something better, Qingwu interrupted with a joking tone.

“Yeah, the coldness in her heart is finally melting!” Qinghan thought to himself cheerfully, after noticing the changes in Qingwu’s face. He even guessed, that Qingwu might not have been as offended as he had imagined.

“Of course not, actually, I’ve prepared the most valuable gift to give you, as a

compensation for what I did last night. Errr... the value of this treasure will keep soaring as time goes by. Most importantly, it can accompany you for the rest of your life, and make you happy ever after!” Qinghan replied.

“Oh? I never thought you have such a treasure. What is it?” Qingwu asked in curiosity, as her eyelashes winked frequently.

“Hehe, this gift is... Ye Qinghan, me!” With a naughty chuckle, Qinghan grinned cheekily.

“Sister Qingwu, I, myself is the gift I have prepared for you. Look, I bet you can hardly find anyone as excellent as me. You know, I’ve got a ton of merits, like helpful, heroic, generous, inclusive, diligent, talented... Only once in a million years can you encounter a guy like me. Plus, I’m still young and have plenty of potential. You’ll be blessed if you accept this ‘gift’. Deal?”

“Phew!” Qingwu’s face went red. Never, in her twenty years on this world, had she heard such brazen honeyed words. As her face turned as red as fire, she just lowered her head and kept silent.

“Ok, I’ll count to three, if you still don’t give me a reply, I’ll take your silence as approval. One, two, three! Alright, Ye Qingwu, now you’re my girl!” Qinghan tried to strike this “hot iron”, and settle down everything. By that time, he could be with Qingwu, almost every night!

“Go die! How fast did you count! You big bastard...”

“Haha, anyway, you’re my wife now!”

“I’ll kill you...”

A while later, the room was mingled with Qingwu’s flirtatious curses and Qinghan’s rakehell laughter...

Chapter 160 – Xue Wuhen's Grievance

Xue Wuhen was rather pissed over the things he had had to face.

Within the Xue Family, he was the most privileged young lord, the official successor of his family, and the current young leader of Snowing City. He was supposed to be a celebrity surrounded by many followers from the Mars Prefecture. Yet, right now, he was kept in a small-sized pavilion in Immortal City. He was told that he was prohibited from going out for as long as five years. If he betrayed this order, he would undoubtedly be killed.

The pavilion, where Wuhen currently lived, actually belonged to Tu Qianjun. Apart from its size, this place was generally living-friendly. The sceneries in the surrounding were pleasant to the eyes; and the servants and maids here were good at taking care of their new master.

As a young lord, who was accustomed to an extravagant and playful life, he was forced to be imprisoned in the confinement of a pavilion, for five years! How was it possible for Wuhen to stand the monotonous life in this prison-like place?

However, Wuhen understood crystal clear, that he had to endure all these sufferings. Because... once he walked out of his pavilion, he would be discovered by the scouts from the four families of the Mars Prefecture. If that happened, no one would be able to protect him, even Immortal City.

Back on Ghost Island, Tu Qianjun had promised Wuhen that he would give him access to Immortal City if the latter agreed to help him kill Qinghan.

Given the already existing hostility between Wuhen and Qinghan, he had accepted Tu Qianjun's proposal in a heartbeat. Together, they had hatched a nasty plan: first Wuhen would plant concealed worms in Qinghan's hair, and then provide Yao Kaka and Man'gan with two Positioning Crystal Balls, to help them locate their target – Ye Qinghan. At that time, Wuhen was confident that his sworn enemy, Qinghan, would be doomed by the combined forces of the other two prefectures. He believed in the power of the barbarians and demons, who he thought could stamp Qinghan to death like an ant.

Nevertheless... to his great, great surprise, Qinghan didn't only escape, but also happily gained another terrifying technique. He had broken into the

encirclement of the demons and barbarians, and he had even killed Yao Kaka, the demonic leader!

As soon as Wuhen was informed about the reversal of the situation, he had immediately run away. At the beginning, he had been in a cave for several months, until the beginning of the final war. Since everyone was busy fighting on the Bloody Prairie, he went to the temporary camp, which had been deserted at this time. Through the teleportation posts near the camp, he had successfully transferred himself to Immortal City.

Wuhen had been at Immortal City for a couple of days, much earlier than the arrival of the Mars Prefecture legion. He was allowed to be in Immortal City by showing the special token given by Tu Qianjun, and was directly led to the Tu Immortal Pavilion.

At first, considering what he had done for Tu Qianjun, he was confident that he would receive promotion or special care from Immortal City. Or perhaps, he would be directly enlisted as a member of the Tu Immortal Pavilion, and be bestowed with a ton of advanced technique methods, and saint-level items... However, everything that followed went against his rosy expectations. Up until now, he hadn't seen Qianjun, even once! He wasn't even allowed to take a single step out of this place. He was told to stay here for a full five years.

Now, to Wuhen, everything seemed so eerily horrible. He was stricken with panic, and wished to go out to see what had happened outside. But... he didn't have the guts to be disobedient in Immortal City. This morning, however, a messenger sent by Qianjun told Wuhen everything: Like Wuhen, Qianjun was imprisoned for five years; Ye Qingniu had offered a reward of a superior treasure-level item for anyone, who provided him with the whereabouts of Wuhen. Wuhen frowned and felt a little bit consoled to be placed in such a pavilion, rather than a prison.

Now that their conspiracy had been disclosed, he was now a traitor in the Mars Prefecture. Although he wasn't sure whether his own family would be implicated by this incident, one thing he was certain about, was that he would be killed if he appeared in the Mars Prefecture. Honestly, he was mentally prepared for this result. It was just... he had never thought that the young lord of Immortal City, Qianjun, would also be punished in this way. His "big tree",

Qianjun, who he tried so hard to win his trust, was now unable to protect himself, let alone his followers. In Immortal City, Wuhen was nothing but an unpopular young lord from the Mars Prefecture. It was “nice” of Immortal City, so to speak, to provide him with such a shelter.

Like a displaced dog, Wuhen had never, in his entire lifetime, felt so grieved and thwarted. Tu Qianjun was imprisoned, and so was he. The promised prospects were so vague and ambiguous...

“How could all of this happen? Why? This isn’t the life I’m supposed to live...” For a whole day, Wuhen was recalling the whole event. It seemed as if his dual pupils were saturated with unspeakable grievance.

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On the other hand, Qinghan felt so vibrantly happy.

He had convinced Qingwu, in the end, to be his girl. Although Qingwu didn’t give an explicit response, Qinghan was pretty sure she was more than happy to say yes.

Qinghan was thrilled to win the heart of another beauty. Since he was neither a leader nor an influential big figure, he never thought he could win the hearts of beauties so easily. Before that night, in Qinghan’s heart, he did have some admiring and grateful feelings towards Qingwu, but he never considered her to be a romantic partner. Until that night, when they had a direct feeling of each other’s body, and he had found Qingwu to be rather attractive. Her smile, frown, innocent face, and fabulous curving body... No healthy man could resist such a stunner...

In the Ye Castle, when they had first met, Qinghan was overwhelmed by her feminine charm. Back then, as a “garbage” young lord, he would be easily satisfied by just having a glimpse of a beauty like Qingwu. During the intense Prefecture War, he had no time and energy to think over his feeling towards Qingwu, either. When he had accomplished victory at the Breaking Blade Summit, Qinghan felt so relieved and spent his spare time with Qingcheng. Since he was accompanied by Qingcheng during that time, he wouldn’t bother to think of any other girl.

It wasn't until last night, when they were both drunk, and he had accidentally slept with Qingwu, that he had begun to develop some feelings for her. In face of such a Heaven-sent opportunity, he decided to settle down everything between them. If Qingwu didn't show any hatred towards him, he was confident to win her heart. It was only a matter of time...

"Hey, little bastard, what's on your mind that makes you laugh so recklessly?"

While Qinghan was in the garden contemplating on how to pursue Qingwu, a figure appeared in front of him out of the blue.

"Errr? Ah, Elder Qingniu, I was... just recalling the Prefecture War, nothing more! Errr, do you have anything to tell me?" Hurriedly, Qinghan replied with caution, in case he revealed the accident between him and Qingwu.

"Oh, I just came to ask you, why you chose such a useless saint-level item?" It seemed that Elder Qingniu didn't have a clue about that accident, and he directly cut to the point.

"Oh, that one... I was reminded by my battle beast, that this might be a super treasure!" Gradually, Qinghan felt his nervous feelings go away, as he explained.

Ye Qingniu raised his eyebrows, and asked in great confusion, "Your holy-grade battle beast really said so? Hey, why don't you take out this arm armor, and let us have a closer look? Perhaps, your beast is right."

Chapter 161 – The Realm of the Heaven Immortal

Without hesitation, Qinghan took out his arm armor, which was made out of scarlet red scales, and a ferocious head of a demon. Although the softness of this armor made one feel comfortable while feeling its surface, but the vividly sculptured demon head brought an eerily feature to its appearance. Once it was put on, it looked like as if a little demon was attached to the arm.

“This is nothing special in terms of appearance, except for the excellent material, nothing about it impresses me!” Elder Qingniu took it in his hand, and observed it by using all of his soul power. However, he didn’t feel anything extraordinary.

After a moment of silence, he abruptly threw the arm armor into the air, after which, he stretched his left arm out, slamming harshly against the item.

- Bang! -

The cyan gust of Battle Qi collided with the red armor; immediately, a gleam of red glaring light shot out from the armor and flashed for only a second, before it faded away. The next moment, when the armor became visible again, it flew in the opposite direction, until it hit the ground.

A shrewd light could be found in Elder Qingniu’s eyes. He soon threw out a palm of Battle Qi, and fetched the armor back. After a further careful observation, he laughed, “Yeah, Qinghan, you’re right. This is fabulous! Look, it is as intact as moments ago after my attack. Hmm, its defense ability is one of a kind. Hey, little Qinghan, put it on, now. I bet it can save your life in times of extreme danger.”

“Ok!” Cheerfully, Qinghan received the armor, undressed his overcoat, and put on this armor on his right arm. Since Elder Qingniu was a Saint-Realm cultivator, the strength of his attacks were devastating; however, this armor could withstand his punch. This must be an item with a super defensive function!

“Oh, just now, you mentioned you’re still recalling the Prefecture War? Believe me, I’ll help you to capture that bastard Wuhen. You know, when we get back to the Mars Prefecture, the first thing we’re going to do is to summon all the elders of the prominent families, and negotiate with them concerning this issue. Ok,

don't think too much about this." Elder Qingniu was kind of trying to console Qinghan.

"No, I'm not worried about this. You decide it!" With an absentminded nod, Qinghan suddenly raised his chin pondering. The question, that had haunted him for so long, resurfaced at this moment, so he asked curiously, "Elder Qingniu, would you mind if I ask you a question? But you have to tell me the truth. Are there Immortals in this world? I mean, can we all become immortals through arduous cultivation?"

This had been an intractable conundrum for Qinghan. The legend of Immortal City wasn't unfamiliar to any child brought up in the Dragon Flaming Continent. It was said that the very leader of Immortal City, named Tu, was actually an immortal. Also, the five prominent families were said to be the offspring of immortals. Each and every descendant from these five families carried the essence of blood inherited by their immortal ancestor. The secret summoning space, the secret techniques, all served themselves as solid evidence of the power of the immortals. Geographically, the hints of the presence of Immortals were also ubiquitous, like the teleportation posts placed all over the continent, the mysterious Ghost Island, and the myth of Immortal City...

Everything that had happened prompted Qinghan to be suspicious over whether there existed any overpowering immortals in this world, or not. If the answer was positive, then how do they look like? What are the limits of their power? Could they separate heaven from earth? Or could they cut off the flow of water, fly in the sky and dive into the deepest part of the earth?

"Immortals?"

Elder Qingniu arched his eyebrows, and turned his face towards the excited Qinghan. He knew, when he was at Qinghan's age, he was as curious as this young man towards any legend about immortals. It was understandable, at such a young, aspiring age, one would be bathed in endless fantasy and illusions. After taking some serious meditation, Elder Qingniu replied, "Honestly, I never planned to tell you anything about immortals before you entered into the Realm of the Emperor, in case your attitude towards cultivation would be negatively

influenced. But, since you mentioned it, I've changed my mind and decided to satisfy all your curiosities. In this world, we do have immortals; and there is more than one, as far as I know, there are three!"

"Wow!"

Qinghan was shivering in face of this groundbreaking truth, which implied that there were as many as three immortals!

"Yes, I tell you, people have long overestimated the true abilities an immortal can deliver by wild imagination. You guys always say the immortals must be omnipotently mighty. In reality, they are just a cultivator, but much more powerful than normal ones. Yeah, they are simply one realm above the Realm of the Saint, which is known as the Realm of the Heaven Immortal. I bet you already know that once a cultivator reaches the Realm of the Emperor, his journey of feeling the Laws of Heaven and Earth begins. The more he extracts from the divine laws, the higher his realm will become. When you have a thorough comprehension of the Laws of Heaven and Earth, you will be an immortal."

Elder Qingniu reeled off a detailed explanation, providing some insight in Qinghan's future cultivation, in spite of the fact that Qinghan was only in the Realm of the Marshal, far away from the Emperor Realm.

However, the terrifying speed of Qinghan's cultivation was one in a million. Given his current achievements, only luck and speed couldn't explain it all. His comprehension ability must be heaven-defying. In general, if he integrated with his battle beast, his overall ability would reach the peak level of the Realm of the Prince! In front of such a talented cultivator, Elder Qingniu broke the rules and explained Qinghan about immortals in advance. Looking at the bewildered Qinghan, Elder Qingniu nodded his head satisfactorily, and continued,

"As for who these three immortals are, I can tell you, the leader of Immortal City is definitely one of them. Another is the leader of a reclusive island, near the East Sea. You know, our leader went there a couple of days before in his trip to obtain a Spirit Immortal Dan. Oh... the last one, also the most mysterious one, is living in the Dark Forest. Strangely, he only got a surname, but not a name. We all call him His Excellency Shi. He is the king of the Dark Forest!"

“As for the rumors that immortals can do anything they want to do, don’t believe that shit. They all have limits. You might already know that for all saint-realm cultivators in the Mars Prefecture, they’re able to release a Saint Doman. While on the demons’ side, when they become a Demonic Saint, they have a Demonic Shadow. Do you remember the lion behind Yao Xie that day? That technique is called the Demonic Shadow. Alright, for normal Saint-Realm cultivators, they can live as long as three hundred years. But once you break into the Realm of Heaven Immortal, you can extend your longevity to 10,000 years! Furthermore, all immortals are able to teleport to anyplace they wish to go to, simply by themselves. As for other additional techniques, it depends on how deep he has grasped the Laws of the Heaven and Earth.”

“10,000 years... It’s almost like living forever and never die. Teleportation? No one can fight or escape in front of such a stunning technique.”

Elder Qingniu’s reply shocked Qinghan, and brought his knowledge of cultivation to a whole new level.

“Hey, Qinghan, keep on the good work. Once you enter the Realm of the Emperor, I’ll explain it to you in much more depth. Right now, that’s all you need to know. I’ll tell you one more thing, any cultivator with adequate diligence will be able to break into the Realm of the Heaven Immortal and become an immortal!” With shining eyes, Elder Qingniu stared into Qinghan’s eyes. An instant later, he patted encouragingly on Qinghan’s shoulder and left.

Qinghan was left speechless, as he was looking forward to the day when he himself would become an immortal!

Now, Qinghan knew, immortals were also cultivators, but with even mightier power. It wasn’t a privilege owned by some people, but the majority of the cultivators could obtain such a goal through persistent cultivation. Today’s conversation with Elder Qingniu had injected a new dose of impetus in his journey of cultivation. He had to stay diligent and aspiring, to pursue the seemingly-impossible dream of becoming an immortal, and remain resilient to overcome the insurmountable hurdles, that laid ahead of him.

Chapter 162 – Ye Tianlong’s Concern

Ye Tianlong was so excited, that even his soul shivered a little bit. It was just like one year ago, when he had been informed of the holy-grade battle beast that Qinghan had obtained.

Ever since the death of Ye Dao more than a decade ago, he was determined to lead a reclusive life, and hand over all the matters concerning the family to others. During these years of solitude, nothing had really made him happy. One year ago, when Qingwu crushed the messaging token, given by her grandfather, and grabbed the attention of all the great elders of the family, he had hurriedly rushed to the Drunken Heart Garden, only to find the dead Ye Ron, the fainted Ye Qingyu, and the teenager standing unyieldingly at the center of the scene.

At that time, he was thrilled to know, that there actually existed such a promising young lord in his family. He had, therefore, imprisoned Ye Jian, and expelled Ye Qingkuang, in the hope that this would make up for their mistakes. Eventually, in order to save Qinghan’s sister, he had permitted all the young elites to go to the Prefecture War. On the other hand, he himself had gone to the East Sea, to get another Spirit Immortal Dan. All of his actions only had one purpose: to win back Qinghan’s loyalty to the Ye Family!

Today, he had received an urgent letter written by Ye Qingniu, and he was struck yet again by another bout of ecstasy.

Qinghan had broken into the Realm of the Marshal, and his integration technique had also become impressingly fearsome. In general, his overall ability could be compared with those in the Realm of the Emperor. This was absolutely impressive! During the Prefecture War, he had killed thousands of barbarians and demons, all by himself! The leader of the Demonic Team, Yao Kaka, was even killed by him within seconds. Solely because of his efforts, the Mars Prefecture had gained an nearly perfect victory, something that was unprecedented throughout history.

Holding the letter tightly in his hands, all of Ye Tianlong’s body shuddered. As a great elder, he never had a stroke, so his shivering could only be explained by his overexcitement. The corners of his lips raised up bit by bit, until he laughed out loudly...

“Respectful leader, what’s making you so happy?” Ye Tianlong’s demented laughter had grabbed the attention of Ye Baihu, who was originally outside of the pavilion, but soon rushed in, to see what had made this inflexible, square-toed leader to lose his usual temperament.

Without speaking a word, Ye Tianlong kept laughing. While at the same time, he handed over the letter to Ye Baihu. Subsequently, Ye Baihu quickly thumbed through the content, and the suspicion in his eyes was soon replaced by shock and joy. Based on the familiar calligraphy of Ye Qingniu, they were both sure of the authenticity.

A sixteen-year Marshal-Realm cultivator, with a heaven-defying integrating technique, Qinghan turned out to be the most promising young lord in the Ye Family, or even in the whole Mars Prefecture. His integration technique was on a whole new level, because it could be upgraded to higher levels that could be comparable to the well-known spirit techniques. This was, of course, something worth celebrating for the Ye Family. If Qinghan kept on his diligent cultivation, within the span of ten years, it was highly possible that he would break into the Realm of the Emperor, or perhaps even the Realm of the Saint! Such a perverted cultivation speed, words would fail them, when it came to describing this power...

“Leader, we should train this kid, he will probably, in the future, break into the Realm of the Heaven Immortal. If that is the case, our Ye Family will regain the glory of our ancestors!” Ye Baihu’s eyes lit up, as he spoke up.

Likewise, in Ye Tianlong’s eyes glittered lights of hope, “It’s still too early to predict whether he can become an Heaven Immortal Realm cultivator or not. But, one thing is for sure, if we treat him properly, he can play a big part in bringing glory to our family for hundreds of years!”

“Yes, yes! I guess, we’ll be prosperous once again because of of this kid. He has so many secrets. Hmm, I’m confident his potential in cultivation is limitless!” Thinking of all that had happened in Qinghan’s life, Ye Baihu let out a sigh of relief. Before this letter, he was worried that Qinghan would’ve been hurt on the fierce battlefield. It dramatically exceeded his expectations, that after one year of arduous fighting, this kid proved to be invincible on Ghost Island.

Ye Baihu decided to get the details of Qinghan's improvements when they came back. Suddenly, he jerked his head towards Ye Tianlong, and frowned rather concernedly, "Leader, this morning, I was told that the teleportation posts there are all broken. I mean, right now, the Mars Prefecture Legion is unable to return until about two or three months later. What do you think about this? Could there be anyone deliberately vandalizing the posts, in an attempt to prohibit others from coming back?"

"Are all the posts broken?" Ye Tianlong responded similarly with knitted eyebrows, and after a little analysis, he abruptly shouted out, "Damn, this must be another nasty plot! The teleportation posts have been in a good condition for more than ten years, why did they all break at a time when Qinghan is so desperate to go home?"

They both exchanged a suspicious glance, as if they were reassured by each other that this could not be a simple coincidence. Several seconds later, Ye Tianlong's face turned surly, and spoke up in a booming voice, "Based on Qinghan's short temper, he won't wait for another couple of months, since he was told I have got the other Dan already. I'm afraid... he has already embarked on his homeward journey to Grey City. No, we have to do something. Baihu, hurry up, send some people to protect him!"

The lineal route from Immortal City to Grey City would take him at least one month. Most importantly, he had to pass through the Luo Shen Mountain, one of the three most deserted places in the continent. Qinghan's father, Ye Dao, was killed at this very place years ago. As Ye Baihu kept thinking of the possible outcomes, his face turned extremely anxious. Without saying another word, he turned around to find some people capable of taking on this task.

"No, Baihu, wait up. You stay here, I'll go myself!" After walking back and forth for several rounds, Ye Tianlong made his final decision. Abruptly, he darted to the door, and gave out an earsplitting roar, which made the whole Ye Castle vibrate a little bit.

"All elders, come to the Punishment Hall, now!"

As Ye Tianlong's sound reverberated in the castle, Ye Qiang placed his long

sword on his back, and rushed to the Punishment Hall, with a stunned expression plastered onto his face. Ye Tianqing put aside his books, and Ye Tianxing dropped his cup of tea... Within a moment, dozens of elders had appeared in the Punishment Hall, looking at each other in shared bewilderment. None of them had any clue why their leader had called them in here so urgently. Could there be more drama, like what had happened one year ago, which had led to the imprisonment of Ye Jian?

- Swoosh! –

A black figure from the rear hill came into everyone's view. He was Ye Tianlong.

“Ye Qiang, Ye Tianxing, Ye Quan... you guys come with me, the rest of you just stay at home and wait for news from us. Now, I announce Ye Baihu is in temporary charge of the Ye Castle during my absence. Ok, let's go!”

Instantly, several figures collectively bounced up high in the air, and flew to the southwest. The citizens of Grey City all raised their head, curiously looking up at the sky. They wondered why the most advanced elders of the Ye Family came out in mass numbers.

“Are they going to slaughter the holy-grade cyan dragon?” Some of them guessed.

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As predicted by Ye Tianlong, Qinghan had already left Immortal City. Three days before, an envoy of Immortal City had brought them the latest news concerning the teleportation posts. Sadly, they had to wait for two to three months until the posts were fully repaired. Having no patience to wait any longer, Qinghan directly went to Elder Qingniu, asking his permission to immediately leave.

Since Immortal City was located in the center among the three prefectures, if Qinghan ran at his fastest speed, he could reach the Mars Prefecture region in

five days. Then, it would take more than half a month to get back to Grey City.

Of course, for Elder Qingniu, he was able to fly home within roughly seven to eight days. But it wasn't practical to ask Elder Qingniu to take Qinghan and fly away, while leaving all other young lords and ladies behind. Plus, after hearing Qinghan's wish to return, Qingcheng and Qingwu all showed their determined willingness to follow him. Qingcheng even wished to declare her marriage with Qinghan as soon as Qinghan's sister was saved. On the other hand, the young lords, typically Feng Zi and Hua Cao, had all become bored in Immortal City, and wished to return to the Mars Prefecture as soon as possible. Also, Qingcheng had promised the young lords, well before the commencement of the Prefecture War, that she would send two girls from the island of the Tranquil Lake to each young lord. This was a major reason why they all urged to go back home right now.

For anyone in or above the Realm of the Emperor, they could fly. The elders of each family were no exception. Originally, Qinghan had planned to go with the elders, so that he could save ample amount of time and see his sister sooner. Yet, his proposal was instantly vetoed by Elder Qingniu, who had even complained his naivety in thinking of such an infeasible idea. As a Saint-Realm cultivator, Ye Qingniu was definitely capable of doing so, as were the other elders. The problem was, however, the young lords and ladies themselves! Once they were lifted in the air by the elders, they had to endure the intense air pressure up ahead, and unfortunately, based on their current level in cultivation, none of them could sustain for such a long period of time. For Emperor-Realm cultivators, they could protect themselves with their Battle Qi, but they weren't able to protect the young lord or lady in their arms. If they reduced the speed to ensure the safety of these youngsters, they'd rather go back with horse-drawn carriages.

After some discussion, therefore, they eventually reached a consensus, in which they agreed to let the elders go with the young lords and ladies first. In that way, Qinghan's sister could be saved sooner, while at the same time, the safety of the youngsters could be secured. After returning to the Mars Prefecture, they would further discuss the issue related to the Xue Family.

As for Shisan, and the other elites of the Mars Prefecture Legion, they were left behind, as they would slowly walk back home.

On the fourth day after the conclusion of the Prefecture War, several extremely luxuriously decorated carriages marched out of Immortal City, heading towards the Mars Prefecture.

Inside one of these carriages sat Ye Qingniu. Right now, he was watching looking through the window, and introduced the surrounding geography to Qinghan and Qingwu, “Little Qinghan, we’ll arrive at the Luo Shen Mountain the day after tomorrow. This is a place full of treasures. It’s said, that one can even bump into Immortal-level items if lucky enough. Errr... Luo Shen Mountain will reopen its Heaven Path five years from now. If you can obtain the Realm of the Emperor by then, I suggest you to go on that path to widen your knowledge, and by the way, collect some treasure at that time...”

Chapter 163 – Luo Shen Mountain

“Luo Shen Mountain?”

At the beginning, Qinghan hunkered with half-closed eyes, pretending to doze off. Because he was so embarrassed to sit with Qingwu and her grandfather, so he figured out silence would be the best policy. Yet, when Ye Qingniu mentioned the Luo Shen Mountain, Qinghan opened his eyes, which were filled with curiosity. Instead of acting absentmindedly, he strained his ears, hoping not to miss any detail.

To Qinghan, the Luo Shen Mountain was a place he felt both familiar and strange with. Obviously, this was the very place where his father had been assassinated by four upper-level Demonic Kings, when he had ventured there alone. Although the Ye Family immediately came to his help, once they received the reports from the scouts, when they arrived, however, his father was already nearly dead. By the time his father was carried home, he only groaned out several words, before he passed away.

Since Qinghan was a child, he was told of his father’s story time and time again, yet he had never had a chance to explore this frequently-mentioned Luo Shen Mountain. Now, since Elder Qingniu had the mood to talk about it, Qinghan grasped this opportunity to inquire more about it, “Elder Qingniu, why are there so many treasures in the Luo Shen Mountain? Just now, you mentioned there are even Immortal-level items? I thought that a saint-level item is already a super treasure. What kind of special function will Immortal-level items manifest? Oh, sorry, one more question, why do we have to wait another five years, before we can venture on this mountain?”

“Yeah, grandpa, I share the same confusion with Qinghan. Would you please take us to the mountain when we get close to it? I’ve heard that the Luo Shen Mountain is founded by an ancient Giant Immortal, isn’t it? Oh, it’s also said, that the number of treasures there is countless! Come on, grandpa, tell us more. You know, it’s boring just sitting here silently.” Qingwu interrupted naughtily. In front of her grandfather, she couldn’t show any intimacy with Qinghan, in case Elder Qingniu would raise suspicion. That was why she said that she was bored.

“Errr... Alright, since I’ve nothing special to do right now, I’ll tell you something

about this mysterious mountain. After all, you have to get yourselves familiar with this mountain if you really decide to go on the Heaven Path five years later. Ok, strictly speaking, Luo Shen Mountain isn't even a mountain at all. Rather, it's a channel to connect different turbulent flowing spaces!" Elder Qingniu stroked Qingwu's hair and explained patiently.

"Not even a mountain? It's a channel? What are flowing spaces by the way?" Qinghan was completely captured by the fancy new stuff, and he couldn't help but wanting to get to know as much as possible about it.

"The flowing spaces... Errr... I'll let you know more after you break into the Realm of the Emperor. Kids, just listen carefully and don't disrupt me, alright? Plus, sometimes it's beyond my knowledge to explain it in details, because all of these legends are inherited by our ancestors." Elder Qingniu shook his head, and refused to answer Qinghan's questions.

"A long, long time ago, approximately 100,000 years, a super powerful immortal emerged. Unfortunately, this mighty immortal got severely injured one day, and he hid all of his treasures he owned in his lifetime in a place named the Soul Emperor Pavilion. Among various flowing spaces, he designed a plethora of Little Immortal Pavilions, as well as the channels bridging between these places. As for the cultivators living in the Material Space, every ten years, they're allowed to go in the mountain to find treasures. If anyone is lucky enough to obtain the most valued item in a Small Immortal Pavilion, he or she, after becoming an immortal, will be given the privilege to enter the Soul Emperor Pavilion to obtain the ancient legacy!"

Looking at the bewildered faces of both Qinghan and Qingwu, who acted as if they were listening to a fantasy story, Elder Qingniu laughed out. When he was a young man, and was first told of the truth of the Luo Shen Mountain, he had had exactly the same perplexed expression as these two youngsters. Therefore, he stopped in the middle, giving the two kids more time to digest the shocking content.

"Luckily, in our Flaming Dragon Space, that is the Flaming Dragon Continent, there exists a Small Immortal Pavilion, and the Luo Shen Mountain is its channel!

However, only those in or above the Realm of the Emperor can enter. In other words, those below the Realm of the Emperor will definitely die inside it, if they dare to ignore this criterion.”

Hardly had Elder Qingniu finished these words, or both Qinghan and Qingwu glanced at each other, as they were shocked and speechless. At the same time, they both felt they were but a frog in the well, not knowing the vastness of the possibilities in this world. Before hearing this enlightening speech from Elder Qingniu, they had considered themselves visionary and knowledgeable; never had they thought so deeply about the Flaming Dragon Continent. What Elder Qingniu illustrated, nevertheless, was just showing the tip of an iceberg...

“Is the Luo Shen Mountain dangerous?” Qingwu patted on her chest, trying to slow down her palpitating heartbeat due to excitement.

“Yes, you have to pass three tasks, before you’re allowed to get out of the mountain. Take my word, you have to be extremely cautious in the process of searching for treasures! Ok, the first task you will encounter once you enter the Luo Shen Mountain is called the Psychedelic State. That ancient immortal designed a powerful fantasy world, in which many will be lost in their illusion and can’t get back out anymore. Only those in or beyond the Realm of the Emperor, who have enough soul force, are qualified to pass this task. That’s why I kept saying, that those below this required realm of cultivation, aren’t advised to take the risk. The second task is named the Puppet Hill. You will bump into various creatures, who are the same level of capability with you. You aren’t allowed to use any mental techniques while fighting, because these puppet creatures have no soul. Your use of techniques will slowly drain your Battle Qi, yet the enemies won’t be hurt at all. Unless you grasp the Laws of Heaven and Earth, you’re most likely fighting with those enemies forever... From what I’ve learned, all those, who have undergone this task, never came out of the mountain...”

“Wow... that’s... that’s impressive. What about the third task? Did anyone succeed? Since you have said, that no one has come back out, why are there so many treasure-level or even saint-level items in our continent? Where did they get them from?” Qinghan asked with burning blood in his veins, for he was so excited about it.

Ye Qingniu was annoyed and amused at the same time, “Little dumbass, if anyone ever succeeded the third task, he would directly go to the Little Immortal Pavilion, and get the most valued treasure. By that time, the entire Luo Shen Mountain will disappear... As for the items you mentioned, anyone in the mountain will have the luck to receive those treasure-level or saint-level items, which will shoot out from the center of the connecting channel. Of course, these treasures come out randomly, only those lucky ones can have a chance to get one or two. When the Heaven Path opens, the Flaming Dragon Continent will arrange Emperor-Realm cultivators to seek treasures. And the Heaven Path will be closed after ten days. Many of the cultivators will try their luck at the first or second task, seldom anyone has the guts to test the third one. I suggest you never to try the third task, it’s too dangerous! Life is more important than treasures!”

“Ah! This is going to be funny. Little Qinghan, keep on cultivating. I’m looking forward to go there with you in five years!” Qingwu didn’t take Elder Qingniu’s warning seriously.

“My father... what happened to my father when he was in the Luo Shen Mountain?” Without responding to Qingwu, Qinghan stared into the eyes of Elder Qingniu, trying to get an answer about the death of his father.

“Alas... your father was a reckless young man at that time!” Elder Qingniu shook his head helplessly, and sighed, “Your father gained considerable fame after his outstanding performance in the Prefecture War thirty years ago. Given his power, talent, and his eighth-grade battle beast, he was considered the most promising cultivator among the youngsters in the Ye Family. In order to prevent him from taking any risk, your grandfather prohibited him from taking part in the treasure-seeking adventure in the Luo Shen Mountain. I understand your grandfather’s concern, he was worried that the other races would do harm to your father, the then-most-popular young lord from the Ye Family. However, your father, stupid as he was, ran away from the family and went to the Heaven Path all alone. In the end, as you might already know, he was encircled and killed by four Demonic Kings...”

“Errr... thanks for telling me this!” Qinghan slightly nodded his head, and his curiosity of the Luo Shen Mountain grew more and more intense. As one of the

three most deserted places on the continent, what would this mountain look like?

Chapter 164 – The Five-Year Appointment

“Creak!”

The carriage came to an abrupt halt, after they had passed a small brook. The setting sun indicated that it was time to set up camp. Since they’d been continuously marching around the clock, they were desperate to get some rest. As fatigued as they might be, they decided to have a sound sleep near the brook, and tomorrow, they would go on with their homeward journey.

“Elder Qingniu, Young lord Qinghan, and Miss Qingwu, we’ve finished preparing the camp. You may get out and have a rest!”

A little while later, Ye Ping rushed in front of the main carriage, to remind them to get out. Elder Qingniu responded with a slight nod, and stepped out of the carriage, before he glanced at the two youngsters in the carriage. While, at the same time, Qinghan winked at Qingwu, and held her hand tight as they went out together. To Qinghan’s surprise, however, Qingwu threw a rebuking glance at Qinghan, escaped his grip with a pouty expression, as if she was annoyed by Qinghan’s rude behavior, or she just pretended to be so. After that, she closely followed behind her grandfather.

“Respectful Elder Qingniu!”

As soon as Ye Qingniu walked into the crowd, he immediately received a warm welcome from all the other elders and young lords. Hurriedly, he bowed back as response. Among all of them, Ye Qingniu was apparently the most-senior in both family status and cultivation ability. It was no surprise for him to be revered among the youngsters, for he was ranked third in terms of defensive ability throughout the Mars Prefecture.

“Hehe, take it easy. I understand it, you guys must be tired from the long, and hasty journey!” With a faint trace of a smile on his face, Ye Qingniu got himself seated next to a burning bonfire.

“Young lord Qinghan, Miss Qingwu, come here and sit with us!” Feng Zi waved to Qinghan, suggesting them to go to another bonfire, which had been surrounded by Qingcheng, Sainan, and Shuiliu already.

“Yes, we’re coming!” Qinghan bowed to Elder Qingniu and the other elders,

and took Qingwu towards Feng Zi, and the others. Like the other youngsters, they'd rather stay with their peers, rather than their elders; in that way, they could behave and talk more causally.

"Come, come! Young lord Qinghan, this is your spot. Haha, please sit beside Qingcheng. Oh, Miss Qingwu, errr... take a seat on the other side of Qinghan!" Feng Zi pushed Qinghan forward by his shoulders, showing him the spot, that was reserved for him beside Qingcheng. He was trying to make fun of the intimate relationship between Qinghan and his future wife.

"Young lord Feng Zi, you're so robust these days. Qingcheng, you have to choose some really special girls for him when we get back." Qinghan retorted in a mocking tone. While, at the same time, he sat on his spot.

"Eh? No, there's no need to do so. Just normal ones are ok! Haha, anyway, I'll punish myself by finishing this kettle of wine all by myself, for my inappropriate remarks." Hastily, Feng Zi surrendered, for he was afraid that Qingcheng would sacrifice the reputation of the Yue Family, by sending him two of the ugliest girls, if she had been offended. If that happened, Feng Zi would be like a dump taking in a dose of bitter medicine, and he wouldn't be able to express how miserable he felt.

Seeing her fiancé defending for her, Qingcheng raised her head and smiled at Qinghan, after which, she thrust out two slim fingers, and spoke up, "Two kettles!"

"Haha!" Everyone laughed. They'd already seen the tough side of Qingcheng back on Ghost Island, but Feng Zi still seemingly underestimated her.

Meanwhile, the servants placed trays of stewed meat, and kettles of wine, onto the table. But, to their disappointment, the volume of wine was sharply reduced compared with what they had had at the banquet. It might be Elder Qingniu's decision to prohibit them from getting drunk once again. Of course, they all knew that they had to stay sober throughout this journey, especially among so many elders. Therefore, everyone opened their stomach, as they accepted the delicious food and wine while chatting cheerfully.

"Tomorrow, we'll arrive at the legendary Luo Shen Mountain. We should have

a close look at the geography there, after all, some of us might have the opportunity to visit and seek treasures there in five years! Hey, young lord Qinghan, I'm sure you'll be qualified to enter the Heaven Path by then!" Shuiliu looked rather depressed, as he held a kettle of wine in his hands and drank like a fish. No doubt, he was envious of Qinghan for being surrounded by two beauties. A second later, he turned around, concealing his unbalanced mood.

"Why do all nice things all come to Qinghan?" Shuiliu murmured, as he was obviously rather displeased.

"Hehe, the world we live in is so volatile, and no one can predict what will happen several years from now. Young lord Shuiliu, it's likely that you'll see big improvements in your cultivation several years from now. Don't be pessimistic, dude. Ah... the Luo Shen Mountain... it must be a nice place I guess. I'd like to have a look tomorrow!" Qinghan replied perfunctorily, as he was in the middle of a private conversation with Qingcheng.

On the other side, Sainan discovered the depression in Shuiliu's eyes, so she glanced at Shuiliu before she spoke up, in an instructive tone, "Hehe, hey... if he puts all his time and energy on cultivation, rather than on women, he would already be a Marshal-Realm cultivator! Right? Young lord Shuiliu? You know, I strongly suggest all of you to focus on cultivation, so that we'll all be allowed to enter the mountain to seek treasures! Some of you, perhaps, can even pass the third trial, and get the most-valued item preserved in the Small Immortal Pavilion at last!"

"Small Immortal Pavilion? The most-valued item? Is that item supposed to be more valuable than a saint-level item?"

Sainan's motivating speech had grabbed everyone's attention, except for Qinghan, who had been told the mysteries of the Luo Shen Mountain by Elder Qingniu already. As for Hua Cao, and the other young lords, their elders had kept the legend of Luo Shen Mountain a secret, for their level of cultivation was far too low. But the family had developed a reputation for their fetish in treasure-seeking, thus Hua Cao couldn't help but ask Sainan closely.

“Don’t ask me, ask your elders for the details. The only thing I can tell you guys is, that in the Luo Shen Mountain, one can get Immortal-level items! We’re not sure, if over the thousands of years, adventurers have actually obtained such powerful items or not. According to legends, only those who pass the third trial will be allowed to get an Immortal-level item. Guys, five years from now, if we’re able to enter the mountain, some of you might have the chance to get one. Of course, sometimes, it all depends on luck. You know, luck plays a major part in seeking treasures in the Luo Shen Mountain...” Sainan reeled off the general picture about the Luo Shen Mountain. As the daughter of Dragon City leader, Sainan had the privilege of having access to the database of Dragon City. That explained why she knew more secrets than the others.

“Immortal-level item!”

The crowd of youngsters were fully motivated by Sainan’s remarks. As inexperienced young lords and ladies, neither of whom had the chance to get even a saint-level item, let alone use it. Now, to their excitement, the Luo Shen Mountain indeed contained countless such items, and even immortal-level ones. This new information gripped their heartstring for a long while.

Looking at the passionate expression on everyone’s face, Sainan nodded her head satisfactorily. During the Prefecture War, to some extent, they had become sworn friends after going through several arduous battles together. In Sainan’s opinion, as their friend, she thought it obliged to remind them to cultivate diligently, rather than squander their precious time on playing around.

She had, therefore, used the Luo Shen Mountain to encourage them. Since her purpose was fulfilled, she continued after she stoked the fire.

“Nevertheless, I have to admonish of you that anyone below the Realm of the Emperor isn’t allowed to go into the mountain. If you guys wish to seek treasures, when the Heaven Path opens five years from now, you have to cultivate really hard, otherwise you have to wait for the next time this golden opportunity presents itself... During this Prefecture War, I learned a lot, really. Also, I kind of understand the rudiments of the Laws of Heaven and Earth. Ha, I

guess I'll become an Emperor-Realm cultivator very soon. I swear... I'll go to the Luo Shen Mountain in five years! As for the rest of you, it all depends on your cultivation, whether we can go there together or not. I deeply, deeply hope that all of us will have a chance to try our luck in one of the three most deserted place of our continent, the Luo Shen Mountain!"

"Errr..."

Everyone was left dumbfounded by Sainan, this time, not for the mystery of the Luo Shen Mountain, but for her abrupt improvement in cultivation. She was going to break into the Realm of the Emperor very soon! It would take her at most one or two more years to reach this breakthrough. Considering her age, 28-year-old, she was most likely to be an Emperor-Realm cultivator before the age of 30! That was astonishing! Over the last hundreds of years, there had emerged no one with such potential, other than Ye Dao, Qinghan's father. At the beginning, everyone was shocked and felt rather happy for their friend's would-be achievement. On second thought, however, with such an exemplary figure in front of them, they felt the pressure upon their shoulders, and felt slightly ashamed.

Soon, some of them figured out Sainan's good intention. During their one-year company, they had come to understand, that Sainan wasn't a person who was fond of showing off her merits in front of others. Her unusual behavior could only be explained, that she truly wished to stimulate their desire to increase their cultivation realm. In this way, in five years, they would all be allowed to take part in the treasure-seeking adventure. She hoped, that all her friends would make cultivation their number one priority in the future.

"Hehe... Thanks so much for your kind reminder, Miss Sainan. It's a sharp warning for all of us! When I get back home, I will submerge myself in cultivation to strive for a chance to join you in five years from now. At that time, we can all gather once again at the Luo Shen Mountain!" After a short while of meditation, Feng Zi spoke up. As a straightforward young lord, he couldn't hide anything from his heart and threw it all out. Everyone could feel the resoluteness in his tone.

Following Feng Zi's passionate statement, Hua Cao yelled hysterically, "Me too! I promise, in five years, I'll have caught up with you in cultivation!"

"We really appreciate it, Miss Sainan. I... I admit my lax attitude in cultivation, but, I will close the door and cultivate inside my room until I've improved sufficiently! I hope I can join all of you!" Shuiliu spoke with a blushed face, but his attitude was sincere.

"Heihei, since you guys all vowed to be serious in cultivation, I have to cultivate around the clock in case to be outstripped by any of you!" Qingwu chuckled, as she replied jokingly. While, at the same time, being tired from sitting in an unmoved stance for so long, she stretched herself leisurely, giving emphasis to her proud breasts.

"Yeah, we all have to cultivate hard. Let's make a five-year appointment at the Luo Shen Mountain!" Qingcheng looked rather confident, for she had Qinghan, who could enter the Soul Tranquil state and help her to improve in cultivation. As long as she married Qinghan, they could both escalate in cultivation with the so-called Dual Cultivation.

"Hey, Little Qinghan? Why are you so silent? Don't you have confidence in your own cultivation?" Qingwu turned to Qinghan, who just smiled at everyone but didn't say a word.

"Hehe... To break into the Realm of the Emperor in five years? That's a piece of cake! I'm only two realms away from it. Don't you guys remember, I made three breakthroughs within a year!" Qinghan replied absentmindedly. Of course, like Sainan, he was just trying to goad the others to be more diligent.

"Ohhh..." But, Qinghan had somehow left the others embarrassed, including Sainan. Right now, she was the most advanced cultivator among them all, with her current achievement at the peak level of the Realm of the Prince. However, compared with Qinghan's terrifying speed in cultivation, she would be surpassed by him sooner or later.

Chapter 165 – Terrifying Gravitational Field

At dawn, they continued their journey, as their carriage was guided along the bumpy mountainous road. The squeaking noises, made by the wheels, even scared away some of the nearby birds.

After about three to four hours, the team had gone through a forest and arrived at a large plain.

“Hey, guys, look, is that the Luo Shen Mountain?”

Lifting the curtains of the carriage up, Qingwu and Qinghan looked afar at the plain, behind which loomed a fog-wrapped mountain, like a towering skyscraper. The mountain stood out amid the flatness of the grass-ridden plain.

“Ah, you’re right. That is the Luo Shen Mountain. Here we are! I’ll allow you guys to have a closer look at the mountain when we stop there.” Elder Qingniu nodded his head approvingly. He wasn’t bothered by the youngsters’ surprise and excitement; rather, he found them quite adorable, because they reminded him of his own youth.

“Wow, this mountain is super high! It’s perpendicularly straight. Look, the whole mountain is covered in fog, except the top. Why? Oh, wait... what’s that over the top? Ah... is that a pavilion?” Qingwu hung out of the carriage window, to have a closer view of the mountain. It was her first time seeing such a mysterious scenery. Of course, she couldn’t help but to reveal her excitement.

“Errr... yeah, you’re right. It looks like a pavilion. Could that be the legendary Little Immortal Pavilion? What your grandpa told us about weren’t lies!” While, at the same time, Qinghan squeezed next to Qingwu, trying to get a better position to watch the details. When his eyes landed on the top, his mouth fell wide open, as he found it totally unbelievable to see the pavilion-like architecture on top of the mountain.

“Hehe, not everyone is welcomed in the Small Immortal Pavilion, it’s a place only for the most capable and courageous cultivators, for those who pass all three trials. Now you know that I’m not bragging, the proof is right in front of your eyes. Never has anyone doubted this legend. Because the Small Immortal Pavilion is such visible evidence, that no one can deny its very existence. Also,

many of the miraculous phenomena in the Luo Shen Mountain all support the legend.” Elder Qingniu explained.

“It’s amazing! But, why doesn't anybody directly fly to the Small Immortal Pavilion and fetch the treasure? Has anyone done that?” Qingwu asked in confusion.

“Oh, poor girl, this isn’t as simple as you might think. If what you said was real, then the Little Immortal Pavilion wouldn’t exist anymore!” Qinghan found Qingwu’s idea laughable. But, when he replied, he looked at her with affectionate feelings in his eyes.

“Hehe, my little darling, your brain is much slower these days. Qinghan is right, if the adventure is this easy, the Luo Shen Mountain would have already been destroyed. As per the legend, as long as an intruder gets the item in the Small Immortal Pavilion, the mountain will automatically perish. As for why nobody has flown to the top, hmm, this can only be explained by the mystery of this mountain. Anyone who approaches the Luo Shen Mountain, will be dragged down by a mysterious, invisible force, thus even those higher-realm cultivators cannot fly freely. They have to move forward step by step. The gravitation there is overwhelmingly huge. Later, when you get there, you’ll have a first-hand experience yourselves...” Ye Qingniu patted on the head of Qingwu, as he explained.

“Uncle Ye Ping, please whip the horses harder. I can’t wait to see the Luo Shen Mountain!” Qingwu winked to Qinghan, before she turned to Ye Ping, who was driving the carriage in the front.

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Although the Luo Shen Mountain had appeared in their eyes in the distance, it still took them more than an hour to arrive at the foot of the hill.

“Everyone, stop for some rest. Youngsters, go out and have some fun in the vicinity! Remember, you have to be back within half an hour!”

Ye Qingniu allowed the young lords and ladies to observe the Luo Shen Mountain for half an hour. Hardly had he finished these words, or all the

youngsters had already jumped off their respective carriages, and darted in the direction of that legendary mountain.

With a faint smile, Qinghan followed closely behind Qingwu. He was so eager to have a look at the mountain, where his father had been murdered.

However... the moment they got near the mountain, they miraculously felt that their weight had somehow rapidly increased. A powerful force was screwing down their bodies. Some of them even bent their knees in response to the unknown force. More strangely, the flow of their blood seemed to be slowed down as well, which led to a suffocating feeling in their chest.

“What is going on? Have we been targeted by enemies?”

Everyone raised their vigilance, including Qinghan. He released his Battle Qi, and integrated with his battle beast, as he was closely observing his surroundings.

However, no strangers appeared. Two other young lords, Feng Zi and Hua Cao, were also panicked, for they too, were nervously looking around for an imminent emergency.

“Ouch!”

Meanwhile, Shuiliu suddenly fell to the ground. Out of self-defense, he took out his sword, ready to take on any attack.

“Take it easy, guys!” Among them, only Sainan stayed composed. Compared with the others’ petrified expressions, she appeared uncannily calm.

“This is one of the mythical phenomena of this mountain. You know, the gravitational force here is ten times stronger than at other places. The only thing you have to do is to adapt to this dense-gravitation environment as quickly as possible.” Sainan tried to ease everyone’s fear.

“Ohhh...” Qinghan roughly remembered, that Elder Qingniu had mentioned this phenomenon earlier. Honestly, he hadn’t given it much heed at all; but, only after he had experienced it himself did he fully understand how terrifying the gravitational force here was. It was a challenge for them all to steadily walk. It

was so uncomfortable, and they even felt as if their blood was flowing backwards.

Since Sainan had reassured them that there were no enemies around, Qinghan hurriedly expelled the integration with his beast. By circulating his Battle Qi in his body, he managed to adjust his body to a state more suitable for this environment. On the other hand, if there were enemies, Ye Qingniu and the other elders, who waited in the near distance, would've already warned them. But, right now, they were quietly sitting in their respective carriage. The safety of the young lords and ladies was secured.

After Sainan's patient explanation, everyone felt relieved, though they were still greatly confused by this phenomenon. As instructed, they all manoeuvred their Battle Qi, trying to raise their adaptability ability.

"Never in my lifetime have I ever encountered such a supernatural place. It is far more difficult to walk here, than in any other place in the continent. We all have to use our Battle Qi, to counter the gravitational force that is dragging us downward so intensely. This terrifying gravitation is killing me!" Feng Zi complained, as his mouth curved down a little bit.

"Me too! I cannot even jump! Besides, my speed of walking is dramatically reduced. Well, that's impressive!" Hua Cao tried to jump up several times, but failed miserably. Scarcely had his feet left the ground, or he was struck by a turbulent flow in his blood veins. Being afraid to cause any damage to his body, he stopped trying.

"In the periphery of the Luo Shen Mountain, no one can escape the intense gravitation. The higher the realm, the heavier the force. Everyone has to walk on foot, even those in the peak level of the Realm of the Saint. It's true, however, that some of them can fly as high as one or two meters if they use their Saint Domain to counter the mysterious force. But, the amount of Battle Qi required for such a tactic, can be called astronomically huge. Therefore, they rather walk instead of flying!" Sainan continued.

In response, Qinghan frequently nodded his head. He looked up at the suspending Small Immortal Pavilion, and murmured, "No wonder no one has

flown to the top to obtain the most-valued item. Who can fly at such perpendicular height after being dragged down by the powerful gravitation force? But... what about the three immortals in this continent, can they fly to the top under such an intense gravitation?"

Chapter 166 – Run!

“Where did that fog come from? Why is it so thick? Even now we stand right in front of the Luo Shen Mountain, it is still impossible for any of us to have a vivid view of its geography. This place is so ghostly unusual.”

Qingcheng’s remarks brought everyone’s attention back from the gravitational force. As one of the most deserted places in the continent, the Luo Shen Mountain distinguished itself geographically in many ways. When the young lords and ladies first got off their carriage, looking afar in the direction of the Luo Shen Mountain, they had found it like a straight stone pillar, standing tall and upright on the vast plain. Originally, they had planned to have a closer view, hence they had walked closer to the foot of the mountain; to their great disappointment, however, it turned out that there was nothing visible but the turbulent, swirling white fog, shielding visitors from seeing anything inside.

“Will there exist breathtaking sceneries behind the fog? Or are there just endless layers of dull fog? If there’s fog inside, how can it be possible to locate any treasure? If there is danger in the surroundings, our defensive ability will be sharply reduced in such an unfavorable circumstance!” Hua Cao crossed his arms, showing his perplexity.

“Hehe, guys, the fog isn’t really fog. In fact, it’s actually an Energy Shield!” To Sainan, it wasn’t unfamiliar when it came to this knowledge; she volunteered, therefore, to help the others with their questions, “Don’t underestimate the fog, it serves as a shield that prohibits anyone from intruding in the mountain. Once a person touches the fog, he or she will be automatically bounced away, together with his or her belongings. Every five years, three gates will emerge, a staircase, and the Heaven Path. At that time, every qualified cultivator will be allowed into the mountain via the Heaven Path.”

“It’s unbelievable! I mean, it is beyond any human power, it must be the work of those immortals from the ancient times. Hmm, the Luo Shen Mountain deserves its reputation as one of the three most deserted places!” Feng Zi’s eyes were spellbound, as he was imagining the sheer power of the founder of such a mysterious mountain.

“Yeah, you’re right. It is built by the Giant Immortal thousands of years ago.

Remember, we're now only at its periphery, you're supposed to be overwhelmed by more precious items and phenomena when you walk deeper in. Let's cultivate for our five-year appointment from now on. If you miss this opportunity, you'll have to wait until the next time it opens! This being said, never force yourself into the mountain if you find it difficult to break into the Realm of the Emperor. For those below the Realm of the Emperor, the risks will rise tenfold. There is almost no doubt, that they won't be able to make out in the end..." Sainan stood squarely, but smiled at Feng Zi, as she encouraged him.

"Sister Sainan, would it be possible for any Saint-Realm cultivator to rip through the fog shield? I mean, if it had a small crack, people can worm their way in. Judging from its appearance, the fog seems not that defensive... Plus, the mountain is so colossal, that the fog cannot be evenly distributed. I bet there are some parts that have a weaker defense." Qingcheng interrupted.

"Errr..." Hearing this, Sainan first pondered on the possibilities of the scenario mentioned by Qingcheng, then she replied, "I don't think the immortal, who designed this mountain, would allow such a loophole in his work. But, it's true some capable Saint-Realm cultivators are able to rip a hole in the fog. You know, it already has happened. It was just... those who entered in such a way never came back out again. None of them survived, including three advanced cultivators in the peak level of the Realm of the Saint. Even since their failure, no one dared to try it again..."

"Weird! This place is grotesquely strange! Alas, there're so many unsolved mysteries in the Flaming Dragon Continent!"

Qinghan also joined in the conversation, expressing his confusion. It suddenly struck him that he was almost as ignorant as an idiot, when it came to the mysteries of this continent, including the revered Immortal City, the fog-covered Luo Shen Mountain, the Reclusive Island on the coast of the East Sea, the boundless Dark Forest, as well as the King of the forest, Excellency Shi, and the Misty Swamp, which was inhabited by many powerful beasts... Qinghan was sure, that there must be a myriad of mysteries to be discovered in the Flaming Dragon Continent. Only if he entered the higher realms, would he obtain the access to this information.

“Let’s get closer to the fog!” Qingwu chuckled, interrupting Qinghan’s thought. They began lifting their much heavier legs, and marched forward.

After a quarter of an hour, they finally approached the white fog. When they came near to the mountain, they realized that the fog at the foot of the mountain spiraled upward, like wriggling, curly fleece. Under whatever circumstance, be it rainy or windy, the fog would never disperse. Thus, it left no chance for adventurers to peek at the inside of the mountain.

“Hey, let me try something.” Feng Zi found it hard to withhold his curiosity, and extended his hand directly to the white fog. The moment his hand touched the fog, he was instantly bounced backward by an unknowing force. Luckily, he didn’t fall on the ground, but his whole arm felt numb awhile.

“Wow, that’s super funny! Let me have a try!” Seeing no severe injuries on Feng Zi, Qingwu walked much closer and felt the fog with her slim fingers. She did it rather softly, and her fingers were bounced back less forcefully. Like a child playing with her toys, Qingwu tried time and time again.

“Haha...” Looking at the naughty Qingwu, Qinghan laughed cheerfully, but a minute later, he suggested, “Enough, we’d better go back now. Our elders are waiting for us...”

“Yeah, it’s time to return. Guys, keep on cultivating, and I hope that all of us will be allowed to enter this mountain in five years!” Sainan followed.

“You’re right, I swear that I’ll be here in five years! I promise to obtain as many treasures as I can at that time!” Feng Zi gritted his teeth, showing his resolution.

Following their casual conversation, they began to walk back to reunite with their elders. Through this half-an-hour journey, they had had a firsthand feeling of the mysterious Luo Shen Mountain. They also understood, that cultivation was the only way to obtain access to these mysteries; and only the qualified ones would be given the chance to explore this place in more details.

“Wait, what’s that?”

All of a sudden, Sainan halted, and her smile turned stiff. Qinghan, who had the most powerful soul force among them, also sensed something unusual on the right hand of the mountain. Soon, everyone raised their vigilance.

“Black shadows!”

There actually appeared three black figures rushing towards the young lords and ladies. These three unknown strangers ran at a shocking speed, despite the gravitational field of the Luo Shen Mountain. Obviously, these three people must be far more advanced in terms of cultivation, than those youngsters of the Mars Prefecture.

“Ahh, they’re all from the Demonic Prefecture!” Feng Zi abruptly jerked his head, when he heard Sainan’s exclamation, only to find three demons quickly approaching them.

“Run!”

Qinghan yelled out, when he met with Sainan’s approving glance. He immediately released his Battle Qi, as he grabbed both Qingcheng and Qingwu, and ran like crazy to their carriages.

“Run!”

Meanwhile, other young lords, Feng Zi, Hua Cao, and Shuiliu all wiped off the wet sweat on their forehead and followed Qinghan.

For the young lords and ladies, they didn’t have a clue about what was really going on. But, one thing was for sure, the ability of these three demons must be at least at peak-level Demonic King, or even Demonic Saint. Otherwise, they wouldn’t risk their lives by sneak attacking the young lords and ladies in the presence of Ye Qingniu and several other Emperor-Realm elders.

- Shooo! -

A streak of cyan light emerged in the air, and quickly formed a cover above the three demonic chasers. It was Ye Qingniu’s Saint Domain! He roared like a provoked bull, and his sound was as loud as a thunderbolt.

“Yao Xie, how dare you sneak attack my descendants! You vicious old bastard, do you really think that I won’t kill you?”

Chapter 167 – The Golden-haired Lion

When Ye Qingniu was sitting inside the carriage, he kept on patrolling the surroundings with his soul sense. Or more exactly, he had been on alert ever since he had departed from Immortal City.

Although Yao Xie had been forced to run away several days ago, in front of the overbearing Zhan Guardian, Elder Qingniu deeply worried that the demons or barbarians might still stir up some trouble during their journey home. Apart from the killing of Yao Kaka, Qinghan himself was seen by the other two races as a big threat. Considering Qinghan's heaven-defying performance in the Prefecture War, as well as his young age, he would definitely turn out to become a nightmare to the enemies.

Before Yao Xie's appearance, Ye Qingniu, together with the other elders, had also sensed some abnormal changes in the Essence Qi in the northeast part of the sky. Thus, they had all paid great attention to the changes in the northeast.

Gradually, a group of people rapidly approached from the northeast sky, and they looked wildly arrogant and imposing.

For the young lords and ladies, they were in relatively lower realms, so it was too hard for them to notice this. But Ye Qingniu's sensibility was much higher, which had prompted him to discover the abnormality immediately. At first, he had strengthened his soul power to discern whether the upcoming people were friends or enemies. To his great astonishment, the familiar smell in the air had suggested that these people were from the Ye Family!

"Why is Ye Tianlong on his way here? And he's even accompanied by so many advanced cultivators!"

When Ye Qingniu was trying to figure out this question, his mind was struck by Feng Zi's panicked shouts. He then discovered, in his mental picture, that the young lords and ladies were now being chased by three demons!

Immediately, Ye Qingniu had unleashed his Saint Domain, and dashed to the

sky from the carriage, while integrating with his eighth-grade battle beast. All of this had left the other elders, who were unaware of the dangers up ahead, totally dumbfounded.

“Yao Xie, you should be ashamed of being called a Demonic Saint! I’ve never seen anyone with such a high status sneak attack youngsters.” Ye Ping also realized what had happened. Like a flying sword, he directly flew to the young lords and ladies, while releasing a large amount of his Battle Qi. Meanwhile, he threw a signal cartridge high up in the air.

“Demon, don’t you dare to hurt them!”

Almost at the same time, the other elders all flew out of their carriages, with Battle Qi wrapping around their bodies, and faces full of indignation. Their beloved young lords and ladies were exposed to a great danger because of Yao Xie’s retaliation. How were they going to report to their respective families, if they failed to rescue their young descendants?

As the momentum of Qi in the northeast reinforced, they all found the domineering Ye Tianlong, and his followers. They had decided to postpone the possible upcoming battle by obstructing Yao Xie’s attack.

- Bang! -

Hardly before the signal cartridge had exploded, Ye Qingniu’s Saint Domain was abruptly broken. After several rounds of fierce attacks, Yao Xie and two other demons had successfully brought the Saint Domain to crumble. Meanwhile, there emerged a ferocious golden-haired lion figure behind Yao Xie.

“Ye Qinghan, you killed my son! I’ll tear you up!” With flaming red eyes, Yao Xie yelled his lung out at the running Qinghan.

Following Yao Xie’s intimidating remarks, the shadowy lion behind him transformed into a gigantic golden palm, extending itself in the direction of Qinghan.

“Yao Xie, stop!”

Ye Qingniu roared with saturated anger in his eyes, as his speed accelerated at

an unbelievable rate. While the glaring Battle Qi in front of his chest condensed into a cyan ox, it was his battle beast! With an unparalleled disposition, the beast first soared high up in the air, and then flew to the giant golden palm of Yao Xie.

“Fuck, this Demonic Saint is difficult to handle with, plus a leopard race Demonic King... Alright, you four go and keep Yao Xie busy, and I’ll deal with the leopard alone.” The Emperor-Realm cultivator Hua Ruoruo of the Hua Family smiled bitterly, and vanished immediately, after he nodded to the other four. He was going to try to hold down the leopard with his Invisible Technique.

“Long Shaoxiang, Yue Xiangfei, Feng Huo, now it's our turn to impede Yao Xie’s attack! We have to hold on for five minutes before my leader arrives.” Ye Ping gritted his teeth, as he instructed the other Emperor-Realm cultivators from Dragon City, the Yue Family and the Feng Family respectively.

As experienced cultivators, who had all gone through the high risk Prefecture War, they’d developed a discernible eye when it came to the level of cultivation of the enemies.

Yao Xie, also known as the Demonic Evil, had become a Demonic Saint fifty years ago. As for the other two demons, the one on the right side, whose height was well over four meters, was a Demonic Saint as well; the one on the left side, the leopard race demon, was a Demonic King. It was definitely beyond the ability of the young lords and ladies to struggle with these three mighty demons.

- Bang! -

The signal cartridge, after flying in the air for as high as ten meters, exploded violently. The red glaring light immediately ignited the surroundings. In the far away distance, a ground-breaking howl reverberated shortly after the explosion.

“Yao Xie, if you dare to kill Qinghan, I’ll definitely slaughter tens of thousands of demons as his burial sacrifice!” The sound was from Ye Tianlong, the leader of the Ye Family.

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At the time when Ye Qingniu released his soul power, Ye Tianlong had already sensed their presence. Thus, he had speeded up, in an attempt to praise his long-ignored grandson. But soon, he had sensed the Saint Domain exerted by Ye

Qingniu, as well as the damage dealt to it by Yao Xie and two other demons. Following that, he had seen a gigantic golden-haired lion in the air, and a glaring red light. Now, his excitement to meet Qinghan had subsided sharply, because he knew that a crisis was going on.

The glaring red light was from the exclusive signal cartridge thrown by Ye Ping; the golden-haired, shadowy lion, was Yao Xie's special technique. Being alerted by these clues, Ye Tianlong immediately integrated with his battle beast, and flew towards the scene as fast as he could.

“Hold on! We only have to drag this battle out until my leader arrives!”

Ye Qiang exclaimed from behind Ye Tianlong, he too, had integrated with this battle beast, as he was fully prepared for the upcoming battle. Usually, given their level of cultivation, it wouldn't take more than two minutes to reach the spot; yet, they had to go through the gravitational field of the Luo Shen Mountain, which would slow down their speed to a large extent. They had estimated, that it would take them at least five minutes to arrive at the scene of the battle.

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As Ye Tianlong's howl vibrated in the air, Qinghan, as well as the other young lords and ladies, all took a sigh of relief, for they knew, that Ye Tianlong's arrival was a signal of their safety. Ye Qingniu was powerful only in attacks, but not in defense. So he alone wasn't able to protect them all. When his Saint Domain was broken, his defensive ability, his weakness, was clearly exposed

Unlike Ye Qingniu, Ye Tianlong's defense ability was unrivaled, due to his Bear of the Earth, which was the kind of battle beast that was specialized in defense. If it was Ye Tianlong, who had released the Saint Domain, Yao Xie and his two assistants wouldn't be able to break it so easily.

Nevertheless, the youngsters of the Ye Family, who were running desperately to escape from the demons, found that their excitement only lasted for a second. The golden palm released by Yao Xie came so powerfully over their heads, as if the air in the surroundings had stopped flowing. It was an obnoxious, suffocating feeling that captured each and every young lord and lady. Some of

them even felt as if their heart was about to jump out because of the pressure caused by the palm. Apart from the gravitation, they encountered another hurdle, the golden palm over their heads. Now, being squeezed in between the palm and the gravitational field, they found it hard to move even by half an inch...

Chapter 168 – I Will Forever be Your Girl

Qinghan was also forced to stop under the strong gravitational force and the pressure from up above. Even if he released all his Battle Qi, he wouldn't be able to escape the golden palm, and all his meridians might be damaged in the process. Since he was given no chance to dodge the palm, he gave up on struggling. Rather, he kept staring at both Qingcheng and Qingwu, and his heart was overwhelmed with compunction and regrets. If it wasn't for him, they wouldn't have to put themselves in such great risks, because they wouldn't have taken part in the Prefecture War in the first place. Melancholy, Qinghan found himself to be the one to blame for all the misfortune they had encountered.

However, when Qingcheng and Qingwu met with Qinghan's anxious eyes, they both tightened their grips, for Qinghan held them both with his hands. Both the girls' faces turned red, and their eyes were filled with affectionate romance, as if they were telling Qinghan, though silently, that they were willing to go through any difficulties, as long as they were together with him.

“Why are you guys not moving? Release your Battle Qi and use it as an armor! Drop to the ground, now!”

In the middle of their despair, Ye Qingniu roared at full strength, after which he spit out a mouthful of blood, leaving his face uncannily pale. While, at the same time, his bulging eyes looked even bigger, as if they were about to fall out in the next moment.

- Bang! -

When the golden palm was about to squash the young lords and ladies, Ye Qingniu and his battle beast ran increasingly faster, until they both collided with the force of the palm. The sound of the collision reverberated in the air. It was almost a ground-breaking explosion!

“Young lords!”

“Miss...”

“...”

In front of the blinding light caused by the explosion, some elders lost their

control and exclaimed desperately. Although the young lords and ladies did release their battle Qi to form an armor, how could they sustain such a mighty blast?

“They all survived! Don’t worry. Hey, boys and girls, speed up and try your best to make it out!” Ye Qingniu’s face gradually regained some radiance, as he turned back, comforting the elders. Regardless of the blood spilled over his mouth, he widened his already very big eyes, directly dashing towards Yao Xie.

“Thank goodness!”

Being reassured by Ye Qingniu about the youngsters’ safety, the elders all felt somewhat relieved. They divided themselves into two small groups, and went to the back of Yao Xie, and the ape race demon and leopard race demon respectively.

As the resounding boom of the explosion gradually faded away, and the dusty scene slowly cleared up, the wrecked bodies of the young lords and ladies were revealed.

For Feng Zi, Hua Cao and Shuiliu, their face were almost unrecognizable due to a dense layer of blood on their faces. Of course, the blood didn’t originate from a head wound, it was spilled out of their mouth instead, because of the unbearable explosive force, which had done great visceral damage to all of them.

While Sainan wasn’t hurt in the process, for she was in the peak level of the Realm of the Prince already. Her defensive Battle Qi armor was obviously much more powerful than the others’. But, her purple robe was torn apart, giving full vision of her snow white skin and a stripe of her red bellyband.

“Qinghan, how about you? Are you alright?”

“Little Qinghan, you cannot die!”

On the other side, Qinghan’s injury seemed extremely severe. Under Ye Qingniu’s instruction, Qinghan did likewise with other young lords by forming a Battle Qi armor. But, before he dropped down on the ground, he had held both Qingcheng and Qingwu in his arms, covering up the force of the explosion for them. The moment the two girls woke up, they had found themselves in

Qinghan's tightly-gripped embrace; but, when they had helped themselves up, they were stupefied by his bloody back.

Hearing the sobbing exclamations of Qingcheng and Qingwu, Sainan walked to their side with heavy steps, without noticing her own exposed skin. While, at the same time, Hua Cao, Feng Zi and Shuiliu followed behind Sainan, to see what had exactly happened to Qinghan. They knew, that Yao Xie was determined to kill Qinghan, so the golden palm was actually located right above Qinghan. Therefore, he had received the most force, and was gravely injured.

"Cough! Cough! I'm... I'm ok. Why don't you all run away immediately?" With a bout of coughing, Qinghan threw out a full mouth of congested blood. With great difficulty, he supported himself up. Obviously, he was safe and sound. The bronze ring on his ring finger had helped him heal most of the wounds. Despite his horribly bleeding back, none of his veins or meridians were damaged. So he urged the others to run away...

"Let's go!"

Now that Qinghan was able to walk by himself, Sainan turned away and spoke to the other young lords and ladies. It wasn't the proper time to express their feelings. Now, they were like a bunch of miserable ants, trying their best to dodge a giant, who was chasing them tirelessly. They could be killed any moment. Before their leader, Ye Tianlong arrived, anywhere was dangerous. The only way out, was to go as far away from the Luo Shen Mountain as possible. Despite Ye Qingniu and other elders' effort in fighting against the demons, in order to win more time, they found it highly difficult to deal with two Demonic Saints. Any attack from the Demonic Saint would smash them away. They had to, therefore, be extremely cautious.

"Qinghan, let me carry you! Hurry up!" Qingcheng put one of Qinghan's arms around her neck, preparing to help him run faster.

Meanwhile, Qingwu was touched by Qinghan's selfless protection as well. She quickly grabbed Qinghan's other arm, and sobbed, "Little Qinghan, hurry up. We'll carry you, no matter what. As long as our leader arrives, we'll be saved!"

"Ye Qinghan, Today, I swear that I'll end your life! Ye Qingniu, get the fuck out of my way! You two idiots, why don't you go to Ye Qinghan and kill him!" Yao Xie

was barred several times from killing Qinghan, and had now fully lost his temper, as he yelled like crazy. Therefore, he instructed the other two demons to help him get rid of Qinghan.

Ye Qingniu's integration with his ox further accelerated his offensive ability. He followed the rule of Dark Destruction, thus showing no mercy while attacking Yao Xie. Being afraid to be hurt by Ye Qingniu, and most importantly, the arrival of Ye Tianlong, Yao Xie turned flurried, as he scolded his two fellow demons.

"Grr! Grr!"

The leopard race demon, who was dragged out by Hua Ruoruo, hurriedly dodged away, and directly dashed towards Qinghan, after hearing Yao Xie's order.

While the other Demonic Saint, the ape race demon, broke the powerful defense of several elders, after which he also rudely spurted towards Qinghan.

"Listen, you two must run away right now. They're coming for me!" Qinghan saw the two raging demons running in his direction, so he instantly realized it would put the two girls in unimaginable danger if he allowed them to follow him. His voice was firm, and his expression was resolute while speaking to Qingcheng and Qingwu.

"No, little Qinghan. If you die, life will be meaningless to me. Remember? You've said you'll be responsible to me all my life. Don't you ditch me halfway through!" Qingwu shook her head repeatedly, while her tears welled up from her charming eyes. She snatched Qinghan's arm even tighter, as if she was afraid to depart from him.

"I'll forever be your girl, even if I die, I'll follow you as a ghost. Qinghan, don't you dare to desert me!" On the other side, Qingcheng spoke rather calmly compared with the teary Qingwu. She blinked at Qinghan, showing no grief or sadness, but her deep love for him.

Qinghan kept silent, though he was deeply touched by their sincere feelings. He knew, however, that it wasn't the right time to express their romantic feelings. Neither were there any flowers or the moon around, and as such it

wasn't a place to flirt with girls. This place was now overwhelmed by surging murderous vibes. Given no better alternative, Qinghan turned them unconscious by using his integration technique.

With a flash, the exotic purplish rays added a strange element in the atmosphere. Without hesitation, Qinghan pushed them further away until they landed on the right side of the mountain.

“Miss Sainan, take them away! The demons are only here for me!”

Hearing Qinghan's determined voice, Sainan halted in the middle, and turned around. There, she saw Qinghan staggering away in the opposite direction, trying to lead the demons away from the other young lords and ladies.

With a slight shake of her head, Sainan rushed to the spot where Qingcheng and Qingwu lay. Not far away, the leopard race demon seemed to have successfully gotten rid of Hua Ruoruo, and he ran as quick as a flash towards Qinghan...

Chapter 169 – Bloody Escape

“Hua Ruoruo, go and cut off the route of that leopard race demon! I will give you 100 bottles of upper-level Snow Spirit Dan as a reward!”

Despite the undaunted efforts of Ye Qingniu in fighting with Yao Xie, he still kept an eye on the youngsters, especially Qinghan and Qingwu. The former was seen as the future of the family, and the latter was his beloved granddaughter. Now, he saw Qinghan run towards the Luo Shen Mountain all alone, after he had deserted the two girls, who wished to accompany him so much. He cursed Qinghan harshly for running towards the danger-ridden mountain, but on second thought, Qinghan’s intention was worthy of praise under such circumstances. Being the sole target of Yao Xie, Qinghan had realized that it would be safer to desert his friends, so that they wouldn’t be in danger.

When the leopard race demon got rid of Hua Ruoruo’s attacks by shrinking the size of its body, it accelerated its speed, and pounced towards Qinghan. Ye Qingniu discovered that this demon had used his most-advanced technique, and Hua Ruoruo, a cultivator in the second level of the Realm of the Emperor, had found it impossible to catch up with such a fast beast. On the other hand, Yao Xie’s attack seemed to be more fierce, for he was somewhat encouraged by the leopard race demon’s small victory. Since Ye Qingniu was still in a fight with Yao Xie, it was impossible for him to go to save Qinghan himself. Instead, he yelled at Hua Ruoruo, trying to persuade him to save Qinghan with juicy rewards.

“Fuck, I’ll risk my life for it!”

Hua Ruoruo was running desperately to catch up with the leopard race demon; when he had heard the reward of the priceless Snow Spirit Dan, his eyes had lit up with greed, and he spared no efforts in this pursuit. All of a sudden, all of his body oozed some bloody mist-like Battle Qi, and his eyes were filled with a red color. Within just a few seconds, his speed had soared violently, and one could only find a blurred shadow flying after the demon up ahead.

“Look at Hua Ruoruo! He’s fighting a desperate fight! We will, too!” The Emperor-Realm cultivator, Feng Huo, used his full strength in fighting with the ape race demon, with his small yet extremely sharp sword. He intentionally aimed his sword at the demon's eyes and nose. This demon, however, was

nimble in his defense, because he successfully dodged every attack from Feng Huo. For every second, both of them had to be meticulously careful, which left them both exhausted.

“Ahhh!”

Yue Xiangfei, another Emperor-Realm cultivator from the Yue Family, let out a morale-building howl. She knew the reason behind Hua Ruoruo’s sudden acceleration in speed, it was a technique used only in times of great danger, which was named Bloody Escape. Honestly, usually no one would choose to use such a technique, because it was exceptionally energy-consuming. Hua Ruoruo’s cultivation ability would be greatly reduced afterwards, and he had to lie on bed for at least a month to recuperate. But, the tempting part of this technique was, one’s speed could be more than doubled almost within seconds.

In Hua Ruoruo’s calculation, it was absolutely worth the risk. The loss in his cultivation would later be replenished by the bottles of Snow Spirit Dan. The number of bottles Ye Qingniu had promised him had well surpassed common sense! It was actually a real bargain!

“Ahhh!”

Ye Ping strained every nerve in fighting with the demon. As a member of the Ye Family, he had already used his full strength in attacking. Hua Ruoruo, a member of the Hua Family, however, only did so at the lure of the rewards.

In the fight against the ape race demon, though it seemed that everyone was fighting desperately, it was far from the truth. As a participant in this battle, Ye Ping knew all too well that the others didn’t use their full strength at all. Take Feng Huo for example, he kept attacking the demon’s facial part, but it only served as a distraction purpose. Also, Yue Xiang, her Spiritual Attack could only slightly influence the demon's mind, which turned out to be not effective at all. After all, this was a Demonic Saint. As for Long Shaoxiang, as soon as he had realized that Sainan was out of danger, he had behaved less serious than in the beginning. After all, it was Ye Qinghan, the Ye Family’s young lord, that was being targeted.

Thus, despite the other three's help, Ye Ping found it still extremely arduous to fight with this demon. Several times, he was on the verge of death. As an elder of the Ye Family, however, he felt obliged to protect Qinghan. Most importantly, as a former best friend of Ye Dao, Qinghan's father, he had virtually no reason to be hands-off.

.....

Qinghan kept running in the direction of the Luo Shen Mountain. Of course, after being told of the dangers of this creepy mountain, he wasn't going to commit suicide by doing so. He was trying to protect other people, regardless of his own safety. The last time he had ran like this was back on Ghost Island, where he had eventually broken into the Realm of the Marshal in the process. It was a tiresome, yet cheerful journey at least. This time, nevertheless, the situation was different. He was running for his life! Before all of his hope for survival had vanished, he wouldn't choose to stand where he was and wait for the enemies to snatch him. Moreover, Ye Tianlong was coming to his rescue, which he believed would be very soon. The further he ran away, the safer he would be.

However, he was pissed off by the grotesque gravitational force in this area. Every time he lifted his feet, he had to exert all his physical strength to take a single step forward. His Battle Qi was consumed very quickly, like water pouring down a waterfall, and his muscles turned so unbearably sore. Many times, he had felt as if he was on the brink of suffocating to death... Despite all these hinders, he had to run anyway...

- Boom! -

Behind him, the acute explosive noises kept on ringing out almost in between every second. Given Qinghan's current cultivation, he could be smashed into bits and pieces by any random attack of Yao Xie. On the other side, Ye Qingniu and Yao Xie continued their fierce battle. But it was hard to say, whether Ye Qingniu could sustain each and every attack from Yao Xie or not.

- Swoosh! -

The sound in the air grabbed Qinghan's attention. He saw a leopard race demon rapidly closing in on him, which scared the hell out of him. Without

thinking of the possible results this leopard would bring to him, he simply ran like hell. Some seconds later, following Ye Qingniu's angry roar, another air-vibrating noise sounded out. This time, it was Hua Ruoruo, who was covered in a bloody mist. Like a lightweight ghost, he popped up in the air, and rushed towards the leopard, while replicating nine figures of himself.

“Grr!”

Once again, the leopard demon was dragged out by Hua Ruoruo. Being fully provoked, the demon shot an evil glare at Hua Ruoruo, before he howled ruthlessly. An instant later, to Hua Ruoruo's great shock, the demon cut off his left hand, after which the cut-off part revealed an extremely sharp claw, and he threw it directly towards Qinghan.

“Little Qinghan, watch out!” Ye Qingniu was actually relieved by seeing Hua Ruoruo's Bloody Escape, but a moment later, his concern was raised once again, for he had never thought that the demon could be brutal enough to cut off his own hand.

“Young lord Qinghan, be careful!” Hua Ruoruo had never expected, that the demon could use his own hand as a weapon. His Bloody Escape turned out to be in vain.

“Yay...” In full spirit, Qinghan ran faster and faster, and his speed even surpassed that of Hua Ruoruo. At this very moment, he didn't dare to turn around, rather, he released all his Battle Qi and formed an armor around his body. Meanwhile, he leaned his body a little bit, trying to dodge the attack.

It seemed, however, that Qinghan had underestimated the velocity of the cut-off palm. The moment he tried to dodge away, the golden-colored, hairy claw directly slammed on his Battle Qi armor. All of a sudden, the two forces collided and exploded. Qinghan was thrown far, far away, until he landed right next to the misty fog of the Luo Shen Mountain...

“Little Qinghan...”

Chapter 170 – Crisis

“Little Qinghan?”

Ye Qingniu spit out another mouthful of blood, while he threw out a forceful flow of Battle Qi, single-handedly, towards Yao Xie. In a hurry, he used his soul power to see what had exactly happened to Qinghan. As a great elder, he was a knowledgeable pundit in terms of techniques used in the continent. The cut-off palm was actually an exclusive technique owned by the leopard race demon. It was fairly difficult to learn, and the odds of success were pretty bleak. Yet, its power was mind boggling. As a young cultivator in the first level of the Realm of the Marshal, Qinghan shouldn't be able to survive such an attack. Even if he integrated with his beast, it was still a fantasy for Qinghan to counter this attack.

At this moment, Ye Tianlong was about to arrive. How should Ye Qingniu explain to his leader about the bruised Qinghan, who could be severely injured or dead already. Despite his full-hearted willingness to save Qinghan, he still blamed himself for being negligent. He, therefore, tried a secret technique, which he only used in times of life and death. By doing so, he forced his attack power to be greatly increased for a while, and temporarily defeated Yao Xie in this round. At the same time, however, a great deal of his blood and energy were squandered. Without any hesitation, he seized the right timing, and furthered his soul power to see Qinghan's condition clearer.

“Ahhh... my goodness, he's still breathing!”

To his pleasure, he found that Qinghan was still alive, though most of his bones seemed broken, and his inner organs injured. As long as Qinghan was not dead, there was hope. Meanwhile, he once again yelled at Hua Ruoruo, “Hua Ruoruo, go and kill that leopard. I will give another 100 bottles of Snow Spirit Dan!”

On the other hand, Yao Xie's mouth was throbbing with fury, partly because of Ye Qingniu's crazy attack, and partly because Qinghan had survived that attack. As a Demonic Saint, he could easily sense Qinghan's conditions from far away. Considering the affluence of the Ye Family, no matter how severe their young lord was, they would save him anyway, regardless of the cost. The most urgent issue for Yao Xie right now, however, was to end Qinghan's life before the arrival of Ye Tianlong. Because he was sure, he would stand no chance in killing Qinghan

once Ye Tianlong had released his Saint Domain.

Now, he was determined to risk his life to avenge his beloved son, whom he had long wished for to carry on the family line and inherit the glory of the golden-haired lion race. However, to his deep grief, Qinghan had ended his son's life at the Breaking Blade Summit. Now, as a father without any offspring, he wouldn't be reconciled until he had killed Qinghan. And now, it was a golden opportunity for him to launch his revenge. Thanks to Tu Guardian, who had provided him with such an opportunity, though against the will of the leader of Immortal City, by deliberately breaking the teleportation posts the day the Mars Prefecture Legion had decided to go home. He reckoned, therefore, that if he let go of this opportunity, that he would probably never be able to kill this young lord again. If Qinghan was given ample time for cultivation, heaven knew how powerful he would become. Moreover, under the shelter of the Ye Family, the chance of assassinating this popular young lord was extremely slim.

"You bastard, die!"

With a resounding howl, Yao Xie's hair erected, and his eyes shot out flaming fiery light, as he tried to make a head-on collision with Ye Qingniu.

"Yao Xie, you better surrender! Our leader is about to arrive! If you don't concede right now, you'll be buried here forever!" Ye Qingniu snapped, as he was busy defending himself. To some extent, he and Yao Xie shared some common weakness: they both could be categorized as cultivators specialized in offense rather than defense. Ye Qingniu followed the rule of Dark Destruction, and Yao Xie cultivated as per the rule of the Fire Element. If they both attacked with full strength, none of them would be safe and sound. That was why they seldom used their most powerful technique while fighting each other.

"No one in the Mars Prefecture can defeat me!" As Yao Xie kept on responding to Ye Qiangniu's attacks, he occasionally stole a glance at the place where Qinghan lay. Outside the white fog shield, Qinghan seemed motionless. Amidst the fierce battle, Yao Xie was calculating the best timing and angle to throw another lethal palm against the injured Qinghan.

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“Little Qinghan? What happened to him?”

“Poor Qinghan, Who did this to him?”

What had just happened, from the moment Qinghan had thrown away the two girls, and was caught up to by the leopard race demon, until he had been slammed onto the ground by the demon’s palm, only took a few seconds. When Qingwu and Qingcheng woke up, the first thing they did was run around looking for Qinghan. At last, they were told Qinghan had already lost his consciousness, and lay at the foot of the Luo Shen Mountain. Not knowing whether Qinghan was dead or alive, the two girls turned to Sainan for help, as they grabbed her sleeves and begged her for a positive answer.

“He... he was attacked by the demon’s palm...” As Sainan replied, she found both Qingwu and Qingcheng letting go of her sleeves, as both started to run in Qinghan’s direction. Immediately, she snatched both of them and yelled, “What are you doing? It’s too dangerous over there!”

“Take Miss Sainan’s advice. Miss Qingcheng, Miss Qingwu, don’t risk yourself to go to that place. Young lord Qinghan will be alright!” Feng Zi prevented the two emotional girls from running to the mountain. With a surly face, Feng Zi spoke in a gloomy voice, as he kept glancing at the far-away Qinghan.

“Let me go! Please!” All Qingcheng’s usual gentle demeanor had vanished, as she struggled to get rid of the grip, and implored with a firm voice. Her eyes were pinned at the bleeding body of Qinghan.

Likewise, Qingwu waved her head while tears kept rolling down her face, “I have to see him. Feng Zi, let me go!”

“Quiet! You two reckless girls! I can assure you that Qinghan isn’t dead. Sainan, take them away!” Ye Qingniu conveyed his voices to them while he continued his fight with Yao Xie. He asked Sainan to take the two girls away from the battlefield, in case either of them would be hurt.

“Yao Xie, do you want your entire demon race to receive my fury?”

At this critical moment, Ye Tianlong’s roar sounded from the northeast part of the sky. There, people saw several black figures, who were desperately flying in their direction.

“Yao Xie, you old bastard, you dare to hurt my niece! This time, I won’t allow you to get out of this mountain!”

“You three demons, I’ll let you pay for it for one hundred times over! Anyone who dares to hurt our young lords will be punished!”

Following Ye Tianlong, a dozen Emperor-Realm cultivators also cursed and threatened the demons. They used all their energy to ensure their speed, in order to win enough time, though the gravitational force was such a disadvantage to them.

“Grrr!”

Yao Xie’s face turned pale, as he yelled out. He decided to escape, as he found that the ape race demon had enlarged the size of his body, and had swept away several human cultivators. All of a sudden, Ye Ping and Long Shaoxiang were both thrown away. This ape race demon, disregarding the attack of Feng Huo and Yue Xiangfei, directly went in Qinghan’s direction, trying to give him the final blow.

“Bastard ape, you dare to kill him?” At the beginning, Ye Qingniu was thrilled by the appearance of Ye Tianlong, who he believed would release his Saint Domain in a minute and everyone of the Mars Prefecture would be out of danger. Now, the mad ape race demon had succeeded in breaking out of the encirclement, and rushed towards Qinghan. In a second, Ye Qingniu extended his right hand, and released a Battle Qi palm aiming at the ape race demon. While, at the same time, his left hand was still attacking Yao Xie.

“Haha, Ye Qingniu, now I’ll send you to hell!”

Noticing Ye Qingniu was somewhat distracted by the ape race demon, Yao Xie laughed out and quitted running away. He thought it would be a rare opportunity to kill Ye Qingniu. All of a sudden, his golden hairs stood up once again, after which it eerily left his head. Every streak of hair was transformed into a pointy thorn. Gradually, they were all automatically bundled together, until it formed a golden spear, which directly shot toward Ye Qingniu. His golden hair, was actually his weapon! The more advanced he was, the more destructive power this weapon would manifest. If Ye Qinghan was unfortunately targeted, he could be badly injured or even killed.

“Ah, you nasty demon, you dare to use your life-saving technique? Ok, I’ll play with you. Ox Into Armor!”

As soon as Ye Qingniu found the long spear flying in his direction, he was shocked at first, but soon regained his confidence. Despite the blood in his mouth, Ye Qingniu was stubbornly unyielding, so he summoned out his ox and transformed it into a defensive armor.

For Ye Qingniu, he had two life-saving techniques. Once was this Ox Into Armor, the other was called Ox Into Chopping. The former was a defensive skill, and the latter an offensive one. Despite the amazing power these techniques could exert, he had to consume large amounts of Battle Qi in his body in order to successfully use these skills. He would have to rest for a whole month to recover, after using either of these skills. He wouldn’t, therefore, use these techniques unless in times of extreme danger.

“Haha! Old ox! You’ve bit my bait! Now, Ye Qinghan, you little bastard, go die!” Seeing Ye Qingniu using his Ox Into Armor, Yao Xie laughed out like crazy; at the same time, his golden spear skewed its direction and went towards Qinghan instead...

Chapter 171 – He Disappeared?

“Noooo!”

Ye Qingniu’s face was uncannily pale; as he opened his large eyes looking at the golden spear turn around and fly towards Qinghan. He could do nothing, but release a desperate howl.

“Noooo!”

On the other side, the two girls, Qingcheng and Qingwu, uttered a shriek of terror. There were no tears on their faces, because horror had held their young hearts hostage, giving no room for misery at this moment. Sainan was also petrified, just like Feng Zi and Hua Cao. Hua Ruoruo stopped his attack, Ye Ping froze in the middle of his fight without noticing his bleeding, while Feng Huo also halted and held down his sword. As if everyone was frame-frozen, and their attention was fully absorbed by the flying golden spear. Due to the high speed, the spear eventually appeared like a streak of golden light, rendering an overwhelming destructive force. As it drew closer to the battered Qinghan, everyone’s heart was further tightened.

“Qinghan, wake up!”

Ye Tianlong’s ground-breaking sound broke the suffocating silence at the scene. Because of the sharpness of his scream, everyone’s ears felt temporarily impaired, for they could hear nothing but some buzzing noises. Even the colossal Luo Shen Mountain was shaking a little bit. Of course, Ye Tianlong did it intentionally; he aimed to wake up Qinghan with this thundering howl, so that Qinghan might escape that devastating stab!

Qinghan was indeed, neither dead nor unconscious. He could feel the agonizing pain of his injuries, almost all over his body, from his bones to his inner organs. Also, he was quite sure that something was flying in his direction, at an unimaginable speed.

When he heard Qingcheng and Qingwu’s exclamations, he had tried to get up and tell them not to come over. But... he had failed to make a single move. He was undergoing the healing process brought about by the bronze ring. Unlike any other time, the gentle healing flow, which was released from the bronze

ring, circulated throughout his body several times. But, in the end, only some surface wounds had been healed, as his bones and organs were still greatly damaged. Given the severity of his injuries, it would probably take a whole day to fully recover.

When the earsplitting roar of Ye Tianlong had reverberated in the air, however, Qinghan had felt the overwhelming momentum behind him. Although he didn't have a clue what that thing was, he did know that he would be utterly smashed into bits and pieces, if he was hit by it.

At that critical moment, all the past events had flashed through his mind, including the humiliations he had suffered back in the Ye Castle, and the girls that had so deeply loved him. How could he die? Neither had he saved his sister yet, nor had he shouldered his responsibility for Qingwu, nor had he slept with Qingcheng as any normal couple would do. Plus, the seductive lady boss back in the An'yue Hotel, he would one day go back there and tell his woman how powerful he had become. Most importantly, the oaths he had made in front of his deceased mother weren't at all fulfilled.

So many unfulfilled wishes and promises!

Qinghan never felt such a strong desire for survival, which somehow transformed into the last strength he could utilize to release a little bit of Battle Qi. With his left palm slightly opened, he struggled to slam it towards the white fog nearby...

- Bang! -

As he expected, a faint white light appeared and bounced him back several meters.

What a narrow escape! The golden spear flew just across Qinghan's body, and pierced into the white fog. Despite all this luck, the turbulent air flow brought about by the spear scrapped on Qinghan's already wrecked skin, which left his bones to be exposed. It was, actually, too horrible to look at.

- Bang! -

The moment the spear collided with the white fog, there came an even

brighter light following a thundering explosion. Afterwards, a two meter wide hole was created by the colliding force. Inside the crevice, only pitch darkness could be seen. It was a stark contrast when one compared the whiteness of the outside and the darkness inside, as if the whole mountain was a giant beast, and the hole its mouth, ready to devour anyone daring to come close.

“Hu! Heaven bless the Ye Family!” Ye Qingniu was greatly relieved by seeing this, and felt that Qinghan must be blessed. But, in the next second, his expression changed, as he anxiously stared at the direction of Qinghan, and yelled, “No...”

Hardly had he finished his words, or the black hole began to inhale all things surrounding it. Instantly, the soil, weeds and debris all being sucked in by the black hole. There was an unseen force causing the wind to swirl like crazy, carrying the plants, and stones into the hole.

The most urgent part was, that Qinghan was being hauled into the hole! Unwillingly, he was dragged to the hole bit by bit. Regrets and compunction was filled in his eyes...

- Shoo! -

“Hold on!”

The yellowish light finally came! The entire Luo Shen Mountain was now covered up by Ye Tianlong’s Saint Domain. In an attempt to counter the attraction force of the hole, he released a large amount of his battle Qi.

However... the force from the hole was so strong, and Ye Tianlong was so far away, that it had little to no effect. Qinghan was continuously dragged away, and the nearer he came to the hole, the faster the speed. To everyone’s astonishment, in the next moment, Qinghan suddenly disappeared into the hole...

“Qing... Qinghan...” Powerlessly, Qingcheng knelt down, as her long hair was all messed up due to the previous struggle. Her graceful image, as the Holy Virgin of the Yue Family, had completely vanished. Her lively eyes turned deadly lackluster. She chose to believe that this was some wicked illusion or dream.

“Little Qinghan, you’re such a liar! You said you will be responsible to me in the

future...” Qingwu waved her head repeatedly and desperately. Tears began streaming down her face like heavy raindrops, which soaked her clothing, and the ground.

Qinghan looked at the two girls from the hole, but he couldn’t make any sound. He exerted all his physical strength, and took out a green box. Soon after that, he pushed the box out by using his last amount of Battle Qi. He cried out with great difficulty, before he was fully sucked in, “Save... Save my sister! I’ll... be back!”

“No!!!”

Following a heartbroken scream, Qingcheng closed and opened her eyes several times, to see if Qinghan would miraculously walk back out again, or not. To her disappointment, the size of the hole began to shrink, as the nearby fog was spreading over the hole. When she realized that Qinghan had disappeared, she suddenly slipped into a coma.

“No, it’s impossible!” Qingwu acted utterly out of her mind, because she kept rubbing her eyes, and pinching her own legs, to make sure she wasn’t having a nightmare. A little while later, she only showed the white part of her eyeballs, and fainted. Instantly, Sainan held Qingwu, and thought it was better for her to be unconscious than being grieved over the sad scene.

“Young lord Qinghan disappeared?” Feng Zi and Hua Cao looked at each other unbelievably, but the sorrow and helplessness in their eyes were conspicuous.

“Yao Xie, I’ll make you pay for this in the hard way!” Ye Tianlong descended at the center of the battlefield, and the coverage of his Saint Domain enlarged even further. Yao Xie and other two demons were all covered within. Ye Tianlong’s long hair was flying even without wind, as it was caused by the vibrant, strong momentum in the air. He held a two-meter long Moon Sword, and stood still. Yet, his turbulent fury was so violently visible, that his imposing manner made everything in the surrounding seem frozen.

“Slaughter!”

Another elder landed on the ground, it was Ye Qiang. Without any hesitation,

he immediately dashed to the leopard race demon with his long sword...

Chapter 172 – Ye Tianlong’s Fury

“Earth Roar!”

Following Ye Tianlong’s resounding howl, the ground of the Luo Shen Mountain shivered, as well as the Essence Qi inside the Saint Domain. Meanwhile, Yao Xie, and the other two demons were busy trying to fly away, but due to the sudden changes brought about by the Saint Domain they were horror stricken.

Different as they were, the demons, barbarians, and humans shared one thing in common: they all had to inhale the Essence Qi between Heaven and Earth to enhance their cultivation. Only in this way could they reach new heights in both their defensive and offensive capabilities. The Essence Qi was therefore the very foundation of cultivation, with which cultivators could furnish their fighting ability with various techniques.

Right now, Ye Tianlong’s Earth Roar caused some turbulence in the surrounding Essence Qi. The three demons were shocked to learn how magnificent this technique was. Before, they only knew that Ye Tianlong had an eighth-grade Bear of the Earth, which could help him reinforce his defensive ability, never did they expect, however, that Ye Tianlong’s grasp of the Laws of Heaven and Earth could be this impressive. Being intimidated by the sheer power exerted by this Earth Roar technique, the three demons chose to flee as quickly as possible.

“Retreat!”

Yao Xie stabilized himself, as he gave out this order. Being afraid of the dozens of Emperor-Realm advanced cultivators from behind, he urged his other two companions to run away. On the other hand, he was rather satisfied concerning his revengeful task, for he was confident that Qinghan must be dead after being sucked into the mountain. If Qinghan was carried back to the Ye Family, he would’ve most likely survived; but not in this case, where he stood no chance of survival considering the severity of his injuries and the dangers of the mountain. Now, since his mission was successful, he was glad he had brought his son’s murderer to justice.

The three demons, led by Yao Xie, therefore, ran away before they got attacked by Ye Tianlong.

“Escape? No way! Today, I won’t let any of you get out of this place... Earth Swamp!”

Looking back at the vanished hole, that had swallowed Qinghan, Ye Tianlong’s eyes were filled with grief at the beginning, but soon replaced by boundless fury. Immediately, waves of yellowish light emanated from his body, and spread in the surroundings. The Saint Domain, accordingly, turned into a dark yellow colour.

Inside the Saint Domain, the ripples of yellowish Battle Qi greatly slowed the speed of the three demons, while the advanced cultivators of the Ye Family weren’t affected at all, as they were running at an even faster speed than before. It was clear that the Ye Family had the upper hand. Shortly after, the three demons were encircled, as they were continuously struck by various weapons.

“Fuck, I was told that this bastard, Ye Tianlong, is a mere ‘turtle’, who’s only good at defense. This information is so wrong! I will tear the mouth up from his face once I find out who told me this false information. Ye Tianlong must’ve reached the second level of the Realm of the Saint! This ‘turtle’ disguised himself so well!”

Yao Xie couldn’t help but curse, as he found it to be increasingly difficult to make a fluent movement. As a Demonic Saint, he felt ashamed to be attacked by elders, who were only at the Realm of the Emperor. Angry as he was, he had no means to escape.

“Grrr!”

The other two demons, who were less capable in cultivation than Yao Xie, were both injured. Although these wounds wouldn’t become a threat to their lives, they believed, if they didn’t fight back, they would most likely be buried here forever. Thus, in order to survive, the leopard race demon released a special technique only belonging to the leopard race Demonic Saints. Instantly, a gigantic leopard shadow emerged over his head. The shadowy leopard slammed its palm, trying to attack the elders in the surroundings, so that they might get rid of the Saint Domain.

However, under the influence of the Earth Swamp, each and every movement

of the demons would be postponed. Before the shadowy leopard began its attack, all the elders had already hurriedly dodged away, leaving the demonic special technique to slam its palm in the air. Now, being fully provoked, the elders gave the demons a good showering of stabs and punches.

“Nasty leopard, go die!”

Among the elders, Ye Qiang distinguished himself as a cultivator in the third level of the Realm of the Emperor once integrated with his beast. Ever since Qinghan’s incident had happened in the Drunken-heart Garden of the Ye Castle, Ye Qiang had been diligently cultivating until Ye Tianlong had summoned him out to this place. He specialized in grasping the Laws of the Fire Element, which was part of the Laws of Heaven and Earth, and he had made a big breakthrough. He had actually invented his own series of offensive movements, which he had named “Flaming Spear”. Thanks to the demons, now he had the chance to practice his newly-invented skill in a real fight.

The leopard race demon had already cut off one of his hands, which had left his overall ability abated. Plus, being restricted by the Earth Swamp, his speed had reached a record low. In face of Ye Qiang’s flaming red spear, he behaved extremely sluggish. At last, he groaned miserably, as he was wishing for his master, Yao Xie, to come and help him out.

However, currently Yao Xie wasn’t even able to protect himself, for Ye Tianlong was approaching him step by step. He neither had the time nor energy to care about his subordinates. In his failed attempt to kill Qinghan, he had already used his life-saving technique, which could only be used once. Moreover, his ability was reduced by ten to twenty percentage after using that critical technique. As for Ye Qingniu, he was no longer a threat to Yao Xie, because his Ox Into Armor had also consumed much of his energy, and had greatly limited his ability to attack. It was Ye Tianlong that Yao Xie mostly feared right now. He had to run away no matter what. Otherwise, he believed that this mountain would become his tomb.

The only thing left, that he could protect himself with, was his shadowy lion. With this technique, he strived to run away from the Saint Domain.

“Body Burn in Fire!”

On the other side, Ye Qiang was throwing his long spear at the leopard race demon. In the process, the spear flew at a high speed with flaming fire surrounding the surface; and a little while later, it changed into twelve more shadowy spears, shooting altogether at the desperate leopard race demon. Eventually, with a grieving moan, the leopard race demon was killed, for he couldn't outrun the spears with the force created by the Earth Swamp.

The death of the leopard race demon left the ape race demon highly alerted. He knew that Yao Xie, who was in danger himself, wouldn't come to his rescue. Desperately, he gave up any form of defense, as he flew away with a red light enshrouding his body.

"Humph, no one can escape! Earth Roar!"

With firm and steady footsteps, Ye Tianlong drew closer and closer to his opponent, Yao Xie. But, he had also kept an eye on the situation of the other two demons, so he released yet another Earth Roar, preventing them from running away. Suddenly, the Luo Shen Mountain, as well as the air, all wobbled for several seconds. Without a doubt, the ape race demon almost fell down from the air, as he was struggling to stabilize himself.

"Flaming Spear!"

At this moment, Ye Qiang saw a golden opportunity to kill the ape race demon once and for all. So he held his spear, which still had fire lingering on the edge, and threw it forward with the forceful waves that the fire had created in his palm. All of a sudden, the flaming spear left his palm, directly pointing at the back of the demon.

"Ahhhh!"

The spear eventually penetrated through the body of the demon, before the spear fell down to the ground. A big hole was left in the demon, as blood was vigorously gushing out. With a last groan, the ape race demon lost his consciousness, as he fell down to the ground, where he caused the nearby dust to create a smokescreen.

Chapter 173 – Crippled!

“Ye Tianlong, one day, I will return what you have done to me today in double!”

One after the other, Yao Xie’s subordinates had died under the ruthless attacks of the elders. Such being the case, Yao Xie had found no reason to linger around this battlefield anymore. Besides, he would only suffer the same misery as the other two demons, if he failed to run away. Anyway, he was determined to take a shot. With bloodshot eyes, he glared at Ye Tianlong in full indignation, while his shadowy golden lion, as well as his shanks, were wrapped in a flaming fire, with which he successfully created a powerful force and pushed the Ye Family members away. While, at the same time, the fire burned increasingly violent until it carried Yao Xie, at an increasingly fast speed, out of the Saint Domain...

“Don’t bother to chase after him! Since Yao Xie burned his shadowy lion and shanks, we won’t be able to catch up with him. Humph, don’t worry, by burning himself, his cultivation will be dramatically damaged, and his body will definitely be crippled. Haha, given these weaknesses, it’s hard for him to preserve his title as Demonic Evil. As far as I know, he has tons of enemies even inside the demon innercircle! It’ll be an interesting drama to watch, when he is being targeted by those of his own kind!”

Looking at the disappearing Yao Xie, Ye Tianlong extended his hands, trying to prevent others from pursuing any further. As an eminent leader, Ye Tianlong knew all too well of Yao Xie’s tricks of burning his shadowy lion and shanks. Only upper level Demonic Saints were qualified to use such an ultimate life-saving technique. As a last resort, only when one’s life was truly threatened, would they use this technique, for an upper-level Demonic Saint would degrade to a lower-level Demonic Saint once it was used, and it would take a great amount of time and medicine to help one recover from the loss of Battle Qi. With abated cultivation, Yao Xie would find his position of Demonic Evil, which was craved by many, under threat. Hence, if he dared to go back to the Demonic Prefecture, he would be killed anyway.

After a long sigh, Ye Tianlong went directly to Ye Qingniu, after withdrawing his

Saint Domain. He knew, if Elder Qingniu had used his Ox Into Chopping, rather than Ox Into Armor, Yao Xie would've already been killed. What had been done, however, couldn't be undone. So he went to Ye Qingniu, who was hunkering in a stable position while curing his wounds.

"Qingniu, are you alright? Is your injury serious?" Ye Tianlong squatted a little bit, and whispered into Qingniu's ear, rather concernedly.

"Errr...." With an extremely pale face, and blood stains around his mouth, Elder Qingniu opened his eyes and looked at Ye Tianlong. He felt abashed and regretful for not fully accomplishing his task. Following a bout of coughing, he continued, "Respectful leader, I... I'm sorry. I'm a guilty person for failing to protect our young lords. I apologize to you, and all the ancestors of our family..."

"Hey, Qingniu, don't be so sad. I don't blame you, because I know that you've done your best. Plus... I don't think our young lord Qinghan will die inside the mountain." Touched by Qingniu's allegiance to the family, Ye Tianlong patted on his back, trying to console him. Meanwhile, his eyes suddenly lit up, as he turned his head towards the white fog of the Luo Shen Mountain.

"Do you remember, when Qinghan got severely injured at the Drunken-heart Garden, but then he miraculously recovered after just a short day? I guess, that this kid has a Saint-level item with him, an item that can heal his body. You know, what I worry about most right now, is whether he can resist the slaughter illusion inside the Luo Shen Mountain. Alas, I know, he's a kid of emotions, which was already proved by what he did for his sister. I'm afraid, that he'll fail to overcome the slaughter illusion and degrade himself into a killing machine until he dies..."

The prospect, that Qinghan could survive, greatly lifted Qingniu's spirit. In retrospect, he believed that Qinghan must indeed have many unraveled secrets on him. So he frowned, "The slaughter illusion is very difficult to get over when one is thrown in that condition alone. What shall we do? It's not often that our Ye Family will have such a promising young lord. If we fail to lend him a hand, and let him from die in the mountain, we'll have no face to meet our ancestors after we die."

“Alas! It’s beyond my ability!” Ye Tianlong took a deep breath, as he looked at the eastern sky, “Little Qinghan is too important for our family... Alright, I’ll invite our eldest senior out from his reclusive cultivation, no matter what his response is! After all... By doing so, I risk incurring his wrath onto me.”

“The eldest senior!” Qingniu’s eyes were glimmering with hope when he heard these words. But, an instant later, the light in his eyes disappeared, “Don’t forget, our eldest senior instructed us that no one is allowed to interrupt him, unless it’s for the survival of our Ye Family... These are his dying words... This is a rule strictly abided by us for so many years, and no one ever broke it.”

“Little Qinghan’s life links to the survival and prosperity of the Ye Family! In my opinion, the eldest senior will approve of my interruption. However, even if I’m taken as a rule-breaker, I’m ready to receive the punishment!”

There was a light of cruelty in Ye Tianlong’s eyes, as he continued with gritted teeth, “In our ancestor’s tomb, some simple structured barricades have been erected, I’ll directly go there and blast them all into smithereens. At that time, I believe that our eldest senior will appear... Do you want to go with me now, or later with the rest of them?”

“Alas... I hope that our eldest senior will save Qinghan. I think I’d better stay here with the youngsters. You know, the two girls... I’m afraid they’ll commit suicide when they wake up! Anyway, I’ll keep an eye on them!” Qingniu said his goodbyes to Tianlong, and glanced at Qingwu and Qingcheng in the near distance, who were both in Sainan’s arms.

Being a man of action, Ye Tianlong quickly nodded to Qingniu, and delivered his farewell speech, “Members of the Elder Clan, listen up! First, please escort Ye Qingniu and the young descendants back home. Second, keep cultivating. A month later, you’re required to come with me to the Demonic Prefecture, and annihilate the sub-races that belong to Yao Xie...”

As he finished his words, he immediately released his Saint Domain, with which he successfully flew up in the direction of Grey City.

“Respectful leader... Qinghan is still... Oh, I don’t understand my father, why does he fly away so hastily? He didn’t provide any ideas about how to help Qinghan out. I’m rather concerned whether Qinghan can sustain through the

dangers of the mountain with his already heavily injured body.” Ye Tianlong’s hasty speech left the other elders baffled, especially Ye Qiang, who cared about Qinghan the most.

“Now that Qinghan is sucked into the Luo Shen Mountain, and there’s no way to break in, we better leave the decision to our leader. Although as some of you might know, my Ox Into Chopping has a chance of ripping a hole in the white fog, I’m unfortunately exhausted following my use of Ox Into Armor. Anyway, our leader will figure out a way to resolve this issue. Now, prepare yourself and we’ll go home. We have to wait until we get back to Grey City to see what our leader has come up with.” Qingniu helplessly waved his hands, demanding everyone to arrange their journey instead of wasting time here wondering.

Afterwards, the elders all sighed with deep grief, for they felt it a pity to lose such a genius. It was a big blow to the family. They believed, that they could now only put all of their hope on Ye Tianlong, and see if he could save Qinghan or not...

Among the young lords and ladies, Feng Zi and Hua Cao both felt dejectedly unhappy without the company of Qinghan. Now, they were standing in front of the turbulent white fog where Qinghan was dragged in, they began memorizing all the cheerful and adventurous moments they had spent with Qinghan, which was definitely saddening them a great deal. But, what could they do for him? Nothing! The elders at a higher cultivation realm didn’t even have a way to save Qinghan, let alone these unfledged rookies.

As for Sainan, who held the passed-out Qingwu and Qingcheng tightly, she was thinking of how should she could comfort the two girls when they woke up. Her usual bright eyes had also turned lackluster because of the sorrow in her heart.

People from the other four families, as well as those from Dragon City, stood beside the carriages, and began to talk about Qinghan’s accident. Back on Ghost Island, Qinghan was labeled as invincible by his admirers. But just a few days later, this young hero had disappeared, and probably even died. Everyone with a conscience would find himself grieved on hearing of this tragedy...

Chapter 174 – The Eldest Senior of the Ye Family

It was early morning, the bustles and hustles in Grey City had already begun, either on the busy streets or on the narrow lanes. Everyone was in full spirit, striving for a better life. Perhaps, in the near future, they would make some breakthrough in their cultivation...

As the sun rose up, the warm, shining light casted all over Grey City, as well as the Flaming Dragon Continent.

-Swoosh! -

The rustles in the southwest sky grabbed the attention of the citizens in Grey City. Those morning-tea drinkers put down their cups of tea, the pedestrians stopped in the middle of their hasty footsteps, and the peddlers and their customers halted in the middle of their bargaining... Everyone shot their glance at the sky in the southwest.

Grey City, a place under direct governance of the Ye Family, had enjoyed stability for a long, long time. Because of the Ye Family, who protected their peaceful life, seldom did anyone dare to stir up any trouble here, unless he was intending to challenge the Ye Family. But now, a fuzzy figure was flying in the sky in full swing. Could this man be an intruder?

“Who’s that up in the sky?”

Another black figure bounced up from the crowded street, as he yelled out. This was actually the leader of Grey City, trying to figure out who this rude visitor up in the sky was. But, he was somehow able to refrain himself from using any impolite words in his language.

“Get out of my way!”

The neutralized statement of Grey City’s leader was met with an impertinent snarl from the man in the southwest sky. As that man quickly approached, they saw his yellow robe and his face... He was flying directly towards the Ye Castle, north of Grey City.

“S-Sorry, Respectful leader! Please punish me for my rudeness!” When Grey City’s leader was about to curse at the approaching man, it turned out that this

‘intruder’ was actually Ye Tianlong! In a hurry, he made a courteous bow and replied, in case Ye Tianlong was offended.

However, Ye Tianlong quickly disappeared into the Ye Castle, completely disregarding the crowd, who were waiting for his response.

“Eh?” Grey City’s leader confusingly stroked his beard, while his face turned ghastly pale. He couldn’t understand why Ye Tianlong had treated him so coldly, although he was notoriously for his stereotype mind. Or was it possible that there had happened some big event in the Ye Family?

People began to discuss about the abnormal behavior of Ye Tianlong, who was revered and idolized by many. But today, the impression he had left on these people was his indifference and rudeness. Therefore, rumors started to spread that something big had happened in the Ye family.

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As soon as Ye Tianlong arrived at the Ye Castle, all the members from the Elder Clan had voluntarily gathered together, with proper clothing and neat hair, to show their respect for the leader.

“Respectful leader!”

Looking at the surly-faced Ye Tianlong, everyone’s heart tightened, so they collectively bowed to him with full respect, waiting for his further instructions if there were any.

“Go and guard every gate of the Ye Castle, and prevent anyone from coming in. No one is allowed to tell any outsider what will happen in the following minutes! Now, dismiss!” Hastily, Ye Tianlong flew to the back hill of the castle after these words.

“Yes, Your Majesty!” Although Ye Tianlong’s order was met with a unanimous yes, everyone was left in confusion. It was just because of Ye Tianlong’s solemn face, that prevented them from asking the reasons behind it. Nevertheless, bewildered as they were, they quickly dispersed and blocked the whole Ye Castle.

“Respectful leader! What’s going on?” Ye Baihu came out to welcome Ye Tianlong. He realized something bad must’ve occurred, otherwise Ye Tianlong wouldn’t come back all alone.

“Don’t ask too much right now. I’ll explain it to you later. Release your Saint Domain, and don’t let anyone in!” Without a proper explanation, Ye Tianlong flew to a spacious ground, which was enclosed by walls near a small pool.

The walls weren’t very high, as they were approximately a meter high. The surface of these walls was painted black. Inside the walls, a spacious grassland was revealed, on which stood numerous mounds. On each and every mound, a stone tablet was erected and various sacrificial offerings were laid down. No doubt, this was the place called the Ye Family Tomb. All the prominent ancestors, who had made their great contribution to the family, were buried here.

“Why’s he going to the tomb?” Despite Ye Tianlong’s warning several minutes ago, Ye Baihu couldn’t resist the temptation to seek the truth behind his leader’s weird behavior. Why had Ye Tianlong come back alone and directly entered the family tomb? These questions haunted Ye Baihu’s head, since the moment he had seen Ye Tianlong return.

On the other side, Ye Tianlong had landed on the ground and walked in front of the black walls. Instead of walking through the middle gate, he suddenly knelt down with a thud. He kowtowed and bowed precisely following the required traditional rituals.

“All respectful ancestors, I’m your unfilial descendant Ye Tianlong. I don’t intend to disturb your souls, I hope I may be forgiven. If any one of you is offended, please don’t punish the Ye Family descendants as a whole, punish just me!”

Afterwards, he deeply bowed before he opened his left palm, and released a glaring yellowish light. He concentrated his Battle Qi on his left palm, and forcefully slammed his palm on the wall.

One face of the wall was therefore, swaying a little bit, but the force was far too weak to make it collapse. In the process, there appeared a blinding light.

-Bang! -

Once again, Ye Tianlong, a man who never yielded to difficulties, pushed out his two palms. This time, the wall was as stable as the previous time, but the light that followed was obviously much more dimmed.

- Bang! Bang! Bang! -

Under the repeated attacks of Ye Tianlong, the light on the wall eventually faded away. A second later, the wall crumbled under his attacks, leaving dust flying in the surroundings.

Satisfied with the result, Ye Tianlong put aside his palms, and kneeled down quietly, as if he was waiting for something to happen...

“Is our leader... out of his mind?” Ye Baihu couldn’t believe what he had just witnessed. How could their leader attack their family tomb, where the souls of many ancient seniors rested? Ye Baihu even guessed that his leader’s brain had been damaged after his recent travel.

Several minutes later, however, Ye Baihu withdrew his Saint Domain for he had sensed something and kneeled down behind Ye Tianlong.

Faintly, they heard some buzzing sound in their ears. But neither of them knew exactly how much time they had spent in silence, maybe only some seconds, or maybe several hours. Immediately following the buzz, however, they were both overwhelmed by a terrifying force that descended on the whole rear hill. It was like someone put a gigantic mountain upon their shoulders, the weight of which bent their spines. Ye Tianlong and Ye Baihu felt as if they were snatched by someone at the neck, as they were unable to move even in the slightest. This suffocating, unbearable feeling made them believe their heartbeat might stop once and for all.

“Humph... you two have really taken me aback! I never thought it to be my own descendants that raided our family tomb! Give me a convincing answer, or I will use the family law to punish you!”

A cold voice sounded out in the air, but strangely enough, when this voice rang out, the weight on Ye Tianlong and Ye Baihu disappeared as well, as if it had merely been an imaginary force.

By this time, both Ye Tianlong and Ye Baihu’s faces were streaming with cold sweat. They were spooked by the sudden appearance of this eldest senior.

“The 36th generation of the Ye family, Ye Tianlong, and Ye Baihu, respectfully greet you, respectful Ancestor Ye Ruoshui!”

Chapter 175 - No One Can Save Him!

“Alright, get up. It’s been... hundreds of years, the Ye Family has flourished to such a large pool of descendants now! You’re Ye Tianlong, right? Hmm, your grasp on the Laws of Heaven and Earth is impressive. I wonder what kind of emergency propelled you to raid the tomb and call me out? Tell me!”

Up until now, no other person could be found except Ye Tianlong and Ye Baihu. But, the coarse sound of Ancestor Ye Ruoshui reverberated in the air, as though he was right beside the two of them.

“Respectful ancestor, please come out and save our young lord!” As straightforward as he was, Ye Tianlong cut to the point and bowed to Ancestor Ye Ruoshui, while imploring him with an earnest expression.

“Give me the reason!” The voice sounded out, but with no amicable feelings attached to it. Rather, he sounded as if he was reproaching Ye Tianlong for interrupting his reclusive cultivation, and raiding the family tomb, simply because of a young lord.

“This young lord isn’t like any of the mediocre ones. Back in the Awakening Ceremony, he managed to summon a holy-grade battle beast after the appearance of a nine-colored halo, and learned a formidable integration technique that attacks others’ souls. Most importantly, at the age of sixteen, he is now in the first level of the Realm of the Marshal already! Not long ago, he participated in the Prefecture War, where his integration technique became even more powerfull. In general, his strength should be... in my calculation, better than any cultivator below the Realm of the Emperor...”

- Shoo! -

While Ye Tianlong was detailing Qinghan’s achievements and talents in proud, the air began to slightly vibrate. Soon afterwards, in front of Ye Tianlong, there appeared a white-clothed middle-aged man. Judging from his skin and outlook, it seemed as if he was only in his late thirties or early forties. Oddly enough, despite his youthful features, his two long eyebrows were silvery white, which dangled down along his face. Also, his pair of deep eyes suggested that he must be a man of old age, at least in spirit.

“We respectfully greet you, Ancestor Ruoshui!” It baffled both Ye Tianlong and Ye Baihu as to how this ancestor looked so young. A man, who was over 500 years old, simply looked much younger than either of them. Although the portrait of Ye Ruoshui was hanging in their Ancestral Hall, and they had had a glimpse of him already, they had never thought that he was this young and full of vigor. However, no other man, other than Ye Ruoshui, who was in the Heaven Immortal Realm, would be able to teleport himself in such a short amount of time.

Their guesses proved to be right, this was Ye Ruoshui, the man that owned a ninth grade White Tiger, and had led the Ye family to occupy Grey City. Now, he was in the Realm of the Heaven Immortal, so far, he was the most powerful man in the Ye family.

“Are you sure that this kid has summoned a holy-grade battle beast? What does this beast look like? And also, tell me something more about his integration technique!” Ye Ruoshui stood there squarely, without releasing any of his Battle Qi; yet, Ye Tianlong and Ye Baihu felt so suppressed by his imposing manner, that they thought that they were facing an insurmountable mountain.

Ye Tianlong took a deep breath to balance his mind, before he responded, “The nine-colored halo is witnessed by all the elders of the family. As for the appearance of that battle beast... hmm, it actually looked like a lion-nosed dog. The difference is, it has a black horn on its head. According to what this young lord told us, this is a Soul-eating battle beast. But, when we checked all the books concerning battle beasts, we found none matching it. Errr... The integration technique, he says it’s called Soul Blackout, which can make anyone below or in the same realm pass out for a short period of time. Now, after the Prefecture War, his integration technique has reached a level where it can attack the souls of a group of enemies, rather than individually. He successfully slaughtered large groups of demons and barbarians within seconds!”

“Hmm, impressive! Where is he then? I’d like to meet him!” Now, Ye Ruoshui’s voice revealed some shock and excitement.

“Respectful Ancestor Ruoshui, it’s all my fault! This young lord killed the son of Yao Xie, in revenge, Yao Xie ambushed us in the Luo Shen Mountain and launched a sneak attack. Now, this young lord ended up being sucked into the

Luo Shen Mountain... Although, I believe he can survive temporarily, I'm not sure how long he can sustain inside the mountain, especially inside the slaughter illusion, which is currently three times more powerful than when the Heaven Path opens in five years. That's why I've come to seek your help. Ancestor, please save him!" Ye Tianlong threw himself to the ground, and bowed to Ye Ruoshui, while his face was saturated with a mix of regrets and hope.

"Dumbass! If this little kid dies there, you'll be the sinner of our Ye Family!"

His two long white eyebrows moved a little bit, as Ye Ruoshui frowned. The light of indignation and killing intent in his eyes made Ye Tianlong and Ye Baihu scared, as if they were being thrown into an icehouse, and their blood was frozen. They were extremely scared, but they didn't know what to say other than kneeling down like two statues.

However, Ye Ruoshui just slowly closed his eyes, as if he had fallen asleep. Ye Tianlong and Ye Baihu made no sound at all, but their bodies were trembling in fear.

After a long time, Ye Ruoshui's eyes were still shut, as he remained silent. When Ye Tianlong was about to break the silence and beg for mercy, Ye Ruoshui suddenly opened his eyes.

"Respectful Ancestor, what did you find?" Ye Tianlong couldn't help but ask, while Ye Baihu didn't have the guts to say a word.

"This kid... he's safe and sound up until now." With a slight breath, Ye Ruoshui replied with eyes less cold than before. Instead, he looked rather confused, "I've checked his condition with my soul observation ability, but I'm shocked by how quickly he is healing. I mean, he was severely injured, right? But he's recovering at a terrifying speed, almost a hundred times faster than a normal cultivator!"

"I'm not quite sure, but I think that he might possess a holy-grade item!" Ye Tianlong's fear of being punished was greatly eased, as he replied lightheartedly.

"What a competent leader!" Ye Ruoshui glanced at Ye Tianlong with the corner of his eyes.

Embarrassingly, Ye Tianlong's face turned blushed, and his sense of guilt resurfaced. Ye Ruoshui gave him false praise in sarcasm. He was blaming him for

not protecting the genius of their family. Now, this young lord was in the dangerous Luo Shen Mountain, but Ye Tianlong still couldn't confirm whether there was a holy-grade item with the kid or not. It was taken by Ye Ruoshui, as negligence.

"Ancestor... When will you save him?" Ye Tianlong asked in abashment.

"Save him? No, I can't!" To their great surprise, Ye Ruoshui rejected with a firm accent, which left Ye Tianlong and Ye Baihu both perplexingly petrified.

How could Ancestor Ruoshui be unable to save Qinghan? Since he could check Qinghan's current condition from thousands of miles away, how was it possible that he had no means to save Qinghan? Wasn't he a Heaven-Immortal Realm cultivator?

As for Ye Qingniu, a Saint-Realm cultivator, he was able to break through the white fog of the Luo Shen Mountain with his Ox Into Chopping; the Demonic Saint, Yao Xie, could rip through the white fog with his golden spear with a two-meter crevice that had sucked Qinghan in... It would be totally inconvincible, that Ye Ruoshui, a Heaven-Immortal Realm cultivator, wasn't able to save Qinghan?

"How come? Respectful ancestor, you're in the Realm of the Heaven Immortal!" Ye Tianlong lost his temper a little bit, but after several minutes of serious meditation, his expression changed, and he asked with caution, "Respectful ancestor, has your injury recovered?"

Once again, Ye Ruoshui shook his head helplessly, before he spoke up, "No, it has nothing to do with my injury. I simply can't get into the Luo Shen Mountain. You know, not only me, but also all other Immortal-level cultivators in the Flaming Dragon Continent! Neither the leader of Immortal City, nor the leader of the Concealed Island can enter the Luo Shen Mountain, despite their distinguished power in cultivation. The only person that has a chance to get into the mountain, as far as I know, is Majesty Shi, who lives in the Dark Forest. Anyway, forget about him, I know for sure, that he won't help us! So... No one can save our young lord!"

Chapter 176 – Mars Prefecture Blood Token

“No one can save him!”

On hearing this hopeless conclusion, both Ye Tianlong and Ye Baihu shuddered with ghastly pale faces. If Qinghan’s life was under threat, they would surely be regarded as the guilty elders, who had failed to protect the most promising young lord in their family.

“Don’t be so depressed, guys. There is still hope!” Ye Ruoshui glanced at his two panicked descendants, and continued, “Plus, this could be an opportunity for this young lord to become stronger, provided he can make it out eventually... Alas, after all, it all depends on his own potential and luck. Everything is unpredictable at this moment.”

“Oh? Ancestor, would you please explain it a little bit to us?” Ye Tianlong took Ye Ruoshui’s remarks as a silver lining, which reignited his confidence in Qinghan’s survival. He stood up abruptly, and asked expectantly.

“The legend of the Luo Shen Mountain, I believe, you’ve all heard something about it. I can confirm that this legend isn’t a fantasy created by some bored people. It’s real! The Luo Shen Mountain is indeed a channel connecting various Small Immortal Pavilions in a myriad of spaces. There is an Immortal Sword in the Small Immortal pavilion of the Luo Shen Mountain, and with the help of that sword, one can access the key to the Soul Emperor Pavilion. But, that being said, one only gets three chances to go into the Soul Emperor Pavilion, in which there are priceless treasures, once owned by the mighty Soul Emperor, left for any successful intruder to obtain.”

“The purpose of establishing the Luo Shen Mountain is clear. Through the many trials one might encounter, the invader will be tested in terms of his potential, comprehension ability, personality, and luck! Of course, the Soul Emperor won’t let mediocre cultivators with a flawed personality obtain his relic. I said I have scrutinized all the information about this kid, and found that his name is Ye Qinghan, and his comprehension skill in cultivation is one of a kind. It is fair to call him a top genius. In my analysis, this kid isn’t short of integrity, and remained kindhearted in spite of the so many slaughters he committed. Yeah, I know, in front of the enemy, he will turn unyieldingly ruthless. To my knowledge,

the chance of him being a successful invader by passing all three trials and obtaining the Immortal Sword is realistic. Anyway, it's only my prediction; everything depends on his mindset, as well as his luck!" Ye Ruoshui's eyes turned warm and amicable, as if he was rather appreciative towards Qinghan.

"Errr..." Ye Tianlong and Ye Baihu looked at each other perplexingly, not towards the Luo Shen Mountain, but towards the terrifying ability of Ye Ruoshui. Ye Ruoshui had penetrated through Ye Tianlong's soul and checked his knowledge about Qinghan, without Ye Tianlong even realizing it.

"That... that's impressive." Ye Tianlong murmured to himself. But a second later, he raised his head again, and asked, "However... Ancestor, I heard that anyone, who forcefully enters the Luo Shen Mountain well before the Heaven Path opened, would never come back out again. As far as I know, no one survived after entering like this. Also, I have another question. Why can cultivators in the peak level of the Realm of the Saint rip through the white fog, but not a Heaven Immortal cultivator like you?"

Without giving Ye Tianlong a quick response, Ye Ruoshui pondered silently for a minute, before he finally spoke up, "There are two ways to enter the Luo Shen Mountain. The first way is through the well-known Heaven Path, which will open once every five years. Usually, those under the Realm of the Emperor aren't advised to enter, because their odds of surviving are extremely low. But for those in or beyond the Realm of the Emperor, as long as they don't go too deep into the mountain for more treasures, they're relatively safe. Of course, one must control their greed for treasures or any other kind of fancy illusion, otherwise they will recklessly pursue ahead without realizing the dangers lurking in the shadows. Like I said before, it's not only a battle of your force, but also a struggle of your mind. Anyway, if you get out of the mountain within ten days of the opening of the Heaven Path, you're generally safe. But, after the tenth day, you're not allowed to come out randomly, and you're forced to continue your journey."

"Well, the second way is also called the "Death Way". At the time when you break through the white fog and enter the mountain, you're not allowed to come out until you complete all the trials. The second way is actually much more suitable for relatively lower ranked cultivators. The lower the cultivation level,

the lower the risks. Let's look at our young lord Qinghan, he is simply in the first level of the Realm of the Marshal. Even when he integrates with his battle beast, he'll only obtain the power of those in the Realm of the Prince. I mean, the severity of the slaughter illusion will vary precisely according to the true ability of the invader. As for the other two trials, I'm not sure whether he can pass it or not. But remember, even though the slaughter illusion is comparatively easier for lower-ranked cultivators, we never suggest anyone below the Realm of the Emperor to throw himself into such a great uncertainty. As for Qinghan, we have no choice. I'll keep on checking his conditions, and I'll inform you whenever there is any news... Is there anything else you wish me to explain?"

Ye Ruoshui's ambiguous prediction about Qinghan left Ye Tianlong and Ye Baihu restless. Although Qinghan was temporary out of danger, who knew what would happen to him next. Thinking of the dire condition Qinghan would face, they both slipped into depression, and their anger towards Yao Xie had turned unprecedentedly fierce.

"Ancestor, I know, as the leader of the Ye Family, that I should be held accountable for all of this. But, Yao Xie should by no means be spared. He brazenly broke the Blood Treaty by assassinating our young lord! Let me lead our Elder Clan to kill this bastard and his followers. I'll teach them a brutal lesson! Otherwise, the reputation of our Ye Family will be greatly damaged. Also, I think people from Immortal City also got themselves involved in Yao Xie's plot. Ancestor, please confirm whether Tianlong can launch an attack against the demons?" Ye Tianlong's bloodshot eyes stared into Ye Ruoshui's face, expecting for a positive answer.

"Don't get yourself in trouble by provoking people from Immortal City! I have my own way in dealing with this matter. As for Yao Xie..." Ye Ruoshui meditated for some seconds, before he took out a red token from his chest pocket.

"This is the Mars Prefecture Blood Token. Take this token and meet the Dragon City's leader. By showing him this token, you can summon the Saint-Realm cultivators across the Mars Prefecture to join the action. This time, we have the moral high ground, and Yao Xie is the wrongdoer and treaty-breaker. You can slaughter as many demons as you wish. But remember, tell them to only kill the lion-race demons that belong to Yao Xie, not other races of the Demonic

Prefecture, in case those creepy old demons in the Demonic Immortal Hill are provoked. And... If any representatives from Immortal City interfere, you have to retreat!”

“Yes, respectful ancestor!” Ye Tianlong and Ye Baihu nodded their heads firmly.

“This is a messenger token, you can call me out only in case of a big event. Tianlong, keep on cultivating. I hope you can break into the Heaven-Immortal Realm before your lifespan expires.” Ye Ruoshui threw out another jade token to Tianlong, before he walked to the black wall. In a second, he miraculously renovated the broken wall, and disappeared.

“Goodbye, ancestor!” Ye Tianlong and Ye Baihu quickly kneeled down, marveling at the sheer power of his ancestor. Their growing respect for their ancestor was sincere and ardent.

“Leader, what shall we do next?” Ye Baihu finally talked, as he hadn’t dared to speak in front of Ye Ruoshui.

“What shall we do? Hahaha” Ye Tianlong raised the red token, and laughed. Before he met with Ancestor Ruoshui, he had planned to secretly assemble the advanced cultivators and surprise attack the demons. Now, however, this retaliation plan was approved by Ye Ruoshui, he wouldn’t waste this opportunity to teach Yao Xie a good lesson.

“You stay at home, and wait for the arrival of Qingniu and the youngsters. I guess that in a couple of days, they’ll arrive. Now, I’ll go to Dragon City to meet with Long Pifu. We’ll collaborate with him to call out all the advanced cultivators of our Mars Prefecture, to raid the Demonic Prefecture! I swear to annihilate all the lion race demons and let Yao Xie know how powerful we truly are!” Ye Tianlong smiled coldly, as he instructed Ye Baihu.

Chapter 177 – Some News About Qinghan

Ye Qingniu looked extremely anxious, not because of his injuries, or the drizzling outside of the window, but because of the two girls in the carriage.

What had happened at the Luo Shen Mountain, indeed, did little harm to the other four families and those from Dragon City. In the end, Yao Xie was crippled and had fled, and his two demons had both been killed. Although Qinghan wasn't able to come out yet, the enemies were somehow brought to justice. But none of these reasons could quell the flame of regret in Qingniu's heart.

He found himself to blame for all that had happened. In self-reflection, Qingniu believed he could've done better by not leading the team of carriages to go back home in the first place. It was his overconfidence that made him believe that everyone would be safe and sound under his command. When they had arrived at the Luo Shen Mountain, he should've followed the young lords and ladies to ensure their safety or he should've never let them walk around there. If he had used his Ox Into Chopping first, Yao Xie might've lost his chance to release his golden spear and Qinghan wouldn't be in such a dire situation right now. Also, the two girls, who were now sitting in one of the carriages, wouldn't be so heartbroken.

The moment Qingcheng and Qingwu had woken up; they didn't kick up a fuss, but asked in faint voices about whether Qinghan was still alive. After receiving the uncertain answer from Ye Qingniu, they had both turned mute, as neither had said a single word since that moment

"Alas! You two little girls, please talk to me. It's been several days that I haven't heard any words from you. Are you going to make me go mad?" When the carriage was only several miles away from Grey City, Ye Qingniu couldn't help but to complain.

Inside the carriage, Qingcheng kept the same position for a long time, staring at the southwest sky with blank, hollow eyes. The absence of Qinghan, her future fiancé, had resulted in the normal vibrant radiance on her face to vanish. The sadness had numbed her senses.

On the other side, Qingwu rested her hands on her chin, while her eyes were fastened on the fruit plate on the desk. She, too, looked like a statue, totally

ignoring Qingniu's remarks.

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- Creak! -

Half an hour later, the horses were all forced to slow down their pace. The neighing of the horses, mingled with the noises made by people, could be heard inside the carriages. A minute later, the sound of a group of people walking on the ground could be heard inside the carriages.

"Elder Qingniu, It's the Ye Castle!"

"Kids, we've arrived. Let's get off and see if our leader has found a solution to save Qinghan." Ye Qingniu slowly stood up and went out of the carriage, as he spoke to the two girls. Qingwu and Qingcheng looked at each other, as their eyes lit up when they heard the name Qinghan. Eventually, they followed Elder Qingniu out into the Ye Castle.

"Greetings, respectful Elder Qingniu!"

The front gate of the Ye Castle was exquisitely decorated, as a giant stone lion stood on each side, rendering an imposing manner. Outside the gate, a line of elders had already been waiting for their arrival, to welcome Ye Qingniu and the distinguished guests from the other families.

"Brother Qingniu, are you alright?" Ye Baihu rushed in front of Ye Qingniu, as he helped him walk. In order to know Ye Qingniu's condition, Ye Baihu released a streak of Battle Qi and penetrated through the latter's arm. He was so anxious about Qingniu's health, that he couldn't wait for his answer.

"Hehe, look, I'm still alive. Don't make it look like a big thing. I feel so much better now. Oh, let's get inside the castle, and welcome these distinguished guests." Ye Qingniu slightly patted on Ye Baihu's shoulders, trying to soothe his anxiety. He then turned to Sainan and the others, "Miss Sainan, and all of you, please come in to have a rest. It has been a long journey, I bet that you're all exhausted! Make yourself at home, everyone! Ye Qiang, show them around!"

"Yes, Elder Qingniu! Everyone, please follow me!" Ye Qiang dashed to the

front, and extended his hand while leading them to the meeting hall.

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“Elder Baihu, where is Elder Tianlong? Is there any news about the current condition of Qinghan? Have you figured out any way to save him?” Hardly had everyone got themselves seated, or Qingwu had reeled off a couple of questions. Everyone tossed their heads towards Baihu, wishing to receive some good news about young lord Qinghan.

“Our leader has gone to Dragon City!” Embarrassed by the expectant glances he received, Ye Baihu helplessly sighed, “As for Qinghan, up until now, I can assure you that he’s alright. But... whether he can get out of the Luo Shen Mountain or not, it all depends on his own ability.” He suddenly halted, as he swept his eyes over the crowd, but when he saw the disheartened expression on Qingwu’s face, he added, “According to the analysis of our ancestor, Qinghan has a 60% chance of getting out of the mountain after five years when the Heaven Path opens.”

“Elder Baihu, are you sure? I hope you’re not lying to us.” At the beginning, Qingwu’s eyes lit up when she had heard this good news, at least she had a 60% of chance to reunite with Qinghan in five years. But, on second thought, she raised some doubts about this answer. She could remember vividly how severe Qinghan had been injured: the ruptured bones and the massive hemorrhage... Plus, throughout history, she had never heard of anyone that had the ability and luck to get out of the mountain, if he had entered through the white fog rather than the Heaven Path.

“Baihu, what you just said is true?” Qingniu stared at Baihu’s face, for he was also eager to know of Qinghan’s condition.

“Of course, this is what our ancestor told us. But, in my opinion, the odds are only around 40%. I’ll explain it to you later!” Baihu conveyed his voice to Qingniu, before he turned to others and said, “This information is confirmed by our leader. Five years later, when the Heaven Path opens, I hope all of the Emperor-Realm cultivators in the Mars Prefecture will come to help us to find Qinghan.”

“Yeah, what Baihu said is true. I can assure you that this is the truth. Qingwu,

Qingcheng, you two are supposed to cultivate hard to reach the Realm of the Emperor, so that you'll be able to join on this adventure in five years!" Qingniu interrupted.

Looking at the sincerity in Baihu's eyes, and the solemn expression on Qingniu's face, Qingwu and Qingcheng burst into happy tears.

"Thank goodness. He's still alive. There is still hope that we can meet him in five years!"

This definitely was good news for these two girls, for they would strive to find him even if there was only a 10% chance to do so. Encouraged by Qingniu's remarks, they both made their resolution to cultivate hard in order to contribute their due efforts in saving Qinghan five years from now.

"Great! This piece of news is just like a good rain after a long drought! I mean, I was so depressed all these days since I thought I lost one of my best friends already. But, look, you give us hope! In five years, we'll see him again! I believe he can eventually make it out!" Feng Zi was so elated, that he slapped his own thighs as he talked, and the light in his eyes showed his feeling was genuine rather than a pretended one.

"Five years later, I promise I'll go and save young lord Qinghan!" Sainan also stood up, taking her vow.

"Me too!" Hua Cao also showed his willingness to join the rescue efforts.

"Thanks so much... we really appreciate your help! If Qinghan, as we wish, comes back out in five years, our Ye Family will reward each one of you with grand rewards!" Baihu cupped his hands, as he expressed his gratitude. At the same time, he really wished to thank Qinghan for his ability in sociable skills. In the past, Qinghan had been low-profiled in the Ye Family, and some even attributed his unpopularity to his own personality. But now, everything had changed. Not only had he won the heart of the Holy Virgin of the Yue Family, he had even gotten on good terms with these young lords and ladies, who had now all vowed to help him in five years.

At the same time, Qingcheng bit her red lips, while turning to Qingniu, "Elder

Qingniu, I... I have a small request, though I don't know if it's appropriate to ask at this moment or not. But, would you allow me to have a look at Miss Qingyu?"

Chapter 178 – Save Ye Qingyu!

Qingcheng, Qingwu and other young lords and ladies, followed after Ye Qingniu and Ye Baihu to the rear hill of the Ye Castle. As for the elders of the other families, they were left in the hall and Ye Qiang was at their service. The rear hill, indeed, was a forbidden place in the Ye Castle, where even normal elders weren't allowed to enter. While, as for Sainan, Hua Cao, and other young lords and ladies, they were the future leader of their respective family, and Qingcheng was Qinghan's fiancée, so Ye Qingniu and Ye Baihu decided to make an exception and let them in.

The picturesque sceneries in the rear hill were breath-taking, and the black wall, that had been broken by Ye Tianlong the other day, had also been completely renovated.

In a small pavilion alongside the river, there was a girl, whose name they had heard so often, but only Qingwu had seen her before. When they came in, they found a white-haired girl lying on her bed. The expression on this sleeping girl's face was so peacefully innocent, that they all felt a sting in their heart, as they were sympathizing for her unfortunate experience that had been inflicted on her at such a young age. No doubt, this girl was Ye Qingyu, Qinghan's beloved sister. As for Qingwu and Qingcheng, they both stared at Qingyu with blurred eyes, holding back their tears; but, when they thought of the endangered Qinghan, their tears simultaneously rolled down their cheeks.

"Brother Qingniu, isn't the Spirit Immortal Dan in your pocket?" Ye Baihu tried to divert the youngsters' attention from sadness, as he reminded Qingniu of the Dan that could cure Qingyu.

"Oh, yes! But where's the other pill, the one that is fetched by our leader? Is it with you?" In a hurry, Qingniu took out the emerald box, that was thrown at him by Qinghan the moment before he was totally sucked into the fog. He felt so obligatory to save Qinghan's sister after seeing what Qinghan had done for obtaining this pill.

"Yes, our leader gave it to me some time ago. He also required me to save Qingyu as soon as you arrived. So that we together can fulfill Qinghan's wish! Ok, I'll do some preparation for this critical moment. With these two pills, I'm

confident that Qingyu can be saved!” Ye Baihu nodded his head.

After a while, Baihu led the young lords and ladies out of the rear hill, and towards the rooms that had been arranged for them. While at the same time, Qingniu stayed at the rear hill, recovering his wounds.

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That night, Ye Baihu called Qingniu out, and secretly assembled some elders to help them guard the surroundings. He and Qingniu went to Qingyu’s room, and began to use the mystical method to save her.

Forced by Qingkuang’s kidnap conspiracy, Qingyu had slammed herself against a wall, after which she had accidentally inherited the knowledge of the Jade Spirit Body. Apparently, she hadn’t been able to fully digest all the information that she was bestowed upon at such a young age, yet she chose to take the risk to use the Soul Sacrifice in the hope of saving her brother. In the end, unfortunately, her soul had backfired because she hadn’t correctly performed the skill.

Since then, Ye Baihu had been using various nourishments to maintain Qingyu’s life. Now, two Spirit Immortal Dans were in his hand, and there was no reason for him to waste any time to proceed the saving process. In order to implement the mystical method, they had to force the energy inside the Dan out and inject it into Qingyu’s head. In this way, her soul could be further solidified until she could wake up.

“Elder Baihu, will our sister Qingyu wake up tomorrow morning?” Qingwu clung to her grandfather, who had already approved of her watching the scene.

“Little girl, don’t interrupt us. Just stand there and watch. If there’s still some surplus energy that Qingyu fails to inhale, you can absorb it by using the mystical method I taught you.” Qingniu glared at his naughty granddaughter. But, he had some selfish thoughts by bringing her in, in the hope that she could benefit from the energy if there was any left.

“Yes, your grandfather is right. The energy released from the Spirit Immortal Dan is super precious. Don’t waste any! Brother Qingniu, I will begin, please oversee the process for me.” Ye Baihu turned back to Qingniu, hoping to start the process as soon as possible.

Immediately, Baihu held a white box on his left hand, and released his Saint Domain. A streak of a white flow gradually flew from his left hand to Qingyu's forehead. Several minutes later, Baihu pulled the lid open, and soon the room was filled with a soothing fragrance, that was being released from the white box. Thanks to his Saint Domain, the fragrance didn't have any chance to leak out from any crevices or windows.

Soon after that, Baihu formed two Battle Qi hands, and searched in the box until he grabbed a gem-like object, the size of a fingernail. Numerous colorful rays radiated from the object, igniting the whole room. Without any hesitation, Baihu held it with his Battle Qi hands, and wrapped it up with the white flow. With meticulous caution, he brought the so called Spirit Immortal Dan to Qingyu's forehead.

As Qingwu gawped at the blazing light of the pill, she simply couldn't keep her mouth closed. Was this the legendary Spirit Immortal Dan? It was so beautiful, and the fragrance and vibe it exuded was so comfortable. It made one feel that he was in the arms of his own mother. That compelling force, that was created by the pill, tranquilized one's soul. Seeing this, Qingwu hurriedly hunkered and started to cultivate.

Baihu and Qingniu looked at each other with unbelievable eyes. Although they'd never seen the Spirit Immortal Dan personally, they had seen it in the books. But, the pill right in front of their eyes was so different from what was described in the relevant books. They could feel the pure, powerful energy it contained, but there was something wrong about it.

The box had been closed for many days, because it wasn't allowed to open it in case of the leakage of the energy. But, when Baihu checked deep inside the box, he sensed the pure energy within, so he had raised no doubts at all. Tonight, when they first saw the appearance of this Dan, they found it hard to match this pill with what they imagined based on the information they had learned from the record books.

"Errr..."

Amidst their confusion, the pill with colorful rays suddenly flashed and

disappeared into Qingyu's head. Immediately afterwards, Qingyu's face turned reddish, and peacefully vibrant...

"W-what happened?"

Qingniu stood up abruptly, and drew closer to Qingyu to see whether she would wake up or not. Before Qinghan had been fully sucked into the white fog, he had promised to help Qinghan save his sister. He wouldn't allow any accident to happen at this crucial moment.

While Baihu acted much more composed, as he quickly extended his left hand, trying to use the lingering white flow to check Qingyu's soul. But, when the white flow was about to enter Qingyu's head, it was forcefully bounced back.

"Damn it! I can't even check the condition of her soul. This... this must be a false Spirit Immortal Dan! It's totally different from what I read in the record book. What... what is it exactly?"

Eventually, Baihu lost his temper, as he stammered out with frightened eyes.

"Isn't this supposed to be the other Spirit Immortal Dan, that has been given to us by the leader of the Concealed Island? If it's not a Spirit Immortal Dan, then what is it? Will it do harm to Qingyu?"

Qingniu's face turned ghastly pale, for he was so worried for Qingyu.

"This is an Immortal Crystal!"

A resounding voice reverberated in the room out of the blue. When they turned around, they suddenly saw that a black figure had appeared in the pavilion!

Chapter 179 – Immortal Crystal

“This is an Immortal Crystal!”

The abrupt appearance of this figure left everyone present so uncannily horrified. Ye Qingniu immediately responded by releasing his Battle Qi in defense, in case it was an enemy. This was a habit he had formed through his countless experiences in battles, and now it had almost become a part of his intuition. Whenever there was any possible danger up ahead, he would instantly be on high alert.

“Respectful Ancestor!”

Unlike the flurried Qingniu, Baihu stepped forward and greeted the ‘intruder’. Confusingly, Qingniu first looked at Baihu, who was now kneeling down submissively, and then looked at the man in front of them. He suddenly realized that this man was actually their ancestor! Instantly, he also threw himself onto the ground, and spoke up with a shivering voice, “I’m Ye Qingniu. I greet you, respectful ancestor!”

“Get up! Tell me, where did you get this Immortal Crystal?” Ye Ruoshui asked in an indifferent tone, as his two white eyebrows swung in the air. He soon turned his head towards Qingyu, and his eyes were filled with a heavy suspicion.

“Immortal Crystal? Ancestor, do you mean the pill with colorful rays that we took out just now?” Baihu replied with courtesy. After seeing Ye Ruoshui’s approving nod, he continued, “I received this pill from our leader, Ye Tianlong, who exchanged various treasures for this pill during his trip to Concealed Island. This pill... isn’t it a Spirit Immortal Dan?”

“Spirit Immortal Dan? Are you kidding me? An Immortal Crystal is more than ten thousand times more valuable than a Spirit Immortal Dan! Humph! Exchange? I suppose no one is willing to exchange this once in a million treasure, even if we’re to offer the entire Ye Castle in return!” Ye Ruoshui replied in a self-mocking manner. It seemed that Baihu’s explanation had only further baffled this old man, “How funny! Since when did this old brother on Concealed Island get such a top-level treasure? It’s eerily unlikely that he was so generous as to give this Immortal Crystal to us, in exchange for some comparatively lower-valued treasures? It’s absolutely not a favorable deal for him. Why did he do it?”

What's his true purpose? There must be a plot behind all of this!"

"Ahhh..."

Ye Ruoshui's reasonable analysis left Baihu and Qingniu totally dumbfounded. They stood there like two statues, meditating on everything concerning the Immortal Crystal.

What kind of treasure would this Immortal Crystal be? Why would the leader of Concealed Island give this to the Ye Family? What was the specific function of the Immortal Crystal? What would happen to Ye Qingyu after inhaling such a priceless treasure.

"Ohh, I get it. This old brother did some tricks on the box. No wonder you mistook this for a Spirit Immortal Dan!"

Ye Ruoshui took the box from Baihu, and carefully scrutinized the white jade box, which had contained the pill. Afterwards, he threw a glance at Qingyu, before he turned back to Qingniu and Baihu again.

"So many doubts need to be unraveled. Alas, I'll go to the East Sea to plunge into the details of this matter. You two, keep a close eye on this girl. Hmm, I'll designate her as our next leader. Remember, don't let any outsiders know about this girl. Before she grows to the Realm of the Saint, she should be kept within the Ye Castle. If everything goes well, I believe, in roughly ten years, our Ye Family will have an Immortal-level cultivator!"

As soon as he finished his words, Ye Ruoshui disappeared, leaving Baihu and Qingniu behind, as both of them were flabbergasted with wide open mouths.

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"W-what did our ancestor just say?"

It had taken them a long while to realize what had happened. Finally, Baihu had wriggled his lips, as he had stammered out with sheer unbelievable eyes.

"Errr... He said... this girl will be our next leader. Saint-Realm? Immortal-level cultivator? What the fuck? Did I hear it wrong?" In response, Qingniu repeated what Ye Ruoshui had just said, but he desperately needed Baihu's reassurance to

convince himself of what he had just heard.

“I think you’re right. Our ancestor said, that in ten years, there will be an immortal-level cultivator in our family. It seems like this girl will be that one.” Baihu confirmed.

As they simultaneously turned their heads towards the white-haired girl on the bed, both Qingniu and Baihu widened their eyes further, and swallowed...

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Long Pifu, an dwarf old man with a benign face, was in Dragon City. Funny enough, he was wrapped in a grey robe, which made him look like a peddler on the streets.

He wasn’t at all surprised at the arrival of Ye Tianlong. Since Sainan and the other elders had already sent people to inform him of the latest news about the Prefecture War and the accident, that had happened at the Luo Shen Mountain.

He knew all too well of Ye Tianlong’s progressive personality, who would, as always, retaliate against anyone, who had provoked him. The young lord of the Xue Family had actually conspired with the other two prefectures to kill Qinghan, as well as the other young lords and ladies. Not long ago, Yao Xie had ambushed the Mars Prefecture Legion on their homeward journey, and the young hero Qinghan was forced to be left behind in the Luo Shen Mountain. Given all what had happened to the Ye Family, the revengeful Ye Tianlong wouldn’t remain silent.

That was why he had immediately walked out of the gate, preparing to welcome Ye Tianlong, after he had spotted the latter flying in the direction of Dragon City in the not far away sky.

“Old brother Tianlong, welcome to Dragon City. Alas, I was told of what happened to young lord Qinghan. Worry not, I bet this kid will be blessed and will come out with valuable treasures.” Long Pifu showed Tianlong into the hall, where they both sat down and both of them had a cup of tea. Straightforwardly, he directly cut to the point, as he consoled the anxious Tianlong.

“Old brother Pifu, thanks for saying so. I come here especially for this matter.

First, I need you to summon all the leaders of the five families to bring the Xue Family to trial. We must bring this treason to justice. Second, summon all the Saint-Realm cultivators in the Mars Prefecture, to follow me to kill the demons. I will annihilate the lion race demons once and for all!” Ye Tianlong didn’t take a single sip of his tea, but spluttered his true reasons for this trip, leaving no time for Long Pifu to ponder.

“This...” Long Pifu grabbed his cup of tea and gulped, before he shook his head with a friendly smile plastered on his face, “I agree with your first proposal. You can count on me. But... as for the second one, I’m afraid... it’s, in my opinion, infeasible. You have to take consideration of the old demons of the Demonic Hill, their cultivation level is far higher than Yao Xie. Not only me, I bet all the advanced cultivators wouldn’t agree with you to take this risk!”

Long Pifu’s answer was simple but clear. Since the Xue Family had received the anger of the masses, it was inevitable for them to be prosecuted. As for the Demonic Prefecture, however, it was a totally different situation. Apart from the possibility of the interference of Immortal City, the old demons of the Demonic Hill were also intractable. If they fell into the hands of those senior demons, they wouldn’t be able to come back. After all, every family cherished their talents, especially their Saint-Realm cultivators, whom they wouldn’t allow to be placed in such an unpredictable situation.

“Old brother Pifu, this is a token given to me by my ancestor. He asked me to annihilate the lion race demons only. Please don’t worry too much about the other demons!” Ye Tianlong rummaged the Blood Token out of his chest pocket, and threw it to Long Pifu.

“Eh? Mars Prefecture Blood Token? Did your ancestor Ye Ruoshui come out from his secluded cultivation?” Long Pifu took the token, and carefully observed the surface, on which the mystic graphic pattern and the character “Slaughter” was sculptured in a scarlet red color. His face turned extremely solemn this time, for he knew in total there were only three tokens like this. The owners of these three tokens were chosen from the greatest contributors of the Mars Prefecture. And only those, who got more than a 50% approval rating, would have the chance to receive this token. With this token, one could call for all the advanced cultivators in Mars Prefecture to help him finish a mission. Of course,

this mission should be legitimate according to the Mars Prefecture's rules.

In the past, Ye Ruoshui, as a commander of the Mars Prefecture Legion, had led the Mars Prefecture to five consecutive victories in the Prefecture War. Given his impressive achievements, he was chosen as one of the owners of the three tokens. Long Pifu realized that the second proposal was already approved of by Ye Ruoshui, so he stood up and nodded.

“Alright, since ancestor Ye Ruoshui already agreed, I have no problem with your second proposal either. I'll send the message to all the Saint-Realm cultivators. But, we'll proceed with the first proposal before we go to the Demonic Prefecture!”

Chapter 180 – Countermeasures of the Xue Family

Snowing City, located not far away from the Dark Forest, was always snowy. That was also where its name came from.

The Xue Family had governed over Snowing City for thousands of years. It was fair to say, that Snowing City represented the Xue Family.

Today, like every other day, beautiful snowflakes danced in the air above Snowing City. These days, however, the snow seemed much heavier. The whole of Snowing City was covered in a shining white cover, adding a mysterious charm to the city itself.

Despite the breathtaking sceneries right in front of their eyes, the Xue Family had no mood to appreciate it. All the elders of the Xue Family all kneeled down in front of a cave, silently. This looked uncannily unusual.

“Alas...”

After some long, dull waiting, there came a heavy but helpless sigh. Everyone on the ground lifted their spirit a little bit, as they all raised their heads with expectant eyes.

“Xue Piaorou, you have a really good son, huh? Xue Fei, is your head filled with craps? What a lousy idea did you propose? Why are you coming to me for help? I’ve already been expelled by the family! Anything related to the Xue Family is none of my business anymore, understand?”

The person in the cave spluttered in a cold and solemn tone. It seemed that this person must be of great importance to the Xue Family, for he had scolded the elders as well as the leader of the Xue Family harshly. Strangely enough, none of the elders tried to retort or defend for themselves.

“I should take the blame. Second grandfather, I’m ready for any form of punishment. But, please, second grandfather, please help us out. All that we strived so hard for will probably collapse because of this incident. For the prosperity of our family, please come out and help us!” Xue Piaorou was in front of the cave, with a deathly surly face, as his forehead was bumping into the icy ground with a resounding thud.

“Second Uncle, we beg you to lend us a hand. Otherwise... the Xue Family will be toppled upside down. Xue Fei is willing to make this kind of sacrifice!” Xue Fei also showed his submissive side, and his overbearing disposition had totally shattered in this life and death moment of their family.

“Please save the Xue Family!” Xue Fei, Xue Piaorou, as well as all the others behind them, simultaneously bowed towards the cave.

After some silence, there came another deep sigh, the sound of which seemed powerless.

“I won’t. And even if I did, it won’t help. What that bastard did, has provoked the wrath of all the people from our continent, not just those from the Ye Family. The glory of the Xue Family is setting...”

“W-what shall we do to save this situation? Is our family doomed?” Xue Fei collapsed on the ground with numbing eyes. Had he never asked Wuhen to get rid of Qinghan secretly, all these things might not have happened at all. Now, being dragged into this scandal, the Xue Family was beyond redemption.

“Alas! What shall we do?” The other elders all turned pale-faced, for they had received the charge from Dragon City, and were invited to stand trial half a month later, under the judgment of the other families. Xue Wuhen’s wrongdoings would be determined by the votes from members of the six big cities and the one hundred small cities. If Wuhen was found guilty, then the Mars Prefecture would send an armed force to suppress the Xue Family altogether. At that time, Snowing City wouldn’t be covered in snow, but in blood...

Voting for the final judgement?

The Xue Family knew, however, that the voting system was just a show. The result was already settled by the other prominent families and Dragon City. Back on Ghost Island, Wuhen had allied with the other two races to annihilate the Mars Prefecture Legion, which had put the young lords and ladies, as well as the elites of each family in great danger. It was impossible for him to be forgiven after all the evil he had done. Since the result was predictable, the Xue Family would rather try to prepare themselves for the upcoming catastrophe. Yet, they also understood very well, that their ability alone simply couldn’t fight against

the other families.

Therefore, they were caught in endless horror and helplessness when they had heard of the subpoena. Left with no other choice, they had resorted to Xue Xiwen, the sole survivor of the old generation, who had already be expelled by the family a long time ago.

“Alright... for the love and care I received in my childhood from the Xue Family, I’ll try to help. But remember, I’m no longer a Xue Family member. Take this...” Xue Xiwen finally agreed, at the time when the desperation of the elders outside had reached the highest degree.

“The only way to save the Xue Family is... Alas, Xue Fei, Xue Piaorou, take this token and go to Dragon City. I require you to kill yourselves in front of the other family members, as a way to atone for Wuhen’s crimes...”

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These days, the Mars Prefectue had become more robust than ever before. The jubilant atmosphere in the streets, brought by the victory in the Prefecture War, hadn’t at all diminished. Unlike any other Prefecture War, this time, the death toll had reached a record low. The Mars Prefecture Legion had returned home with only a small bunch of wounded soldiers, while the demons and barbarians had been completely routed in disarray. And the young lord of the Demonic Prefecture was even killed in battle. Most importantly, a single person was responsible for this, a sixteen-year old teenager!

The hero of the Mars Prefecture, the young lord of the Ye Family, Ye Qinghan!

As for the soldiers of the Mars Prefecture Legion, they had been enrolled from hundreds of cities. Plus, all the families were obliged to send their young elites to the war. When the Prefecture War had ended, countless families would walk at the entrance gate of the Mars Prefecture, waiting for the return of their children. In previous times, only 10,000 to 20,000 soldiers were lucky enough to return alive. But this time, the vast majority of the legion had come back safe and sound. People began to celebrate for this landslide victory. Some families even sculptured an ever-young tablet [1] for Qinghan, while numerous girls began visualizing the face of this young hero. Many teenagers saw Qinghan as

their idol, aspiring to become a man like him.

However...

Despite the celebration of the victory, rumors came that a traitor had appeared in the Mars Prefecture, who had brazenly teamed up with the other two prefectures to harm the Mars Prefecture Legion! More shamefully, he had planted concealed worms in the young hero's hair to track his whereabouts, in order to help the demons and barbarians to obtain this young hero's location. This shameful youngster had intended to annihilate all the young lords and ladies of the Mars Prefecture!

The news of Wuhen's betray had stirred a great turbulence in the Mars Prefecture. In fury, people had cursed the Xue Family publicly, to vent their indignation. When they heard there would be a trial held specially for the Xue Family, they had all traveled to Dragon City, not for the voting, but for the tongue-lashing in the face of the wrongdoers.

Chapter 181 - Charges Against the Xue Family

On the rear hill of the Ye Castle, Grey City.

Ye Baihu had received a letter from Ye Tianlong, in which it neatly described the results of the negotiation with Long Pifu, and it ordered Ye Baihu and half of the elders of the Ye family to go to Dragon City. Because, the trial for the Xue Family was quickly approaching, after which, they planned to start annihilate the lion race demons.

“Since our leader says so, you better set off straight away. I’ll take care of the family, don’t worry!” Ye Qingniu thumbed through the letter, as he urged.

“This... brother Qingniu, your injuries... Plus, Qingyu hasn’t woken up yet. What if there occurs some accident during my absence? Can you handle that?” Ye Baihu peeked in the small pavilion where Qingniu rested, as he responded with great concern. Ever since Qingyu had inhaled the Immortal Crystal a few days ago, she had started to look much healthier than before; yet, she was still sleeping. Furthermore, Ye Baihu had failed to investigate the state of her soul and he was unsure of what would happen to her next.

“Hey, take it easy. Do you remember what our ancestor said? He asked us to protect her, but he didn’t say anything negative about her condition. I bet that she’s roughly ok now. Also, my injuries will be fully recovered in a week or two. Just go, I’ll take care of everything in the Ye Castle!”

“Alright! You stay at home, the other elders and I will go to Dragon City to support Brother Tianlong!” Ye Baihu finally nodded his head firmly.

.....

The next morning, dozens of horse-driven carriages marched out of Grey City. Under Ye Baihu’s lead, the elders all headed towards Dragon City. On the other hand, Feng Zi, Hua Cao, Sainan and the other young lords and ladies were invited along on this journey. They were, however, confused why Ye Baihu didn’t take Qingyu with them, since they all thought that she had been saved already. But,

they weren't in a position to ask for the reason behind it. Also, as participants of the Prefecture War, they had been asked to stand as witnesses during the trial, to bring Wuhen to justice.

The carriages didn't stop once, and as such it only took them twelve days to arrive at Dragon City. When they stepped into the reception hall of Dragon City, the other families had already arrived. The representatives of each family were all cultivators no lower than the Realm of the Emperor, thus they chose to fly in a linear route towards their destination. Hence, it was no wonder that they were much faster than the Ye Family's carriages.

Because of the Mars Prefecture Blood Token, which could only appear once in a hundred years, the hatred for the Xue Family had been stirred up among Dragon City's citizens as well as its visitors. It was an astonishing scandal that had attracted the attention of all advanced cultivators. Even those seldom-seen cultivators came out from their seclusion, as they flocked into Dragon City.

As the direct governor of Snowing City, the Xue Family's sovereignty also included the twenty big cities and a hundred small cities in the vicinity of Snowing City. Now, the Xue Family was about to crumble, and numerous aspiring families were staring at this big pie, wishing to get themselves involved during the vacuum period in governance. Any family occupying this area would definitely become the next overlord of this piece of land.

Dragon City, therefore, saw an endless stream of visitors coming from other places. Most of them were so eager to add fuel to the fire, so that they could own a part of the "pie" that Snowing City would be after the Xue Family's collapse.

.....

However, as for Ye Tianlong, he didn't care much about the survival of the Xue Family, which he believed would find it extremely difficult to reestablish their reputation after this scandal; rather, he was satisfied about the arrivals of the advanced cultivators. Seeing the large number of cultivators, Ye Tianlong was confident in his next plan - the adventurous intrusion into the Demonic Prefecture. While he was thinking about this issue, Ye Baihu stepped in front of him, and told him what had happened concerning Ye Qingyu. Hearing that his

Spirit Immortal Dan was fake, Ye Tianlong was totally confused.

Ever since his return from Concealed Island, where he had obtained the Spirit Immortal Dan, he was pretty confident about the authenticity, because it was directly handed over by their leader.

“Immortal Crystal? What is that?”

Ye Tianlong murmured with a flummoxed expression, for even as a leader, he had never heard of anything like this. However, since Ye Ruoshui had told them that it was a priceless item, and that the value of the whole Ye Castle wasn't adequate to pay for it, he was convinced that this treasure was a lucky, once in a lifetime, moment for the Ye Family. Perhaps, he thought, with the help of this special treasure, Qingyu might become an immortal, even though she had never cultivated before.

The other thing that haunted his mind these days was, that he was actually rejected by the leader of Concealed Island, when he had asked for the Spirit Immortal Dan a year ago. But, when he had come back to the Ye Family with thwarted feelings, the situation had been reversed. The leader of Concealed Island had suddenly teleported himself in front of Ye Tianlong, and exchanged the Spirit Immortal Dan with him personally. In return, Ye Tianlong had given that leader several treasures, which the latter didn't even have a look at. Why had the attitude of Concealed Island's leader changed so dramatically? Most importantly, why did that leader give him the much more valuable Immortal Crystal, rather than the Spirit Immortal Dan he had requested?

What kind of secret would it ensue? Why did the leader of Concealed Island change his mind? Why did he give the Ye Family such a priceless treasure, almost for free? What on earth was the function of the Immortal Crystal? Would Ye Qingyu become an immortal in ten years, just as Ancestor Ruoshui had said?

Those questions, however, were beyond Ye Tianlong to understand. He figured that only their ancestor knew the answers, who was currently visiting Concealed Island.

As Ye Tianlong drew his mind back to the trial, the morning sunlight crept into his room through the windows. Today was significant for both the Xue Family and the Ye Family. He had to fight for the dignity of his own family and bring the Xue Family to justice.

When he walked out of his room and headed towards the hall, he found Ye Baihu and several other elders already waiting. Ye Tianlong adjusted his clothing, and nodded to them all. Soon after, they all followed him out of the hall and to the plaza outside the mansion.

At this moment, the plaza was tightly packed with people. The size of the spectators was overwhelmingly large, as they stood against each other, wishing to see this event turn into an interesting drama.

People were happy to join in this big event, for they believed that it would bring some fun to their monotonous life.

The Hua Family had arrived, and they were all dressed in black. They stood on one side of the plaza with cool, indifferent expressions.

The Feng Family had also come, each with a long sword on their back. They were dressed in white, which made their appearance akin to immortals.

The girls of the Yue Family were also present. Like always, they had covered half of their face with a silk veil. Their footsteps were lithe and graceful, as if they were celestial beings, who had descended from above.

The other three families all stood there with an imposing manner.

Ye Tianlong led the elders past the three families, and nodded to them all with a grateful smile. It was true that the young lords and ladies were all harmed in some way in this Prefecture War, and the Xue Family had now become public enemy number one due to Wuhen's fault. However, the elite team had originally been formed to help Qinghan obtain more credits, and as such the other families had all contributed to the final result of the Prefecture War. Taking all of this into consideration, Ye Tianlong felt slightly indebted to them all.

Chapter 182 - They Killed Themselves to Beg for Forgiveness

- Swoosh! -

Ye Tianlong's arrival was followed by Long Pifu's, who flew to the plaza with a rarely-seen solemn expression. Usually, he wasn't a guy who was fond of putting on airs in front of others; yet today, the benevolent light in his eyes had disappeared, and was replaced by a cold, murderous intent. Under this imposing vibe, the boisterous crowd suddenly halted in their conversation, expecting Dragon City's leader to deliver his speech at this particular event.

"Everyone, welcome to Dragon City! The victory in this year's Prefecture War definitely brings us great happiness. But, an unpleasant event also occurred, as you might already know, in which young lord Wuhen of the Xue Family teamed up with our enemies, the demons and barbarians, to harm the young lords and ladies from his own prefecture! We have, indeed, discussed this event already with the other family leaders, and confirmed that what was mentioned in the scandal was what actually happened during their days on Ghost Island. Thus, we have reached a consensus that Wuhen penalty is death. Some of you may wonder, since everything is settled, why ask us to take part in this event today? There are two reasons for this meeting. First, we will go through a voting procedure to see whether the Xue Family as a whole shall be prosecuted or not, and to discuss what kind of penalty they shall receive? Second, the leader of the Ye Family, Ye Tianlong, holds a Mars Prefecture Blood Token in his hands, he summons us all to aid him in annihilating the lion-race demons..."

Long Pifu's straightforwardness stirred up the crowd, and left some normal cultivators rather confused.

"The investigation is already finished? It seemed that the verdict is already made. Ha, the voting is so unnecessary since everything is settled already anyway. Since Long Pifu and other leaders all agreed to declare Wuhen guilty, the Xue Family should also be implicated. Let's see how they will be punished..."

Amidst the whispers of the audience, Long Pifu put up his hands to quiet them down, "Now let's move on to the first thing on the agenda – the judgment for the Xue Family! Where are the witnesses?"

“I’m Long Sainan, and I’m willing to bear witness for this incident. It was the young lord Wuhen of the Xue Family, who planted concealed worms in Qinghan’s hair. When we asked Man’gan, the team leader of the barbarian legion, he admitted the fact that Wuhen had given him and Yao Kaka each a Positioning Crystal Ball to trace Qinghan’s whereabouts... I swear that my words reflect nothing but the truth. If not, let me be abandoned by all immortals and ghosts after my death!”

“I’m Feng Zi, from the Feng Family. Miss Sainan’s words are indeed nothing but the truth...”

“I’m Hua Cao, from the Hua Family. I testify that...”

“I’m Yue Qingchen. I can assure you that...”

“I’m a soldier from Luo City. I’m willing to be a witness...”

“...”

Almost all the young lords and ladies, who had been through the hard times with Qinghan on Ghost Island, stood out for Qinghan, as they furiously accused Wuhen’s evil doings.

They also proved that Xue Wuhen had run away immediately after he was told of the heroic deeds of Qinghan, which further convinced the audience about the credibility of this judgment. The witnesses volunteered to express all that they had heard and seen during the Prefecture War. Now, the charge against Wuhen was final, as they all believed him to be a shameless traitor.

“The witness session is over. Now, let’s invite the Xue Family to defend for themselves. Where’s Wuhen? Where are the Xue Family members? Hmm, if you guys abstain from doing so, we’ll begin the voting session immediately!” Long Pifu spoke up.

Soon after his words, people began searching around the plaza to find the Xue Family, to see if they would defend for themselves or not.

“I’m the one to blame!”

All of a sudden, when people were looking around, they heard a hoary voice ring out in the northern sky. Immediately after that, three figures appeared until they all descended on the ground of the plaza.

“Your Majesty, Leader Long Pifu, we, Xue Fei, Xue Ying, and our incumbent leader Xue Piaorou, good to meet you here. We’ll defend for ourselves!”

“Alright, let’s begin!” Long Pifu responded with an absent minded tone. He wasn’t surprised at all by their appearances. After all, what Wuhen did, had triggered the indignation of all Mars Prefecture citizens. If the Xue Family had given up on this chance, the likelihood of them being voted against would be much higher. At that time, the Xue Family would be torn into bits and pieces by the flaming anger of the masses.

Ye Tianlong, as well as the other family leaders were also not surprised at the reaction of the Xue Family. They were, however, curious to see what the Xue Family would do or say to quell the surging fury of the crowd.

Such was human nature, however. Before the arrival of the Xue Family elders, the crowd had already burst into clamorous name-calling against the evilness of Wuhen and his family; but, now that they were right in front of their faces, their voices lowered down and eventually silenced. No harsh words came out from their mouths anymore, as they were staring at the elders with disdainful eyes. As one of the five most prominent families in Mars Prefecture, the Xue Family had long enjoyed a position of great influence. Before everything was declared as final, people found it too risky to stand out against such a big family.

“I’m Xue Fei, I’m also the Sifu of Wuhen. Honestly, it was me who asked Wuhen to give Man’gan and Yao Kaka the Positioning Crystal Balls. As many of you might know, Qinghan and Wuhen had been at bad terms with each other long before the Prefecture War. Wuhen said he wished to teach Qinghan a lesson when he would run into him during the Prefecture War. I thought it was just a small quarrel between young lords, so I didn’t stop him from doing so. I never thought that he would do such a shameless thing as to ally with the other two races. It’s all my fault!”

To everyone’s astonishment, Xue Fei didn’t show the slightest intention to defend for his young lord Wuhen; instead, he admitted his own wrongdoings.

Before people could realize what was going on, Xue Fei's eyes flashed with shrewdness, as he continued.

"I'm the person who should be punished! As a teacher, I failed to fulfill my responsibility to show Wuhen the right path. As an elder of the Xue Family, I failed to educate my descendent. Today, in order to give this incident a closure, I'll kill myself!"

Following a bout of wretched laughter, Xue Fei's Battle Qi surged to the highest point, and soon after that, numerous blood pillars gushed out from various parts of his body. Like heavy raindrops, the blood of Xue Fei dripped on the ground, as it mingled with the dust.

Xue Fei collapsed, with eyes wide open. Everyone's heart tightened by seeing this inexplicable scene.

A Saint-Realm cultivator, Xue Fei, had actually killed himself, in front of thousands of people!

Before the crowd could draw their attention back from the baffling suicide of Xue Fei, another scream sounded out, which left the people present stupefied.

"I'm the leader of the Xue family, Xue Piaorou. The wrongdoer Wuhen is my son! Obviously, I'm far from being a great father. I should be killed, and hopefully, you can forgive us all!"

- Bang! -

Another corpse collapsed onto the ground. The leader of the Xue Family, an advanced cultivator in the peak level of the Realm of the Emperor had committed suicide right on the spot!

Chapter 183 – Cruelness

Silence, absolute silence!

Even the miniscule sound of dropping a needle could be heard in such a circumstance, because the crowd was stunned by the crazy act of the Xue Family elders. This unexpected drama left everyone's heart racing increasingly rapid, as they swallowed in astonishment.

“Cruel! They are unbelievably cruel to themselves!”

Ye Tianlong and Ye Baihu looked at each other with equally baffled expressions, just like the other onlookers.

The Xue Family was playing the compassion card, in an attempt to win the sympathy of others by killing themselves! What a nice trick! They sacrificed their leader, a cultivator in the peak level of the Realm of the Emperor, and a great elder who was a cultivator in the Realm of the Saint. But, they might've saved the entire Xue Family at the loss of two advanced cultivators. In general, it was a favorable deal after all. At least, the Xue Family as a whole might be saved in such a way. It took the Xue Family more than hundreds of years to obtain today's prosperity, certainly they wouldn't let go of it so easily.

Moreover, these two sacrificed elders' dying words were also deliberately phrased. One said he was an unqualified teacher, who should take the responsibility of his student, Wuhen; the other emphasized that he was a far-from-perfect father, and felt obligated to take the blame for his son. It seemed that the whole incident had nothing to do with the entire Xue Family, rather, it was a family educational problem.

Since the father and the teacher of this culprit had both killed themselves, people began to feel that it was unnecessary to continue this trial.

Indeed, people in the Mars Prefecture had long heard of the tension between Xue Wuhen and Ye Qinghan. The young lords from different families often fought with one another for various reasons, which was understandable. Yet, the stupidest thing Wuhen had done was to collude with other prefectures, and put the entire Mars Prefecture Legion in great danger. The severity of the event could no longer be defined as the quarrels between young lords.

As a traitor, Wuhen should receive capital punishment. However, the very “protagonist” of this scandal went missing, leaving the Xue Family to receive all the fury.

If the Xue Family gave up on their last chance to defend themselves, or they stubbornly insisted that Wuhen was innocent, then the fury of the masses wouldn’t die away but only become fiercer. Unexpectedly, they had adopted a different strategy from that, otherwise the Xue Family would definitely be flattened by the fully provoked Mars Prefecture’s cultivators.

Now, to everyone’s surprise, they had ruthlessly killed themselves in front of so many people, in an attempt to seek sympathy and forgiveness.

Their flowery rhetoric sounded as if it were the elders’ personal negligence in educating their young lords that had led to all of this. What if, in the future, there emerged a black sheep in another family, would their father and teacher kill themselves just like the Xue Family had just done?

“I’m another great elder of the Xue Family, Xue Ying. We’re ashamed to have such scum in our family. Half a month before, we already declared a search warrant to capture this little bastard. At the same time, we decided to use this Mars Prefecture Blood Token to ask for forgiveness. Hopefully, your anger towards our family will be lessened. On behalf of the Xue Family, I promise that the injured families in the Prefecture War will be well compensated by us!”

As the overall tension was smoothed on the plaza, Xue Ying, another elder of the Xue Family, who had kept silent for a long time, finally said his words.

The Xue Family intended to exhaust all their resources to get rid of the penalty. They even brought out the Mars Prefecture Blood Token, to help them exempt of their alleged crime. There were only three such tokens in total, now two of them were used within a single day.

Long Pifu took the token and scrutinized it carefully. After some seconds, he had a private discussion with the other family leaders through conveyed voices.

“We have negotiated with the family leaders, and concluded to call an end to today’s judgement. They made their due sacrifice, and besides, the Mars Prefecture Blood Token should be respected as well. I hope, that all of you, will learn from this event. I don’t want to see any such nasty things happen again!”

Long Pifu declared the final statement.

Hardly had Long Pifu's cold voice died away, or Xue Ying laughed out bitterly, and flew to the corpses of Xue Fei and Xue Piaorou. He grabbed the two bodies, as he headed towards the north, and disappeared into the distance...

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Following the end of the Xue Family judgment, Long Pifu immediately took out Ye Tianlong's Mars Prefecture Blood Token, as he summoned all the advanced cultivators present to take part in tomorrow's aggression towards the Demonic Prefecture. Of course, this wasn't compulsory at all. But the cultivators were willing to help them out, partly because of the token, which represented the past contribution the holder had done for the prefecture, and partly because they believed in the rule of mutual-beneficiary, that was, if they themselves were caught in dire situations in the future, others might help as well. Thus, numerous advanced cultivators, including those that had been reclusive for years, or those street cultivators, all yelled a positive response.

The next day, under the command of Ye Tianlong, hundreds of Emperor-Realm cultivators, and scores of Saint-Realm cultivators, left Dragon City, heading directly towards the Demonic Prefecture.

This time, it was Yao Xie who had first breached the Alliance Treaty signed by the three prefectures. He had shamelessly ambushed the most popular young lord in the Mars Prefecture, and had forced him into the Luo Shen Mountain. Apart from that, several Emperor-Realm elders, such as Ye Qingniu, had been injured in the counterattack. Therefore, Ye Tianlong had named this battle the Retaliation Against the Lion Race Demons. It was rather resourceful, indeed. On the one hand, the other sub-races of the demons wouldn't be panicked by their arrival, and thus wouldn't engage themselves in the chaos or help Yao Xie defend against the enemies; on the other hand, the old demons on the Demonic Hill wouldn't be disturbed. Adding to that, the reputation of the Mars Prefecture would be further polished.

Hundreds of cultivators flew in the sky in unison, and within several days, they had arrived at the border of the Mars Prefecture and the Demonic Prefecture. Ye

Tianlong asked them to rest here for three days. After that, he flew to the nearest city of the Demonic Prefecture, and submitted the Declaration of War, in which he detailed that the Mars Prefecture troops would invade the lion race demons in three days, but if other demonic races tried to interrupt, it would be taken as a declaration of war against the Mars Prefecture.

As soon as this declaration was posted, the twelve demonic leaders gathered together in Heaven Demon City to negotiate possible countermeasures against this imminent crisis. However, neither of the Demonic Evil appeared, one was in reclusive cultivation, and the other, Yao Xie, didn't show up. In the end, the demonic leaders decided to adopt a wait-and-see policy. They reckoned it was not their responsibility to shield away the enemies for Yao Xie. Plus, the target was the lion race, not them. Most importantly, many of them were tired of Yao Xie's cruel dictatorship, so they chose to be bystanders.

Three days later, the Mars Prefecture troop initiated their retaliation plan, and killed only the lion race. As for the other demonic races, as long as they didn't involve themselves in the battle, they were absolutely safe. Among the wretched lion race demons, the vulnerable elders, kids, and disabled were also excluded from the killing list.

The demonic leaders from the other sub-races watched all of this happen, and spread the words about the power of the Mars Prefecture's troops. They even warned the others to not bother the Mars Prefecture, if they cared about their life. If anyone dared to do so despite their warning, they would be on their own account when the Mars Prefecture came to crush them.

The momentum of the Mars Prefecture's troops was irresistibly overwhelming. With the concerted efforts of hundreds of Emperor-Realm cultivators and scores of Saint-Realm cultivators, they showcased the most powerful side of their own prefecture. The lion race demons, therefore, all ran like crazy. All of a sudden, the Demonic Prefecture was filled with flames and smoke, as well as screaming...

Chapter 184 – No, It's me who ought to be Your Ancestor!

Qinghan had been suffering from various weird dreams, ever since he had been sucked into this damnable mountain.

At the beginning, when he was sucked through the hole in the white fog, he was caught in a serious, even life-threatening condition due to the injuries. Thanks to the bronze ring on his left hand, however, he slowly healed as it gradually released the magical white flow. During the first few days in the Luo Shen Mountain, Qinghan had dreamed a lot, and he attributed it to his poor health.

After a couple of days, however, when he felt almost fully recovered, the dreams were still haunting him in his mind.

These dreams contained a variety of feelings, including happiness, sorrow, fury, and horror... His brain was occupied by these dreams and simply couldn't get rid of them.

In one of his dreams, his sister had been saved, and popped up in front of him, and called his name in the most affectionate way, "Brother!"

In another one of his dreams, he was in a bridal chamber with Qingcheng, whose slim body clung to his.

In yet another one of his dreams, Xue Wuhen posed a vicious smile, and said to him, "I'm off the hook, no one can harm me. Qinghan, I'll make your life difficult in the future!"

Ye Tianlong also appeared in one of his dreams and told him that his father was actually assassinated, rather than that he died in an accident.

.....

Dreams upon dreams, sometimes Qinghan even failed to distinguish reality from fantasy. Because, all the episodes in his dreams seemed to be so real.

Sweet dreams made him reluctant to wake up; sad dreams broke his heart and left him with the urge to commit suicide; angry dreams fed him with limitless murderous intent, propelling him to tear everything around him up; horrible dreams terrified him so much, that he refused to open his eyes after he had

woken up...

Several times, he was so convinced in the authenticity of these dreams that he had almost killed himself, or gone mad. Thanks goodness, he was blessed by the bronze ring, because whenever a dangerous moment appeared in his dream, the ring would timely release the refreshing flow that would drag him back to reality. Whenever he woke up, his face was full of drips of cold sweat.

Eventually, he figured out that these dreams weren't dreams at all, they were illusions! The first trial of the Luo Shen Mountain was the Illusion Trial, in which one could die unconsciously, or become completely mad.

These illusions, nevertheless, would enter Qinghan's brain one after another, at frequent intervals. Moreover, Qinghan found it extremely hard to avoid being plunged into these fantasies, as if there was an invisible magical power that swayed the coming and going of these "dreams".

Being put in such a circumstance, Qinghan didn't know what to do, as he was terrified of dying in his dreams...

One early morning, when Qinghan woke up, he did some exercises as usual, before he started to cultivate. Even in those sober moments, he didn't dare to roam randomly around in the mountain, for he had no clue where dangers might be hidden.

Later, he took out some of the limited dry food and a bottle of water. He had to survive on a simple breakfast like this. During these days, he took in less food because he was extremely worried that his reserve of food wasn't enough to sustain him for a long time. One day, he pessimistically thought that he could die of hunger or malnutrition in this damn Luo Shen Mountain, or he might be submerged so deeply in his dreams that he would never wake up again...

Amidst his desperation, a voice suddenly sounded out.

"Are you Ye Qinghan?"

Horried by this abrupt voice, Qinghan's body juddered for a second. Then he swept his eyes in all directions to spot where the sound came from. In the end, he rubbed his head in great confusion, because he couldn't find anybody around him.

“Why has today’s illusion come so early? Usually, it begins an hour later...”

As he shook his head perplexingly, he sat down on the ground, trying to cultivate a bit more.

“Are you Ye Qinghan?”

Annoyingly, the same question rang out once again. Qinghan was pissed off by this repetitive, stupid voice, which he believed was part of an illusion.

“Yeah, I’m your little grandpa Ye Qinghan! Who are you?”

The response didn’t come immediately but after a few seconds.

“I’m your ancestor!”

“Fuck you!”

Qinghan jumped up from the ground, as he was infuriated by this episode of the illusion. This time, a fake ancestor had emerged, which he thought wasn’t interesting at all.

“Come on, it’s me who should be your ancestor!”

“I’m really your ancestor, Ye Ruoshui!”

“Get lost, I said I’m your ancestor! Ye Ruoshui? Don’t treat me like a naïve kid. He died hundreds of years ago! Oh, this illusion is for some retarded idiot. Hey, change it to a better one that matches with my intelligence!”

“Errr... How shall I explain this to you? Alright, you’re now temporary out of the Illusion Trial, and I’m Ye Ruoshui, I’m not dead. You may wonder why you cannot see my physical body, that is because I am talking to you with my soul. This is real!”

“Okay, okay, this is no illusion, and you are Ye Ruoshui. Ha, you revived somehow? Come on, only a moron would believe your words...”

“Alas, since you don’t believe my words, I’ll talk to you later after you’re through the upcoming illusion. Good luck!”

Suddenly, the voice died away, just like a breeze that came and left unnoticed.

“Is this an illusion or not?”

With knitted eyebrows, Qinghan became suspicious of his own conclusion. But, on second thought, he denied the possibility of the existence of Ye Ruoshui. It was common knowledge in the Ye family, that their ancestor Ye Ruoshui had died five hundred years ago. How would it be possible for a dead person to jump out in front of him? If he was Ye Ruoshui, the only reasonable explanation would only be that he was a ghost or... an immortal.

Another half an hour later, the routinely Illusion Trial started. The white fog around Qinghan began to dissipate, and the scene of the Wild Mountain Range was revealed. There, he happened to be chased by a group of fire wolves and five men in black clothing. Propelled by an unknown power, Qinghan’s eyes turned bloodshot, and ferocious. He took out his dagger as he spurted towards these five people...

A few minutes later, the ground was strewn with corpses of wolves and five humans. Gradually, the scene faded away as the surrounding trees and flowers kept disappearing. Soon after that, Qinghan found himself reemerge in the Luo Shen Mountain, with thick white fog all around him.

However... Qinghan’s eyes were still red, and he started to feel the pain in his arm muscles after so many stabs. He thought that if the illusion would only end after he was completely exhausted, that he would die in the illusion...

The Illusion Trial seemed to become more and more powerful, as the white fog turned thicker and thicker...

Chapter 185 – No Way Out

The moment the illusion had disappeared, the bronze ring on Qinghan's left hand flickered before it exulted the white flow. Instantly, the flow penetrated into his whole body. He felt even that his soul was completely refreshed. Gradually, he dropped the dagger in his hands, and the redness in his eyes slowly died away. He was sober again.

- Hu, Hu! -

Being exhausted, Qinghan bent himself gasping hardly. He looked terribly fatigued. Although in the illusion, he had tried his utmost to stay sober, yet he found his willpower vulnerable in front of the frenzied murderous intent. He had no clue, up until now, that the hidden force had driven him to be a maniac in slaughter.

It was just like, when one decided to do something indecent, he did know the amoral side of the consequences, but he just couldn't convince himself not to do it because of his weak willpower. Afterwards, he might have some remorse, but that couldn't change anything.

The difference was... Qinghan's driven power of his killing action was from the mysterious Luo Shen Mountain. When he was in the illusion, he simply was deprived of the ability to control himself mentally, as if his soul was possessed by some evil spirit.

"Boss, you survived yet another scene! This ring is awesome! I never knew it has the function to heal your soul!" Little Black conveyed his voice in the summoning space, as he comforted his master.

As a battle beast, Little Black also had a soul. In the illusions, he was also affected in one way or another. Therefore, Qinghan had asked him to stay in the summoning space, lest his beast be killed by his own uncontrollable killing intent.

"Heaven, the illusions have become much more powerful now. For me, it's just a matter of time to die in this damn mountain if the illusions keep coming, and keep becoming more powerful." Qinghan was completely thwarted at this stage, for he couldn't turn to anybody for help.

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“You woke up, eh? So quickly! It seems your battle beast’s soul level is pretty high as well!” A moment later, the familiar voice rang out once again, from somewhere within the mountain.

“Ah!”

This time, Qinghan jumped up from the ground, as some traces of surprise and excitement appeared on his face.

“This voice... ha, it’s not an illusion. Yeah, now I’m definitely sure about this!”

Every time the illusion had gone away, he was sober with the aid of the white flow. He was, therefore, quite certain that this voice wasn’t coming from an illusion. Remembering what this voice had told him this morning, Qinghan began to believe in its credibility.

“Ancestor, ancestor! Where are you? Why did you convey your voice to me? Are you going to help me out?” A second before, Qinghan had been so desperate and helpless; now, however, he was excited by his prediction that this person, who called himself ancestor, might lend him a hand, thus helping him out of this misery. Almost hysterically, Qinghan screamed to the air, as his head turned around in every direction.

The voice came again, which sounded very gentle and a little bit cheerful, as if he was happy with Qinghans’ recognition.

“Hey, kid. Don’t be so excited. Errr... Honestly, I can’t sneak into the Luo Shen Mountain and help you. Neither am I in the vicinity of this mountain. Hmm, Actually, I’m on my way to Concealed Island. Remember, kid, no one can save you except yourself!”

“You’re not here? You can’t save me?” Soon, after hearing this negative response, Qinghan was dejected like a withered flower. How could he walk out of this mountain on his own?

But a second later, Qinghan inquired curiously, “Are you really... Ye Ruoshui? My ancestor? But... I was told that you died five hundred years ago! How can you survive for five hundred years? A-are you a ghost?”

“Hehe, apart from ghosts, what kind of existing entity can survive five hundred years?” Ye Ruoshui was both amused and irritated by Qinghan’s ignorance.

“Besides the ghost? Let me think...” Qinghan winked his eyes in confusion, and a little while later, he exclaimed jubilantly, as if he had unraveled the most abstruse mystery, “Ohh, the immortals! Heaven... are you an immortal?”

“Hehe, theoretically, I’m not an immortal. I’m simply a cultivator that reached the Heaven-Immortal Realm. Hey, kid, if you’re still dubious about my identity, I have nothing to say. But if I weren’t Ye Ruoshui, why would I bother to talk to you?” Ye Ruoshui replied.

“Errr... yeah, I heard that Heaven-Immortal Realm cultivators can live for 10,000 years. I never knew that our Ye Family has such a super advanced cultivator!” Qinghan thought to himself.

This also reminded him of what Ye Qingniu had told him back in Immortal City. According to Ye Qingniu, there were ostensibly three immortals on the Flaming Dragon Continent. Could that mean, there were more unknown immortals, like Ye Ruoshui, besides the publicly recognized three?

It took Qinghan several minutes to pull all his thoughts together. Eventually, he laughed out, for he realized that the Ye Family hadn’t abandoned him despite the catastrophe he was suffering right now. Honestly, he had been thrown into such a dire environment, that he desperately needed some kind of help.

Immediately, Qinghan made a bow, and shouted loudly, “Ancestor, please save me! You are a Heaven-Immortal Realm cultivator; you must have some way to help me out. I guess... I’ll go mad if I stay here any longer. Plus, my food and water isn’t enough to sustain me any longer. I’ll probably starve to death!”

However, this time, it took several seconds before a response came.

“Don’t worry. I’ll give you some tips on how to survive in this mountain!”

“Listen, first you have to understand that the Luo Shen Mountain is created by an immortal. He designed the mountain in such a way that no one can walk into the mountain until the opening of the Heaven Path. Therefore, unfortunately, no one can save you. Secondly, you should be aware that there are numerous fruits in the ancient trees around you, which will ensure your intake of nourishments. This way, you won’t starve to death. Additionally, these are actually spirit fruits, which will somehow enhance your cultivation. Thirdly, if you’re determined to get out, you have to pass the three trials and enter the Small Immortal Pavilion

to get the Immortal Sword. This way, you can survive this whole ordeal.”

“No one can walk into the mountain, even including immortals? I have to get the Immortal Sword after passing the three trials?” Qinghan murmured to himself, and became more clear about his current conditions and what he should do in the following days.

However... why did he have to pass these three almost insurmountable trails? Why wouldn't he just wait for the opening of the Heaven Path five years later, and get out? The likelihood of his success in passing all three trials was miserably low. He had heard that even cultivators in the peak level of the Realm of the Emperor had ended trapped in the third trial and never came back out again. Based on his current cultivation level, he was most likely doomed to die in this mountain.

When Qinghan expressed all his confusions to Ye Ruoshui, the latter explained rather concisely.

“Haven't you noticed, that as time goes on, the illusions become more and more powerful? I can assure you that if you fail to pass the Illusion Trial within a year, your soul will be annihilated directly. You're given no alternative at all! The only thing you can do is to courageously go forward and pass the three trials! Remember, your sister and your future wife are waiting for you to return home!”

There was no way out! He had to struggle in the mountain until he passed all three trials, otherwise, he would... die!

Chapter 186 – The Trees of the Seven Human Emotions

“As for the solution to break the first trial, I suggest you to wander around and find the tallest seven ancient trees. Remember, these trees only bear fruit but have no leaves. They represent, indeed, the seven emotions of a human being respectively: happiness, anger, sadness, terror, love, hatred and lust. As long as you can survive the illusions involving the seven emotions, you can pick up the seven spirit fruit on the seven trees respectively. At that time, you’ll successfully pass the first trial. Keep in mind though, the nearer you are to these trees, the stronger the illusions will be. Never overestimate yourself, rather you have to adapt to the situation with calmness and patience. If anything dangerous occurs, please retreat...”

Ye Ruoshui enunciated the secret tips for passing the first Illusion trial. Actually, he had been in the Luo Shen Mountain several times before, but he had only passed the first and second trial. Never had he ever succeeded in the third one. It was fair to say, that his tips on this were quite pragmatic.

“The major problem you’re facing right now is your low cultivation level. I know that you’re stronger upon integration, that is, however, far from enough to tackle the stronger illusions. When you approach one of the ancient trees, you’ll probably be caught in an endless maniacal state. Hence, your priority right now should be to cultivate. In this mountain, you have easy access to the normal spirit fruits, which can ensure your physical survival. In the first year, hopefully you can break into the Realm of the Prince. Only in this way, can you achieve the Realm of the Emperor with the help of your battle beast. Otherwise, you’re most likely not going to leave this mountain alive!”

Ye Ruoshui showed Qinghan the way to success in passing the first trial, but Qinghan was still quite confused because it was the bronze ring, rather than his battle beast, that he relied on to survive in the previous illusions. However, he wouldn’t give out this secret at this moment. This was his last trump card after all.

Soon after, Ye Ruoshui stopped, and told Qinghan that he would talk to him every half a month, to answer Qinghan’s questions. Considering the distance from Ye Ruoshui’s presence and the Luo Shen Mountain, it took a frighteningly

strong soul power to convey his voice, even though he was a Heaven-Immortal Realm cultivator.

Qinghan sat on the ground as he digested the knowledge he had received from his ancestor. A little while later, he stood up refreshed, and began to wander around.

With a dagger in one hand, Qinghan integrated with his battle beast, as he walked through the thick white fog. Although Ye Ruoshui had confirmed, that once he was out of the illusion, he would be safe and secure, he still charged forward with extreme caution.

“Are these the spirit fruits?”

After carefully walking for a while, he arrived in front of a small tree, with a height of no more than a meter or two. In the tree, there grew four or five white, and a little bit transparent, nameless fruits.

After having closely inspected the tree, Qinghan was assured that there was no danger in the vicinity, so he picked up one ripe fruit. He didn't eat it right away, but rather sat down and thought it over. If he refused to eat this fruit, he would probably starve to death. If this fruit was toxic, he would also die. Since the outcome was the same, why not have a try?”

The white fruit was in an oval shape and apple-sized. Interestingly, its skin was somewhat transparent, and if you looked closely, you could even see the pulp inside it. Qinghan took a small bite and instantly felt an overwhelmingly sweet taste on his tongue. The pulp of the fruit melted right away the moment it entered Qinghan's mouth, like a refreshing stream from a mountain spring, the juice trickled through his esophagus down to his stomach. He had never felt so relaxed and comfortable.

“Yummy! This must be the most delicious fruit in the world!” Qinghan hurriedly finished the fruit. Immediately after that, he picked up another one from the tree with his left hand, and ate it with relish. It seemed, that even if it was poisonous, he'd be happy to die on such sweetness.

Within a few minutes, the tree had no more fruits, as they were all in his stomach. Qinghan licked his lips with great satisfaction, as if he was cherishing the memory of the sweet taste. However... seconds later, he felt that his stomach was struck by a warm, vibrant flow of energy, which deterred him from seeking more fruits in the nearby trees. Actually, this warm flow seemed quite familiar to him, just like the flow that had emerged back on Ghost Island when Little Black was refining the Dragon Crystal. The difference was, that this flow felt slower and less powerful, and the duration was also much shorter.

In a hurry, he hunkered down on the ground, and diverted the flow into his Dantian through his meridians.

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Like any other cultivator, when Qinghan was in the Realm of the General, he had to liquidate his Battle Qi; and in the Realm of the Marshal, he had to condense the liquidated Battle Qi in order to create a Dantian Core. Once the core was fully formed, he would then become a Prince-Realm cultivator. The premises for the transition of the Battle Qi state required an enormous amount of reserved Battle Qi. The higher the level, the more the Battle Qi would be consumed.

Fortunately, the spirit fruit provided Qinghan with some faint, yet pure energy, which he could converge into Battle Qi. The amount of Battle Qi released by the five fruits he took in just now could be equivalent to what he could gain with one day's worth of cultivation.

Of course, Qinghan wouldn't let go of this convenient way of cultivation. He wandered around, hoping to find more spirit fruit. Half a day had passed, and Qinghan discovered ample amount of spirit fruits along the way. But, his appetite for these fruits had fallen to a degree that he couldn't take a single one in. Now, since he already had had a dozen of fruits in his stomach, he felt that the energy had stopped coming out, and he was too full to have another one.

Therefore, Qinghan gave up on eating another spirit fruit. He continued wandering around safe and sound. He began to believe in Ye Ruoshui's conclusion that, besides the three daily illusions, there was no danger at all.

Now, he figured out that he had to find the exact position of the seven ancient trees mentioned by Ye Ruoshui. As such, he moved forward with a clear purpose in mind.

Amidst the foggy surroundings, Qinghan walked rather slowly, due to the small visibility. The places Qinghan was allowed to access were geographically unique: apart from the soil and spirit fruit ridden trees, there were neither flowers, grass, water, nor any stones. The flat ground looked so much exceedingly much like the Bloody Prairie.

An hour later, he had finally found the first tall tree. The gigantic tree looked like a colossal pillar, piercing through the sky. Qinghan couldn't get a whole view of the tree, partly due to its huge size, and partly due to the white fog.

"This tree looks like scores of meters high, and several meters wide!"

Remembering Ye Ruoshui's kind advice, Qinghan hesitated whether to approach it or not. Eventually, after some serious pondering, he decided to have a try.

"If I don't even have the guts to get close to this tree, how can I have the courage to get the spirit fruit on the trees that represent the seven human emotions?" He thought to himself.

The next moment, however, he disintegrated with his battle beast. He wouldn't risk the life of Little Black, before he was assured of the safety of this place. After all, he could be healed by the bronze ring, but Little Black couldn't. Without Little Black, he would be doomed.

With extremely slow steps, he moved forward, while inspecting his surroundings. He wouldn't move further, until he was reassured that there was no abnormal phenomenon around him.

Chapter 187 – Heaven Demonic City

Ten minutes later, Qinghan moved scores of meters forward, and the visions turned much clearer. He couldn't convince himself to go any further now, because the scene in the surrounding was changing rapidly, as the white fog quickly dissipated. A little while later, in the near distance, a familiar place loomed up through the thin mist – the An'yue Hotel in Wild City! When he drew close to the visionary hotel, a gorgeous lady with stripped clothing walked out. Ah, this was that lady boss – An'yue!

Qinghan simply couldn't take his eyes off of her body, especially when the beauty in front of him was groaning in such a seductive manner. Driven by his hormones, Qinghan felt the urge and the lower part of his body had some responses already.

“Boss, this is an illusion!” In this critical moment, Little Black conveyed his warning from the summoning space. Fortunately, despite the physical response, Qinghan's mind wasn't blurred. He smiled and retreated several meters. Immediately after, he hunkered on the ground and started to cultivate.

A couple of weeks had passed by, Qinghan still couldn't get rid of the lust intention in his mind. He opened his eyes, and smiled bitterly, “That must be the Tree of Lust! However... the illusion is so strong, even now that I'm away from the tree for a hundred meters. Alas, it's going to be extremely arduous for me to get the Fruit of Lust in the end...”

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Half an hour later after some searching in the forest, Qinghan eventually figured out the exact location of the Tree of Lust. Within one hundred meters in the tree's periphery, one would be attacked by illusions. The closer one drew, the more danger he would be in, for the illusions would be much more powerful and one's soul power would be further weakened as he approached the tree. As for Qinghan, the furthest distance he could go was roughly ten meters, at which point he would find it hard to stay sober. He understood it crystal clear, that he might be dragged into the illusions and never wake up from the visionary sensual pleasures until he died.

If Qinghan was directly in front of the tree, even the miraculous flow released

by the bronze ring wouldn't help him at that stage, because the illusion attacks exerted by this ancient tree were unfortunately unstoppable. That meant, that he had no time to readjust himself or cultivate more Battle Qi in the process. If he was in the inner area, the illusion would be too powerful for him to wake up from.

Hunkered down under a small tree, Qinghan slipped into deep meditation. He spent the whole morning testing the power of the illusions in the periphery of the Tree of Lust. In order to properly prepare himself, he stood up and picked up some spirit fruits from a nearby tree. He was glad, that after such a long time, he could, again, feel the warm flow of energy after taking some bites of the fruits. Excitedly, he inhaled all the energy in, and reserved it in his Dantian.

It only took several minutes for the second illusion to come. As always, the white fog dissipated bit by bit, and a new scene emerged, thus leading Qinghan to yet another "dream" ...

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These days, Ye Tianlong had had a blast in slaughtering.

Of course, beside Ye Tianlong, many others that had followed him also shared the jubilation. Since they had left the Mars Prefecture, they had actually "visited" a dozen of demonic cities. Every time, the first thing they would do whenever they arrived in a city, was to let the Saint-Realm cultivators among them sweep their soul eyes to exclude the possibility of the existence of a super advanced cultivator or an ambush.

The Emperor-Realm cultivators would then swarm to the city like a bunch of locusts, killing those from the lion race. Ironically, the advanced demons in each city would stand by as onlookers, rather than helping the lion race out. It was true that they were afraid to be involved in this ferocious battle led by the Mars Prefecture's bellicose cultivators.

The silence of the other demonic races had in some way encouraged the Mars Prefecture's cultivators to kill more. Through the various battles among the

three prefectures, never had they had such a satisfactory battle. It was just that the number of lion race demons had sharply decreased as they walked along the way. Some of them even complained that the number of targets were far from adequate to feed their swelling desire to kill.

Such being the case, some reckless cultivators began to kill whoever was in their way. The initiator was a leader of a small family.

Maybe it was the slow speed of this leader that had led to him being one of the last few cultivators to arrive at the scene, where there were no targets left for killing. So, out of fury, he spanked in the face of a cub lion race in the street. How could a cub tolerate such mighty power from an advanced cultivator? Almost instantly, this cub was smashed into bits and pieces.

However... when this leader was about to laugh out, there appeared three streaks of glaring light in the sky, and soon after, his smile froze. Long Pifu, Ye Tianlong, and the leader of the Yue Family all collectively released their Saint Domain! In the next moment, a gigantic palm fell from the sky, slapping directly at this petrified leader, and smashing him into pieces.

“This is a battle of retaliation! We only declare war against the lion race demons, but we don’t include the young, the weak, the old, and the disabled! If any of you betray this rule, look! You’ll end up just like this man!”

Long Pifu’s determined remarks received awes from the group, as well as the demons in the surroundings.

The demons began to respect the integrity of Long Pifu, of course they didn’t reveal this feeling in front of the Mars Prefecture’s group. Meanwhile, the leaders of each demonic city all unanimously sent an order, stating that they wouldn’t bother to be involved in the bloodshed battle between the Mars Prefecture and the lion race demons, to all places in the Demonic Prefecture. That was to say, that the demons from other races were officially banned from helping Yao Xie’s clan.

As the Mars Prefecture team flew westward, it only took them a short day to arrive at the third largest city of the Demonic Prefecture – Blood Demonic City. Unlike any other city they had invaded, they encountered two stubborn Demonic

Saints from the lion race here. The demonic citizens, indeed, had already been evacuated to Heaven Demonic City, the two Demonic Saints were the only two lion race demons left to wait for the Mars Prefecture people.

The two Demonic Saint flew up in the sky, preparing to argue with Long Pifu about this battle.

These two demons had already heard of the events that had happened in the neighboring city, where a member of the Mars Prefecture team had been punished to death after he had killed a cub demon. They decided, therefore, to try their luck and argue with Long Pifu, to see if there was any chance to call a truce to this battle. After all, they believed, based on hearsay, that Long Pifu was a man of integrity, someone who would be open to reasonable negotiations.

The content of their conversation was quite simply and concise. The two demons held that it was Yao Xie who had intended to kill Qinghan, not all of the lion race demons. Also, some of them had even advised Yao Xie against his plan of ambushing the Mars Prefecture Legion. They expressed their condolence and regrets after all that had happened. At last, they made their point clear that they wished for Long Pifu and his team to retreat and kill no more. They said that they would remember their great kindness forever...

Whilst Long Pifu's answer was equally clear and simple, as long as the demons handed in Yao Xie, they would retreat.

Sadly, even the demons themselves didn't have any clue of Yao Xie's whereabouts. How could they hand him in? Since the deal couldn't be agreed upon, Long Pifu waved his hands and ordered the Saint-Realm cultivators to finish the two Demonic Saints. Within seconds, the two demons had been torn apart.

Now, the lion race was in a complete panic, as their last bubble of hope had burst. Almost all the lion race demons went to Heaven Demonic City, a place where the lion race occupied a dominant majority, so currently it became their best safe haven. At the same time, some lion race demons were sent out of the city and went to Demonic Immortal Hill. It seemed that they were trying to turn to the old demons for help.

Meanwhile, the Mars Prefecture was quickly responding to the changing

situation. Long Pifu and Ye Tianlong looked at each other with understanding eyes, as if everything that was going on was within their prediction. Eventually, they both ordered the team to go to Heaven Demonic City! They wouldn't waste such a chance to kill more demons. Since the battle had already started, why not make it even fiercer?

Chapter 188 – Demonic Immortal Hill

When dawn was just breaking through, Heaven Demonic City was caught in drizzles. The early spring weather still had coldness lingering around, and the raindrops made it feel even chillier.

The Demonic Immortal Hill was indeed a valley located in the rear area of Heaven Demonic City. The rain became heavier as time went by, and there was a tendency to encounter a rainstorm. However, the several tall demons, who had appeared in front of the valley, better known as the Demonic Immortal Hill, seemed unaware of the falling raindrops, as their golden hair and clothing were all soaked. Meanwhile, they didn't give any heed to the mud stains on their luxurious outfits either. Silently, they all expectantly kneeled down, with their eyes fastened on the entrance of the valley.

Needless to say, these demons were the advanced cultivators from the lion race. Given their power, they could shield away from the raindrops quite easily, but they didn't. As advanced cultivators, they never had to condescend to anyone, but now they kneeled down and looked so wretched. They were willingly kowtowing to the old demons inside. They would be more than happy to see a downpour, because that could make them look more pathetic. Thus hopefully, they thought, that the old demons would be compassionate towards them.

Before Yao Xie had implemented his plan to ambush the Mars Prefecture Legion, he had received opposition from other demons. Being outraged, he had taken two of his most loyal subordinates and left for the Luo Shen Mountain. Even though his personal anger had been vented, this whole incident had brought the whole lion race to the brink of extinction. If the human invaders continued slaughtering them, then they could become extinct in the near future. As one of the most dominant races throughout the Demonic Prefecture, the lion race had long been notoriously rampant and arrogant, especially after Yao Xie had become the Demonic Evil. They were, therefore, not quite popular among the demons.

With the approaching human invaders, they had no way to hide and the old demons in the valley were their last resort. They deeply, deeply wished for their seniors to come out and help them survive this whole ordeal.

However... no response came, after they had remained kneeled down in front of the valley for a whole night! This morning, they hoped for a positive sign; yet contrary to their expectation, no sound came except the sound of the raindrops. Even the birds and beasts nearby were silent.

“Your Highness, Demonic Immortal, please save your citizens. We’ll forever remember your kindness if you lend us a hand!” As Long Pifu and his team were on their way to Heaven Immortal City, the demons realized their time was limited. No hesitation was allowed, for they had to fight for their survival, no matter what. If the people from the Mars Prefecture arrived, the rivers here would definitely turn red with blood...

Silence, absolute silence!

As if there existed no one inside the valley, not even a sigh could be heard. Among them, a Demonic Saint took out a dagger, and yelled, “Your Highness Demonic Immortal, if you refuse to come out, I’ll kill myself right here. After all, death is coming for us anyway.”

Immediately after his remarks, he held his dagger high and slit it through his throat. But, the moment the sharp edge of his dagger cut through his skin, he was abruptly forced to fly backwards. He was attacked by an unseen force right on his chest.

“Don’t let filthy blood tarnish my land. Otherwise, I’ll annihilate you all before the arrival of those humans from the Mars Prefecture!”

At the same time, a cold voice reverberated in the air, which startled the the demons present.

None of them went to the Demonic Saint, that had been attacked. Instead, they all bowed once again towards the valley, and exclaimed, “Your Highness, please save our race. We beg you to be compassionate, in the name of the whole demon race! Please...”

To their disappointment, however, the valley was once again caught in silence. Like throwing a stone in a tranquil river, there came no dramatic response, as only some faint ripples could be seen. The demons dared not to move, but only kept staring at the valley, wishing to hear the voice again.

“Go away. We won’t and can’t get ourselves involved! Don’t waste your time on us!”

After quite some minutes, another voice came. But, this voice was from a female demon..

“You’re not allowed to help us?”

The demons outside looked at each other in confusion, “Your Highness, why? You really won’t help us, even though we’re on the brink of extinction?”

“Alas... You have your rules, but we have ours. If we try to help you, then the old bastards from the Mars Prefecture will certainly team up with other immortal-level cultivators from the Flaming Dragon Continent, and come to invade all of us! I mean, the entire Mars Prefecture! At that time, it can really be called a genocide...” The female demon inside seemed to have more patience with the demons outside, as she explained to them with a deep sigh.

“Ahh... Is it Heaven’s intention to kill off the lion race?” The demons outside understood the situation, and howled desperately.

It seemed there were rules among immortal-level cultivators to curb their involvement in battles in the mortal world. Considering the power of such advanced cultivators, they could easily smash a city with one random punch. If they were allowed to mingle with the battles among the three prefectures, the Flaming Dragon Continent would’ve already perished.

“You have yourself to blame! Your lion race is too bossy, and no one likes you. Alas, go, just go. You won’t get our help on this matter. The Mars Prefecture team is coming!” The female Demonic Immortal concluded.

The Demonic Saints outside shook their heads helplessly, as they walked towards their injured partner and went back.

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“Where are the lion race demons? Come out to receive your punishment!”

Scarcely had the group of demons entered their garden, or a group of human

beings in had emerged in the sky, very much like a huge dark cloud, hovering above the city. With a thundering boom, slaughter enveloped the entire Heaven Demonic City.

- Swoosh! -

When the “dark cloud” was in the far distance, numerous advanced demons all flew up in the air, waiting for the confrontation. But, when the Mars Prefecture team appeared right in front of their eyes, many just stood by, like spectators.

- Swoosh! -

All of the Demonic Saints, as well as their followers, suddenly rose up, occupying a corner of the sky. All the demons from the lion race also flew up in the air, preparing for the imminent battle.

“This is a retaliation war. We only attack the lion race demons. As for other demons, please retreat to a safe distance, in case of being implicated. We appreciate your understanding. I promise, we won’t stay here after we’ve exacted our retaliation.”

Long Pifu flew in the front, as he made that announcement. Despite his dwarf-like figure, none of the demons present dared to look down upon him. They had learned from experience, for anyone who had underestimated Long Pifu, would eventually be found dead.

Besides the lion race demons, the other demons all retreated in a hurry. They were so scared that the ripple effect of this ferocious war would affect them. Only those with retarded brains wouldn’t run.

The evacuation order was given to the non-lion-race demons. The lion race, nevertheless, had to face it anyway. As one of the most powerful races in the Demonic Prefecture, they had their pride and dignity; yet now, they looked like a bunch of pathetic roaches, and had no other place to run away to, so all they could do and stay in their homebase – Heaven Demonic City.

Chapter 189 – The Four Guardians of Immortal City

“Long Pifu, don’t push us too hard. We would probably let you perish with us together if you leave us no chance!” One of the Demonic Saints flared up, as he looked around at the desperate group of remaining lion race demons.

“Turn in Yao Xie, otherwise your lion race will be annihilated today!”

Of course, Long Pifu wouldn’t be intimidated by the remarks of a Demonic Saint. He kept his composure, as he replied in a cold tone.

“Yeah, tell us where that old bastard Yao Xie is, then we’ll think of letting you go!”

Long Pifu’s response was echoed by other advanced cultivators from the Mars Prefecture’s side, as they yelled out in unison. The resounding voices showed their firm determination to tear the lion race demons apart.

“Hahaha... You can spare your efforts in killing Yao Xie, we’ll kill him instead!” This Demonic Saint let out a dry laughter, and cursed Yao Xie as well as his ancestors. But on second thought, he embarrassingly realized that he shared the same ancestors with Yao Xie.

After some silence, he was thoroughly convinced that they were totally doomed, given the flaming murderous intent in the human cultivators’ eyes. He even believed that Long Pifu’s request for a truce was only a flowery excuse. At this stage, neither side knew where Yao Xie was.

The Mars Prefecture wouldn’t let go of this opportunity to stir up a bloodshed battle, which was their normal way of handling similar incidents – being a whore but disguised in the shape of a virgin! They were kind of... shameless, in dealing with their enemies. The demons from other races, however, all naively believed in the twisted tongues of the humans. In order to get themselves out of any unnecessary trouble, they continued to act cooperatively.

“If you want to annihilate our lion race, start with me!”

A light of cruelty flashed through this Demonic Saint’s eyes. All of a sudden, he flew out of their group, and dashed towards the Mars Prefecture team as if

he had gone crazy.

Immediately, there appeared a surging fire all over his body. The desperation in his eyes turned uncannily terrifying.

“Grrr...”

Amidst his madness, another two Demonic Saints targeted the Mars Prefecture team, as they copied the actions of the first Demonic Saint, as they were all covered in a flaming red fire. It seemed as if they were trying to burn their human enemies down to ashes.

“Dammit... They’re going to self-explode!”

“Run!”

The cultivators of the Mars Prefecture finally came to the realization that these three demons were going to act as suicide bombers! If they stayed there any longer, they would probably perish together with them. Hence, the humans all quickly retreated.

Strangely, some of the Saint-Realm cultivators remained there, with eyes glaring at the three demons, as if they were watching a circus performance. Eventually, when they stood in front of Long Pifu, and Ye Tianlong, an earsplitting thud could be heard.

- Bang! -

An earthly yellow light pierced through the air, and all the people and demons were wrapped in this glaring halo.

Long Pifu stretched out his skinny hands, and made several mysterious gestures. Instantly, a gigantic golden palm was formed, which was several meters in length! The golden palm flew towards the three burning Demonic Saints at an extremely fast speed.

Interestingly, the size of the golden palm increased once it met with the wind. The fiercer the wind, the larger it would become. The three Demonic Saints were all snatched up by this terrifyingly large palm, which threw them to the other lion race demons. Surprisingly, this hand seemed to be playing with some toys,

rather than throwing away several advanced cultivators

- Boom! Boom! Boom! -

Immediately following the resounding sound of the three demons slamming into the ground, three mushroom-shaped clouds appeared in the sky. Cries of fear sounded out among the demons. In the next moment, countless of amputated legs and arms, and other parts of demonic bodies, were falling from the sky.

“Ahhhh...”

The non-lion-race demons, which stood in the near distance, were also shocked by such a scene. Now, they gloated over their decision to stay away from this drama from the very beginning.

The overwhelming power manifested by Long Pifu was definitely more than impressive. He had successfully gotten rid of the three demons like throwing three sandbags. His cultivation of the Rule of the Wood was almost in fruition... It seemed that he had reached the peak level of the Realm of the Saint, which meant, that he was only half a step away from the Heaven-Immortal Realm. Anyone who dared to confront him, would, by no means, survive the battle!

- Shoo! -

The other Demonic Saints in the group could only vomit blood in front of such humiliation. They decided to make their final attack, no matter what! They didn't care whether they could bring down any of these human enemies, it was simply the pride of being a lion race demon that kept them going. Better death than dishonor...

“Attack!”

Long Pifu looked back with an absent minded expression, as he looked a little bit exhausted. So he waved his arms to the group, as he asked them to annihilate the remnant lion race demons, once and for all.

.....

“Stop, all of you!”

At this crucial moment, a sound came from the southeast sky, as four figures

were flying in this direction.

The sudden disruption halted the movement of each side, as both the demons and the human cultivators were raising their heads towards the southeast sky.

“Your Excellency, guardians! Please help us!” The demons began to scream for help, in a sobbing tone. They were so thrilled to see the coming of their saviors.

Long Pifu and Ye Tianlong looked at each other, as both of them showed a small smile. Long Pifu waved to his group and asked them to step back. After that, he walked forward and greeted the four guardians with cupped hands, “I’m Long Pifu, respectful greetings to the four immortal guardians.”

“We also pay our respects to you, immortal guardians!”

The rest of the Mars Prefecture cultivators followed suit as they bowed to the newly arrived guardians. The non-lion-race demons, however, also flew in front of the four guardians and greeted them with due respect. They knew, that since Immortal City had intervened, the battle would be called off.

The ostensible greetings only made the lion race demons furious, though they all concealed it deep in their hearts. It was obvious that the guardians from Immortal City hadn’t come to dissuade them from fighting, since the battle had almost reached the end. They were, rather coming to show their pretentious attempt to pick up the pieces and clear the mess up.

“Forgo the formalities, all of you.” A tall man with a cluster of purple hair responded, as he looked around at the fallen pieces of demonic bodies. He then turned to Long Pifu and sighed with an expression of compassion.

“Old brother Long, this time, you went too far for this incident. I’ve already investigated it and confirmed that the fault lies on the demons’ side. However... don’t you think it’s inappropriate to annihilate the whole lion race because of Yao Xie? Instead of launching this... War of Retaliation, or whatever you call it, you can directly report this matter to Immortal City. Buddy, we’ll help you bring justice to the wrongdoers!”

Afterwards, he turned back to the demons with a deep sigh, “Your lion race demons are so hopelessly stupid, why don’t you run away when they are

coming? If we arrived a little bit later, you would all be dead by now. Nothing is more precious than life itself!”

“Since we all know it’s only Yao Xie who hatched up the ambush plan, so... we need to capture Yao Xie as soon as possible. Honestly, we’re on our way to kill Yao Xie, but only found this farce halfway through. If we could’ve come at an earlier time, this whole tragedy could’ve been avoided. Alas, such a pity...”

Chapter 190 – Double Dealing

The Tu Guardian was skilled at both his deep voice and affectionate feelings, which left everyone present stunned. He was really a man who knew how to use tricks in his crooked rhetoric.

In his opening remarks, he directly admitted the crime committed by the lion race demons. But, he also blamed Long Pifu for his reckless retaliation.

It seemed, in this way, he had managed to neither offend the demon side, nor the human side. Also, he had mentioned that they would take the responsibility to execute Yao Xie, but it wasn't because they had any sense of justice, but because only the dead couldn't reveal their secrets! They had to kill him anyway, in case the latter would disclose their true face.

Long Pifu gave this Tu Guardian a middle-finger salute, of course in an unnoticed way. While at the same time, he had to maintain an appropriate expression to suit the situation. Since they had slaughtered enough of the lion race demons, and Yao Xie would die anyway, he had no option but to compromise.

After a bout of slight coughing, Long Pifu arched his eyebrows as he bowed to Tu Guardian once again, "Respectful Tu Guardian. Thank you for your comments on this matter. You couldn't be more right. We were too reckless. Alas, I lost my temper when I was told that Yao Xie dared to break the Alliance Treaty signed by our three prefectures. Since the culprit will soon be executed, I think we should call an end to this incident!"

Meanwhile, the Demonic Saints among the lion race demons were pissed off, but they didn't show their true feelings in their expressions.

To the demons, they had thought that Immortal City would be on their side; to their disappointment, however, the guardians had just winked at the farce without the slightest intention to help them out. They even heard from rumors that Immortal City was involved in the Luo Shen Mountain Ambush, no wonder that the guardians decided to sacrifice the demons to vent the indignation of the Mars Prefecture...

As Demonic Saints, they were far weaker than any of those immortal

guardians. Hence, they wouldn't dare to confront these four guardians. Instead, they had to swallow their bitter feelings.

Despite these complaints, the demons still had a fake smile plastered on their faces, because they were afraid that the guardians would completely abandon them. One of the Demonic Saints was trying to make his voice heard, "Your Highness, our lion race demons suffered great casualties in this war, including many advanced cultivators..."

"Enough, I know that!" Tu Guardian responded with a cold, reproaching glance, as he broke in rather impatiently.

If the demons kept nagging about the consequences of this battle, he would be too irritated to intervene. But, as people of Immortal City, who had the privilege to mediate between the two sides, he turned to Long Pifu, "Old brother Long, you have been too cruel to these lion race demons. I think you should compensate them for their losses!"

"No problem!" Long Pifu replied with a submissively smile, and added, "A meeting will be held for the compensation scheme when we get back to Dragon City. I'll have my people deliver the compensation to the lion race demons!"

The lion race demons all looked at both Long Pifu and Tu Guardian, as if they were giving a two-man comic show.

"Go back to preside a meeting on the subject of compensation? We would probably have to wait thousands of years until we see any form of compensation!" Some of the demons whispered suspiciously.

"Each one of us should learn a hard lesson from this incident. For any unresolved matters, please fight in the Prefecture War! If you dare to launch another private battle without the approval of Immortal City, you'll be harshly punished. Ok, everyone return home!" Tu Guardian nodded his head, as he finished these final words. He looked rather satisfied with the result.

The battle had seen many deaths on the lion race demon's side. Now, the demons all went back home, to reunite with their families. Meanwhile, the Mars

Prefecture team retreated peacefully as commanded. And Yao Xie was said to be killed by people of Immortal City eventually.

Heaven Demonic City returned to its normal tranquility. This entire time, rain had been falling down. Finally, a red sun rose high up in the sky, and its beams began to shine through the clouds, before shining on the whole city. That made the already bloody, war-stricken Heaven Demonic City look even redder...

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Qingwu hadn't been in the mood to do anything, ever since she had returned home from the Luo Shen Mountain.

Although she was told by her grandfather that there was still a 60% chance for Qinghan to come back, she couldn't make herself feel happier. Also, Ye Qingniu had told Qingwu that another immortal cultivator would appear in the near future and their ancestor, Ye Ruoshui, was trying to help Qinghan, too. At first, she was shocked to learn that their family would have another immortal cultivator. But, she chose to believe in her grandfather's words, though she had no clue who this lucky person was.

Right now, she was in the pavilion where Ye Qingyu lived, in a daze. Her grandfather had told her that Qingyu still needed some time to recover, before she would wake up. These days, beside her personal cultivation, visiting Ye Qingyu became a routine for her. Most of the time, she would sit on Qingyu's bedside, staring at this white-haired girl with compassion.

Everyday, she would come here to see if Qingyu had woken up yet.

However, she had no idea how she was supposed to talk to Qingyu, once the latter had woken up. Should she tell her all that had happened to her brother? Qinghan had gone to the Prefecture War and he had gained the Spirit Immortal Dan, and he had done all of this for her, his sister! Now, her brother was trapped in one of the most dangerous places on the continent, the Luo Shen Mountain.

Qingyu had been asleep for over a year. What would be her response be if she was told that her beloved brother had actually been put in unpredictable danger because of her? That would definitely be a heavy blow to her! She would most likely faint once again on hearing this grievous news.

But... how should Qingwu explain everything that had happened to her? Or how should she conceal it from her?

Despite all the confusion and uncertainties she had to face Qingyu, Qingwu did hope that Qingyu would wake up as soon as possible.

Because this was what Qinghan wished for... and Qinghan's wish would be her wish as well...

While on the other side, she did have some selfish fear for Qingyu's recovery. Given her feelings for Qinghan, and what they had done that night, she was afraid to face Qingyu. Suffering from these contradictory feelings, she was in a very bad mood.

While at the same time, Qingwu wasn't alone, when it came to heartbroken grief. On the island of the Tranquil Lake, Qingcheng found it hard to be happy and carefree. The picturesque peninsular scenery was breathtaking as usual, but she had no feeling to appreciate it.

During these days, she was always forced to wake up from nightmares. After washing her face and rinse her teeth, she would slip herself into her pink robe, and wear a peach flower on her head.

After that, she would pick up her musical stringed instrument, and her silvery sword outside. Playing ancient classic music, and performing a sword dance turned out to be her favorite pastime.

The melody was rapid and strong, for she was performing the same sword dance that had received standing ovations back during the Summer Fire Festival – Dance of the Calvary!

The same melody, the same dance, but not the same person. No matter how she played, she just couldn't express the unbridled freedom and vicissitudes Qinghan had done that day.

Qingcheng frowned her beautiful eyebrows, and her pearlescent eyes had already turned lackluster. The days without Qinghan were so agonizingly difficult for her.

Feng Zi had returned to West Wind City, and kept himself in his room to cultivate. He had rejected all the invitations from his disreputable old friends, for he had made a vow that he would diligently cultivate to improve his power by leaps and bounds.

Hua Cao went back to Falling Flower City. Like a changed person, he had never continued on with his favorite hobby – stalking; and even showed no interest in the two girls the Yue Family had given him.

It was all because of the Prefecture War he had been through. His attitude had changed. The things he used to consider to be interesting had lost their previous lure. Now, he found these things not only boring but childish. Like Feng Zi, he kept himself away from anyone's interruption. Also, he searched and gathered numerous spirit Dan and cultivation methods from his family, and cultivated diligently ever since he had returned home. This sudden change of attitude surprised many of the old folks in his family.

Long Sainan was now back in Dragon City, preparing for her next breakthrough in cultivation – the Realm of the Emperor! She would soon be on the stage of the real advanced cultivators.

Without much excitement and surprise, however, Sainan remained calm and level-headed. But, during the process of absorbing the Laws of Heaven and Earth, she was, several times, distracted by a figure of a teenager that popped up in her mind now and then. She was terrified to find this. For 28 years, she had never had such feelings before. Why did her heartbeat quicken whenever she thought of this teenager?

Could it be... that she had some romantic feelings for this young man, who was roughly ten years younger than her? Could her heart have been unlocked by this young man? As a 28-year old girl, this would probably be like receiving the sweetest drop of dew after a long drought.

Chapter 191 – Cultivation

No matter how boisterous the outside world was, Qinghan knew nothing of it. Neither did he have any clue about the feelings of the two girls right now, or of his other family members who were expectantly waiting for his return.

The only thing that occupied his mind right now, was his determination to pass the three trials and leave this damned mountain. If he failed to grab the Immortal Sword in the Small Immortal Pavilion, he would probably be unable to ever leave this place.

After a couple of day's worth of investigation, however, he managed to reassure himself that this place had no immediate exit. He was still trapped in the first trial, the Illusion Trial. Like a pathetic animal, Qinghan skittered about in the misty forest, desperately trying to find a way out. But, he only found the vastness and boundlessness of this place. Fortunately, the spirit fruits he picked from the trees kept him alive, without which he had no energy to charge any further. But, apart from the trees, this place, or more exactly, the illusion realm he was in, was so pessimistically barren. The path he trod on was as flat as the concrete pavement in the modern age, for there were simply no flowers or other plants along the road.

Previously, Qinghan had naively thought that he could eventually make his way out at the end of the road if he kept walking in a linear way. However, he had overestimated his ability, obviously. Several days' of arduous, yet pointless walking had led him to believe in the legendary power of this Luo Shen Mountain. The thick white fog, the brown soil, and the spirit fruit trees were the only thing that Qinghan could see.

Right now, he had totally given up on the idea to make his way out. He was pretty sure that every hint of escape was but a mere trick played on him by the Illusion Trial.

His prediction was right; the Illusion Trail had actually created this maze-like realm that blocked anyone from going out.

Qinghan was told by Ye Ruoshui to break this trial within one year, otherwise his soul would be drowned in the killing illusions. It was highly likely that Qinghan would be entrapped in this very first trial and die.

He had no choice but to arduously cultivate, until his soul power would be sufficiently strong to overcome this trial. In the illusions, it took an overwhelmingly powerful soul to clear the “mental barricades” created by the trees of the seven human emotions.

Cultivating seemed to be his top priority right now. Of course, he had nothing else to do at this stage, because every time he got close to one of the ancient trees, he would feel that the power of the illusion was too strong for his soul to handle. He had to, therefore, empower his soul through cultivation, and hopefully pass the trial. Despite the monotonousness of cultivation, he was lucky to have Little Black with him. In this unpopulated mountain, he would otherwise have become depressed, gone mad, or become autistic.

Now, after suffering from numerous illusions these days, Qinghan had discovered that there was a pattern in terms of its appearances. There would be three illusions within a single day. During the break hours, however, it was perfectly safe. He thus let Little Black out when he wasn't stuck in an illusion.

The spirit fruits Qinghan picked up from the trees provided him with enough pure energy. He felt that his stomach would become warm when he ate one of these fruits, up to roughly three times a day. Although the energy it released wasn't very much, but it was miraculously powerful and pure. His Dantian had now become a reservoir of energy, which would eventually be transformed into liquidated Battle Qi.

For cultivators, they had to accumulate the Essence Qi between heaven and earth, and absorb it into their Dantian. Normally, the convert ratio of Battle Qi from Essence Qi to liquidized Battle Qi was as low as one percentage. The energy released by the spirit fruits, nevertheless, could actually be completely transformed into liquidized Battle Qi.

This was terrifyingly productive! The pure energy Qinghan took in via the spirit fruits were six times the amount of energy raised by traditional method.

Six times!

Usually, it would take roughly ten years for a mediocre cultivator to break into the Realm of the Prince. But for the talented ones, such as Qinghan and Sainan, they needed about five years, if they didn't search for assistance from certain

medicines. But, if Qinghan continued to eat these spirit fruits, he would largely shorten his duration in breaking through to the next realm. He even calculated that it would take him around eight to ten months to reach his goal – the Realm of the Prince! Of course, this was predicted based on the hypothesis that everything went on well and no accidents occurred.

It was hardly convincing to tell anyone in the cultivation world that one could break into the Realm of the Prince within such a short period of time. The young lord and ladies, who lived in affluent families, had a chance to be this efficient, but the spirit medicine it required would be bloodily huge. Even the richest Yue Family would hesitate to do so.

“Boss, I’m back!”

When Qinghan was about to take a break from cultivation, Little Black’s voice grabbed his attention. In the misty fog, Little Black spurted and eventually catapulted himself into Qinghan’s arms.

“Hehe, Little Black. You’re always running about. Don’t get yourself lost!”

Qinghan held Little Black while stroking his fur. Suddenly, out of curiosity, he touched the horn on Little Black’s head, wondering why it grew so slowly after such a long time had already passed. It could only be held between two of his fingers.

“Oh... I’m so full. These fruits are so yummy. I’ve eaten more than ten now!”

Little Black naughtily shook his head, and hilariously stood up on his two rear legs, showcasing his round, cute stomach.

Qinghan couldn’t help reaching out his hands, as he touched his belly, and laughed, “Hey, my little beast, don’t eat too much. How can such a small stomach hold ten fruits?”

“I forced myself to eat them. You know, the energy it later releases is as comfortable and pure as that from the Dragon Crystal. I have to eat more, so that I can grow up!”

Like a funny little human being, Little Black put his claws upon his stomach and

massaged it up and down. While at the same time, he stuck out his tongue and licked as if he was still enjoying the delicious fruit.

“Little bastard, haven’t you already reached the maturing state? I remember you told me so when you absorbed the energy of the Dragon Crystal. It has been several months since then, why do you still look as small as before?”

With an amicable smile, Qinghan tried to make fun of his beast. But, one thing that befuddled him was, why did Little Black grow so slowly in terms of his physical size? Up until now, Little Black still couldn’t get rid of the image of a puppy, for he was only several kilograms in weight, and he was no larger than a dog.

However, fortunately, in terms of power, Little Black was improving with visible progress. In Little Black’s own words, despite his little figure, his true power had already become equivalent to a seventh-grade demonic beast. Perhaps, Qinghan thought, his holy-grade battle beast really was different from other ones.

While Little Blacked was choked up by Qinghan’s questions, his eyes rolled around as he pondered, “Ahh... eh, boss, I can’t give you any explanation on this, because I don’t know either. But, in theory, I should be as powerful as those seventh-grade demonic beasts. My body... yeah, I admit, it looks short and skinny. Could it be that all holy-grade battle beasts grow in this way? Or am I a saint-grade battle beast? Hey, boss, think about it. That can probably explain my delay in growing up.”

“Ha! Nothing is... impossible. When I become an immortal, I can probably turn you into a saint-grade battle beast with my magic power! Forget about it and play with yourself. I’ll continue my cultivation. Alas, hopefully, I can break into the Realm of the Prince and dispel these fucking illusions!”

Qinghan threw a disdainful look at Little Black, for he didn’t believe in Little Black’s imagination in the slightest.

Saint-grade battle beast? Even ancestor Ye Ruoshui didn’t have the fortune to summon such a top grade battle beast. How could it be possible for Qinghan to obtain such a legendary beast, which was rarely heard of in the whole Flaming Dragon Continent? So, without any hesitation, he denied Little Black’s optimistic

prediction, even though what he said might dampen Little Black's enthusiasm in finding such innovative explanations.

Chapter 192 – Ye Qingyu Wakes Up

The rear hill of the Ye Castle, in Grey City.

Ye Tianlong looked at the girl on the bed with a complicated expression. He then turned to Ye Qingniu and Ye Baihu, before he said “It’s been half a year since she absorbed the Immortal Crystal, why hasn’t she woken up yet?”

A year ago, in an attempt to win back Qinghan’s loyalty to the Ye Family, he had gone to Concealed Island with nearly half of the family treasures to exchange for a Spirit Immortal Dan. To his great surprise and confusion, the leader of Concealed Island had given him an Immortal Crystal instead, which was much more valuable than a Spirit Immortal Dan. Neither of the two items were common treasures, and Ye Tianlong had thus failed to distinguish them from each other. Also, he chose not to open and check the Dan until the final moment before it was used, in case the energy within would be leaked. Soon after Qinghan was sucked into the Luo Shen Mountain, and he had looked for his ancestor, Ye Ruoshui, who had given him the Mars Prefecture Blood Token. At that moment he had handed over the box, which had contained the Dan, to Ye Baihu.

However... he was also greatly shocked, when he had learned about the truth of the item in the box. What added to his bewilderment was, that their ancestor, Ye Ruoshui, had claimed that Ye Qingyu would become the next leader of the Ye Family. Because, she would become a Heaven-immortal Realm cultivator within roughly ten years!

What was the Heaven Immortal Realm?

As the great elders of the family, he, Ye Baihu, and Ye Qingniu knew all too well of what this realm meant. This was their ultimate goal since they had entered the Realm of the Saint twenty years ago. It would be a dream-come-true for them to break into such a legendary realm, which would instantly endow them with unimaginable power and a self-teleportation technique. Compared with the ordinary people living in this mortal world, a Heaven-immortal Realm cultivator was almost eternal.

Not a single cultivator could resist the temptation to become an immortal. Not a single person could stand the lure to live forever.

Nevertheless, the threshold for the Heaven-immortal Realm was insurmountably high. Throughout the history of the Flaming Dragon Continent, among the countless Saint-Realm cultivators, only a few of them had eventually reached this realm. The Ye Family, for instance, had only seen one cultivator become an immortal – Ye Ruoshui.

Taking Long Pifu as another example, as a cultivator in the peak level of the Realm of the Saint, he could effortlessly throw away three Demonic Saints like toys. However... he was still half a step away from the Heaven-immortal Realm. If he didn't have the luck to become an immortal, he would most likely turn old and die in Dragon City.

In the Ye Family, the great elders like Ye Tianlong were deemed as idols among the younger generations. But, none of them had the chance to become an immortal, for they hadn't even reached the threshold of this realm.

Any cultivator below the Realm of the Emperor highly depended on the Battle Qi, or special herbs, to improve their cultivation. However, when it came to the Realm of the Emperor, they also had to grasp the Laws of Heaven and Earth, besides absorbing Battle Qi. At the age of forty, Ye Tianlong had begun his journey of learning the Laws of Heaven and Earth. Several decades had past, but he had only grasped two of the five laws.

Now, Ye Ruoshui had said that this little girl, who was only fifteen or sixteen, and was a half-paralyzed Spirit Jade Body, would actually become an immortal within the next ten years. Just because of the Immortal Crystal she had absorbed?

Within ten years, could she even possibly accumulate the Battle Qi required to reach the peak-level of the Realm of the Saint? If she could, would she be able to grasp all the five abstruse mysteries of the Laws of Heaven and Earth? After all, it had taken almost two decades for Ye Tianlong to grasp just two of them.

Their attitude towards Ye Ruoshui's prediction, therefore, was dubious. But, considering their knowledgeable ancestor, they compelled themselves to accept it as a fact.

Because... this was personally confirmed by Ye Ruoshui - the only Heaven-immortal Realm cultivator who was born hundreds of years ago. They simply couldn't convince themselves to not believe their ancestor. Ye Ruoshui's words should be reliable and authoritarian.

The three of them were so desperate to see Qingyu wake up. They were so eager to witness that magic moment. Could all these predictions become reality?

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"Don't worry, leader. Although we're unable to check on this girl's soul condition, I can confirm that she's continually recovering. Look at her radiant face, she looks so much better than before. Perhaps, she'll wake up soon, maybe as early as tomorrow!"

Ye Baihu tried to console his leader with a smile, for he had read Ye Tianlong's feelings.

"Yes, respectful leader! We don't have to worry about this. It's not only unnecessary, but also useless! The only thing we can do right now is to patiently wait!"

Ye Qingniu looked fatigued and weak, for he had just recuperated from his injuries. Also, his granddaughter's current condition was giving him another headache. He had indeed turned mad at Qinghan several times, for stealing the heart of his beloved Qingwu. In front of the sorrow-drown Qingwu, Ye Qingniu had simply no idea on how to comfort her.

"Nonsense! How can I possibly stay calm? This girl is supposed to be an immortal in ten years! Alas..." With a deep sigh, Ye Tianlong added, "What on earth is an Immortal Crystal? Do you guys have any ideas? How can it be able to lift a non-cultivator to the top realm? It's... incredible! Where is our ancestor these days?"

"Sorry, I've no clue about it either. Have you already asked Long Pifu about this? What did he say? If he can't answer it, then we're absolutely unable to provide you with a satisfying answer. Our ancestor must have something else to do; otherwise he wouldn't appear after such a long time. I'm sure he cares for

this girl!” Ye Qingniu shook his head, as he responded.

Meanwhile, Ye Baihu turned to Ye Tianlong and sighed, “Alas, leader, I think we need to worry more about what we should say about her brother when she happens to wake up. If we tell her the truth, will she go to the Luo Shen Mountain or commit suicide? Oh, our ancestor will tear us apart if this really happens!”

“Errr...”

Ye Baihu’s concern left both Ye Tianlong and Ye Qingniu shocked, but it was a really big problem. None of them were familiar with this girl, all they knew about her was that she had used her Soul Sacrifice back in the Drunken-heart Garden. But, they had also heard that she had attempted to commit suicide once when Ye Qingxie had tried to force her to marry Wuhen. They were pretty sure that underneath her weak appearance, this girl had a staunch heart.

She had been sleeping for more than a full year. If she was told that Qinghan was lost in the Luo Shen Mountain when she woke up, she would probably take it as telling her that Qinghan was dead. Despite the large amount of family members, Qingyu didn’t believe anyone but Qinghan.

“Baihu, this is going to be tough. Usually, you’re the one who is full of brilliant ideas, so please think hard and find a way to comfort this girl. We have to protect her, otherwise we’re all doomed!” Ye Tianlong lost his usual composed manner, as he scratched his head with anxious eyes.

“Me? The only way to solve this problem, is to choose someone that is close with Qinghan to tell this sister that her brother is still alive. I mean, she won’t believe in us, which is obvious, but we need to find someone that she will find reliable. What about Qingcheng... or Qingwu, they can help convince Qingyu!” Ye Baihu spoke his thoughts out loud.

“Errr... m-my brother... is still alive?”

Amidst the three old men’s discussion, a faint voice suddenly rang out in the room.

The abruptness of the voice left the three great elders stunned. But, a second later, their eyes were filled with jubilant light, as they all walked closer to the bed

and tossed their heads towards the girl.

On the big white bed, the white-haired girl in white clothing was now staring at the three of them with big and frightened eyes. Her creamy jade-like face was breathtakingly beautiful despite her silvery hair. There was even some coquettish charm in her...

Chapter 193 – I Miss Him

“Errr... your brother... let’s talk about your brother later. Kid, don’t move. Do you feel anything unusual in your body? Hey, Qingniu, go and get some maids to come over here, oh, and ask your granddaughter to come here as well. Then what? Oh, yeah, bring some porridge. I know she needs to eat something with less fat. She has only just woken up...”

The first question raised by Ye Qingyu left the three elders so frightened that their hearts were about to jump out of their throats. They didn’t know how to say or act in front of this mysterious girl.

It was Ye Tianlong, who finally took the initiative to break the silence, as he rubbed his hands and twitched his lips in embarrassment. He tried to put up a friendly smile to make Qingyu feel more comfortable. But, his remarks seemed awkwardly phrased as he began to spout out nonsense.

“Yeah, don’t worry, kid. You should lie down and have a rest. Everything will be settled. I’ll ask someone to take special care of you!” Qingniu gleefully responded and narrowed his ox-sized eyes, in case the abnormal size of his eyes would make Qingwu feel uncomfortable. As soon as he had finished his words, he ran out.

“Don’t be afraid, Ye Qingyu. This is our family leader, and he is also you and your brother’s grandfather. You should relax and try to get some rest. Let me tell you, Ye Jian is imprisoned, and Ye Qingkuang is expelled from the Ye Castle. So, the bad guys are no longer around. You can rest assured...”

Ye Baihu had finally regained his composure after his previous shock. As saint-realm cultivators, they had seen many grand scenes in their lifetime already. But, none of them were good at comforting a girl, especially when they were facing an unyielding girl like Qingyu. They were afraid that the smallest mistake would lead this girl to harm herself once again. Hence, they had to be meticulously careful in their phrasing.

Qingyu didn’t care in the least about the passionate and zealous confession of the three elders. Instead of believing in their kindness, she saw them as three ill-intended obscene old folks who deceived her by saying they would buy her

candy. She started to, therefore, curl up and hide underneath the blankets of her bed.

“I-I want to see my brother. Let me see him. You said he is still alive, then bring him here. Otherwise... I’ll kill myself again!”

“Stop!”

“Oh, no!”

Qingyu’s threat took effect. Ye Tianlong and Ye Baihu were so afraid of her doing something extreme. Yet, they found it difficult to handle this situation.

- Sha, Sha! -

Footsteps could be heard quickly approaching. Soon, a pure face popped up at the door, this was Ye Qingwu.

With a gentle smile and slight excitement, she walked directly towards Qingyu, and asked, “Sister Qingyu, you finally woke up! Do you recognize me?”

“Y-You are Miss Qingwu? I know you!” Qingyu inspected Qingwu from top to bottom, and finally burst into a bright smile. She had seen Qingwu several times in the Ye Castle, and her angelic face and curving body was hard to forget. Most importantly, Qingwu had once saved her brother back at the School for Battle Beasts. Indeed, Qingyu was rather grateful for her heroic behavior at that time.

The casual conversation between the girls had lifted the tension, thus both Ye Tianlong and Ye Baihu felt greatly relieved. It was fortunate that Qingyu actually remembered Qingwu, and had a good impression of her. This definitely made it easier to comfort Qingyu through the mouth of Qingwu, rather than the old folks.

“Ah, little Qingwu, please take care of Qingyu. And don’t forget to tell her that Qinghan isn’t dead. He is... out for cultivation. Qingyu is so weak right now, and she needs a lot of rest. I suggest you to move in here and sleep in the next room! Grandpa Baihu and I will come to see you later!”

Ye Tianlong threw the burden to Qingwu, as he conveyed his voice to the latter, and emphasized that she wasn’t allowed to tell Qingyu anything about the Luo Shen Mountain. At the same time, he stressed her how important it was to

take good care of Qingyu. After that, he and Baihu left. In front of Qingyu, a girl with such limpid, innocent eyes, they had been somehow struck by a guilty conscience. Maybe they were ashamed of what they had done in the past...

.....

“Sister Qingwu... please don’t hide anything from me. Tell me all the details about my brother. He is still alive, isn’t he?”

Currently, Qingwu and Qingyu were the only two people in the room. Qingyu was desperate to get a verbal confirmation from Qingwu, the only person she currently believed in.

In her memory, she had slammed her head towards the wall under the threat of Ye Qingxie. And later, she was in the Drunken-heart Garden, where she had found that Qinghan had returned from the Wild Mountain Range. Her brother had stirred up the Ye Castle and killed several key descendants. At last, the three great elders from the rear hill had arrived. Nevertheless, Ye Ron and Ye Jian had tried to kill Qinghan, so she had released her Soul Sacrifice to empower her brother to defend himself from the attacks from the bad guys.

After having used her Soul Sacrifice, however, she had fallen into a coma. She already knew that it hadn’t been a successful sacrifice. At that time, with so many elders, and great elders around, she wasn’t sure if her brother would finally make his way out or not. Now, a full year had passed by, she woke up and had met the three great elders on her bedside, who were having a discussion about her brother. So, without any hesitation, she blurted out such a question.

Despite the explanation of Ye Tianlong and Ye Baihu, Qingyu found their words incoherent and off-topic. She chose to believe in Qingwu, a girl who had helped her brother before.

“Of course not. I’m also a witness of that incident. It was me who crushed the jade token my grandfather had given me and invited the great elders out. Our leader had already investigated the whole thing, and found your brother innocent. Hey, I have another piece of good news to share with you. The so called lion-nosed dog your brother summoned is indeed believed to be a holy-grade battle beast! Think of it, how promising your brother will be as a cultivator. How could our family let such a genius die, right?” Qingwu stroked Qingyu’s hair

as she continued her explanation, though there appeared a gleam of sorrowness in her eyes. Luckily, she managed to conceal it almost instantly.

“Oh... but where is my brother now? I desperately need to see him, after my super long sleep. I miss him so much!”

Joyfulness flashed in Qingyu’s eyes, because she was more assured of the authenticity of her brother’s high-ranked battle beast, even though Qinghan had previously already told her of this news. But, she felt rather sad because Qinghan wasn’t currently here.

“Hehe... little sister, you’ve been sleeping for more than a year. Y-your brother, he was sent by the family to a remote place to further cultivate. This place is... much more distant than Wild City. Do you know, that your brother is already really powerful? He is even the hero of the Prefecture War! Errr... I’ll tell you the details later. The most important thing for you right now is to get as much rest as possible. Your... brother will be unhappy if he finds you weak and faint when he returns.”

During their conversation, Qingwu noticed the hope and longing in Qingyu’s innocent eyes, which led her to show more compassion towards this poor girl. Meanwhile, the vision of Qinghan’s heroic behavior on Ghost Island began to float in her brain...

“Wow, after my long sleep, my brother has become a hero? He’s now really powerful? Are you sure you are not taking me for a fool?”

Upon hearing this, Qingyu’s smile burst into an even bigger grin, which added a naughty charm to her delicate face.

After a little silence, she continued, “Sister Qingwu, I’ll take care of my health as you told me. But, you have to tell me everything that has happened to my brother during this year, please!”

Chapter 194 – The Illusion of Fear

The Illusion Trial of the Luo Shen Mountain.

Qinghan was standing right in front of an ancient tree, while his lips were raised up in a faint smile. This tree was the tree of fear. Of course, he wasn't appreciating the sceneries in his surroundings; he was rather staring at the only spirit fruit on the tree.

Today, he was here to try to pass the illusion of fear, and snatch the spirit fruit on the top. It had been six months since the last time Qinghan had so closely approached an ancient tree. Through arduous cultivation, he had now reached the third level of the Realm of the Marshal. Thus, his Battle Qi and soul power had improved accordingly. That was why he was determined to try to, not only to pick up the spirit fruit, but also to test the results of his cultivation.

As for why the tree of fear was chosen as his first trial, Qinghan had his own explanation. The so called trees of the seven human emotions included feelings of happiness, fury, sadness, fear, love, hatred, and lust. As a time-traveler, Qinghan had experienced two lives already, so he reckoned that fear should be the least threatening feeling for him. He had died once, what else would he be afraid of? Plus, he had slaughtered many of his enemies, and had experienced many big events, he proudly thought that there was nothing left for him to be fearful about.

Having been through various illusions, Qinghan came to the conclusion that, among the seven human emotions, happiness, fury, fear, and hatred, were less of a problem than sadness and lust. He understood himself all too well. He was a man who valued brotherhood and kinship, and thus his feeling would be easily affected by the people he loved. Sometimes, he even couldn't get himself out once plunged into the swirl of sorrow.

Since he believed that he had nothing to fear, he decided to go ahead and try his luck. After inhaling some fresh air, Qinghan put on a smile as he tried to calm himself down, before he slowly approached the ancient tree.

Once he got close enough, the white fog began to dissipate, and a new scene appeared. Qinghan didn't give much heed to the changes, and kept walking forward.

The distance between him and the tree wasn't that long, say only a hundred meters at most, he could've arrived there within the blink of an eye. But, it was in the Luo Shen Mountain, he had to be careful, since the illusion could suddenly become too overwhelming for him. If he recklessly rushed to the tree, he would most likely be trapped in an illusion with no way of escape.

One step, two steps... twenty steps!

The scene kept changing, now the sky was turning scarlet red. There was even some uncanny sounds ringing out next to Qinghan's ears. Most importantly, in the influence of the illusion, fear began to invade Qinghan's brain.

The illusion of fear was nonetheless the most dangerous, even though the illusion would easily vanish if one remained calm and stable. As a mundane human being, however, Qinghan simply couldn't stand the increasing fear that was brought by the illusions, because it was amplified to an extent that every other feeling in his mind was squeezed away. He became more and more timid as the feeling of fear fully occupied his brain.

"Damn it. This grotesque sound won't scare me... Yes, definitely." Qinghan forced a smile, as he tried to persuade himself not to be controlled by these fearful feelings. A second later, he hurriedly closed his eyes, and used his Battle Qi to shut off his hearing and sight. Like a stiff robot, he walked mechanically up ahead.

At the beginning, he was glad that this tactic actually worked. It was true that the influence of the illusion would sharply be reduced if he couldn't see or hear anything. When he was about ten meters away, however, he realized that this method was totally ineffective.

The closer he got to the tree, the more powerful the illusion would be. Now, the illusion was forcefully implanted in his brain, so there would be no use if he shut off all his senses. As long as his brain was working, the illusion would stick with him. Qinghan was left with no choice, since he couldn't get his brain to stop. After all, how could he instruct his body to move forward if his brain didn't work?

As the scarlet red sky turned dim and murky, Qinghan suddenly bumped into a

hillside that was strewn with tombs. A ghostly white light was floating above the tombs. Whenever it was blown by the wind, there would sound out bone-chilling melodies; sometimes soft, like the sobbing of some wronged ghosts or the groaning of some amputated dead body; yet other times fierce, like the howl of the King of Hell... Usually, Qinghan wasn't afraid of such horrifying scenes, which he found no different from the thriller series he had watched in his previous life. Also, given his experience in real battles, where he had relentlessly slaughtered so many demons and barbarians, how was it possible for him to be scared by such a small trick?

However... this time was different. He was in the illusion of fear! His usual courage and nerve had shrunk multiple times. It meant nothing for an emboldened adult to watch thrillers at midnight; but a child would be scared to death if he or she was exposed to such scenes. Now, in the illusion, Qinghan became such a timid child.

Under the overwhelming influence of the illusion, Qinghan's fear had been multiplied to a new degree. The moment he "saw" these scenes, he could only respond to it with shrieking screams and the temptation to run away...

"No! I cannot retreat! This is just an illusion! I've died once, what am I afraid of? The worst scenario for me is to die another time!"

Suddenly, a stubborn determination took hold of Qinghan's mind, as he was turning sober-minded. Miraculously, the fear was somehow suppressed by this newly emerged determination. He began to crazily run forward, and his eyes only focused on the top of the ancient tree, where the dark red spirit fruit radiated...

Despite his staunch determination to get the spirit fruit, his footsteps slowed down, as he had met with obstructive forces along the way. Numerous claws made of white bones popped out from the ground, clinging to the edge of his trousers and ankles.

This was probably the weirdest feeling Qinghan had ever experienced. Although he knew crystal clear that it was but a mere illusion, he just couldn't get rid of the false feeling that he was being dragged down or something... Gradually, he slowed down once again...

"It's not real!"

Qinghan repeated to himself that all these were illusions, and his body was safe and sound. Despite all his efforts to stay sober, his body reacted almost by intuition in front of these scenes.

“Ah... no more walking. These white claws have accumulated to the amount of a hill!”

Looking at the thick-dotted bones along the way, with many still reaching out in his direction. Qinghan’s increasingly wished to run away. He was on the brink of running away...

Chapter 195 – The Spirit Fruit of Fear

“No, I cannot step back. The tree of fear is only a couple of meters away. If I retreat this time, I’ll probably never have the nerve to get any closer, no matter how many times I try in the future. Indeed, I need to destroy the fear brought by this illusion for once and for all!”

The determination deep inside his heart dragged him back from running away. Qinghan reinforced this resolution as he released more Battle Qi, and spurred to the ancient tree at the highest possible speed his legs could carry him.

One step, two steps... ten steps!

Finally, he could almost touch the ancient tree, where the reddish spirit fruit still was glowing with light. Seeing this, Qinghan revealed a smile of relief and jumped up, as he was trying to reach for the fruit.

However, success never came so easily. Almost most in an instant, he found himself surrounded by a group of ferocious, bleeding zombies, who were coming for him in large numbers, while their hands were scratching in the air, and mouths, that had blood oozing out, hanging widely open. When Qinghan directed his look towards those evil zombies, he was so stunned to find that all of them were the enemies he had killed, including Xue Yi, Ye Qingxie, Ye Bao, Ye Ron and Yao Kaka...

“Ye Qinghan, you’ve fallen into our trap! How dare you venture on the illusion land of the seven human emotions? Now, let’s play with you!” Ye Ron opened up his bloody mouth, ready to take a bite out of Qinghan’s leg.

“Ye Qinghan, today will finally be the day of your demise...”

“Finally, I can avenge myself!”

“Ye Qinghan, go die!”

Yao Kaka, Ye Qingxie, and the five brothers he had killed in the Wild Mountain Range, as well as a myriad of demons and barbarians, all flooded in Qinghan’s direction. It seemed as if they were all going to tear apart this unfortunate intruder...

“Ahh...”

“This is... but a mere illusion.”

Qinghan kept persuading himself to stay away from those imaginary crazy bastards. But... the unbearable, agonizing pain was so vivid when the zombies tore his body bit by bit. He could feel that his blood began to stream out from every wound, which made him feel so weak and fatigued. Now, he couldn't even make a single move, for he felt as if he was going to die in the next moment...

“No... get the fuck out of my way!”

The last piece of sobriety in Qinghan's mind managed to survive. It kept reminding Qinghan that all of this was but a mere illusion. If... if his emotions continued to be swayed by the visionary scene, he would enter in a vegetative state, where his soul would die but his physical body would remain sound and healthy. At that time, he would never wake up again...

This illusion of fear was so powerful!

“I've got no better means to deal with this situation. Alright, Little Black, come out and integrate with me. Slaughter!”

In the end, Qinghan summoned his battle beast out. Because, he clearly understood that Little Black would also die if his soul perished, since they were bonded together by a Soul Agreement.

“Why not fight a desperate fight and see if there is still any hope left?”

The cute shadowy figure emerged from within his chest; meanwhile, a strong force of energy was injected into his body. Qinghan was thrilled to find that the illusion of fear turned less powerful the moment he integrated with his beast. The speed of the walking zombies turned unbelievably slow, as their figure faded away.

“Ah? Is the integration saving my soul? It actually works!”

Out of sheer surprise and ecstasy, Qinghan rushed to the tree of fear, jumped up, and climbed on top of the highest branch, on which the red spirit fruit of fear

hung.

- Buzz -

The whole world turned silent, as if time was frozen. Following a glaring beam of white light, the horrible scene vanished, revealing the brown soil and white fog... Qingan had never felt his heart so tranquil as at this moment.

“I eventually made it...”

With a slight leap, Qinghan jumped off the ancient tree. He collapsed on the ground all of a sudden, with the red spirit fruit firmly in his hands. He put on a bitter, yet satisfied smile, and after that, he lay silently and slept peacefully...

.....

Roughly one hour later, Qinghan abruptly woke up. However, he was neither woken up by a nightmare, nor by having had a sufficient rest. Instead it was because he had reminded himself that he had to wake up as soon as possible. When you're exhausted, it's generally easier to fall asleep, but on the other hand, if you keep telling yourself an important event will be coming up the next morning, you're bound to wake up early.

Qinghan was exhausted and could easily sleep for a whole day and night. But, the illusions that would come every day deterred him from relaxing himself. It was more likely for him to be attacked by illusions during his sleep. Therefore, he had to wake up anyway.

In order to put himself together, Qinghan massaged his head for a while to feel somewhat refreshed. When his eyes fell on red fruit clutched in his hand, and the ancient tree, he was struck by palpitation.

“What a close call! I was so reckless this time!”

Qinghan had almost lost his life in the illusion! If either his physical body or his soul had been damaged, he wouldn't have been able to survive this trial. Especially if his soul was torched to death in the illusion, he would have no chance to escape from this mountain.

In his previous life, Qinghan had heard of a classic story, which he found

strikingly similar to his current situation. When a person was banded, eyes covered up, he would grow increasingly fearful if his vein was ripped off, letting blood drop in a large bowl. The splash of blood would make this victim even more frightened. Subconsciously, he would believe to be bleeding to death.

While as a result, he would die an hour later. But the truth was, the bleeding from his wounds had actually already been secretly stopped. And the splashing sound was made by a leaking bottle...

When Qinghan was attacked by the illusion of fear, he had felt his soul being torn apart, bitten off, and crushed. If Qinghan had let these surreal, but indeed imaginary fear take charge of his mind, he would've eventually died.

At the last moment, thanks to integrating with Little Black, he had survived! His soul power had exponentially increased after integrating with Little Black, which had led to his final success in defeating the illusion of fear. When he had fetched the spirit fruit of fear from the tree, this sub-trial was finally over.

Chapter 196 – Ye Qingyu’s Confusion

“Thanks Little Black. It seems my soul power becomes increasingly powerful upon integration. It serves as a counterattack against the illusions. Little Black, come out! I should properly thank you!”

A shadowy figure emerged from his chest, as it condensed into the shape of a little beast. Little Black rolled his eyes with great concern, as if he was approaching Qinghan for not calling him out earlier, “Boss, I’ve told you to integrate with me whenever there’s an illusion attack. Just now was really too dangerous. Oh, heavens, I was so worried about you!”

As Qinghan’s battle beast, Little Black couldn’t leave the summoning space without being summoned by his master. When he had realized the risks of the illusions, he had first tried to warn Qinghan with his conveyed voice, but he had eventually given up doing so as he didn’t wish to interrupt Qinghan’s flow of mind.

“Hehe, sorry, Little Black!”

Qinghan held Little Black in his arms, and stroked his soft fur, as he responded in an apologetic tone, “Before, I thought our soul is separated even after integrating. Now, I know our souls can become one! Isn’t this amazing? Next time, when the illusion appears, we’ll integrate! Fabulous! Hopefully, it’ll be less arduous to pass the next few illusions!”

Indeed, before Qinghan had conquered the tree of fear, he was worried that Little Black was too weak to withstand such powerful illusion attacks, so he had avoided bringing him out. He was not sure whether Little Black would be able to face such grotesque illusions.

Now, he was shocked to learn that his soul and Little Black’s would actually become one upon integration. This was an unexpected surprise! Integrated, his cultivation was at the third level of the Realm of the Prince; if his soul would similarly become stronger, then passing the remaining illusions and obtaining the other six spirit fruits suddenly didn’t seem all that hard anymore...

“Boss, I hope you can pass the Illusion Trial as soon as possible. This place is so uncomfortably uncanny. I find it obnoxious to stay here for even one more

second...”

Little Black nodded his head, as he swept his eyes around the white fog with a frightened expression.

“Hey, be patient. I have to spend another two months in cultivation to break into the Realm of the Prince. You know, once I do, my overall power will be in the Realm of the Emperor after integration. At that time, together, we’ll hopefully be powerful enough to face whatever illusion attacks us in the Illusion Trial.”

An ardent light appeared in Qinghan’s eyes, as he nodded with great confidence. He had been in this mountain for almost half a year now. The only person he couldn’t stop thinking about was his sister... He truly wished to be told that his sister had woken up and recovered, and was standing on the rear hill of the Ye Castle, waiting for his return...

.....

The blowing of the autumn wind had brought ripples in the pool, and beside the pool, the clothing and hair of two girls fluttered gracefully.

One girl had wrapped her charming body up in a red dress, while her angelic face was revealed. The other one was wearing a white robe, with a gentle and weak look. The most striking part of her body was her silvery hair.

The two girls were Ye Qingwu and Ye Qingyu respectively. Instead of her favorite scarlet-red, eye-catching tights, Qingwu had changed into a red long dress ever since she had returned from the Prefecture War. Honestly, the wild part of her was slightly gone, for now she looked more like a gentlewoman. While as for Qingyu, she was still recovering but could get off from her bed and take a walk with Qingwu. It was Qingyu’s proposal to get out of the room to breathe in some fresh air.

“Sister Qingwu, do you think my brother will come back from the Visionary Forest?”

Standing at the lakeside, Qingyu asked in a pessimistic tone as she stared into the distance.

“This... Errr, it all depends on him. Maybe he’ll be back at the end of this year, or maybe next year, who knows? After all, he is there for cultivation!”

With a deep sigh, Qingwu, as agreed upon by the great elders, fabricated such a scenario that Qinghan was in the periphery of the Visionary Forest for cultivation, accompanied by some elders. Since Ye Tianlong had already given out an order that forbade anyone from telling Qingyu the truth about her brother, Qingwu had to behave accordingly.

As one of the three most barren areas in the Flaming Dragon Continent, the Visionary Forest provided a home to a great variety of demonic beasts, which even included some holy-grade demonic beasts. It was even said that the Green Dragon in that area was only half a step away from becoming a saint-level beast! Even immortal-level cultivators would find it a challenge to fight with such a beast.

The periphery of the Visionary Forest, however, was less dangerous. It was the ideal place for young cultivators to practice. Given Qinghan’s current achievements in cultivation, and the protection of the elders, it wasn’t Qinghan’s security that concerned Qingyu, it was just because... she had been in a coma for more than one year, before finally waking up. She was desperate to see her brother! When Qingwu told her that Qinghan would probably come back at the end of this year or even next year, she felt increasingly depressed.

“Eh, Is... is Yue Qingcheng beautiful?” Suddenly, Qingyu frowningly stared into Qingwu’s eyes.

During these days, Qingwu had mentioned her brother’s fiancée, Yue Qingcheng, multiple times. She had actually told Qingyu almost everything except for the occurrence at the Luo Shen Mountain. Of course, what happened that night between her and Qinghan after the drunken banquet, as well as her true feelings towards Qinghan, were all concealed deep in her own heart.

“Haha, my little sister, are you jealous? Honestly, I’m familiar with your brother, and am sure that he’ll put you on the number one spot, even if he had the fortune to marry all the beautiful girls in this continent! No one can replace you!”

Qingwu replied with a beautiful smile. She truly appreciated the love between

Qingyu and her brother, and even admired her for being so committed in this relationship to sacrifice her soul in order to save Qinghan. It was a little awkward, however, to answer such subtle questions, especially between girls.

“Errr, how shall I describe Yue Qingcheng? She is the so called holy virgin of the Yue Family. You know, when one is entitled by this name, she must be excellent in various aspects. Yes, she has a charming appearance, great intelligence, and top cultivation levels... and most importantly, she is easy to get along with. Hey, you know what? You two share something in common, both of you are kind-hearted and have a gentle disposition!”

“Sister Qingwu, don’t make fun of me. I’m not jealous at all.”

Qingyu’s face turned blush, but the redness on her cheeks only made her even more adorable. Embarrassed, she avoided Qingwu’s stare for some time, but finally she refocused her glance at Qingwu with fluttering eyelashes, “Honestly, sister Qingwu, you’re also kind and beautiful. I bet my brother must have some feelings for you as well...”

Chapter 197 – Weird Energy and Cultivation Technique

“Hey, stop making fun of me, dear sister. There’s nothing between me and your brother...”

Qingwu’s heartbeat quickened as she tried her best to conceal her true feelings. By staring into Qingyu’s limpid eyes, she explained herself rather awkwardly.

“Sister Qingwu, I didn’t imply there to be a special relationship between the two of you. Don’t take me wrong. Eh, why are you so nervous?”

A tricky light appeared on Qingyu’s face, as she carefully observed Qingwu’s micro-expressions, “Alright, even if there is something going on between you two, I really don’t care, as long as it’s my brother’s choice.”

“Errr...”

Qingwu was left speechless. She began to figure out why Qinghan loved his sister so much, because Qingyu was the rare kind of girl who had the ability to stay in harmony with the rest of the world, including some potential love competitors. While amidst her meditation, she glanced lopsided and found Ye Tianlong and Ye Qingniu walking in their direction.

In a hurry, she grabbed Qingyu’s sleeves and stepped forward to welcome the elders.

“Respectful greetings to you both. Haha, Grandpa!”

“Respectful leader, and Elder Qingniu!”

Both Qingwu and Qingyu bowed to the two approaching elders in full respect. Qingyu knew, these two elders had helped Qinghan a great deal, so she felt kind of indebted to them both. But, she wasn’t quite used to call Ye Tianlong “Grandpa”. Instead, she called him leader rather than grandfather.

“Forget the formalities. Qingyu, are you feeling better yet? Oh, remember, from now on, directly call me Grandpa. Qingwu, you also should call me First Grandpa. As for Ye Baihu, he is your Third Grandpa.”

Ye Tianlong put on a rarely-seen amicable face, as he talked to the two girls with more-than-usual patience.

At the same time, Ye Qingniu nodded to echo Ye Tianlong's remarks, "Yeah, Qingyu, you can call me Second Granpa!"

"Okay! First Grandpa, and Grandpa, haha, are you satisfied?"

In response, Qingwu stuck out her tongue and made faces in a naughty way.

"F-first Grandpa... Second Grandpa." Embarrassed, Qingyu lowered her head and spoke in a mellow voice.

"Hahaha... good girls! Errr, we actually came to see whether Qingyu is feeling better yet. Besides, we have something for you, Qingyu!"

Ye Tianlong laughed out loudly, before he reached out two fingers and pressed them on Qingyu's pulse. He decided to use his Battle Qi to check on Qingyu's condition.

However, the moment his Battle Qi flowed into Qingyu's arm, it was bounced back by an even larger power. Eventually, his entire arm was forcefully pushed back.

"Ahh! Leader, W-what had happened?"

Standing beside Ye Tianlong, Ye Qingniu was dumbfounded to witness this weird moment. His ox-eyes looked even wider than normal.

Regardless of Ye Qingniu's confusion, Ye Tianlong continued his efforts as he extended his arm and unleashed some Battle Qi. This time, he multiplied the amount of Battle Qi and was determined to let this flow of Battle Qi forcefully enter Qingyu's body. Nevertheless the result remained exactly the same. The mysterious yet excessively powerful force, once again, pushed all the Battle Qi out. Driven by this force, Ye Tianlong's arm was also bounced back.

"Weird, so weird... there is an inexplicable powerful force in Qingyu's body, which brutally pushes my Battle Qi away! Oh, heaven, I've never seen or heard of anything like this, even at my age."

The repeated failures deterred Ye Tianlong from trying another time. He had

indeed released a great amount of Battle Qi the second time. No greater amount of Battle Qi was allowed if he wished for Qingyu to not be hurt.

He then turned to Ye Qingniu, and met the same confusing, shocked expression in his eyes. But weird as it was, they were rejoiced to find this. The more abnormal Qingyu's body was, the more reliable their ancestor's prophecy would be, in which Qingyu was believed to become an immortal within ten years.

"Qingyu, can you feel that amazing energy inside your body? Have you recently accidentally learned something new? I mean, the knowledge you would never try to learn, but it is already implanted in your brain all of a sudden."

Ye Tianlong started to inquire Qingyu, hoping to find some traces for all the abnormalities. Now, Qingyu's body was inaccessible for them, either through soul searching, or Battle Qi intervention.

As for Qingwu, she was an outsider in this matter. So she kept silent as she watched the solemn faces of the two elders. As for Qingniu, he didn't have the guts to interrupt and challenge the authoritarianism of his leader. He just kept his mouth shut, and patiently waited for Qingyu's response.

"Errr ... this... how should I explain it to you? My brain is messed up by something that suddenly appeared a few days ago. I think it's knowledge of cultivation techniques."

After a little while of meditation, Qingyu finally decided to tell Ye Tianlong everything that had happened after she had woken up. She had been endowed with numerous cultivation knowhow, which she reckoned was part of her inheriting memories as a Jade Spirit Body. In the beginning, she didn't have any intention to disclose this secret, but now since Ye Tianlong asked, she thought it wouldn't do anybody harm if she spoke out. In addition, she herself was also eager to find an answer, especially when she had digested all the rudimentary knowledge she received a year ago, and was left baffled at the newly-come, more abstruse cultivation knowledge.

On hearing this exciting news, Ye Tianlong's spirit lifted up, as he urged Qingyu, "What kind of cultivation knowledge is in your brain? Please tell me in detail!"

"Yeah, take your time. You'd better think it all over before answering this question. This is very important!"

Ye Qingniu was equally excited, as his face turned gleaming with radiance.

Whilst as for Qingyu, she blinked her eyes and took a long sigh, “This is really complicated. As far as I know, this knowledge includes the inhaling of Battle Qi, the breaking of one’s meridians... and how to condense Battle Qi in Dantian... oh, so many have come by, I can only remember a few of them.”

“Secret Cultivation Technique!”

Both Ye Tianlong and Ye Qingniu exclaimed as one. Their jubilation had now turned into an uncontrollable ecstasy.

As a non-cultivator, Qingyu never had any access to these techniques. But now, she was familiar with most of the common knowledge of cultivation. What was more, the increasing amount of knowledge in her brain would teach her much more than this. The elders firmly believed this must have something to do with the Immortal Crystal, if not solely caused by her special body. It seemed Ancestor Ye Ruoshui’s prophecy would one day be materialized.

In ten years, a new immortal would emerge in the Ye Family! At least, judging from the abnormal changes in Qingyu’s body, this could not just be mere ungrounded fictional bullshit.

“Perfect! Qingyu, now your priority should be to digest the knowledge in your brain, and cultivate accordingly. Please remember, don’t feel shy to ask us anything. We’ll meet almost any of your demands within our ability!”

Ye Tianlong stared into Qingyu’s face, expectantly. He couldn’t wait for the endless surprise she and her brother might give him.

“Yes, yes!” Qingniu nodded like a grain-eating chicken. If Qingyu eventually turned out to become an immortal, he and Ye Tianlong would be recorded as one of the two major contributors to bring out such a talent. They would be remembered forever if that was the case.

“Cultivate? Why should I cultivate? I’ve never had any interest in cultivation. Brutal slaughter is what I hate most.”

To their great astonishment, Qingyu denied Ye Tianlong’s proposal as she kept shaking her head, as if to show her determination. As early as a child, she was actually advised by her brother to cultivate, but she had always refused. What

she yearned for was peace, rather than the barbarism of battle. And from her point of view, battles and cultivation walked hand in hand.

Chapter 198 – Keep on Cultivating!

“What? All you have to do is follow the techniques that are already in your brain and cultivate, and you’ll become so powerful that you can fly high in the sky and burrow into the deepest parts of the earth. Aside from such powers, there is so much more waiting for you to be discovered. I can’t comprehend why you would let go of such a golden opportunity?”

Ye Tianlong was apparently left shocked and was a little bit furious on hearing Qingyu’s refusal. He had to, however, put on a smiley face to persuade Qingyu, just like coaxing an inexperienced kid.

Meanwhile, Ye Qingniu was equally upset, for his dream to be remembered by the offspring of the Ye Family for guiding Qingyu into becoming an immortal had suddenly vanished. Even if it took Qingyu a hundred years to become an immortal, he would still be willing to nudge her into the cultivation world.

“Little girl, you have to cultivate. We beg you! You don’t have to continually do so, but just cultivate a bit in your leisure time. Errr.. you must cultivate anyhow!”

The imposing remarks of the two elders made Qingyu frightened, as she lowered her head and spoke in a hushed voice, “Two grandpas, I know the magic this knowledge can give me, but I simply don’t wish to gain such power. Moreover... if I cultivate against my will, the result will be disappointing.”

“Errr...”

Ye Tianlong responded with nothing but a helpless sigh. If Qingyu had little zeal in cultivation, it would be unlikely for her to become an immortal as expected. After all, no cultivator in this continent was able to advance in cultivation while forced to do so.

“Little Qingwu, go and talk to Qingyu. She has to cultivate these techniques. I’ll explain the reasons to you at a later time.”

Ye Qingniu turned to Qingwu for help, as he secretly conveyed his voice to Qingwu, hoping his granddaughter could reverse this embarrassing situation.

“Eh?”

While Qingwu, on the other hand, looked at Ye Qingniu perplexingly. It took her a full moment to nod in confirmation. Neither did she have any clue on what was going on right now, nor did she understand why the two elders tried so hard to persuade Qingyu to cultivate. Furthermore, it was known to all that the earlier the age, the better the results would be. But Qingyu was going to be sixteen very soon. What kind of achievements would she make at such an age?

Despite the confusion, Qingwu followed her grandfather’s instructions.

“Dear sister Qingyu, you have to cultivate these techniques.”

“Eh? Sister Qingwu, even you wish for me to learn those techniques?” Qingyu was surprised that Qingwu would think the same way as the two elders.

“I’ve got several reasons for this!” Qingwu smiled gracefully as she replied, “Firstly, your brother has now become increasingly powerful. If you wish to accompany him for the rest of your life, you have to learn some cultivation to protect yourself. Look, if you cultivated in the past, the bully, Ye Qingxie, wouldn’t have approached you so easily. And the tragedy could have been avoided. Your brother, I think, will be very much relieved knowing that you can fend for yourself.”

“Secondly, the ultimate goal of every cultivator is to become an immortal, which brings unbelievable longevity alongside a youthful appearance. You know, the more powerful your brother becomes, the longer he’ll be alive in this world. Hey, my sister, think about this. Several decades from now, you become an old, wrinkled old woman, whilst your brother is still a robust young lad. Think of the comparison. If you want to stay with your brother much longer than your mundane life, cultivation is the most effective way to do so...”

“Thirdly, as your brother’s absolute power grows, the enemies he encounters will also be more powerful. Don’t you wish to lend him a hand whenever possible? Don’t you want to give your brother a big surprise when he comes home? Well, fourthly...”

Qingwu seemed like an expert in persuasion. She reeled off a list of reasons, and each and every single thing she mentioned was aiming at Qingyu’s interest – Ye Qinghan! She simply used her brother as a bait to lure Qingyu into cultivation. Also, like any beautiful girl, Qingyu couldn’t resist the temptation to stay forever young and never grow old.

“I will cultivate!”

Finally, Qingyu spoke up firmly with staunch determination. It seemed as if a fire had been set alight as her interest in cultivation slowly arose...

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Time flew so fast, like a white pony flashing past a crevice. It had been two months and winter arrived bringing snowflakes all over the Dark Forest in the north. At the same time, the whole Flaming Dragon Continent was hit by a bone-chilling winter wind.

However, in the Luo Shen Mountain, Qinghan didn’t notice these changes. It wasn’t because he had acquired some exceptional technique to keep himself away from any coldness, rather, it was because the fog-covered mountain had isolated itself from the outside world. There was no chilling wind, or autumn rain, even the sunlight that shone through the fog looked dimmed.

Qinghan didn’t know that people outside the mountain had already put on their sweaters. Neither did he have any clue about the time. In the beginning, Qinghan had tried to keep track of time, but day after day, he gave less and less heed to it. The monotonous illusions were so boring and dull that they were actually slowly driving him crazy. The only thing he liked to do was to cultivate. The Realm of the Prince was his current goal.

Today was the day to condense the core of his Dantian, which meant, he was

only one step away from stepping into the Realm of the Prince. Most importantly, if he succeeded, his chance of passing the challenge posed by the remaining six spiritual trees would be boosted.

Thanks to the countless spirit fruits, Qinghan's cultivation speed had reached a terrifying extent. Within eight months, he had successfully broken into the peak level from the first level of the Realm of the Marshal. No one would believe this! Throughout history, no cultivator had ever been able to achieve such progress in such a short period of time.

"Little Black, the time has come! I'll finally condense the core. Your job is to remind me to stop if I haven't been able to condense it in four hours from now."

Feeling the crystallizing Battle Qi, Qinghan gave a faint smile to Little Black, and asked his companion to wake him up before the next wave of illusions would appear.

"Come on, boss! You must succeed! I wish we can break this damn Illusion Trial as early as tomorrow. Alas, I'm so bored here." Little Black complained.

With a perfect curve raise at the corner of Qinghan's mouth, he relaxed himself and submerged himself in this final step – the condensation of the core of his Dantian.

This process was fairly easy in theory. The Battle Qi was now liquidated in granular form, like the grains of sand. What Qinghan needed to do right now was to force the grains of Battle Qi to move in a certain pattern within the confinement of his Dantian. As the Battle Qi kept churning at an accelerating speed, a vortex would form in the middle of the Dantian.

It was like, when you repeatedly stirred a bowl of water in circles, there would appear an eddy right in the center. In cultivation, the vortex was just the beginning of everything else. After that, one had to further accelerate the churning speed, so that the grains of Battle Qi would be able to be squeezed to the center. This way, the density of the liquidated Battle Qi would be increased until they all stuck together and formed a core.

It was easier said than done however, which was always the case.

Chapter 199 – The Condensation of the Dantian’s Core

Qinghan started to feel how insurmountable this task was. In the limited space of his Dantian, he had to manipulate the movement of the liquidated Battle Qi until a vortex was formed. If the strength used was either too weak or too strong the vortex-forming process would be harmed. Great efforts had been taken by Qinghan in bringing the “grains” of Battle Qi to move unanimously in circles; yet any careless absentmindedness would lead to the whole process being in vain. The Battle Qi would collide with each other as they moved in opposite directions, or in some cases, these “grains” just randomly moved in every direction.

“Hu! Holy shit, this is as intricate as woman's embroidery! I have to be meticulously careful and focused...”

Discouraged by his repeated failures, Qinghan nagged on the complexity of this task. He took two deep breaths, trying to calm himself down. It was like when non-Chinese people tried to learn how to use chopsticks for the first time. He was definitely driven crazy.

“Boss, take your time! There are no short-cuts regarding this process, the only way to success is as the motto goes, practice makes perfect! Come on, you’ll make it in the end!”

Based on the Soul Agreement, Little Black and his master could understand each other quite easily. Now, Little Black was trying to cheer Qinghan up.

“Ok, I’ll patiently cultivate!”

Helplessly, Qinghan stared at the white fog in the distance, and forced himself to calm down and focus, before he continued his embroidery-like complicated work.

One time, two times, three times... ninety times!

Qinghan kept on trying, but he never succeeded. It wasn’t until Little Black reminded him to prepare for the upcoming illusion that he stopped. These four hours worth of practice did bring him something, as he now had a general picture of what this core creating process looked like. As for the forming of the vortex, he still needed some time.

Immediately, Qinghan integrated with his battle beast, and passed the illusion without encountering any big dangers. Later, Qinghan stretched himself to relax his body, and picked some spirit fruits from the trees. He and Little Black thus enjoyed a great meal. After which, he hunkered down once again, ready for cultivation.

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The sky turned dark, as the white fog was gradually devoured by the darkness.

Without noticing the nightfall, Qinghan kept struggling with the naughty grains of Battle Qi.

“Hahaha! I almost made it!”

A faint vortex was formed within his Dantian, as the liquidated Battle Qi was churning in circles at a high speed. Out of uncontrollable joy, Qinghan laughed out like crazy. But... the next moment, the vortex collapsed... It was his very excited emotions that had damaged the peaceful flow of his mind, thus leading to the disappearance of the vortex.

“What the fuck?”

Qinghan scratched his head regretfully. He was wishing to slap himself on his cheeks for making such a careless mistake.

“One more time!”

Grinding his teeth, Qinghan repeated the process from the very beginning, despite the fact that he was rather exhausted after so many times of practice.

One time, two times... 108 times... 380 times!

When the first red rays of the sun shone through the mountain’s white fog, Qinghan opened his eyes, twitched his lips, and showed a beautiful smile.

It had been a whole day and night, but the condensation of the Dantian’s core had finally succeeded. However, he was left with no energy to celebrate this landmark moment; instead, he fell down on the ground and slept.

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At this moment, Qingwu was overexcited. The reason wasn't Qinghan, who she missed so much, but his sister, Ye Qingyu!

Two months ago, Ye Tianlong and her grandfather, Ye Qingniu, had begged Qingyu to cultivate. At that time, she had been clueless as to why these two old men wanted Qingyu to cultivate. Eventually, she had obeyed her grandfather's wish and successfully persuaded Qingyu into cultivating.

Afterwards, Qingyu had locked herself up in the small pavilion, for the sole purpose of cultivation! Her direct motivation was to give her brother a big surprise when he would return home.

Not even two months had passed during Qingyu's reclusive cultivation. At this point, Qingyu had figured out why Ye Tianlong and her grandfather were so eager to see Qingyu cultivate.

Within a period as short as two months, Qingyu had already reached the Realm of the General, even though she had been a non-cultivator.

Looking at the white Battle Qi released from Qingyu's palms, Qingwu rubbed her eyes to reassure herself that this was actually happening. Today, as Qingyu had stepped out of the pavilion, she had carelessly come over to show her interest, "Are you enjoying cultivation? What realm are you in now?"

To her great astonishment, Qingyu stood there totally bewildered by this question. She was looking at the flowing Battle Qi in her palms and raised her eyebrows, "Sister Qingwu, what are realms?"

"What? The unleashing of Battle Qi is a symbol of the Realm of the General. Wait... she became a General-Realm cultivator within merely two months?" Qingwu thought to herself.

Qingwu was greatly confused by how Qingyu been able to break all the twelve meridians and condensed her Dantian within two months.

The most perverted talent in the history of the Mars Prefecture was a teenager in the Feng Family. It was said that he had spent only three months in breaking into the Realm of the General from scratch. But Ye Qingyu, without any tutors to teach her any skills, had even broken into this realm within two months. In comparison, Qingyu had far exceeded that accomplished of the so-called talent

from the Feng Family. Now, it was undeniable that she was the number one genius in this regard.

The Ye Family saw another peerless talent emerge. If this news was made public, it would certainly stir up the whole Mars Prefecture.

“If our leader and my grandpa know this, they must be thrilled! Also, when Qinghan comes back, he’ll be dumbfounded to find the dramatic changes in his sister...” Qingwu kept thinking to herself.

“Sister Qingwu! Hey, are you ok? You haven’t answered me what are these realms?” Confusingly, Qingyu blinked at Qingwu, who was obviously in a daze.

“Ahhh!”

Finding it hard to suppress her excitement, Qingwu exclaimed in an exaggerated way, which shocked Qingyu a little bit. Following that, she threw a mysterious look at Qingyu, and said, word by word, “You stay here, I’ll come back very soon!”

Like a gust of wind, Qingwu ran out of the small pavilion and headed to Ye Tianlong’s room. Pushing the door open with her shaking hands, Qingwu dashed in impertinently, where she found Ye Tianlong, Ye Baihu, and Ye Qingniu cultivating in a hunkered position.

“Three grandpas, please wake up! Something big is happening!”

“Eh?”

The three elders opened their eyes at the same time.

“Little girl, take it easy. Tell us what exactly happened?”

Qingwu’s actions left these three great elders greatly confused.

“Y-Ye Qingyu reached the Realm of the General!” The mixed joy and surprise were all displayed on Qingwu’s reddish face.

“Oh, really? Alright, let’s go and visit Ye Qingyu!”

Ye Tianlong and Ye Qingniu looked at each other in full excitement. Their wrinkled cheeks also grew blush because of the happy news.

- Shu! -

Ye Tianlong walked out of the room, with Ye Qingniu, Ye Baihu, and Qingwu following behind him. They were all heading to Qingyu's small pavilion.

Chapter 200 – Ye Ruoshui Returns!

When they all arrived at Qingyu's small pavilion, they were dumbstruck by the white Battle Qi released from Qingyu's palms. Each of them had an exaggerated expression.

Within two months, Qingyu had passed three realms, and directly broke into the Realm of the General. She had indeed broken the record set up by the "previous" number one genius of the Mars Prefecture, in terms of the time used in reaching this realm. How terrifying! At the same time, they began having more confidence in their Ancestor Ye Ruoshui's prediction about Ye Qingyu. It seemed that this girl had already become a miracle...

"My... little girl! I'm wondering, how exactly did you cultivate?"

After a full moment, Ye Tianlong stammered out as his lips wriggled in excitement.

"Yeah, girl, tell me, what kind of technique did you use that helped you improve so rapidly?" Ye Qingniu swallowed.

"How did I cultivate?"

Ye Qingniu blinked her long eyelashes, as she replied rather timidly, for the zealous stares of the three elders were so abnormally strange, as if they were watching a rare animal specie.

Eventually, Qingyu twisted her clothing and replied with a blushed face, "I just cultivated according to the techniques in the memory of my brain. Errr... Did I cultivate in the wrong way? Or am I not the material for cultivation?"

Upon hearing this, Ye Tianlong waved his hands in a hurry, and instead, he thumbed up for Qingyu as he praised her, "No, no! You're brilliant! What we're curious about was... how did you start learning to inhale the Battle Qi, break open your meridians and condense your Dantian?"

“Ahh, this is easy. I have spent a whole month in digesting the knowledge in my brain, before I actually started cultivating. And it took me only a short day to grasp how to inhale Battle Qi. As for the meridians, I’ve approximately consumed half a month to break open the twelve of them. Another couple of days were needed to condense my Dantian. Several days after my Dantian was condensed, I learned how to unleash the Battle Qi I once inhaled...”

Qingyu bent her fingers as a way to count the days, as if she was talking about something she was quite familiar with. But, her explanation only left the elders even more shocked, because what Qingyu suggested was mind boggling.

Apart from the one-month preparation for absorbing the theories of cultivation in her head, it indeed took her merely one month to achieve all of this!

“Oh, Heaven!”

Now, the elders’ feelings were very much like those ragged beggars who were hit by golden bars from the sky, they were left dizzy with numerous golden stars glittering in front of their eyes.

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Amidst their confusion, a chilly gust came from behind, which stupefied them all. An instant later, a familiar black figure arrived.

“Respectful greetings to Ancestor Ye Ruoshui!”

The three great elders kneeled down all of a sudden, in great joy. While for Qingwu, she remained standing where she was, frowning at what happened in front of her.

“You two girls, hurry up and kneel down, this is our ancestor, Ye Ruoshui!” Realizing the seemingly slow-witted two girls, Ye Tianlong urged in muffled voice.

“No need. You guys all rise up. I said so many times, you don’t have to do these useless formalities in front me!”

The black figure was exactly Ye Ruoshui, who had been away from the Ye

Castle for as long as eight months. His eyes were pinned on Qingyu's face while waving towards the three elders. Soon, he showed a smile and asked, "What is your name, girl?"

As for Ye Qingyu, she was curious about the stranger, who she believed was a middle-aged man in appearance. When she received the ardent stare from this young ancestor, she couldn't help stepping backwards in fear. Since Ye Tianlong and the other elders all recognized this stranger, and all treated him with respect, she relaxed a little bit, and replied, "I'm...I'm Ye Qingyu!"

"Ye Qingyu! Hmm, what a beautiful name!"

Ye Ruoshui nodded his head before he stepped out of the pavilion and said to the three elders, "You three, come with me!"

Ye Tianlong, Ye Baihu, and Ye Qingniu, all obediently followed their ancestor from behind.

As Ye Ruoshui walked silently forward, the three elders didn't dare to speak up, but followed him gingerly. At last, they arrived at the small pool located on the rear hill of the Ye Castle.

To their surprise, Ye Ruoshui didn't give a speech but just stared at the peaceful pool silently. Ye Tianlong and the other two elders had no choice but to accompany him on the side despite the curiosity.

"This girl, I mean Ye Qingyu, isn't a descendent of our family, is she?"

After a long awkward silence, Ye Ruoshui finally spoke up as he asked with a solemn face.

"Ancestor, Ye Qingyu is an adopted child of my son. But... up until now, we're still clueless as to where she came from, or who her parents are." Ye Tianlong replied.

"Alas, what a pity... Remember, you need to make this girl believe in us and stay in this family, at any cost!" Ye Ruoshui took in a deep breath before he made this instruction.

"Tianlong totally understands your concern, ancestor. However, this girl... she

promised to marry Qinghan because they've stuck to each other in times of joy and misery from when they were very little. I hope Qinghan will come back home safe and sound in five years, so that Qingyu won't leave this family!" Ye Tianlong continued. He seemed to deliberately shift the subject from Qingyu to Qinghan, trying to exploit some information from Ye Ruoshui about this teenager.

"Ye Qinghan... Hehe" Ye Ruishui's solemn face melted into a bright smile, and raised one of his eyebrows high as he replied confidently, "I once said he has a 40% to 50% chance of escaping the Luo Shen Mountain, right? But now, I can tell you guys, I estimated that his chance of getting out rose to 60% to 70%! Don't worry about that kid, he is blessed..."

"Ahh... we're so happy to hear that!"

The three elders also laughed out, as they were influenced by Ye Ruoshui's good mood. Since their ancestor had confirmed Qinghan's wellbeing, they were greatly relieved.

But a moment later, Ye Tianlong came up with another question.

"Ancestor, why were you away for so long? Eh, have you gotten the answer you wanted? What exactly is the Immortal Crystal? Why will Qingyu become an immortal by absorbing this item?"

As an immortal-level cultivator, Ye Ruoshui was able to teleport himself anywhere he wished to. In spite of the long distance between Concealed Island and Grey City, it wouldn't take Ye Ruoshui long to arrive at the island. Even Ye Tianlong, a Saint-Realm cultivator, was able to reach such a distance within half a year. There was no reason Ye Ruoshui would spent eight months on this journey.

But, what interested Ye Tianlong the most was the Immortal Crystal, an item that could do magic even to a non-cultivator like Ye Qingyu, who had already reached the Realm of the General and would further surprise them by becoming an immortal just over nine years from now. Thinking of the arduous journey they

took in cultivation, they were desperate to know if this Immortal Crystal could also give them the free ride and become an immortal. This way, they could stop with their arduous cultivation and take a shortcut.

No doubt, Ye Tianlong was wondering if their ancestor had obtained another Immortal Crystal.

If all of the three elders were given an Immortal Crystal, four more immortals would emerge in the Ye Family. Or if Ye Ruoshui gave each key descendant an Immortal Crystal, mass amount of immortals would be produced. At that time, the whole Flaming Dragon Continent would be the Ye Family's territory.

Chapter 201 – Majesty Shi, the King of the Flaming Dragon Continent!

“Come on, stop daydreaming! I don’t possess an Immortal Crystal!” Ye Ruoshui glanced at the three elders with cold eyes, for he already understood what they meant, “Neither do I nor that eccentric old man living on Concealed Island, or any of the great elders of the three prefectures have an Immortal Crystal. Humph, forget about using an Immortal Crystal as a shortcut in your cultivation!”

“Even the leader of Concealed Island didn’t have one? But it was he that gave me the Immortal Crystal that Qingyu absorbed.” Ye Tianlong broke in abruptly.

“Nope, this didn’t belong to him. Even upon death he wouldn’t acquire such a treasure.” With an even colder voice, Ye Ruoshui added, “Do you guys think the Immortal Crystal is a mundane treasure that everyone can have a chance to get? Naïve! Only the most valuable items existing between Heaven and Earth could be comparable with an Immortal Crystal. Throughout this Flaming Dragon Continent, only two guys have the luck to possess such a celestial item. One is the leader of Immortal City, and the other is the King of the Dark Forest, Majesty Shi! You know what? The Immortal Crystal that Qingyu inhaled was originally from Majesty Shi. He then gave it to the leader of Concealed Island!”

“Majesty Shi?”

Ye Tianlong, and the other two elders were so shocked that they couldn’t even get their mouths to close.

As for Ye Tianlong, he began recalling his journey to Concealed Island. In the beginning, the leader of Concealed Island rejected him but several days afterwards, he changed his mind and brought him the Immortal Crystal, which Ye Tianlong mistakenly believed was the Spirit Immortal Dan. It seemed Majesty Shi had gotten himself secretly involved in this matter by giving the Immortal Crystal to the Ye Family via the hands of Concealed Island’s leader.

However, it was widely known that Majesty Shi preferred to keep a low-profile. Despite his superpower, he never deliberately showed his ability to bait reputation. Of course, he didn’t have a genetic connection with the Ye Family. But, why was he so unbelievably generous as to be willing to give the Immortal Crystal to the Ye Family? What was his true intention? Most interestingly, why

did he choose to give them in such a roundabout way, rather than giving this item directly to Ye Tianlong?

Ye Ruoshui received the perplexed looks of the elders, who were so eager to get an immediate answer from him.

“Alas, don’t ask me. I don’t know, either. Yes, it’s true that I’ve been to Concealed Island, but it took me great efforts to persuade the leader to tell me what exactly happened. When I realized the Immortal Crystal was from Majesty Shi, I proposed to go to the Dark Forest, north of the continent, to visit Majesty Shi. To my disappointment, that lofty Majesty Shi didn’t show up, but only conveyed his voice to deliver a simple sentence.”

“What did he say?” Ye Qingniu seemed to be the most curious one among them all.

At first, Ye Ruoshui escaped the curious gaze from Ye Tianlong, but a second later, he showed the same bewilderment as the other elders as he answered.

“Majesty Shi said, ‘Treat Ye Qinghan well!’.”

“ ... ”

The three elders, including Ye Tianlong, were left speechless upon hearing such an outlandish answer.

What had happened? Since when did Qinghan have any relationship with Majesty Shi? Even Ye Ruoshui was rejected when he visited him, how was it possible that such an advanced cultivator would have any friend-like or whatsoever relation with a relatively lower-ranked teenager?

“I’ve confirmed with Qinghan and he said he doesn’t know Majesty Shi! I’m afraid, only Qinghan himself will be able unravel the mystery behind this matter.” As equally confused as the other elders, Ye Ruoshui shook his head but soon a smile appeared on his face, “Haha, this will turn out to be an advantage for Qinghan. Previously I said Qinghan would probably have a 60% to 70% chance to escape, but now I’m fully confident to promise you that Qinghan’s chance dashed to 100%, because of Majesty Shi!”

“What... Majesty Shi will help us save Qinghan?”

Being shocked and confused, Ye Tianlong added, “This... Ancestor, I remember you said, that no one, even those immortals, can enter the Luo Shen Mountain before the Heaven Path appears, haven’t you? But, how come Majesty Shi is an exception?”

“Majesty Shi is much more powerful than you guys think. He’s not only the King of the Dark Forest, but also the King of the Flaming Dragon Continent. For sure, he is a matchless existence in the whole continent!”

As Ye Ruoshui replied, the appreciative and ardent light in his eyes were easy to be spotted.

“Yes, the forbidden-entrance system in the Luo Shen Mountain is absolutely impressive. I, like all other immortal-level cultivators, cannot physically step in the mountain without the Heaven Path. Well... as for Majesty Shi, I believe he has the ability to break this prohibition. As low-key as he might be, Majesty Shi kept himself from meddling with any of the chaos or confrontations between the three prefectures. The once notoriously three-prefecture-war was also going on without him. Many years before, the leader of Immortal City came to the three prefecture and slaughtered many of our advanced cultivators. But, the tragedy didn’t help to arouse Majesty’s interest or compassion; he simply turned his back on all the ridiculous things that happened in this continent. From my point of view, even if the people in this continent all died, he wouldn’t show up. His low-profile is an impression that has long been imbedded in our mind, but now, what he did really was contradictory to his personality. It is extremely difficult to understand!”

“Wow, man, he really is something! Wait, is the leader of Immortal City qualified to be his opponent?”

Ye Qingniu twitched his lips as he raised one of his eyebrows.

“Humph! The leader of Immortal City? Majesty Shi is able to bring him down with a single slap in his face!”

Ye Ruoshui answered scornfully, and it was obvious he favored Majesty Shi over Immortal City’s leader.

“Ohhhh...”

Being showered with waves of shocking news, the three elders behaved confusingly numbed.

The leader of Immortal City, named Tu, was considered by many as the most supreme existence in the continent, who was the only person that could summon the three prefectures. Now, however, Ye Ruoshui toppled down their long-established impression of Tu by degrading him as a person that could be slammed to death by Majesty Shi. How could they suddenly accept this?

“Ancestor, how can that Majesty Shi be this powerful? If he was really superb in cultivation, why does he allow Immortal City to dictate the Flaming Dragon Continent, why didn’t he stop the Immortal City guys from killing our cultivators, and why didn’t he destroy Immortal City instead?”

It was the first time Ye Baihu expressed his concern in this matter, as he highlighted the key points of the conversation.

“You’d better refrain your curiosity and stay a fool. The more you know, the more dangerous you’ll become. I will disclose everything to all of you when you guys become immortals! As for the Immortal Crystal, stop asking anything relating to this item, otherwise it’ll be detrimental to your cultivation.”

Ye Ruoshui shook his head, as if he was intentionally escaping their questions.

“Until we become immortals?” Ye Qingniu swallowed, and a firing aspiring light flashed in his eyes, as he talked in an excited, shivering tone, “Ancestor, do you think we can reach your current state? How long will it take us to become an immortal?”

“You guys?”

Ye Ruoshui looked the three of them up and down, before he answered coldly, “Hmm, you three... all have a chance to become immortals. In my Immortal Guide, I have related that anyone breaking into the Realm of the Saint have hope to become an immortal. However, you have to grasp the Laws of Heaven and Earth, which will take you several decades, or a hundred years, or even longer. Some died before they fully comprehended the laws that are required to become an immortal. Alas, luck and potential play great roles on the road to becoming an immortal. Any forced cultivation will be proven in vain.”

“Ahh, ancestor, I have another question to bother you with, I hope you don’t mind. How many cultivators in the Mars Prefecture alone have the potential to become immortals? Are they all in the five families?”

Since Ye Ruoshui was in good mood, Ye Tianlong decided to seize this opportunity by asking more. What he asked directly linked to the future prospect of the Ye Family.

“You mean the most promising ones? In my view, there are only two. If everything is on the right track, these two will eventually become immortals within 30 years!”

After a little while of meditation, Ye Ruoshui replied slowly, “The guy in Dragon City is the most likely one to become an immortal. He is good at grasping the Wood Element Laws. Another is... Oh, a member in the Yue Family, she is excellent at the Water Element Laws.”

“Long Pifu! A member of the Yue Family!”

As for Long Pifu, it was within the expectation of the three elders. But, the girl in the Yue Family... they never knew the next immortal would be from the Yue Family. The only person in the Yue Family that had the potential to be an immortal, they believed, was Yue Xishui.

“Ancestor, is the Yue Family leader Yue Xishui among the two?” Ye Tianlong urged.

“I’m not sure. But, she lives in the Consoling Heart Pavilion of the Yue Family!” Ye Ruoshui replied rather level-minded, compared with the excitement in Ye Tianlong’s tone.

“Consoling Heart Pavilion! Ah, it’s her!”

The pavilion mentioned by Ye Ruoshui was exactly where Yue Xishui lived. As a leader of the Yue Family, she had shut herself off from the rest of the world, and only focused on cultivation. It still shocked them all that she actually was on the brink of becoming an immortal...

Since Long Pifu was a long acquaintance of Ye Tianlong, Ye Tianlong felt happy for his friend’s upcoming achievement. But, for Yue Xishui, he planned to forge a better relationship with her. Since Qinghan was chosen as the son-in-law of the

Yue Family, Ye Tianlong thought their relationship with the Yue Family as a whole would be smoothed out once Qinghan married Qingcheng.

However, Ye Qinghan was... alas, Ye Qinghan!

Thinking of Qinghan, Ye Tianlong's joyful mood immediately faded away. At this moment, he had no clue as what his grandson was going through, or what kind of calamity he was undergoing...

Chapter 202 – The Illusions of Lust

Yes, Qinghan was undergoing a series of sufferings. Now, he was struggling in the Illusion Trial yet again.

Qinghan had spent the last eight months, almost around the clock, in cultivation. Fortunately, he finally broke into the Realm of the Prince as he wished. Another thing worth mentioning was that Qinghan was now 17 years old. He had entered the Realm of the Prince half a month after his birthday. A 17-year old Prince-Realm cultivator, he had set a new record in the cultivation world, once again.

Of course, the arduous efforts behind the result should not be forgotten, which was believed going proportional to his impressive achievement. The spirit fruits in the forest, on the other hand, also contributed to his success.

It was true that any of the five prominent families was able to create such a genius as long as they bought him ample amount of spirit herbs.

But no family would be moronic enough to invest their entire family's property in any potential cultivator at the age of seventeen. Obviously, it was a risky deal. In the cultivation world, one was considered as immature until he or she broke into the Realm of the Emperor. What if the genius they created had no potential in grasping any of the Laws of Heaven and Earth, after wasting so many treasures on them? That would be a fatal loss for that family.

As for Qinghan, this Prince-Realm achievement would mean nothing to him if he failed to pass this trial. Even if he miraculously became an Emperor-Realm cultivator, he was nothing if he was still locked in this damn mountain, where many predecessors' white bones were buried beneath the ground, many of whom were immortal-level cultivators.

After one-day's rest, Qinghan was determined to reap the remaining six spirit fruits from the trees of the seven human emotions, thus the Illusion Trial might be passed earlier.

Since he had become a Prince-Realm cultivator, his soul power had become increasingly powerful, especially when he integrated with his battle beast.

On the first day, it only took him five minutes to pass the Illusion of Happiness,

and soon after that, he got the spirit fruit of happiness accordingly. The next day, he spent half an hour around another ancient tree until the Illusion of Evil eventually disappeared. On the third day...

Today was the sixth day after straightly passing the previous five illusions. Now, he was standing in front of the tree of lust. This was going to be the last illusion that he was supposed to pass in the first trial. If he succeeded, the seventh spirit fruit would be obtained, and the Illusion Trail would be successfully passed by him at that time.

Qinghan was crystal clear what kind of man he was. As an aspiring young man, he was greatly influenced by lust. Before coming to this mountain, he had already accumulated experience in practicing lust on two separate occasions with two different girls. Alas, how could he be able to resist the luring temptation of the Illusions of Lust...

.....

Someone once said that men were merely a kind of species that only cared for the wellbeing of the lower part of their bodies. Qinghan favored this saying and believed he was no exception. In his previous life, there was a man called Liu Xiahui, who chose to suppress his sensual passion when a beautiful girl was sitting on his lap. Many praised this guy as an exemplary idol of ascetic spirit. From Qinghan's point of view, however, this Liu Xiahui must be a sexless eunuch.

Why did the industry of prostitution prevail in any given dynasty? It was said that prostitution was among the three most ancient professions, apart from politicians and killers.

Qinghan believed however, no one was born to be lust. It was the growing male sex hormone that played the trick, which helped arouse a man's physical demand whenever they met the body of a beauty. It was undeniable, though, the ideology of the society also played a part in forming people's values over sex. Most men regarded their love for the graceful, feminine body as a justifiable demand.

A simple analogy to this hypothesis would be, when an uncivilized wild man was thrown into human society, he would, in his rutting period, pick any woman with female characteristics to release his hormones, no matter how this woman

looked like. It was a man's intuitive behavior.

As civilization took hold of the human world, there gradually emerged standards of beauty, varied interests among different classes... The upper class usually monopolized most of the recourses, including the beauties.

The demand and supply equation was forcefully imbalanced, which prompted the emergence of prostitutions. As a group of weak citizens, the females tended to cling to powerful men to survive, to obtain more material gains...The female culture therefore, went downward into the amoral pit...

Driven by both inside and outside reasons, either the intuitive demand of the body or the social values, Qinghan firmly believed no man in this world was immune to lust. The eunuchs, of course, weren't on the list, since they had no "tools" left.

Thus, Qinghan found no moral guilt for admitting the lust side of him, because every man would do the same if they were in his shoes. Back in the An'yue Hotel, he climbed onto the big pink bed with no regrets; at the Breaking Blade Summit, he had explored the most secret parts of Ye Qingcheng's body; in one of the rooms arranged for the Ye Family in Immortal City, he contaminated Qingwu's purity in a drunken night, and wished to marry her so that he could repeat the pleasure every night afterwards.

However... no matter how justifiably Qinghan tried to defend himself, he had to face lust right here, right now – the Illusions of the Lust!

Actually, Qinghan had experienced some scenes of lust in the previous illusions he had encountered, before finally stepping out of them. But, this time was different, for the force of the illusions were much more powerful. The seductive illusions might be the tomb of this young hero. He had no clue as to what would happen next. The unknown dangers ahead drove him upset, because he was afraid to slip into the sensual pleasure and fail to wake up. Yet, deep in his heart, he did expect the upcoming nasty scene...

"Phew! I shouldn't be like this..."

Qinghan cursed himself for being wishing for the coming of the illusions. He

realized this wasn't for fun, it was a life-and-death matter!

Slowly closing his eyes, he started releasing his Battle Qi as he cultivated. He forced himself to stay peaceful in mind by shielding away all distracting thoughts.

“No matter in what position, I shall follow the principle of Zen. A petal from the flower reflects the appearance of the whole world; a leaf from the tree foretells the existence of Buddha. The flowers will turn smelly at the time when spring visits us, and the yellow leaves will fall from the trees when autumn comes. Endless freedom and the deepest tranquility are what I'm longing for.”

The Battle Qi had been circulating within Qinghan's twelve meridians until he opened his eyes, chanting these Zen phrases. The peaceful flow of his mind rejected all possible obscene desires, he even felt, at this moment, that the whole world was static.

“Integration!”

Immediately, he summoned Little Black out and integrated with him, before he resolutely spurred towards the tree of lust.

As soon as he stepped in the periphery of that ancient tree, he bumped into a red-light district, where numerous indecently-dressed prostitutes lived. Walking along the dim lane, Qinghan could see the red light behind the windows, behind which many beautiful girls with heavy make-up were gesturing at him, hoping to lure him or his soul in...

“All of reality is a phantom, and phantoms are real. The form is nonexistent, and nonexistence is the form. None of the red flowers growing along the riverbank are real, as are the piercing mountains and the turbulent ocean.”

Qinghan intentionally refrained himself from staring sideways, so that he could avoid feeling the temptation. At the same time, he kept murmuring the Zen phrases, hoping this could help him calm down. Since he had enjoyed the most superb services of two stunning beauties, these girls here weren't seductive enough to stir him up.

Chapter 203 – Entrapped

As Qinghan stepped further into the space, the illusions kept changing. Now, he was in a luxurious nightclub, a high-grade one. The strong smell of fragrance and liquor was mixed together here. Under the colorful light, several coquettish girls were gracefully waving their slim bodies in a rapid tempo aligned with the rhythm of the passionate music. Piece by piece, they got themselves stripped, stimulating the hearts and minds of the young men there.

“Wow... I bet these girls cost several thousand dollars. Look at how they move their waist... so charming!”

As soon as Qinghan entered this visionary nightclub, he was stunned by the nasty scene. For a moment, his eyes turned blank and his mind flew to the girls. Fortunately, it didn't take long for him to realize it was a trick, and he was on the verge of being entrapped. In order to stabilize his mind, he chose to close his eyes, and cover his ears with his hands, while running away like crazy.

At first, Qinghan found himself in total darkness and silence, because he had deliberately stopped his ears and eyes from working. Soon after that, however, he could subconsciously feel how he was approaching the ancient tree.

- Pia! -

There was light in front of him all of a sudden. A pink lamp in the darkness! He figured out that this must be part of the illusions, which were fiercely attacking his soul. Despite Qinghan's efforts to shield himself away from the appearing scene, he simply was unable to dodge it any longer.

Most dangerously... an evil expectation aroused in his heart, as he started craving for having a closer look at the scene. As if there was an invisible force that pointed his glance in a certain direction.

At the time when his eyes landed on that spot, he couldn't take his eyes off from it anymore.

It was the Yue Pavilion, the most popular brothel in the Mars Prefecture. The decoration of the room was girlishly cute. Most intriguingly, there lay a stunning beauty on the bed, whose exceedingly beautiful appearance should be put in the same category as Qingcheng and Qingwu.

This beauty was almost naked, with one elbow supporting her body as she lay on one side. A piece of filmy, semi-transparent gauze was casually put on her body, with the embroidery part of this gauze covering right on the most feminine parts. Half of her snow-white bosom could still be seen, as well as a patch of “grass” between her legs.

The most beautiful moment of a woman was when she was half-covered and half-exposed. When a man was put in such a situation, he would be strongly seduced to strip her off to explore everything beneath that cover.

“Who’s standing there?”

Qinghan’s arrival woke up this sleeping beauty, as she opened her eyelids. At the same time, her red lips slightly parted, while speaking in the most seductive tone that could numb anyone’s nerves, “Oh, handsome young guy, please treat me gently... My sisters have all warned me that the first time will be painful...”

Looking at the wobbling body, Qinghan’s face turned flamingly blush. His silence was taken by the girl as acceptance. Qinghan found there emerged a warm flow below his stomach, which quickly spread over his entire body. His heart palpitating, his breathes deep and heavy, and his Adam’s apple shivering up and down as he swallowed over and over again.

Eventually, Qinghan stepped backward, heading to door, rather than the bed where the beauty lay upon. It seemed the girl was a virgin, which alone was enough to lure Qinghan in, but he felt guilty of being so indulgent in a brothel owned by the Yue Family. After all, Qingcheng, his future wife, was from this family. Thank goodness, he was sober minded once again and ran out of the pavilion.

As he ran and ran, he eventually stopped while his mouth fell open widely. A line of super beauties were walking straight in his direction!

Now the scene became a movie studio. When Qinghan walked closer, all his persistence on staying calm and sober collapsed. The stars of this movie were all sexy girls! Now they were waiting for their male main character to start shooting.

“Hey, Ye Qinghan, you are the male protagonist, hurry up and take off your clothing! Haha, just hold your ‘gun’ and initiate the battle! Alright, action!”

The director yelled at Qinghan telling him he was chosen as the only male character in this movie. Qinghan’s blood surged; it was a dream-come-true for him to be surrounded by so many famous female stars.

Sola Aoi, Yoshizawa Akiho, Mutou Ran, Ozawa Maria, Kaede Matsushima...

Would he really be working with so many goddesses, and filming an orgy?

The female stars were fully prepared for the shooting, some put their uniforms on, some posed in a voluptuously gesture, waiting for Ye Qinghan to make his move.

“Ooooooo...”

Qinghan found there was something sticky oozing out of his nostrils, as two lines of blood appeared right under his nose.

“Happiness came so unexpected!”

“Wait, What are you doing?”

Qinghan shockingly found that his trousers had been taken off already amid his pondering. A second later, a slippery hand snatched his swelling “thing”. Out of sheer curiosity, Qinghan glanced down and met with an innocent, girlish face. The girl stuck out her pink tongue and slowly licked. Soon, the whole “thing” was wrapped in her warm, juicy mouth...

Uncontrollably, Qinghan started to quiver. His eyes became blank, for his soul and mind were focusing on the boundless sensual joy.

.....

In Qinghan’s previous life, he was an orphan. When he grew up, he became an indoor man, because seldom did he go out.

In these Illusions of Lust, he completely sank into depravity. In his previous life, he had a hobby of appreciating the body art performance on his computer screen. He had often had an intimate touch with the goddess in his dreams and fantasies.

Whenever he had such dreams, he would wake up by the coldness of his dampen sheets. Now, he could finally fulfill this wish of his. Without even the slightest resistance, he relaxingly enjoyed the goodness of this illusion.

This was dangerous, super dangerous!

As he got nearer and nearer to the ancient tree, the power of the illusions turned fiercely stronger. If Qinghan failed to wake up at this critical point, he would eventually die after constantly releasing his sperm during intercourse, drying himself out.

“Boss, wake up! Wake up!”

Little Black knew his master was unfortunately entrapped in the illusions. But, he still couldn’t figure out why his boss found joy in making these hilarious gestures... sometimes he was kissing, sometimes he stretched his hands touching, and sometimes he kept his body moving back and forth...

The ignorance in this particular aspect didn’t prevent Little Black from understanding how dangerous the situation was for his boss. He kept imploring, but no response came from Qinghan.

Instead, Qinghan was shivering all over his body, especially his buttocks!

“Boss, a rainstorm is on the way, let’s go home and collect our clothing, it’s still hanging outside to dry!”

“Boss, I’ve been upgraded. I’m a saint-grade battle beast...”

“Boss, help me! Someone is chasing me! Ahh, a female beast! She’s trying to molest me!”

“...”

Whatever Little Black did, Qinghan soul was too deeply stuck in the illusions. Little Black really tried as he even used multiple funny tones to laugh Qinghan awake.

“ 止めて? Shit! I don’t understand any Japanese. Speak Chinese...”

While at the same time, Qinghan seemed to have trouble communicating with the female stars. He passionately yelled out, as he kept shaking his body while laughing.

Chapter 204 – Passing the Illusion Trial

There was a special cave at the rear hill of the Ye Castle. This cave was on the hillside, facing south. It could easily be spotted anywhere in the Ye Castle. Despite its exposed location, seldom anyone had entered this cave.

Inside the cave, the decoration was plain and clear. On top of the ceiling, a fix-sized luminous pearl drove away the darkness with its mild light.

At the center, there stood a gigantic bed made of white jade, with puffs of white smoke coming out from its edges. In the middle of the bed sat a middle-aged man, and this man was ordinary-looking, but his two long white eyebrows were quite impressive. This middle-aged man hunkered in a stable position, as if he was a motionless statue. The white smoke coming from the bed swayed left and right in rhythm with the man's breathes, which made it exceedingly weird.

After a long while, this middle-aged man twitched his eyebrows, before he opened his eyes, and revealed his two ocean-deep eyes.

"Dammit, this kid... he shouldn't be so easily trapped since he has such a strong soul power now."

Ye Ruoshui murmured to himself rather concernedly. He knew, Qinghan was in trouble in the Illusion of Lust. He decided therefore, to wake him up through voice conveyance.

"He has a once-in-a-million kind of talent! If he dies like this, that will be a true shame! Alas, I will help him, no matter what. I have to discontinue my current cultivation. I don't care if I will have to re-cultivate for another fifty years or not, I think he is worth saving!"

Ye Ruoshui sighed as he shook his head hopelessly. Soon afterwards, there appeared golden gleams around his body, making the cave even brighter.

Only a thin streak of golden light could be seen after he flew up in the sky, as he went southwest. That golden light quickly disappeared.

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“Boss, wake up, please! Don’t you remember any of these girls, like your sister, Ye Qingyu, Ye Qingcheng, and Ye Qingwu? Do you know how many people are eagerly waiting back home for your return. Please, don’t degrade yourself in this way...”

Helplessly, Little Black repeated his imploration in an attempt to get Qinghan back from the illusions. Every time he tried to do so, he was met with nothing but silence. Just like when a soil-made ox entered in the boundless ocean, it only plunged deeper and deeper, and not even a single ripple appeared.

Of course, Qinghan wouldn’t be so heartless to forget these girls, who admired him so much. But right now, in spite of his efforts to stay calm and sober, the lust desires occupied his brain, leaving no room for regrets or anything else. The influence exerted from the illusions turned much more powerful as time went on, which explained why Qinghan was so addicted to it and couldn’t be called back to reality. He might never be able to wake up again.

It was like the crimes done by the juvenile rapists. They were clear about the possible consequences of what they were going to do, and about the fact that they might be sentenced to death if they were caught in action.

They knew how unlawful this was, however, they were caught by the feeling of lust at a time when their brain was uncontrollably full of selfish desires. Even if the ground would collapse or the earth and moon collided, they wouldn’t change their mind to fulfill their evil desires at that moment.

- Buzz! -

A booming sound out of the blue surprised Qinghan, as he raised up his head and found the scene was dissipating together with the girls. In front of him, there appeared a big character.

“Tao!”

Like a sword piercing through Qinghan’s heart, this character of Tao shattered all the lust desires in his mind. All of a sudden, he was back to a peaceful mindset, as the Taoism was imbedded deep in his brain, to help him steer away from lust.

- Shu! -

Miraculously, his bronze ring started emitting a white flow, which penetrated through his body, as well as his soul. He was so comfortably level-minded right now, after some bouts of quiver.

“What a close call! Ahh!”

Qinghan thought to himself as he sighed. Immediately, he released his Battle Qi, and spurted to the ancient tree, trying to reap the pink spirit fruit of lust hanging up high.

It all happened within a second. The gigantic character of “Tao” that appeared in his mind made the illusions fall apart. The memory of the previous scenes resurfaced in Qinghan’s brain however. It was so tempting to recall the “happiness” he just enjoyed.

“Get away!”

With an affirmative shout, Qinghan quickened his speed and picked up the pink fruit before the feeling of lust captured him once again.

- Boom! -

The moment the spirit fruit of lust was picked off from the tree, the whole world seemed to return back to tranquility. The trees, the white fog and the smooth mud road... everything was real now.

“Huhu!”

Taking in a long, deep breath, Qinghan stared at the pink fruit in his hands with wide open eyes, for his heart was still fluttering in fear. The illusions of lust were so dangerous that he could’ve died just now, if the mysterious character of Tao didn’t appear timely... It was all because of this momentarily moment of soberness, that he succeeded in healing his soul through his bronze ring after which he successfully passed the trial.

“Boss, you did it! Oh, my, I thought you would never wake up again! You scared me!”

With mixed feelings of joyfulness and surprise, Little Black congratulated his boss.

“Hey, Little Black, come out! I know you’re worrying about me all the time... I just never expected the illusions could be so powerful! Alas, it’s my luck to get out. Errr... did you see the big character of Tao just now? Who do you think is helping us?” Qinghan first spoke in an apologetic tone but soon turned doubtful at the appearance of the Tao character.

“Yeah, I felt it too. It was so powerful. But, I don’t know where it came from either!” Little Black blinked his eyes and swooped into Qinghan’s arms.

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“It’s me that showed you the character of Tao!”

Ye Ruoshui’s voice flew in the mountain, as Qinghan and Little Black were trying to figure out this question. To Qinghan, the voice was actually familiar, but this time, Ye Ruoshui’s voice seemed exhausted and less energetic than the previous time.

“Ah, ancestor! It’s you!” Qinghan exclaimed, and all of his suspicions were dissipated.

Who else would have the ability to do such magic? It must be an immortal-level cultivator!

“Thank you for saving my life, Ancestor! I’ve passed all the seven illusions created by the trees of the seven human emotions. Does that mean I’ve finally broken through the Illusion Trial as a whole?” Qinghan asked confusingly.

“Oh! That’s great! Eh, you’d better keep silent and listen to me. You have to remember every word I’m going to say.” Ye Ruoshui emphasized, as his voice continued conveying into the Luo Shen Mountain.

“In order to pass the First Trail, or the Illusion Trail, you have to eat all the seven spirit fruits you get from the seven ancient trees. Once you do, you’ll be directly teleported to the second trial, where there is a forbidden-entrance system that will prevent my voice to reach out to you. I’m afraid you have to rely

on yourself to explore and pass the second trial!”

“Ok, the Second Trail, or the Puppet Trial as we usually name it, is a channel leading to the very top of this mountain. There are twelve caves along the way, in which various so called puppets are waiting to confront any invader. The further you go, the more powerful the puppets are. Everywhere is safe except the twelve caves. You have to beat all of the puppet guardians. Remember, you have to grasp the Laws of Heaven and Earth in this process, because techniques won’t help. The Third Trial... I failed so many times. Be aware that you’re only allowed to enter the third trial within three years from now. If it takes you longer... you’ll be doomed. Alright, that’s all. Remember every tip I gave you. When you pass all the trails and come back, I will lead others to welcome you back outside the Luo Shen Mountain. Come on, you can do it!”

Ye Ruoshui enunciated the details of every trial, hoping to guide Qinghan to the final success. While at the same time, Qinghan grew pessimistic and frightened as he listened. He could only respond with a bitter smile.

Could Qinghan really pass all these upcoming perverted trails?

Chapter 205 – The Puppet Trial

After digesting Ye Ruoshui's advise, Qinghan fell sound asleep.

According to Ye Ruoshui, he had to eat all the seven spirit fruit from the trees of the seven human emotions after which he would be teleported to the next trial, the Puppet Trial. It was said that one could only move forward, or the numerous puppet beasts would swoop him away. In the first few caves, the beasts were comparatively easier to handle; as the invader moved further in, the overall power of these beasts would increase. It was possible that he might even be reduced to mere bits and pieces before he reached the top.

Considering the arduous journey ahead, Qinghan chose to take a good rest to restore his energy, so that he could perform better in the second trial.

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After a full-night's sleep, Qinghan felt much better. Before he left this first trial, he ate dozens of spirit fruits, because Ye Ruoshui told him that this would be his last opportunity. For such functional delicacies, Qinghan wouldn't let go of the last chance to enjoy some more.

- KaCha! -

On the other side, Little Black was gnawing on some spirit fruits as well. His round stomach suggested that he had already eaten more than he could digest.

They rested for another half an hour, due to their full stomach. Later, Qinghan summoned Little Black back into his chest, and took out the hard-won seven spirit fruits. He checked his surroundings to make sure no dangers were looming around him, before he opened his mouth and took a large bite.

The moment the first spirit fruit entered his mouth, Qinghan found the whole place to be wobbling, as the white fog in his head began diluting. Weirdly, the white fog enshrouding his body seemed much thicker than before.

- Buzz... -

A bright beam appeared far above, like a searchlight, directly pointing to Qinghan's position. Like being in the center of the stage, he was in the limelight, while his surroundings were pitch dark.

Most incomprehensibly was what happened next. He slowly flew up in the air, while enveloped by the glaring light. The higher he flew, the quicker the speed. In order to avoid the intense light and air friction, he even half closed his eyes.

- Shu! -

A moment later, he felt his feet touch the ground. Pushed by the enormous unknown power, he retreated several steps before he completely stabilized himself and fully opened his eyes to see what had exactly happened.

“Is this the Puppet Trail? Heaven, it’s sunshine! Yeah, I love the taste of sunshine. Oh, and there are flowers, weeds... and wild beasts...”

Out of sheer curiosity, he searched around to explore this new world. He was now on a large path, which was hundreds of meters in width. On each side of the path, there was nothing but a dazzling light. It might be built in this way for some reason, to blur the sceneries outside the path for instance. As for the sky up above the path, the sunshine could still penetrate through the transparent layer of cover. The warm sunshine poured on Qinghan’s body, and he felt so comfortably relaxed.

For the previous eight months, he had been living in an environment full of white fog. The sky was pessimistically dimmed there, and all the natural beauties, like the azure sky, white cloud and warm sunshine, were all out of reach. Now, bathed in the warm sunshine, he was soothed, as if he was back in his mother’s embrace.

The large path winded upwards along the way, until it reached a mysterious, dark cave. As he walked up ahead, he found a variety of unmanned flowers, weeds, trees planted on the path. Sometimes, he would even encounter some animals, like rabbits, wolves, buffalos... They were all curiously looking at Qinghan – the new invader!

“Hehe, this damn Puppet Trial! But, anyway, the sceneries are much better than in the Illusion Trial!”

Qinghan could hardly hide his feelings after seeing the vibrant plants and animals. For eight months, he had been imprisoned in the Illusion Trial like a prisoner behind bars, losing the opportunity to appreciate beautiful sceneries. In comparison, therefore, he felt blessed to meet those robust nature beings once

again...

“Grrr!”

A horrifying howl came abruptly, which discontinued his meditation. His face instantly turned surly, as he looked around while searching for the dagger on his chest. With the aid of his Battle Qi, he ran as fast as his legs could carry him...

From behind, hundreds of demonic beasts appeared, flooding towards him. He could identify some of the beasts, like the fifth-grade shadow wolf, the sixth-grade triple-eyed hawk, the sixth-grade gigantic thorn dragon... For these normal beasts, Qinghan had the confidence to annihilate them all but the one running in the very front scared him a lot. It was a seventh-grade fire boa.

Although he could reach the peak level of the Realm of the Prince once integrated with his battle beast, he wasn't sure whether he could bring down the fire boa or not. Usually, a seventh-grade demonic beast wasn't a threat to him, given his current achievements in cultivation. Yet, this fire boa was highly toxic. Anyone bitten by this boa would face death. Its venom was extremely lethal! As for Qinghan, he just entered the threshold of the Realm of the Prince, thus had no experience in dealing with those kind of beasts.

Most importantly, Ye Ruoshui had told him that the demonic beasts in the Puppet Trial had no soul. They were instead manipulated by an unknown power. Without any self-conscience, all the beasts learned was to chase the invader and tear him up until the unfortunate guy died. Because the beasts were like soulless puppets, any soul-related techniques, like his integration technique, would be proven useless.

It was fair to say, that his previous glory in cultivation mostly relied on his integration technique, the only thing that he was proud of. As a normal Prince-Realm cultivator, he wasn't anything special...

Figuring this out, he chose to set off at once. The dark cave at the end of the path was considered his best safe haven.

“Grr! Grr!”

Obviously, Qinghan kept a safe distance from the ferocious demonic beasts in the rear. But the seventh-grade fire boa was approaching him at an

extraordinary speed.

Instead of using his Mysterious Track Step, Qinghan released some amount of his Battle Qi on his feet and lifted his speed. While at the same time, the Battle Qi in his hands was formed into a purple palm, aiming at the coming fire boa.

The purple palm of Battle Qi was approximately as large as one square meter. The largeness of the palm ensured the hit rate against fire boa.

- Bang! -

No doubt, following the booming sound, the purple palm collided with the fire boa. Hearing the sound, Qinghan was thrilled for he thought the most threatening beast was put under rein. However... when he turned back to steal a glance of the aftermath, he only found the fire boa being safe and sound, except for a dark bruise on its forehead. The beast remained steady with a pair of bloodshot eyes, ready to fight.

“Hehe, one more time!”

He carelessly laughed out, before he forged another purple palm of Battle Qi. The purple palms came one after another, although it did little harm to the fire boa. Yet the chasing speed of the boa could be somehow deterred, which helped Qinghan to win more time as he ran up ahead.

Within several minutes, Qinghan eventually arrived at the cave. The entrance of the cave was like an opening mouth of a ferocious beast. Staring at the darkness inside, Qinghan’s eyes lit up with a hint of shrewdness, as he curved the corner of his lips and wormed into the cave.

Chapter 206 – Crocodile-like Beast

The moment Qinghan stepped into this mysterious cave, he felt the whole world begin to shiver. The scene changed into a boundless desert.

- Huhu! -

The whistling of wind made this desert look barren and uncivilized. The sand that had been rolled up by the fierce wind blurred Qinghan's sight. The hot waves also twitched everything he saw.

However, Qinghan wasn't surprised at all, for he had learned from Ye Ruoshui how weird this would be. The Puppet Trial was supposed to be made up of twelve caves, all formed by the mighty immortal with his heavenly technique. In each cave, there was a parallel small space, which contained a rich variety of different landscapes and demonic beasts. One had to find an exit channel in order to get out from this space. In such a danger-ridden space, there was a place relatively safe though – someplace in the vicinity of or roughly ten meters away from the exit.

“Oh, a demonic beast!”

Looking far away, Qinghan found, in the distance, a hundred-meter tall, three-horned ferocious demonic beast. This beast was terrifyingly large in size, and its scales were reflecting a golden luster. Some unknown sticky liquid was hanging from his sharp, long teeth.

“This demonic beast... it could be a super dangerous one.”

As a result, Qinghan tightened his vigilance, as he took out his dagger and unleashed much of his Battle Qi, ready to fight. Several minutes later, however, the yellow sand flew right through the body of the beast, and soon after that, this ferocious beast had disappeared all of a sudden.

“Eh? Was that beast just a shadow?”

Qinghan seemed to have figured out where this beast came from. Given the unique landscape and the flying sands all over the place, the whole space looked

distorted. It was like a mirage that appeared for only a little while.

“Go!”

Without any hesitation, Qinghan walked ahead, because he had to find the exit before any danger occurred.

His cyan dagger cut through the air, in case to defend himself at any given time. Qinghan quickened his footsteps as he roamed around the desert.

The scorching hot waves were so unbearable that even the air in the surrounding felt like burning fire when breathed in. To Qinghan, he didn't feel any of these negative consequences nevertheless. Ye Ruoshui had told him that he would be endowed with magical powers and enormous amounts of energy once he ate the seven spirit fruits. He also added that Qinghan didn't have to eat nourishment in as long as three years. The outlandish landscape and devastating temperature, which could reach as high as forty or fifty degrees, didn't deter Qinghan's desire to explore it further.

The miraculous scene convinced Qinghan that the people who designed this place must have some celestial power.

Everything that happened in the Luo Shen Mountain, including the forbidden-entrance system, the ever-floating white fog, and the ever changing illusions... all provided evidence that this mountain wasn't supposed to exist in a continent full of ordinary mortals.

Of course, Qinghan knew, as Ye Ruoshui beforehand explained to him, that this Luo Shen Mountain was actually a piece of work created by a super immortal dated back to the ancient times. Since this was invented by an immortal, everything that challenged people's common knowledge seemed somewhat acceptable.

- Shu! -

Suddenly, a glaring light popped out from the ground, right in front of where Qinghan stood. Following the mysterious light, two streaks of yellowish shadows popped out, directly aiming at Qinghan.

Thanks to Qinghan's tightened vigilance, he intuitively dodged by using his Mysterious Trace Step. Also, he pierced his dagger through the incoming yellowish shadows. The light on the edge of the dagger shimmered while colliding with the two shadows.

- Bang! -

As soon as the shadows met the dagger, they were both forced to fly back until they unanimously landed on the sand ground, and were disappearing. When Qinghan stepped closer to have a clear look of what these two shadows were, he only found half a scale-covered tail, while the other half was already in the ground.

"What kind of beast is this? A pangolin?"

Qinghan stood there frowning, and told himself to be aware of this mysterious beast, which was sure quite good at defense. These beasts could plunge into the ground whenever their life was threatened.

Qinghan kept standing at the spot observing, to ensure that these beasts wouldn't come out to do harm to him again. After a little while, nothing happened, so he sighed and left.

The vastness of the desert made Qinghan believe that he would never be able to reach the exit. Furthermore, the flying sand in the air added difficulty to tell the directions. At last, Qinghan gave up identifying the right direction; instead, he walked randomly without any purpose.

After some while of walking, he stopped and hunkered on the ground. Half of his energy was spent on cultivation, while the other half on watching his surroundings, in case any unexpected danger occurred. In this way, his speed of cultivation was constrained, and the outcome was not satisfactory, but he had no better choice. He had to replenish the Battle Qi he had consumed. The fierce, life-threatening battle was yet to come, so he had to stock as much as Battle Qi as he possible could.

"Eh? What's that?"

A couple of hours had past, now Qinghan arrived at a black terrace, at the top of which the exit was. The black terrace and the dark exit were so vividly exposed

against the large background of the yellow desert.

Being encouraged by this new finding, Qinghan rushed to the terrace at his maximum speed. However... it only took a little while that the whole terrace disappeared all of a sudden, and the whole spot was finally replaced by the yellow sand.

“Alas... another mirage!”

Qinghan was pissed off by this rollercoaster of feelings, first he was happy to find the exit but later only found it was nothing but another untouchable illusion.

- Shu! Shu! Shu! -

When Qinghan was cursing at the unreasonable design of the scene, an ear-splitting noise emerged from the air. From all four directions, countless black shadows flashed out.

“Fuck, so many of them! Swirling Air Chop!”

To Qinghan’s astonishment, these shadowy beasts came in large numbers. He immediately used one of the Seven Techniques of the Ye Emperor as he attacked the swooping shadows. The dagger went through the shadows but they didn’t disappear as the previous ones.

Qinghan released more Battle Qi to form an armor, so that he could shield away the attacks from those beasts.

- Bang! -

- Ahhh! -

As Qinghan thrust shimmer-edged dagger into the shadowy beasts, he felt, at the same time, that his armor of Battle Qi was torn apart by the sharp claws of these unknown beasts. Some visible wounds could be found on his skin. Qinghan groaned in agony but he had to continue the battle at any expense.

Regardless of his bruises and injuries, he stared at the strange-looking beasts in front of him. As the battle went on, his wounds soon recovered after the white flow from his bronze ring permeated into the crevice of his skin. This miraculous

moment was witnessed by all the four shadowy beasts that survived till this minute. Obviously, they were stunned to find this self-healing technique.

The appearance of these four beasts very much resembled the crocodiles Qinghan saw in his previous life. The difference was, their tails looked much shorter than real crocodiles, but their legs were quite long. The most distinguished part was their claws, for they were as sharp as the edge of a steel knife. What made their outlook funny was their pointy heads. But their bloodshot eyes and yellowish scales, which was a little darker than the color of the sand, made them looked ferocious.

“Soul Chaos! Breaking Ground Chop!”

Qinghan was desperate to end this battle as soon as possible, for he was afraid that the clamor here would only attract more beasts to come.

With the flashing of an exotic purple light, Qinghan held his dagger firmly, and spurted to the nearest crocodile-like beast...

Dumbfounded

Even though Ye Ruoshui had said this before, Monsters on Luo Shen Mountain don't have souls, so all of his skills combined would not have any effect.

But Qinghan was obviously not willing to believe this and wanted to try it out. While simultaneously making hand movements, the sword light hacked towards the monster in front of him.

As expected, the purple light passed through! Black fog enveloped a few crocodile monsters, and they did not even react in the slightest. As before, their eyes suffused with blood stared lifelessly at Qinghan.

However, Qinghan discovered an advantage. The black fog could influence the monsters' sense of sight, but if he stayed within the fog, he would not be affected in the slightest.

“Bang”

As the sword light sliced downwards, the closest crocodile beast heard the sound of wind, and quickly dashed to the side, resulting in the sword light missing, and only scraped the surface of its skin, making it fly outwards.

As this was happening, the remaining 3 crocodile monster's blood red eyes darted around, looking for Qinghan. In the end, they could not find anything, so they rushed towards the origin of the sound with 6 sharp claws in a flurry.

“Mysterious Trace Step”

Qinghan felt more relaxed, his footsteps were light and swayed with the wind. He effortlessly dodged through the three monster's attacks and with a wave of his left hand, ferociously gouged a hole in one of the monster's body.

"Bang"

The Monster that had been attacked collapsed on the yellow sand and shook the ground resulting in dust flying everywhere. This had rattled his brains, but still immediately burrowed in the ground, leaving behind his tail. Its tail swung around a little before quickly disappearing beneath the yellow sand.

"Bang. Bang. Bang."

Qinghan tactlessly knocked the other 3 crocodile beasts flying. They were very peculiar because as soon as they were sent flying, they briskly ran away, as if they did not like to fight.

In an instant, the surroundings were filled with only boundless yellow sand, and Qinghan himself.

Hoo... Qinghan let out a long breath of cold air. The crocodile-like monster's defenses were too strong. His own close-range heavy attack couldn't even break one of its scales. He guessed that he had to use Battle Qi to cause internal energies to force them to run away.

He realised that his own attacking power was too low, but what was most important was that his martial arts were too weak.

Qinghan depressingly breathed in a breath of air. There was no helping it. From

when he was a child, he was treated like a piece of trash in the Ye Family. He had never been bestowed upon high-level martial arts. His only attacking methods was the skill that all Ye people knew; “Ye Huang’s 7 Forms”.(TN: correct me if I’m wrong)

Although Ye Huang’s 7 Forms was rumoured to be transcribed from the first ancestor’s famed technique, if learn to the absolute peak, one could crush mountains and split the earth.

However, no one had ever learnt this martial arts to that level, or it was believed by the clan that the real 7 Forms had already been lost, and that these were only a fake copy.

Before the battle, the clan did in fact give him a sacred book and countless cultivation tips, but these were the life-protecting Mysterious Trace Step, and the book for Battle Qi cultivation. There wasn’t a book in regards to high level attacking martial arts.

Ever since Qinghan received the integration technique “Soul-Blackout”, he had never thought about cultivating in martial arts. He only thought about increasing his Battle Qi and soul realm.

At that moment,he felt that rather than learn martial arts, he should raise his Battle Qi more.

After all, with his integration technique, everyone in the same soul real as him and below, he could immediately kill, but people with soul realm higher than him could immediately kill him, even if he learnt martial arts.

Now, he felt boundless regret in not asking Ye Shisan and Ye Qingqu about how they trained in the high levelled martial arts.

If he had, then him today would not have suffered as many losses. The crocodile-like beast obviously had much lower soul realms, but they had put him in a very difficult situation.

Dumbfounded (2)

Qinghan made a decision to quickly find the safe space near the exit and to cultivate for about a year or so. Who knows, he might advance his level in the Mysterious Trace Step and the Seven Techniques of the Ye Emperor.

After resting a little, Qinghan started to run towards where the mirage of the exit had appeared. In his past life, he had some knowledge regarding mirages. Mirages are created when light is refracted, so the probability of a mirage being in line of the person seeing it is quite high.

“Whoosh.”

But, after he had already walked for an hour, from beneath the yellow sands in front of him, a few crocodile-like beasts appeared once again. As soon as they had emerged, they immediately attacked Qinghan.

“Whoosh.”

Having experience fighting these beasts, Qinghan did not seem to mind them at all, abruptly utilising his integration technique Soul-Blackout.

Using the black fog to influence the beasts' eyesight and judgement, he quickly fended off these few crocodile-like monster. Qinghan then once again continued in a straight line.

However, en route, he observed that the beasts that are attacking have become more abundant. It had started from a few, and now it had become more than ten at a time.

After repelling the last crocodile-like beast, Qinghan let out a forced laugh. From head to toe, his clothes had already been reduced to rags. On his blood covered body, many wounds could be found. Wounds that had not healed from before opened up once again.

He helplessly tore the rags from his body, and brought out a golden piece of leather armour from within his bag.

This armour was acquired from the Prefecture War. Originally, Qinghan didn't wear it as it was too big, but right now, there was no other option except to put it on.

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Eh!!! Instead of it being slightly oversized, it seemed more like a bath towel on him. He had to use his broken rags to tie it onto himself. Even though it looked very funny, there was no helping it. Although Qinghan can heal whenever he is hurt, is still made from flesh and bones, so he is still afraid of getting hurt.

Continuing to move forward, Qinghan had a feeling he was getting quite close to the end. Despite this feeling being nonsensical, he still walked onwards

following his gut.

The time between the appearances of the crocodile-like beasts became smaller and smaller as more and more of them started to pop out.

As soon as Qinghan had started to wear his leather armour, his defense had improved greatly. He only needed to protect his head as other areas were covered by the leather armour and his Battle Qi.

Now, he could feel more relaxed, except the consumption of his Battle Qi had increased.

“Hoo.”

Just like this, he trudged along with difficulty for another half an hour. Finally, Qinghan laid eyes upon the black terrace he had seen before, and also the pitch black exit.

“Oh no, don’t play with me like this...”

In the distance, outside the dark cave entrance, there was a half-transparent dome exactly the same as the one outside the Puppet passageway.

The reason why Qinghan was sure this wasn’t a mirage was because the mirage from before did not have a dome.

The only thing is... outside the dome in the yellow sand, there were countless crocodile-like beasts. They were all crouched on the ground, enveloping the half-

transparent dome. They were so densely packed that there were easily over ten thousand of them.

He had found the exit, but how was he to get through?

There were so many that not even water could pass between them. These beasts did not attack each other, so just thinking about squeezing through required all his effort.

Qinghan scratched his hair, and jsut stood there, dumbfounded.

